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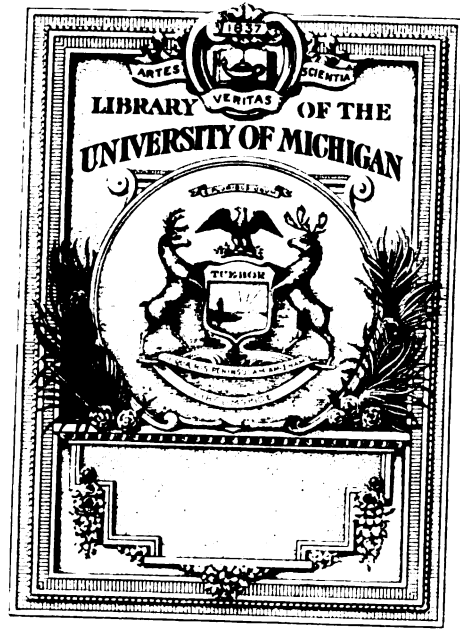


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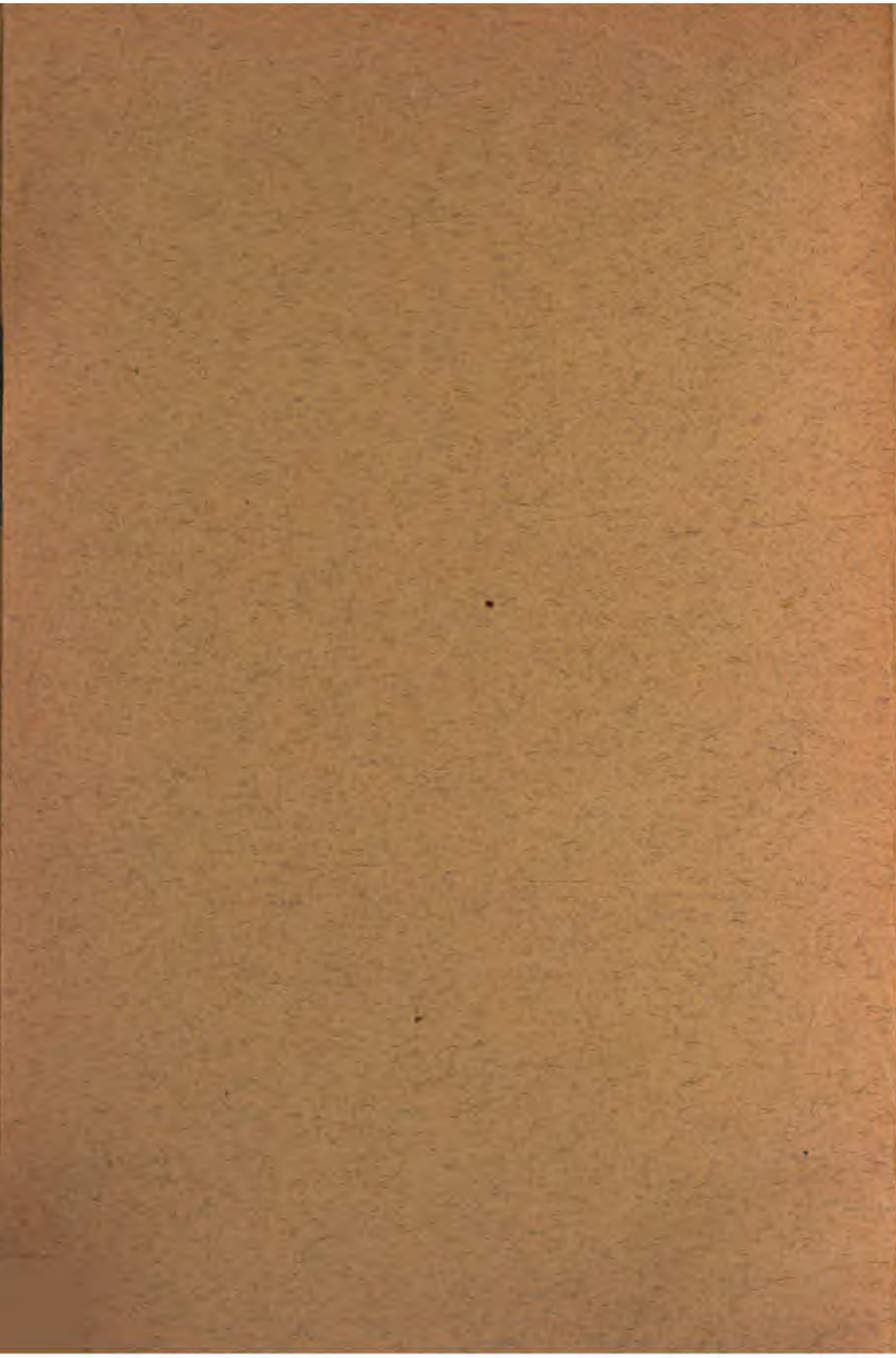
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**FROM OCTOBER**

**CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE**

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### ERRATA

Page 103, for "May," read "June."

Page 360, insert after sixth line, "R. French and the mother of."

Page 390, eighth line from last, read "Lovisa" for "Louisa."

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New Hampshire State Magazine



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NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher

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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LIV

JANUARY, 1922

No. 1

## NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

George Franklin Morris of Lancaster, the new judge of the United States District Court for the District of New Hampshire, is seventh in the line of that honorable and distinguished succession, the office having but four occupants between 1804 and 1921. The first judge, appointed by President Washington September 26, 1789, was General John Sullivan of Durham, hero of the Revolution and one of the most interesting figures in the early history of New Hampshire. He was a brilliant lawyer, as well as a gallant soldier and courtly gentleman, and was attorney general of the state before accepting the place on the bench which he filled until his death, January 23, 1795.

His successor was John Pickering of Portsmouth, whose life story is one of the tragic pages in the history of the New Hampshire bench and bar. Native of Newington, Harvard graduate, eminent lawyer, useful patriot, one of the framers of the state constitution, chief justice of the supreme court, attorney general, he was in failing health when he received his appointment to the federal court and a few years later became insane. His removal from office, effected by the harsh expedient of his impeachment for "high crimes and misdemeanors," became not only a celebrated case, but a national political issue.

In his place was appointed John Samuel Sherburne of Portsmouth, who had been the first United States district attorney for this district. He was a preacher turned lawyer, Revolutionary soldier, legislative leader and congressman, and served as

judge until 1830. After him came Matthew Harvey, the only man who ever resigned the office of governor of New Hampshire; which he did to accept the appointment to the federal bench. Born in Sutton, educated at Dartmouth, he was a lawyer in Hopkinton until his removal to Concord in 1850, where he died in 1866, having held office, state or federal, continuously for 52 years. His name appears in the list of our executive councilors, speakers of the House, presidents of the Senate and United States Senators, as well as in those of governors and judges.

Daniel Clark of Manchester, the next district judge, also resigned what some might consider a more important office to go upon the bench; for he was United States Senator when he accepted the judicial appointment and qualified July 27, 1866. This action, however, was not unique, like that of Governor Harvey, for in the early days of the Republic Samuel Livermore, James Sheafe and Nahum Parker resigned the office of United States Senator from New Hampshire, as did, somewhat later, those more famous sons of the state, Levi Woodbury and Franklin Pierce.

Judge Clark was a native of Stratham, a graduate of Dartmouth and for two years during his service in the Senate president of that body. Upon his death in 1891 the choice for his successor fell upon Edgar Aldrich of Littleton, native of Pittsburg, graduate of the University of Michigan, speaker of the New Hampshire House, whose distinguished career as lawyer and jur-



ist and eminent public services are still fresh in the public mind. It was his lamented death on Sept. 15, 1921, which caused the vacancy now so well filled by the appointment of Judge Morris.

George F. Morris was born in Vershire, Vt., April 13, 1866, the son of Josiah S. and Lucina C. (Merrill) Morris, and attended the schools of Corinth and Randolph, Vt. For some years he was a successful school teacher, at the same time reading law, and was admitted

representatives of 1905, when the important standing committee on ways and means was first appointed, he was made its chairman, although a new member, and in that capacity rendered valuable service. Both at Lisbon and Lancaster he served on the school board. He has been a member of the state board of bar examiners since 1914 and in 1917 was president of the state bar association. Despite his devotion to his profession he has many outside interests, including an extensive



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to the bar in 1891. He practised at Lisbon until 1906, when he removed to Lancaster and became a member of the firm of Drew, Jordan Shurtleff & Morris, headed by U. S. Senator Irving W. Drew and the late Governor Chester B. Jordan, the most important law partnership in Northern New Hampshire. In this connection he has had a very wide and successful professional experience. While at Lisbon he represented the town in the legislature and constitutional convention and was for four years solicitor of Grafton county. In the House of Rep-

farm, and has been president of the Coos County Farm Bureau. He is an authority on the early history of Northern New England as well as upon its flora, of which he has a large collection. Judge Morris married May 16, 1894, Lula J. daughter of Charles and Persis (Hall) Aldrich, of Lisbon, widely known as a clubwoman and as past grand matron of the Eastern Star. They have one son, Robert Hall Morris.

Judge Morris counts himself fortunate in having the experienced and expert assistance in his new

duties of another North Country lawyer, Burns P. Hodgman, formerly of Littleton, who has been clerk of the district court since August 1, 1900. He is the 12th occupant of the position, his predecessors having been Jonathan Steele of Durham, 1789—1804; Richard Cutts Shannon of Portsmouth, 1804—1814; George Washington Prescott of Portsmouth, 1814—1817; Peyton Randolph Free-

Mayor Fred H. Brown of Somersworth has been United States district attorney since 1914, being the 26th in a distinguished succession which includes such names as Jeremiah Smith, John P. Hale and Franklin Pierce. Thomas B. Donnelly of Manchester took office this year as United States marshal in this district, an office in which he has had 21 predecessors.



HON. GEORGE E. TRUDEL,  
Mayor of Manchester.

man of Portsmouth, 1817—1820; William Claggett of Portsmouth, 1820—1825; Samuel Cushman of Portsmouth, 1825—1826; Charles W. Cutter of Portsmouth, 1826—1841; John L. Hayes of Portsmouth, 1841—1847; Charles H. Bartlett of Manchester, 1847—1883; Benjamin F. Clark of Manchester, 1883—1891; Fremont E. Shurtleff of Concord, 1891—1900.

Sessions of the district court are held in Portsmouth and Littleton as well as in Concord, but the permanent offices of the clerk and marshal are in the federal building at Concord.

While 1921 was the "off year" in New Hampshire as regards state elections, the people of several cities went to the polls in November and

December to choose members of their city governments, and some interesting contests resulted. This was particularly the case in our metropolis, Manchester, where Hon. George E. Trudel, Republican, member of Governor Albert O. Brown's executive council from the third district, defeated John L. Barry, Democrat, president of the State Federation of Labor. Mayor Trudel is a native of Canada, of French descent, but has lived in Manchester since childhood. Throughout the State he has a wide circle of friends, gained during many years



HON. F. W. HARTFORD,  
Mayor of Portsmouth.

"on the road" as a commercial traveller and is now prosperously engaged in business for himself. His candidacy for the council was his first political experience, but he now holds the record of having, within thirteen months, "redeemed" both his city and his councilor district from the opposing party. An issue in this election was the legislation regarding Manchester enacted by the general court of 1921, which was favored by Councilor Trudel and his supporters and denounced by their opponents.

It was a somewhat singular circumstance that in every case where a mayor was a candidate for reelection he was successful. Major Orville E. Cain, mayor of Keene, and William K. Kimball, mayor of Rochester, had no opposition. In Concord, Mayor Henry E. Chamberlin was given a second term over Alderman Arthur F. Sturtevant. At Portsmouth, Major Fernando W. Hartford, editor and publicist, was elected for a second term, his opponent being ex-Mayor Daniel W. Badger, member of Governor Samuel D. Felker's executive council. Henri A. Burque was re-elected mayor of Nashua by 4,343 votes to 1,873 for Alderman John W. Broderick. The chief election day surprises were in Dover and Franklin. In the former city, Charles G. Waldron, Democrat, defeated Alonzo G. Willand, Republican, for mayor, although the latter party carried four of the five wards for other offices. Mayor-elect Waldron has chosen a "cabinet," or board of advisors, of eight Republicans and four Democrats with whom he says he will take counsel as to the financial and other policies of the city. In Franklin the strike of paper mill workers was made an issue in the election and the labor candidate, Louis H. Douphinette, Democrat, beat Clarence P. Stevens, Republican. Mr. Douphinette, like Mr. Waldron, was a member of the legislature of 1919 and is president of the Central Labor Union of his city.

Several women were elected to the school boards of their respective cities, Mrs. Ida Benfield in Portsmouth; Mrs. Della Alton in Nashua; Miss Annie Wallace and Mrs. Sarah E. Kendall in Rochester; while in Keene one woman councilman was chosen from each of the five wards: Mrs. Maude S. Putney, Miss Grace A. Richardson, Mrs. Annie L. Holbrook, Mrs. Katherine E. Faulkner and Mrs. Lulu F. Lesure.

# HOW NEW HAMPSHIRE RAISED HER ARMIES FOR THE REVOLUTION.

*By Jonathan\*Smith*

In the three great Wars which this country has waged, namely, the Revolution, the Civil and the World War, the nation has raised its armies in three different ways: by the militia system, the volunteer method and by conscription. In the Revolutionary struggle, under the so-called militia system, the men were drawn from State Militia regiments already organized, through voluntary enlistment or by draft. Its distinguishing feature was a short term of service, and was the sole method of raising the armies in the war for independence. Under the volunteer plan the men are recruited from civil life, and are usually enlisted for one, two or three years, as may be named in the call for men. This was the leading method of raising the armies during the Rebellion, although during the last three years a conscription law was in force. In the World War the reliance was on the draft. Still a large number also volunteered for service. Each plan has its advantages and its disadvantages.

The Legislation of New Hampshire and Massachusetts was generally alike in the Revolutionary war, and in its details varied only in minor particulars. The two States often consulted together through Committees, not only in answering the calls for men, but also in general war legislation. Both met with the same difficulties in filling their quotas. The men were called for substantially the same length of time, given about the same pay, and each state was compelled to fix penalties on both officers and civil authorities for negligence in performance of their duties imposed under many of the calls. The meth-

ods pursued by both, and their experiences in recruiting men for the armies, were probably similar to those of every other colony.

There was no standing army when the conflict opened, but all men were already enrolled in companies and regiments. New Hampshire had twelve, and when it re-organized its militia in May, 1775, created the same number. When it again re-organized its militia in 1777, it made eighteen regiments. The size of these regiments varied from two or three hundred to seven hundred and fifty men each. All male inhabitants were divided into two classes, one called the active list, which included those between the ages of sixteen and fifty, and the alarm list, embracing all between sixteen and sixty-five, not enrolled in the active list. Many of the official classes were exempted from both groups. The State appointed the general officers of Divisions and Brigades, and also the Colonels and Field officers of the several regiments. Each Company elected its own officers. The men on the active list were required to meet for drill and instruction eight times a year, and those on the alarm list, twice a year. These encampments lasted from three days to a week each. They were scenes of hilarity and dissipation, and were nothing but picnics on a large scale. As schools for instruction in the serious duties of the soldier, they were of no account. Each man had to furnish his own gun, accoutrements, and ammunition while serving in the militia. There was no prescribed uniform. If a man was unable to provide himself with his arms and other military implements,

the selectmen or State furnished them for him. In the first years of the war the calls were from the active list, but later the alarm list was also included and no distinction was made between the two. It was from this force, so organized, that the armies of the Revolution were drawn.

The men were called for service in this way. If they were wanted to protect the sea coast or critical points within the State, the demand originated in the Legislature, Council or Committee of Safety, which passed Acts or issued orders to raise so many men to guard certain points named in the Law, and the Colonels of the militia regiments were ordered to recruit them out of their commands. The men called for State service were enlisted generally for longer terms, varying from three months to a year; while if they were to serve without the State, the Governors of neighboring commonwealths, General Washington, or the Continental Congress, would call upon the Governor or Legislature to furnish so many men for such and such a duty. The Legislature would forthwith enact a law, or the Council or Committee of Safety issue orders, addressed to the General commanding the militia or to the Regimental Colonels to recruit the number of men required. The General would divide the quota among the State regiments, and direct the Colonels commanding to recruit or draft the men called for. The Colonels would apportion the men among the towns represented in his command, and order his Captains to execute the law. No town was required to furnish more than its proportionate share under a call. The orders were given more frequently direct to the Colonels of the regiments. The law enforcing the call frequently stated the number

of men each town was to furnish as its quota.

Officers to command the men thus called out were not the same as those of the original militia regiments, but were specially appointed by the State for each battalion, and company officers were selected by the companies. The Field officers were often drawn from the primitive organizations, but not always, while the companies elected entirely new officers. They were original organizations, except that the men were taken out of the old order.

An enumeration of the laws passed for filling the armies, and a brief outline in some detail of the terms and conditions under which the men served, is necessary to appreciate fully how the system worked as a way of recruiting for the army. It is briefly sketched in the following pages, and explains, in part, why the struggle was so long, and makes plain in its results some of the reasons why the people suffered so intensely during the struggle. It will be appreciated by those who are familiar with the methods of raising armies.

The armies of 1775 were entirely volunteers, and were recruited in part out of the men who went to Cambridge, after the Lexington alarm. They came from all sections of Massachusetts and central and southern New Hampshire. The historian of a New Hampshire town has left on record a description of how they started for Cambridge. The alarm reached the Captain of the militia company of the place about daylight on April 19th. He immediately sent out his hired man to notify the members, and by ten o'clock all had assembled. "We all set out," to quote the words of an actor in the drama, "with such weapons as we could get, going like a flock of wild geese we hardly knew why or whither" and in two hours from the time of getting notice he was on his way to the place of assembly with his

son and hired man, they on foot and he on horseback, carrying a bag with pork in one end of it and a large baking pan of bread just taken from the oven, in the other. The company was ready to march at 10 o'clock; some had fire arms with a meager supply of powder and ball; some of the guns were the old heavy, clumsy Queen's arm; some were light French pieces called fusees. Many of the guns had seen hard usage in the French war. Some of the men had pitchforks, some shillelahs and one ardent patriot was armed with his grain flail. The men were of all ages, untrained in the soldier's art, and their uniforms of homespun were as various in cut and color as the personality of the wearers. This would be a fair description of many of the men when they got to Cambridge. This company started for Cambridge and had got as far as Groton when they heard the result of the Concord fight, and half of them, including their Captain, turned back home. The rest kept on to their destination. At Cambridge, all was confusion and chaos; some of the men were under their regular officers; many of them were mere detachments of their companies, while a large portion were without any officers or semblance of a Commander or organization.

But the authorities of Massachusetts immediately set themselves to work to bring order out of this confusion.

Boston of course was the center of military operations, and the people of Massachusetts felt the crisis more keenly than those of any other State, but New Hampshire was not idle. In May, 1775, the Fourth Provincial Congress voted to raise two thousand men for the cause, dividing them into three regiments. The regiments under Stark and Reed were largely recruited from

the New Hampshire men present at Cambridge between April 20th and June 1st. The third regiment, under Colonel Poor, was first designed for the protection of the New Hampshire sea coast, but after the battle of Bunker Hill was also ordered to Cambridge and there remained until the following January. These men were enlisted to serve until the last day of the next December, and their pay was forty shillings a month.

They were volunteers and there was no suggestion of a draft by either State. The men were to furnish their arms and equipment, the same as in the original militia. An allowance of a penny a mile was made for travel and four dollars was allowed for an over-coat.

September 1st, 1775, the Fourth Provincial Congress voted to raise four regiments of Minute Men out of the Militia regiments to be ready for immediate duty on call; to serve for four months and at the end of that time to be re-enlisted and keep being re-enlisted until further orders. When called to duty they were to be allowed the same pay and emoluments as the men in active service. How many of these Minute Men actually entered active service afterwards does not appear, but probably most, if not all, of them did. Aside from these men there came a call the first of December from Generals Washington and Sullivan upon the two States for five thousand men to take the place of the Connecticut militia, which had taken a miff at some fancied grievance, and refusing to serve longer, had marched off home. New Hampshire recruited thirty-one companies, eighteen hundred men, and Massachusetts contributed the balance. These men were to serve six weeks, and at the end of that time were discharged. Besides the men so furnished New Hampshire

also raised three companies for service in Canada, and one or two companies to guard the coast about Portsmouth.

The year 1776 was a busy one in raising men for the army. The colonies had come to realize the character of the struggle before them. The Declaration of Independence gave them a new incentive and had also emphasized the intensity of the war on the part of Great Britain. On January 20th, 1776, the Legislature voted to raise two regiments of 780 men each for two months. One of these was intended for General Schuyler and its term of service was later extended to one year. The other was to reinforce General Sullivan and its term was two months. Two months' pay in advance was offered. In March of this year New Hampshire voted to raise a regiment of seven hundred and twenty-five men, besides three hundred additional, to serve for nine months, as a guard for the sea coast, and seven hundred and sixty men for service in the Continental army in Canada. Their pay was to be the same as in the preceding year. Again in July the State decided to raise seven hundred and fifty more men for service until the 1st of the next December to serve in Canada. The Colonels of the several militia regiments were to recruit the men out of their commands. A bounty of seven pounds for equipment and one month's pay of 40 shillings in advance was offered, while their regular pay was the same as formerly. After the defeat at Long Island in August, in response to urgent calls from General Washington and the Continental Congress, it was decided to raise one thousand men for duty in New York to serve until December 1st, offering a bounty of six pounds and advanced pay, as in the preceding case. All these men were to be raised by voluntary enlistment

—but in December the State ordered a draft of five hundred men out of the militia for service in northern New York to serve until the first of the next March. Their pay was three pounds a month. General Carleton had invaded that State and captured Crown Point, thus creating an emergency which required prompt action. The fore part of the year it was determined to raise eight companies to reinforce General Schuyler, and to serve in Canada until the first of the following January. These companies were a part of the one thousand men called in July. Two months' wages in advance was offered. In September a regiment of militia was raised to serve for four months at Portsmouth.

By the Act of September 12th of this year, every soldier was to furnish his own gun, ramrod, worm, procuring wire and brush, a bayonet, cutting sword, or tomahawk or hatchet, a pouch containing a cartridge box holding fifteen rounds, one hundred buck shot, a jackknife, tow for wadding, six flints, one pound of powder and forty balls. If unable to supply them the Selectmen were to furnish them for him. Men refusing to obey the call were to be fined not less than 20 shillings nor more than three pounds. In all subsequent calls the men were required to furnish these equipments. This year, the State, besides the three regiments in the American army, had one in Canada, another in Portsmouth, and had also furnished five regiments of militia besides several companies recruited to guard certain points within the State.

By the middle of the year, the colonial leaders had seen the folly of trying to carry on the war under the methods hitherto employed. Washington had denounced the militia as unreliable and that the short terms of its enlistment made it a worthless force with which to oppose the trained veterans of Eng-

land. In September, 1776, Congress voted to raise about sixty-six thousand men—the men to be enlisted for the war. This was modified later to make the term three years or during the war. These battalions were apportioned to the several States, three being assigned to New Hampshire. Congress offered a bounty of twenty pounds, a suit of clothes, consisting of two linen hunting shirts, two pairs of overalls, a leathern or woollen waistcoat with sleeves, a pair of breeches, a hat or leathern cap, two shirts, two pairs of hose, and two



JUDGE JONATHAN SMITH.

pairs of shoes, all of the value of twenty dollars, and one hundred acres of land to each man.

The States agreed to pay twenty shillings a month, wages; the soldier was to be allowed a blanket and one penny a mile for travel. When the request for the battalions came, the Assemblies appointed Commissioners to go to the armies and enlist out of the militia of their own State there serving, as many men as possible into the battalions. The State offered a bounty of twenty pounds

in addition to that of Congress, and in 1779, increased the travel to six shillings a mile, and the bounty to three hundred dollars. On March 20th, 1777, a peremptory order was issued to General Folsom, Commander of the State Militia, directing him to order the Colonels of the regiments to command the Captains of their companies to raise the required number of men for the battalions forthwith and to recruit these from both the active and alarm lists. In 1778, it was voted to appoint a suitable person in each militia regiment to enlist 700 men to fill up the three battalions on or before March 18. The cost for getting the men was to be assessed upon the towns short on their quotas and the militia officers and others of the delinquent places were admonished in the strongest terms to complete their number, and they were authorized to hire the men anywhere within the State. In November, 1779, the Council and Committees of Safety voted that the 3 battalions be filled up; that a committee of two be sent to headquarters to re-enlist the men whose terms were expiring and to offer them instead of a bounty, 100 acres of land or such sum of money as may be given by Massachusetts and other States. The men re-enlisting were also to be assured that they should be paid the same for depreciation of money as those enlisting were entitled to be paid under existing laws. In December, 1779, General Folsom was ordered to fill up three battalions immediately. On March 3rd, 1780, recruiting officers for the three battalions were allowed 30 pounds for each man they secured. On June 8th, it was voted to draft, for service until the last day of the next December, to fill up the battalions. By the act of March 19th, 1780, the State amended its militia laws providing that the Colonels



and subordinate officers neglecting or refusing to enlist or draft men called for, were to be cashiered; and the law gave the Colonels power to draft the men. If the conscript did not go he was ordered to be fined 15 pounds to be collected by a warrant of distress; in case of no goods his body was to be taken. If he failed to appear when ordered and did not furnish a reasonable excuse or furnish a substitute he was fined 150 pounds; and officers refusing or neglecting to collect fines from the delinquents were assessed 250 pounds. On June 16th, 1780, the militia officers were ordered to enlist or draft six hundred men to fill up the three battalions of the State. Every conscript was made subject to a fine of five hundred dollars for failure to march or furnish a substitute within twenty-four hours. The pay was to be forty shillings a month, reckoned in corn at four shillings a bushel, sole leather at one shilling, six pence a pound and grassed beef at three pence a pound. If the man served until the last day of December, 1781, he was to have one suit of clothes and if he served until the last day of December, 1782, he was to be entitled to a suit of clothes annually. In January, 1781, thirteen hundred and fifty-four men were called for to fill the State's three battalions. The terms of the men enlisting in 1776 and 1777, were expiring and these men were called to keep the battalions full. The towns were permitted to divide their inhabitants into groups, as many groups as the quota called for, each group to be responsible for one man. Towns were allowed to offer a bounty of twenty pounds, reckoned in corn, etc., at the above prices. Classes were to furnish their men for three years before February 20th. If they (the classes) refused or neglected to do so then the town was to furnish them and assess the cost upon the classes

or individuals responsible for the failure. If the towns themselves failed to make the assessments then the towns were to be penalized to double the amount it cost to hire a recruit, if the men were not furnished by March 3rd. Later in June, it was enacted that if the towns found it impracticable to raise the men under the January law, then they were to recruit them to serve till the 31st of the next December. If the towns neglected or refused to get them, the men were to be hired and the cost to be assessed on the delinquent towns. In March, 1782, the State was still short in its quota by six hundred and fifty men, and delinquent towns were peremptorily ordered to complete their quotas before the 15th of May. In 1781, the officers were ordered to hire men wherever they could be found, but these measures did not fill the quota for at the end of the war the State was still short by more than 550 men.

This recital is a suggestive description of the difficulties of the colonies in getting soldiers, particularly for the 88 battalions. The men were loth to enlist for anything but short terms. As the war went on their ardor and patriotism, so manifest in 1775 and 1776, abated, and only by large bounties, increased pay and by threats of conscription could they be induced to enter the service at all, and even by draft with heavy penalties upon both men and civil and military authorities for negligence or disobedience, could soldiers be obtained, and then in insufficient numbers.

The battalions suffered severely from sickness, deaths and desertion. During the last years of the struggle, as in the case of the Civil war, towns fell into the habit of hiring men to fill their quotas, paying what was necessary for the purpose. These hired recruits were younger in years than many of those serving

in the earlier part of the struggle.

General Knox reported to the First Congress in 1790 all available data for the men furnished by the two States for the eighty-eight battalions. According to this report New Hampshire never had more than twelve hundred and eighty-two men in the Continental line, and in 1781 had only seven hundred. Massachusetts' highest number was seven thousand, eight hundred and sixteen in 1777, and in 1781 had only three thousand, seven hundred and fifty-two. The total number of the Continental line in Washington's army was at its highest in 1777, when, according to General Knox, it numbered thirty-four thousand eight hundred and twenty men, which in 1781 had shrunk to thirteen thousand, eight hundred and ninety-two.

The year 1777 was one of great anxiety to the New England States. The British plan was for General Burgoyne to invade northern New York with an army of ten thousand men; General Howe to march up the Hudson river with his army from New York City and St. Leger to advance down the Mohawk valley from Fort Niagara. These forces were to unite at Albany, crush General Schuyler's troops, and then to invade, over-run and subdue the Eastern States. St. Leger's army was beaten and dispersed at Oriskany; General Howe went off on a campaign into Pennsylvania, but Burgoyne faithfully tried to carry out his part of the plan with an army of seven thousand regulars and a large force of Indians and Tories. Calls upon the militia of the two States were many and came often to resist the invasion. Burgoyne reached northern New York early in the season, and in May, on a report that Ticonderoga was in danger, the New Hampshire Assembly ordered the militia Colonels to send all the force they could muster

as soon as possible, to the point of danger. Four hundred and thirty-four men were called, but before they reached Ticonderoga, word came that the enemy had fallen back, and the men were ordered home and discharged, after a little over a month's service. A few days later another alarm came that Ticonderoga was again in danger, and the militia were once more sent out, but after marching part way it was reported that the fort had fallen and the men returned home after a service of from four to fourteen days.

In January of this year the State enacted a law that when an order came for men to the Generals of the militia, the Captains were to call their companies together and if a sufficient number did not volunteer, to draft the balance of the quota. If the conscript failed to appear and did not pay a fine of ten pounds, afterwards increased to fifty, he was then to be held and treated as a soldier. If he failed or refused to march when ordered he was to be fined twelve pounds, which was later increased to sixty pounds.

On June 5th, a regiment of 720 men was voted to be raised for service in New England for a term of six months. Three hundred of these men were sent to Rhode Island. As stated before the men were to be paid a bounty of thirty shillings when they enlisted and a further bounty of four pounds, ten shillings when they were accepted, with the same monthly pay as the year before. Officers were allowed six shillings for every soldier they obtained.

On July 18th, the State Assembly reorganized its militia, into two brigades of nine regiments each, and on the same day ordered a draft of one-fourth of the militia of the second brigade and three regiments of the first for a service of two months.

Their pay was four pounds and ten shillings a month. The whole draft was placed under the command of General Stark. It was these troops, with the Massachusetts militia from Hampshire and Berkshire counties, that fought the battle of Bennington and afterwards joined General Gates at Stillwater. Their term expired on the very day of the battle of Bemis Heights and they marched home a few days later.

A contemporary has left on record a description of one company of these men that marched out of New Hampshire on the 19th day of July to join General Stark, as follows:

To a man they wore small clothes, coming down and fastening just below the knee, and long stockings with cow-hide shoes ornamented with large buckles, while not a pair of boots graced the company. The coats and waist-coats were loose and of huge dimensions with colors as various as the barks of oak, sumack and other trees of our hills and swamps could make them, and their shirts were all flax and like every other part of the dress, were homespun. On their heads was worn a large round-top and broad-brimmed hat. Their arms were as various as their costumes; here an old soldier carried a heavy King's-arm, with which he had done service at the conquest of Canada twenty years before; while at his side walked a stripling boy with a Spanish fusee not half its weight or calibre, which his grandfather may have taken at the siege of Havana, while not a few had old French pieces that dated back to the reduction of Louisburg.

Instead of a cartridge box a large powder horn was slung under the arm, and occasionally a bayonet might be seen bristling in the ranks. Some of the swords of the officers had been made by province blacksmiths, perhaps from some farming

utensils. They looked serviceable but heavy and uncouth. Such was the appearance of the Continentals to whom a well appointed army was soon to lay down its arms. After a little exercising on the Old Common, and performing the then popular exploit of whipping the snake, they briskly filed off on the road by the foot of Kidder Mountain and through the Spofford gap towards Peterborough; to the tune of "Over the Hills and Far Away."

Let no one smile at this description. These men were the raw material out of which the very best soldiers in the world could be made by training and discipline, and it was their descendants that eighty-seven years later crushed the charge of Pickett at Gettysburg and in 1918 cleared the Belleau Wood and the Argonne forest of the German enemy.

Early in September the State ordered one-sixth of the militia to join General Gates at Saratoga, and it was in service for only a month or six week. On the 17th of the same month a large number of volunteers out of the militia were also called and sent forward to the army at Saratoga. How many men were furnished out of this last call does not appear for many of the military rolls are missing. Some of them were in service six weeks, and some served as long as two months. Besides these men sent to the army in New York, the Assembly in June in response to a call from the Governor of Rhode Island, voted to raise a force of three hundred men for six months in that State. A bounty of six pounds was offered them and their pay was two pounds a month. Four companies of two hundred men were also raised to guard the western and northern frontiers to serve till January 1st. They were to be paid ten dollars a month and one month's pay in advance. Besides these troops two

companies were also recruited for guards at Portsmouth.

In 1778, the attention of both States was largely directed to Rhode Island and most of the men recruited, except for local service, were sent there. Early in the year New Hampshire voted to raise two hundred men for one year, and later added one hundred more, for duty in Rhode Island or elsewhere in New England or New York. They were offered fifteen dollars a month with one month's pay in advance and a bounty of six pounds. The Committee of Safety afterwards increased that bounty to ten pounds. Enlistments for this service were slow, and on the last day of May the Assembly voted to draft the men necessary to fill the call, who were to serve until the end of the year. They were offered a bounty of six pounds; and four pounds, ten shillings a month for pay. In August the same State voted to raise a brigade of five regiments, two thousand men, for one month's service in Rhode Island. They were paid five pounds a month, and were in service less than thirty days. The State also raised a regiment for the defense of the Connecticut River and offered the men the same wages, namely six pounds a month. Besides these calls 420 men were ordered to be drafted; their wages to be thirty dollars a month, for one month's service; to guard the sea coast and different points within the State. Their terms were to expire the first of the following January. In 1779, the State voted three hundred men for the defense of Rhode Island to serve for the term of six months. They were offered a bounty of thirty dollars and twelve pounds a month. The State also raised twelve companies and one regiment for local defense.

In June 1780, the Assembly voted to enlist or draft nine hundred and forty-five men for the defense of the

United States for three months' duty. The soldiers were to be paid forty shillings per month, and said money to be equalled to Indian corn at four shillings a bushel, sole leather at one shilling, six pence per pound, and grassed beef at three pence per pound. If a man served until the last day of December, 1781, he was to receive in addition a suit of clothes. If he served until the last day of December, 1782, he was to receive an additional suit. Under the same Statute 180 men were called for three months' service on the frontier and at Portsmouth Harbor. This year the State also raised four companies of rangers for duty on the northern border, for a term of three months, and two companies to guard Portsmouth Harbor for nine months. In November it was enacted that all men drafted for three or six months who did not march or pay their fine should be arrested and committed to jail. The following year, 1781, two companies were raised for a term of six months for local defense. In the last days of June it was agreed to raise by enlistment or draft, a regiment of six hundred and fifty men for the Continental army. The number of men each militia regiment was to furnish under this call was stated in the Act. If the drafted man refused to march at once, he was to be fined thirty pounds. In the following August the quota not being full, the towns were ordered to hire the number of men required to fill the quota, and the officers were to pay them in specie or the equivalent in produce. The pay was to be forty shillings per month, and the cost of hiring the men was to be assessed proportionally on the towns deficient in their quota.

The number of militia furnished by the two States cannot be accurately stated, owing to the loss of many of the military rolls. During the first two years, up to 1777, the

quotas called for were, in all probability, substantially filled, but after January of that year, many were never fully answered. With one or two exceptions and excluding men for the Continental line, the militia officers were, up to that date, directed to enlist the men; later they were directed to enlist or draft; and in the last years of the struggle were ordered peremptorily to draft or detach, which is the same thing. In truth the men were beginning to weary of the war. The calls for soldiers came every month, sometimes three or four in a month. Usually the demand was for voluntary enlistment but after the beginning of 1777 a threat of conscription was attached to the call accompanied by heavy penalties, not only upon men disobeying but also upon officers, civil authorities, and towns for neglect or refusal to carry out the law. The effect of all this was discouraging. By 1778 most of the men had had a taste of military service, and many of them did not like it. Large numbers of the militia were men of mature years, owning farms and having dependent families. The calls often came in the busiest season, planting or harvesting time, when their presence at home was absolutely necessary to keep their wives and children from want. One of General Stark's most trusted officers and one who commanded the escort of the Burgoyne prisoners to Boston, was obliged to go without leave to New Hampshire to save his crops. He states in his excuse to the authorities that his family was then sick; that his fields lay exposed to ruin; and that it was impossible to hire a person capable of taking care of his sick family and crops, though he used his utmost endeavor so to do. This is probably a fair statement of the situation with many of the men called to service. The laws, especially those relating to the recruiting of the eighty-eight bat-

talions, were very severe. Every man drafted had to go or furnish a substitute within twenty-four hours, or pay a penalty of ten pounds or more. These harsh terms did not increase the popularity of the service.

Under all these conditions men were slow to enlist and if they did so, it was to avoid conscription. When their terms were out they insisted on immediate discharge, regardless of what the military situation was at the time. "I have had my term," the man would say. "I have fought bravely. Let my neighbor do likewise." Perhaps the neighbor, from patriotic motives and anxious for a chance to fight the enemy, enlisted, but the battle he enlisted to fight did not come off in a month, two months, or three months. His ardor cooled; he grew homesick to see his wife and children. Then he would be sent to the hospital. From this the road to desertion was broad and straight, and he often took it.

Washington repeatedly urged upon Congress the futility of relying on the militia. "The soldier being told of the greatness of the cause he was engaged in replied that it was of no more importance to him than to others; that his pay would not support him and he could not ruin himself and his family." "Men," Washington continued, "just dragged from the tender scenes of domestic life, were not accustomed to the din of arms and every kind of military skill. When opposed by veteran troops they were ready to fly from their own shadows. The soldier's change in manner of living and lodging brought sickness to many, and impatience to all, and such unconquerable desires as to produce shameful and scandalous desertion among themselves, that inspired the same spirit in others. Men accustomed to unbounded freedom and no control, cannot stand the restraint necessary to good disci-

pline. If I were called upon to declare on oath whether the militia had been most serviceable or most harmful, I should subscribe to the latter."

And then too, both militia officers and the Selectmen and Committees of towns were not only slow but negligent in filling the calls. The State passed Statutes remonstrating with them, and demanding that they complete their quotas forthwith. In some cases heavy penalties were imposed upon towns and officers if they neglected to fill their call within a certain date, and fines were assessed upon them for each soldier deficient in the number required to fill the quota. Desertion was a terrible evil and the army suffered severely on account of it. The militia would sometimes march off home in squads and companies without leave or license.

The currency condition intensified the difficulty. The pay of the soldiers was originally fixed in 1775 and 1776 when paper money was on a par with silver. In January, 1777, it took one and one-fourth in bills to equal one in silver. January, 1778, the ratio was four to one. It steadily declined till 1780, when for a few months, it stood sixty to one, and in November of the same year, one hundred to one. In May, 1781, the currency had become entirely worthless and ceased to circulate. It is hard now to imagine the chaos which ensued and the dissatisfaction, varying from bitter remonstrance to open mutiny, which this bred in the army. Men who had early enlisted into the Continental line, in the earlier years of the war deserted in numbers; went home and re-enlisted on the quota of some other town for the sake of the large bounties offered. From the close of 1778, the men were virtually serving without pay and all the while as they well knew, their families were in danger of destitution. They

were compelled to run heavily in debt. The State struggled with the problem the best it was able, but could not afford much relief. Things eventually came to such a condition in consequence, that open riots and blood-shed occurred in New Hampshire; and in Massachusetts the troubles developed into Shay's rebellion.

During the last years of the war it will be observed the State heavily increased the pay and bounties offered the men. While in part, this was due to the depreciation of the currency, still in part the increase was offered to stimulate enlistments; yet it failed to bring the hoped-for results, and did not attract men to the army. These things, well known to everyone familiar with the history of the war, bring into clear relief the defects of the militia system as a method to fight a great war.

The weakness of the militia as a fighting force, hardly needs restating. It will fight bravely behind breastworks. General Putnam said of it at Bunker Hill that "the Americans are not afraid of their heads but only think of their legs." It will also stand for a time against an enemy in front, but it cannot be depended upon under a flank or rear movement of the enemy. When it breaks it generally throws away its arms and accoutrements and cannot be relied upon to take further part in the action. While a well disciplined regiment will often break under a prolonged or overwhelming front fire, or by an attack upon its flank or rear, yet it can be rallied again and brought back into the battle; its organization is never lost. This was demonstrated on many fields during the Revolutionary and the Civil wars. At Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Bennington the militia fought creditably, but it was either behind breastworks or the foe was in front of it. Yet at Camden

and in many other battles it broke at the first fire and was not again an effective force on that field.

Why the colonies should have continued to employ such a feeble instrument is not far to seek. The dread of a standing army was ingrained in the very nature of the people. They not only feared it, but would not adopt any policy which looked towards its establishment. The Continental Congress had no authority over the States. Each colony was not only independent but jealous of it. While Congress could recommend and express a desire, the States would fill their quota in their own way and on terms of pay and length of service to suit their own convenience. The men of the Continental line which was enlisted for three years or the war, were the backbone of the army and Washington's main support throughout the conflict. It was the staying force in every battle, and always gave a good account of itself. It fought the veteran soldiers of England as bravely as men could, and showed all the courage and stubborn qualities of the best American troops, exemplified so many times in the battles of the Civil war, and in the recent struggle in France.

In the Civil war the main reliance for the first year and a half was on the volunteer system, but after the autumn of 1862, when patriotic enthusiasm had somewhat cooled, it was found necessary that a resort should be had to some other method. The Conscription Act of that year was designed to supplement the volunteer policy. As a matter of fact, while it was vigorously enforced in the summer of 1863, in later years it was little employed. When calls for men were issued and the quotas assigned to the different towns, men were hired to fill the quotas. Citizens, both those liable

to draft and many also beyond military age, would engage a substitute to take their places in the army. If there was still a deficiency the towns would hire men enough to complete their quotas, so that conscription was not necessary. The men hired by the citizens were often from the vicinity, but usually were obtained through bounty brokers. The towns generally went to these brokers for recruits. These so furnished were the very scum and off-scourings of our large cities. The brokers would hire them for what they were willing to accept, and the brokers got the bounty offered by the National Government, by the State and by the town. The substitutes themselves were professional bounty jumpers and usually deserted at the first opportunity. As soon as they could get away, they would go to some other town, enlist under another name, and so continue to do as long as they could find brokers to hire them, until the war closed. Very few of them ever did any military duty, and the custom was the great scandal and disgrace of the war. It was not so during the Revolution because that class of men did not exist; and while during the last years of the conflict the towns filled their quotas by hiring recruits, they were men from the vicinity, and were as good material for soldiers as could be found. The experience of the United States in the three great wars in which it has taken part, has justified the policy adopted in the World war of raising men by draft under a well-considered and carefully guarded conscription act. It is the most equitable and most democratic method to fill the armies of a Republic. It is very unlikely that in any future war the country will raise its armies by any other method.

# ULYSSES, RETURNED

*By Carolyn Hillman*

I, Ulysses,  
have finished wandering.  
Nevermore, ah nevermore  
for me  
the bright blue of the waters,  
frothing into white about the Islands.  
Nevermore the Islands,  
warm and brown,  
rising like sardonyx stones  
from the turquoise sea.

Nevermore the tawny beaches,  
hot in the noon sunshine,  
where the traders landed  
from the Tyrian ships  
throw down long bales  
which loosed from their  
encircling cords,  
spill yellow amber,  
ivories and sweet smelling musk,  
rich silks in shimmering folds  
of violet and rose,  
of saffron and pearl.

Nevermore, O Iacchus  
to grasp thy robe,  
as through the dark cedars  
thou passest, illusive, alone.  
here with me for one  
mad moment divine,  
then gone,  
lost in the shadows.

And Thebes,  
seven-gated Thebes!  
Nevermore the pale, low-lying moon  
will light for me the dark ways,  
the throngs tumultuous,  
the faces of maidens,  
wan in the torch flare.

Nevermore Circe,  
to drink with thee  
from the violet veined marble,  
the dark seeded wine  
with the vine-leaves twining  
about the bowl's brim.



Nevermore will I, Ulysses,  
drain the hot wine of passion,  
of love, of wandering.  
Now for me the tame days  
the long nights unbroken  
except by the cry  
of the lost Philomela,  
whose agony rings  
again, ah ever again,  
in my ears!

Nevermore on Pelion  
to see the centaurs  
race madly;  
gallop on swift hooves  
with necks arched,  
cutting the wind  
like ships that sail  
with white sheets  
and snapping halyards,  
sweeping through a jacinth sea.

Nevermore to see the rocks of Delos  
nor Daulis,  
where the mountain ash  
trails its red berries  
in the green flowing brook,  
flowing forever to the salt seas.

Nevermore, ah nevermore  
will I, Ulysses, wander  
careless, like the south wind,  
by waters Aroanian,  
by the deep streams,  
where the singing fish leap,  
where the lofty Cylene  
sleeps in deep snows.

The Gods will see me no more  
on land and sea, a wanderer,  
Now will the sweet lavender  
and the blossoming oleander,  
the yew and the myrtle,  
the white and purple irises  
flower and fade,  
fade and flower  
while I, Ulysses,  
keep my home,  
wither, grow old,  
and at last lay me down to die.  
Then the Dark River——

**LILAC SHADOWS***By Louise Piper Wemple*

I wandered thro the countryside  
One sparkling day in Spring,  
I heard the robin's early call  
Blend with the brook's low murmuring;  
Pink petals drifted down from flowering trees,  
And in my path, dew drenched the violets lay,  
All Nature to triumphant life awoke  
Beneath the quickening touch of early May.

At last beside a grassy, wind swept knoll,  
Weary I sat me down to rest  
Upon a wide, low granite stone,  
By purple lilac blooms caressed;  
And 'mid the riot of growing things,  
By time its edges smoothed away,  
The rough hewn doorstep only now remained  
Of the old home of earlier day.

For but a yawning cavern showed  
Where once had stood the ancient dwelling place,  
And here and there a few rough stones  
Of the strong foundation could I trace;  
Among the scattered stones, rank weeds and grasses grew,  
And blue green sage and tawny tansy cast  
Dim shadows, where a sluggish adder slow uncoiled,  
Rustling the grasses as he passed.

Then as I sat there, dreaming in the sun,  
Vanished all signs of ruin and decay,  
I saw again the old time home restored,  
With time just tinting it to mellow gray;  
I saw the spreading eaves, where snowy pigeons cooed,  
The latticed stoop, where woodbine's banners hung,  
And lilacs bloomed beside the wide stone step  
And to the breeze their fragrance flung.

The vision passed, but in its sunken bed,  
Half hidden 'neath the riotous bloom of May  
A monument to days well-nigh forgot,  
The time worn granite door stone lay;  
Where once resounded tread of eager feet,  
And where had echoed lilting voices call,  
Where past the stir of fervid human life,  
But shadows of the lilacs fall.

# BY THE VEERY'S NEST

By Caroline Stetson Allen

*Continued from December issue.*

## CHAPTER III.

### *Louisa*

In an early morning of February in the following winter, the two girls were sitting together in Alicia's room. It was a pretty room, the prevailing color primrose yellow, but Louisa thought that the brown sweater thrown over a chair should have been in a drawer, and that the floor was hardly the place for her friend's work-basket.

"I wanted to bring the letter over to you last night, it's so exciting," said Alicia, "but I couldn't because some boring old callers came."

"Oh, Alicia," said Louisa reprovingly. "Wasn't it the minister?"

"Yes and his sister. They talked two hours about Roman excavations. I saw Father yawn three times."

Louisa had her own opinion about that, but she kept silence.

"Here's the letter,—at least I *thought* it was here," said Alicia, rummaging recklessly in her top drawer. "I guess I left it downstairs. Wait a minute."

She soon returned, an elegant looking missive in her hand. The paper was thick and white, with monogram in gold.

"It's from Elsie Redpath."

Alicia read the letter aloud rapidly. It contained an invitation to both girls to visit Elsie for the next fortnight in New York, and Mr. Redpath wished to make all expenses of the trip his care.

"Oh, won't it be too delicious!" cried Alicia.

"We can't decide right off so," said Louisa. "Perhaps Mother can't spare me." She had, however, fully determined to go. It certainly would be

the height of folly to miss such an opportunity.

"You just *must* go! It won't be for long. Mother said right off I could. Can't Miss Hadley come over and stay with your mother?"

"Perhaps so," replied Louisa. "I'll ask her. She would be a good one."

"Yes, she would. She's always so careful about things. Oh, Louisa, we'll have the time of our lives! If only my clothes will do!" her face sobering suddenly.

"I shall fix over my best green," said Louisa thoughtfully, "and it's time I had a new hat anyway. I'll buy it in New York as soon as we're there. My old dark blue will do to travel in."

"I didn't get much this winter," said Alicia, "Father seemed so hard up. Anyway, Elsie won't care a rap. Hurrah for New York!" And she began to waltz about the room.

When Louisa reached home she joined her mother to talk the matter over. Mrs. Acton at once saw the advantages to her daughter of this little peep into the world, and agreed, too, that it would be a sensible plan to ask Miss Hadley to take Louisa's place during the visit. As Mrs. Dale was equally alive to what the New York stay would mean for Alicia, the girls entered with zest into their preparations, after each sending an enthusiastic acceptance to Elsie Redpath.

Then, the day before they were to start, Mrs. Gray fell severely ill with inflammatory rheumatism. Every attempt to secure a nurse proved unavailing, and Mr. Gray, in his alarm and anxiety, appealed finally to Louisa, as the elder of the two girls. Louisa saw him coming up the path, and went to the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Gray," she said, "I hope Aunt Helen is better?"

"No, I'm afraid she isn't so well," replied Mr. Gray. "I can't stop, but I won't keep you in the cold,"—and he stepped into the warm hall. Louisa brought him a chair, and seated herself near.

"I've searched high and low," said Mr. Gray, "and so has Dr. Bond. Nurses seem to have slipped out of existence,—the country is void of them. My dear Louisa"—his eyes fixed anxiously on her calm and pretty face—"would it be a possible thing—I know all I'm asking—to come to us, and do what you can for my poor wife for a week? Dr. Bond has got in touch with a Miss Kent who may be free by that time." He hastily added, as he saw Louisa was about to reply, "You won't have to do any lifting,—I can do that myself. And it would be perfectly possible, if you wished, for you to go home nights."

Louisa's face expressed the sympathy and regret she felt.

"I'm so *very* sorry, Mr. Gray, I have a positive engagement in New York, beginning tomorrow. I don't believe you knew about, though I think Aunt Helen did. Alicia and I are going to visit the Redpaths there. I am so very sorry! Do let me know if there is anything I can get for Aunt Helen, and send from New York."

"I don't at this moment call anything to mind," said Mr. Gray, in a tone of deep dejection, and rising. "Well my dear, I see how it is. I mustn't stop."

"He might have wished me a good time," thought Louisa, as she watched him walk quickly down the road.

Mr. Gray, hurrying to rejoin his wife, took the short cut through the little patch of home woods, now lightly covered with snow. And here, by the long-deserted veery's nest, he came upon Alicia, taking an idle stroll.

"Good morning, Mr. Gray!" said she. "I had a letter from Bob this

morning. I'll bring it over to Aunt Helen by-and-by."

"I fear she isn't quite able today," said Mr. Gray. "The boy's well, is he?—She became much worse in the night. She's in great pain."

"Oh, Mr. Gray! I had no idea. Have you a good nurse?" The tears stood in Alicia's eyes.

"That's the trouble. We can't find one."

"Dear Aunt Helen!—Could I be of any use? I helped nurse Father once, when he had sciatica. He *was* sick, too! Let me come right over and try. I'll stay till you get somebody better. Let me!" Pleaded Alicia.

Her old friend could see the sincerity of her desire, and his face brightened a little.

"But your visit," he said, remembering. "Louisa tells me you leave tomorrow for New York."

Alicia placed a brown-mittened hand upon his arm. "Little Old New York may be a cunning little town in its way," said she, "but it isn't *Aunt Helen*. How could I enjoy frivolling around if I knew all the time she was suffering so here? I just *couldn't*! So don't go and think it any sacrifice."

"But," began Mr. Gray in perplexity.—"There isn't any 'but,'" said Alicia. "It's all settled,—that is, if you like to have me." Alicia surely knew how to make her voice irresistible.

"It would, I admit, take a great load off my mind," said Mr. Gray, "but are you sure your mother will deem it wise?"

"Mummy? Good gracious! do you think she hasn't a heart?" said Alicia. "Expect me in an hour." And she turned, and ran back through the woods toward her own home, unheeding a last remonstrance called after her by Mr. Gray.

Alicia was as good as her word.

Her little straw suitcase, in which she tossed the few necessary changes would not have passed an examination on skilful packing, but everything needful was there, even to three long white aprons.

"I'll send Maggie over every day, to see if there's anything you want," said her mother, "and you can send back by her anything for the wash."

Louisa didn't accept easily her friend's decision, and was astonished that Alicia, usually so ready to follow her lead could be so "obstinate."

"You're acting *very* foolishly," she said. "Rheumatism isn't a *dangerous* thing. And of course a doctor, if he is any good at all, must be able to find a nurse, besides," as Alicia was about to speak, "this is a very unusual opportunity for us. It is our *duty* to broaden ourselves when we can."

"I'd rather stay narrow, when it's a question of Aunt Helen's comfort," said Alicia. "Give my love to Elsie, and tell her I'm sorry."

"She'll think it queer," said Louisa. "It isn't likely she'll invite you again."

Alicia looked troubled. She was fond of Elsie. But she didn't waver.

"Alicia's changing, I think," said Louisa later to her mother. She's growing self-willed and opinionated. I'm sorry, chiefly for her own sake."

#### CHAPTER IV

##### ALICIA

Mrs. Gray knew that her husband had gone to get Louisa to come, if possible, for some days. No sooner had he left the house, however, than she began nervously to wish that she had not consented to his doing so. An exaggerated vision arose in her mind of the kind of nurse Louisa would be. "She'd have a time set by the clock for me to turn over in bed," she said to herself, "and she'd put my books in an even pile, so I'd want to fire them across the room."

She tossed and turned; and when, at last, Mr. Gray came upstairs, stepping with gingerly tread lest he wake her, she could hardly wait for him to appear in the doorway.

"Did you get her?" she asked quickly. "Yes, my dear," replied her husband in a satisfied tone. "She is more than willing to come,—*more* than willing," he repeated.

Mrs. Gray half groaned, and turned her head to the wall.

"I thought it was your own wish," said Mr. Gray, slightly crestfallen. "Alicia's *young* to be sure, but,—"

"*Alicia!*" came in a different voice from the bed.

"Yes, Oh, we *did* think first of Louisa, I know. She would have been glad to come, but she goes to New York just at this time. On a visit to a young friend, I believe."

"So it's *Alicia!* Charles, tell Bridget to get out the new quilt, and put it on the blue-room bed. And Charles," as he was about to obey, "take the little stand from the corner here, and put it in the blue room. Let me see— Well, go along, and I'll think what next."

Charles went along. He was accustomed to follow any suggestion of his wife's, and his mind was immensely relieved to find that the younger of the two girls was evidently more to her mind than the probably more competent elder.

Alicia came. Why she was just such a success was a mystery to the doctor, to Aunt Lizzie (to whom they wrote in her distant home), and to the neighbors in general. She made her first entrance by tripping and falling into the invalid's room. She promptly forgot two of a list of directions given her by the doctor. And a curious slow-passing neighbor distinctly heard her laugh. But Mrs. Gray declared herself perfectly suited.

"She's good and wholesome to look at," she said to her husband. "And she isn't nailed to her own way."

She's first-rate company, and makes me forget my pain half the time. Yes, Charles, whoever asks, you tell them Alicia's a nurse worth having."

"But she forgot Dr. Bond's mixture," said Mr. Gray.

"Drat the mixture!" said his wife. "It's bitter as gall. I'm only too thankful I missed one dose of it."

Alicia won high praise from Bridget. "She never asks for wan thing for herself," was her verdict. "She'd take her coffee cold, and any scrap I put before her. But she'll *not* take take her coffee cold! It's a trate to do for her, if 'tis only to see the purty smile av her!"

If Alicia felt a little disconsolate when she read the letters that came from Louisa, with their accounts of gaieties and sight-seeing, she was careful to shake off any least trace of such regrets before she regained her charge. It was always a bright-faced nurse that sat beside Mrs. Gray, and read to her the long letters from Robert to his mother, or from a magazine or book. When Mrs. Gray's pain was severe, Alicia's touch was gentleness itself, and before long the whole household relied on her explicitly. "Ask Alicia," — — "Alicia will know," were words often heard.

When the girl felt sure that Mrs. Gray was asleep and free from pain, she would change her dress of white linen for one of dark woolen, get into a heavy cloak, slip out of the house, and on snowshoes make her way to the veery's nest. She seldom stayed more than ten or fifteen minutes, but it rested her to be in the different sort of quiet one finds in the woods,—a quiet thrilling with strong growing life, and devoid of fussy insignificant noises.

Here she brought her own letters from Robert to read over. He was a faithful correspondent, and in the half-year's letters to her had said more of his serious interests than he ever had when they were together. Alicia

thought herself a poor letter-writer, but in her few letters she accomplished what Louisa's carefully composed letters did not,—she made herself present; each expression was her very own. The brief letter might be misspelled—it often was—but it breathed the charm of naturalness and brought to a rather homesick young man the very air of his native mountains.

There was more than one reason for her not staying long by the veery's nest. The weather was now intensely cold. Louisa had barely left for New York, when there came a sudden drop of many degrees in the mercury. The cold relentlessly increased, and was followed by a heavy snow-fall. Outlying roads became most of them, impassable, and the nurse finally secured, who was to take Alicia's place that the girl might have the tail-end of the New York visit, was hopelessly snowbound in a remote town still further north.

Alicia's disappointment was lessened by the evident relief of Mrs. Gray in keeping her on. Mr. Gray, too, in somewhat cumbersome language, expressed his gratification.

Alicia's job called for patience, in spite of her whole-hearted gladness to be of help. Mrs. Gray had hardly in all her life known what actual illness was, and the pain she now had to endure—at times severe—made her often irritable and unlike her usually well-balanced self. Mr. Gray was kindness itself, but his efforts were somewhat clumsy and wanting in tact. He was apt to appear at inopportune moments. Alicia,—well, as Bridget put it to Timothy, the man-of-all-work. "'Tis the swateness of her!" Alicia's sunshine held out for the family through what would otherwise have been a totally dreary period.

Toward the middle of the second week, Mrs. Gray began to gain more decidedly. The pain no longer was severe, and she could sleep through

the night, and enjoy Alicia's companionship through the day. So finally came the day when Louisa was to leave New York, and Alicia return to her own home.

Alicia woke early on the last morning, a glow of happiness at her heart. She had been a comfort. Little had been said, but there was something in the way in which Mrs. Gray had last night taken the girl's two hands in hers, and held them close for one moment, that was better than words.

When Alicia parted her blue curtains to look out on an early morning world, it was a sort of fairyland that met her eyes. For after all the snow, the weather had the day before moderated, and a slight rain fallen, turning before morning to ice. Every twig on every branch glittered in its bath of sunbeams. Alicia caught her breath at the beauty of it.

Across the tip of Moat drifted a fleecy scarf of mist, and far in the distance Washington reared majestic in white shining robes. The air was as clear as a bell, and again penetratingly cold, and the girl's healthy young blood tingled responsively as she took her icy bath and got quickly into her clothes. Her room was unheated except by the warmth that came from the hall when she left her door open.

Peeping into Mrs. Gray's room as she passed through the upper hall, and finding her sound asleep, Alicia took a hasty bite in the pantry, and was soon outdoors and had strapped on her snowshoes.

As she made her way toward the veery's nest through the gleaming pines and fir balsams, an icy twig snapped here and there with a tinkling sound, musical, as if the elves of the wood were playing their chimes to greet the early day. And here was the veery's nest, lined with silver, and folded about with a napkin of snow. Alicia knelt, and touched her lips to the cup's rim "To Robert!"

she whispered, as if the elves might hear. "And Aunt Helen. Let her keep well for him."

She started at a sudden sound. It was only a rabbit within a stone's throw, eyeing her alertly, and ready to vanish if she stirred. He made such a charming picture that Alicia kept as still as she could, and longed for her camera. A moment or two, and he was away. She must go back. But first she drew from her pocket a letter from Robert to Louisa, which the latter had forwarded within one of her own. "Dear Louisa," it ran. "So you and Alicia are going to disport yourselves in the big city. I wouldn't mind very much being there at the same time. It seems about two years since I saw you all. How is Alicia? Tell her she doesn't keep up her end of correspondence. Does she seem older, or changed any? How about Hurry? Of course Alicia can ride him whenever she likes. What have you both been up to? \*\*\*" An account of his own doings followed, of ranch life that evidently appealed to him strongly, and then he wound up his letter with a few more questions. Alicia was all right, wasn't she? She must be, he knew, but the letters he had got from her so far wouldn't fill the veery's nest. \*\*\*\*. Did Alicia play on his piano? He surely hoped so. Tell her that Dad and Mother would like it if she did.

"This letter seems to be more for you than me," Louisa had penciled on the margin. "You needn't return it."

Alicia's cheeks felt burning. She took up a handful of snow and rubbed them till they glowed like wild roses.

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#### CHAPTER V

*Louisa.*

New York, February 14, 1896

Dear Alicia,

It is not a week yet since I

left North Conway, but I feel as if it were much longer. Not that the time has dragged in the least, but it has been full of so many new experiences. I feel myself such a different person, and would not for the world have missed this broadening and enlarging experience. I'm afraid Mrs. Redpath won't ask you next year, as you thought possible, for she seems a little offended, I think, at your lightly refusing so generous an offer. You are too impulsive, I am afraid, for certainly you must by this time be regretting your mistake.

Mr. Redpath's tastes are quite literary, and many most interesting people come to the house. Already I have met and talked with two well-known authors—Mrs. C—and Mr. R. I have been twice to the theatre, and tonight is Grand Opera.

You asked if Elsie is as pretty as ever. How much you always think of *looks*, Alicia! Yes, I believe she is called very pretty, though I myself prefer the blonde type. She has a good many men callers, and two in particular rather haunt the house. A Mr. Islington, said to be fabulously rich, is bright, tall, and I must admit the finest looking man I have ever seen. He sat next me at dinner last night. I will tell you more about him later, for I saw more of him than of anyone else during the evening. He wants to come to North Conway next summer, for he has never seen the White Mountains. The other man is Mr. Brown, who supports two elderly sisters, and has hardly a penny to his name. What the Redpaths see in him it is hard for me to understand. He has nothing to say for himself, and is bald and very stout. Yet his intimacy with Elsie seems to be encouraged. I cannot understand it.

Well, it is time for me to dress for dinner and opera. I shall wear light green and rosebuds. A box of them has just come from Mr. Isling-

ton. How charming of him! I haven't any proper opera cloak, but Elsie has lent me one of hers, a beauty of dark green velvet trimmed with swansdown.

I thought Elsie seemed a little jealous about the rosebuds. She has known Mr. Islington a long time. If there is one fault above another I dislike, and have always tried to avoid, it is jealousy. Now I think of it, Elsie has more than once shown signs of it since I came. If Mr. Islington finds it interesting to sit by me and talk with me the greater part of the evening, surely he has a right to do so, since he and Elsie are not engaged. If they *were*, that would be an entirely different matter. I naturally took an interest in him, as she had told me a great deal about his being such a fine character. Now I must dress, or I shall be late. Love to Aunt Helen.

Affectionately,

LOUISA

New York, February 18, 1896

Dear Alicia,

What a difference a few days can make in one's estimate of persons! I find that my first impressions of Mr. Brown and Mr. Islington were very superficial. On closer acquaintance I find Mr. Brown possesses a certain stability and dignity that has won my high esteem. He is not so *very* bald, and his eyes are a beautiful shade of blue. As to Mr. Islington,—it was unusually stupid of me,—*he* is the penniless one with the two old sisters. It seems to me that he himself might have made that clear to me, since Elsie did not. If there is one fault above another I find it hard to forgive, it is duplicity. On after reflection it struck me as in poor taste, Mr. Islington's sending me the rosebuds. There were at least two dozen of them, and he is far from being in a position to squander money on flowers, or on anything else. Elsie



quite fired up when I said so to her, and implied, quite unjustly, that I had "led him on."

I shall certainly not encourage that silly notion of his about coming to North Conway. It would look very marked, and I am not one to give encouragement indiscreetly. For that reason I think I shall, from now on, not write so frequently to Robert, and I would advise you not to. Come to think of it, you haven't sent him many letters. Probably you haven't thought of him as a possible lover for either of us.

You don't know how much more able I feel, from this visit to New York, to take the wide view of things. One admires Robert certainly, but what prospect is there of his ever having much of an income? It looks to me as if he meant to settle out at the ends of the earth on one of those ranches. What sort of a life would that be for either of us?

They say Mr. Brown is immensely rich. He inherited two enormous fortunes. Yet he keeps at his business all the time, which is admirable, I think. He is just coming to go with me over the Metropolitan Museum, so good-bye for now. Love to Aunt Helen.

In haste,

LOUISA.

New York, February 23, 1896

Dear Alicia,

Mr. Brown took me to see The School for Scandal last evening, and I had the most delightful time! You see what you are missing. I could stay here contentedly for weeks, but—this is private—for some utterly incomprehensible reason Mrs. Redpath doesn't seem quite as cordial as she did at first. I can't think of any possible reason for this, unless it is, what friends of Elsie tell me, that Mr. Brown

was very attentive to her before I came. I suspect that all Mrs. Redpath attaches value to is the fact of his wealth, for it is perfectly evident that Elsie is madly in love with Mr. Islington. If there is one fault I despise more than another it is worldliness. What I care about myself in Mr. Brown is his dignity and real worth.

There was something else I meant to tell you, but I can't now recall what it was. Mr. Brown is coming to call at five, and it is quarter of now. I must do a little to my hair. He says it is the prettiest he ever saw. Love to Aunt Helen. I shall be home soon, and then she will see me often. New York is altogether delightful, but nothing now would induce me to prolong the visit, for I am sure Aunt Helen needs me. *This* is the important time to be with her, when she is convalescing and really able to care who is near her.

Affectionately,

LOUISA.

P. S. Mr. Brown has offered himself, and I have accepted. I am coming home directly, and will tell you everything then. I am so sorry I haven't had time to buy the scarf you wrote about. You can see how every instant of my time has been filled. And the shopping district is so far down. And really, Alicia, those scarfs are *very* expensive, and if I were you I should think twice before deciding to buy one. You may have my last year's gray one if you like. We shall marry in May, and I mean to come on in April and get all my trousseau in New York.

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#### CHAPTER VI

*Alicia.*

June! And Robert was coming tomorrow. Alicia wished the day

had wings, and she kept restlessly busy from one task to another that the hours might hurry by. But by the middle of the afternoon there seemed to be nothing left undone in the little house, now in a state of unwonted tidiness, and Alicia decided to carry over a basket of wild strawberries to Mrs. Gray. She chose a pretty Indian basket, and heaped it with the spicy fruit, which grew near by. She added a deep-pink wild rose, from the clusters that peered over the Dale's green gate.

Arrived at Tanglewild, she found Mrs. Gray putting some finishing touches to Robert's room. The green and white curtains had been freshly laundered, and a vase of mountain laurel stood upon the bureau.

"I'm so glad you've come over, dear," said Mrs. Gray. "You've saved me some steps, for I was just going over to see if you would drive with me over to Stepping Stones. I want to get a pair of chickens, and some eggs, and cream."

"I see your young man is to have a royal welcome!" said Alicia. "Yes, I'd just love to go. I'll just run back for my jacket."

"Oh, don't trouble to do that. Take my plaid shawl. I engaged the carriage for four o'clock, and it ought to be here soon."

A few minutes more, and it came, and Mrs. Gray and Alicia had settled themselves comfortably on the wide seat, and were on their way.

Stepping Stones was a farm on the edge of Bartlett, and Alicia, who had always delighted in any excursion to this region, was often Mrs. Gray's companion thither. Their way, for the latter part, lay beside the Saco River, and its gleaming, rippling waters were glimpsed between the trees that grew thickly along its banks. The river wound

about with a leisurely grace, and lay a wide blue scarf upon the dreaming light green meadows.

"Do let's drive very slowly for awhile," said Alicia. "It is so lovely!"

"Get out for a minute or two if you want to," said Mrs. Gray. "We've time enough for that. Run down to the river." She checked the horse as she spoke.

Alicia made her way to the shore. How still it was, except for the swaying of some branches of weeping-willow! As she stooped and made a hollow of her hand to drink from the clear water, she saw, close to her on the ground, perhaps thirty butterflies, with folded wings. And now they rose, and fluttered together over the river, a shining, widening golden cloud.

"I want to live in North Conway," said Alicia as she stepped back into the buggy, "because I always *have* lived there, and I love it, but if I ever chose to move it would be to Bartlett. There is an indescribable charm about the place."

"There is," assented Mrs. Gray. "I always took to Bartlett."

And it suddenly entered the older woman's mind that the charm of that peaceful village was not unlike that of the girl herself in her quieter moods. Bartlett was unfinished, it had some inharmonious houses, but in the main there was about it a natural restful beauty, with unexpected delights for those who cared to wander among its fields and woods.

They reached the hospitable farm, with its many outlying buildings, and while Mrs. Gray enjoyed a gossip with the farmer's wife, Mrs. Deane, Alicia strolled about and went finally into the great fragrant barn to watch the milking of the Jersey cows.

Edith Dabney, a North Conway child visiting at the farm, ran into the barn, and came to a stand by Alicia's side. She was eleven years old,

strong and tall for her age, with a piquant face and curly light brown hair which she shook about a good deal.

"Why is this place named 'Stepping Stones'?" asked Alicia.

"You see that brook over there, Stones'?" replied the little girl. "No. I guess you can't see it from here, but you can *hear* it. It makes noise enough! It cuts right across the farm. And in the widest part there's a lot of stepping-stones. We children all like the brook the best of any part of the farm, 'cause we like sailing chips there, and going across the stones. It's awful tipply! So we young ones got to saying, when we were coming here, that we were coming to Stepping Stones. Then Mrs. Deane's folks began to call it that, and everybody else."

"It's a pretty name," said Alicia. Mrs. Gray and Alicia made no stop on their homeward road. Alicia hardly spoke. Her thoughts were of tomorrow, and of Robert coming. She wondered if he would be changed. She felt a queer unfamiliar shyness at the idea of meeting him. She knew one thing,—she was going to be very dignified, and entirely grown-up. If she hadn't been quite that when they parted last year, she certainly was so now. Very likely he had thought her a silly thing! Oh, she would be cordial of course, but reserved. How she lamented her former childishness!

"You must go to bed early," said Mrs. Gray, glancing at the girl's dreamy face. "We must be our brightest for Robert tomorrow."

"I shan't be over tomorrow, Aunt Helen, dear," said Alicia, rousing herself. "Robert can very well wait till the next day to see me."

"You're always welcome, Alicia," said Mrs. Gray. "You know that, I hope."

"You always make me feel so, but I'll come the next day. I'd really

rather. Or Robert can run over to see us. I've got some sewing for Mother I must finish."

Mrs. Gray dropped Alicia at her own house. Supper would be late for them both. Alicia was very hungry after the long drive, and it was nearly eight o'clock when she had cleared away the remnants of food and washed the few dishes. She stepped out into the front garden where her father and mother were strolling.

The air was deliciously cool and fragrant with near-by balsam and the roses that grew in profusion and were Alicia's pride. There were several varieties, and perhaps the kind Alicia loved best was the bush of soft-petaled old-fashioned white ones. She took one of these from the bush, and fastened it in the belt of her blue gown.

"I think I'll go and look at the veery's nest," she said, "else the mother-veery will think I'm offended, it's so long since I made her a real call."

There had been a drenching rain two days ago, and the woods were at their freshest. Every leaf glistened, and the mosses and ferns were softly green under the light that filtered through the branches. A patch of wild strawberries busied Alicia's hands for a few moments. Seeing a strip of birch bark that lay upon the ground, she picked it up and formed it into a little basket for the berries.

Through an opening among the pines she could just make out the "white horse" upon Humphrey's Ledge.

In all Alicia's after-life the recollection of what next happened had power to thrill her afresh. She had been so absorbed in her own thoughts that she did not hear quick steps coming over the pine carpet. Then Robert was before her, Robert more stalwart than ever, and deeply tanned.

His face wore a look of eager joy,      At that moment, clear and vibrating-  
 and he opened his arms wide. Alicia      ly sweet, close over them, came the  
 flew into them, and her brown head      matchless song of the veery.  
 was on his breast.      THE END.

## MY ARCADY

(To former pupils, after reading Wordsworth's  
 Ode on Immortality)

*By Eugene R. Musgrove*

Again I take the great Ode from its place  
 And yield myself to its majestic sway.  
 Across the page the same old glories play.  
 And "trailing clouds of glory" I retrace  
 The gifts that glorify the commonplace;  
 For tho we all like sheep have gone astray,  
 Still Faith's unerring finger points the way  
 With clearness that our doubts can not efface.

But lo! today new "clouds of glory" come.  
 Transfigured by the light of memory:  
 In letters that would strike Belshazzar dumb  
 Your names are flashed—with joy, with joy I see,  
 And in my Arcady I count the sum  
 Of all the nameless things you are to me.

## EDITORIALS

The editor of the Granite Monthly was gratified to receive, recently, a letter from Mr. Brookes More in which the generous donor of the \$50 prize for the best poem published in the magazine during 1921 expressed his satisfaction with the results of the contest; said that his check was ready for the winner when announced to him by the judges; and expressed his willingness to continue the competition through 1922 under slightly changed conditions. It is needless to say that the Granite Monthly was pleased to accept Mr. More's suggestions and is glad to announce that he will award the same sum, \$50, to the author of the best poem printed in the Granite Monthly during the year 1922. It is Mr. More's opinion, in which we coincide, that the best interests of the magazine and of the competition will be served by the adoption of the following two rules: No "free verse" will be eligible for the prize and those who desire to enter the contest must become subscribers for the Granite Monthly. It is hoped to be able to secure the services of the same board of able judges as for 1921; and it is also hoped that their decision of the prize winner for last year may be announced in the February number.

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Kind words for the Granite Monthly in the state press are frequently seen and highly appreciated. Says the Rochester Courier editorially: "The literary merit of the magazine has never been on so high a plane, and, with its devotion to the interests of New Hampshire, it is a distinct asset to the state. Long may it continue to flourish and prosper under its present management." The Claremont Eagle expresses pleasure that the continuance of the magazine for another year is assured and says: "Since

1878 it has been published and has never failed to live up to its mission as the 'New Hampshire State Magazine.' It should have a more generous support with its advancing years."

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In accordance with the terms of a concurrent resolution adopted by the legislature of 1921 a committee composed of former State Senator Elmer E. Woodbury of Woodstock, Admiral Joseph B. Murdock of Hill and Major John G. Winant of Concord is engaged in securing by patriotic contributions the necessary funds for placing in the New Hampshire capitol a worthy portrait in oils of Abraham Lincoln. An appeal will be made especially to the school children of the state during the second week of January and ten cents from each child would provide the sum thought necessary for the purpose. Contributions from other sources will be welcome, however.

---

The beautiful classic poem, "Ulysses," in this issue, is contributed by a member of the Boston Transcript's literary department whose reviews over the signature of "C. K. H." have been widely appreciated and quoted. Friendship for the magazine, manifested by sending us so brilliant a poem as Mrs. Hillman's, is, indeed, appreciated.

---

Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton, librarian of the Boston Athenaeum and a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, is at work upon a third volume of his "Portraits of the Founders." He would like to hear of portraits of persons born abroad who came to the American colonies before the year 1701.

We shall begin in the February Granite Monthly the publication of "Homespun Yarns from the Red Barn Farm" partly fact and partly fiction, but in both respects giving as true a picture of rural New Hampshire 70 years ago as ever was printed, in our

opinion. The author, Mrs. Zillah George Dexter, of Franconia, draws upon the experiences of her own girlhood among the mountains for much of her manuscript and the results seem to us most interesting and enjoyable.

---

## THE RESURRECTION OF THE SHIPS

*By Reignold Kent Marvin*

The tides of Rivermouth at God's behest  
Sweep clean New Hampshire's seaport day by day  
And like good servants let no refuse stay,  
But broom it far to sea, now east, now west.  
So deep the thresh of tides, there is no rest  
For sunken skeletons of ships and men  
That ever grind in restless graves and then  
Moan low for quiet beds of bones more blest.  
But when at last the sea gives up its dead,—  
A risen fleet well manned by ghostly crew,  
The Spanish galleon and East Indian bark,  
A phantom argosy by Nereus led,—  
Will set worn sails the voyage to renew  
To sunset harbors gleaming through the dark.

## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

*Anthologies of Magazine Verse for 1920 and 1921. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: Small, Maynard and Co.*

These two years, William Stanley Braithwaite has more than maintained his position as the nation's most brilliant critic of poetry. He has "discovered" many American poets that otherwise might have still been singing in obscurity, he knows the field of modern poetical endeavor as no other man on this side of the water, his appraisals and reviews are just, his opinions well founded, his annual collections of magazine verse quite unequalled among all modern anthologies. And in making these selections from the year's output of periodical verse, Mr. Braithwaite renders double service, on the one hand bringing the poets to the public, on the other bringing the public to the poets. His selections will curry favor with no particular group of stylists, will please no one cult. They are, in their way, well nigh universal. Conceivably, no one will enjoy every bit of verse in the anthology, but agree or disagree, it must be admitted that rarely have there been made selections so excellently impartial. To collect the best in magazine verse year by year can be no small task, yet for his part, Mr. Braithwaite is quite equal to it. His former anthologies are accurate mirrors of the poetic trend of those times, in fact the student of American poetical progress in the Twentieth Century can do no better than read them through. They will teach him much that the ordinary book cannot.

Even two such closely linked years as those of 1920 and 1921 offer interesting comparison. Some of the voices of last year are silent; others take their place. David Morton on the one hand and Edna St. Vincent Millay on the other, seem the two finest youthful lutanists of the day,

Hazel Hall continues her even way, Elinor Wylie springs from nowhere to add no small bit to the output of '21. Sara Teasdale, Katharine Lee Bates, John Gould Fletcher, Mrs. Richard Aldington, Robert Frost, John Hall Wheelock, Edgar Lee Masters, Amy Lowell, Scudder Middleton, Gamaliel Bradford, Edward O'Brien, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Clement Wood, Christopher Morley and Charles Wharton Stock appear and reappear through the two years. Amanda Benjamin Hall, Agnes Lee and Djuna Barnes, all promising figures of 1920, have nearly dropped from sight; to take their places come Miss Wylie, John V. A. Weaver, and Adul Tima, claiming first brilliance this year, perhaps to be forgotten the next.

Moreover, in the back of the Anthology lurk yet new poets of the future, not a few of them identified with the Granite Monthly prize contest, perhaps making their first public appearance therein. Many of them, it seems, will go far. Next year will undoubtedly see some few honored on Mr. Braithwaite's pages.

Of the output of 1920, Mrs. Aldington's "The Islands," Miss A. B. Hall's "Dancer," Mr. Morton's "Garden Wall," Louis Ginsberg's "April," Miss Millay's lyrics and Sara Teasdale's, Conrad Aiken's "Asphalt," Margaret Adelaide Wilson's "Babylon," Mr. Masters' "A Republic," Miss Lee's "Old Lizette," Mr. Untermyer's "Auction," and Miss Barnes "Dead Favorite," seemed the best. The pattern of 1921 is entirely different; of them all, Miss Millay, Miss Teasdale, Mr. Morton alone may match their excellences of the former year. The pick of the new collection seems Maxwell Anderson's "St Agnes' Morning," Katharine Lee Bates' "Brief Life," H. D.'s fragments of

Ancient Greece, Louise Ayres Garnett's dialect verse, Mr. Morton's two new sonnets, Adul Tima's "Wild Plum," Sara Teasdale's "The Dark Cup," Elinor Wylie's "Bronze Trumpets and Sea Water." Of especial interest to New Englanders are Miss Millay's lyrics, H. C. Gauss's "Salem,"

Robert Frost's four poems of New Hampshire, Winifred Virginia Jackson's stern picturings of Maine, E. A. Robinson's "Monadnock Through the Trees" and Harold Vinal's sonnet.

GORDON HILLMAN.

## REAL ROYALTY

*By Edward H. Richards*

At times I think I'd like to be  
 A king or some celebrity;  
 A jeweled crown I'd like to wear  
 A bard I'd be or genius rare;  
 A knight, with purpose bold and high;  
 An aviator in the sky;  
 Such men as these appeal to me  
 And any one I'd like to be  
 Except myself, a common man,  
 Who has to work and save and plan.  
 But I have health and I have love;  
 The sun shines gladly up above;  
 My life is clean; I fear no foe,  
 I play my part as best I know,  
 I eat, I sleep, I smile, I sing;  
 By Jove, why am I not a King?



# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## HON. FRANK D. CURRIER

Frank Dunklee Currier was born at Canaan Street, October 30, 1853, the elder son and one of five children of Horace and Emma (Plastridge) Currier, and died November 25 at his home in Canaan. He had been an invalid since stricken with a shock of paralysis in Washington 10 years ago.

Mr. Currier attended as a boy the Canaan schools and later the Concord High school, Kimball Union academy at Meriden and Hixon academy at Lowell, Mass. Studying law with the late U. S. Senator Austin F. Pike at Franklin, he was admitted to the bar in 1874 and opened a law office in his native town.

In 1879 he represented Canaan in the legislature; was clerk of the state senate in 1883 and 1885; and being elected a member of that body for the session of 1887, was chosen its president. From 1890 he was for four years naval officer of the port of Boston. In 1899 he returned to the state house of representatives and was chosen its speaker.

In 1900 he received his first election to the National House from the Second New Hampshire District and there served for 12 years, making a brilliant record as a parliamentarian, committee chairman and party leader. His close friend, Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, frequently called upon him to preside over the house; he was a member of its all important committee on rules; and was chairman of the Republican caucus. As chairman of the standing committee on Patents he secured the passage in 1909 of a new copyright law which was characterized by President Roosevelt as the session's best piece of legislation and which has stood admirably the test of time. To his patience, watchfulness, good generalship and untiring labors was largely due the establishment of the White Mountain Forest Reserve.

Congressman Currier was an ardent and devoted Republican throughout the political career which occupied so great a part of his life. In addition to the offices previously mentioned, he was secretary of the Republican state committee from 1882 to 1890; and delegate to the national convention of 1884. He was for a brief period judge of the Canaan police court and for many year moderator of its town meeting, never failing to make the trip from Washington when necessary in order to discharge the duties of the position.

Mr. Currier received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Dartmouth College in 1901. He was a member of the

Masonic fraternity. In 1890 he married Adelaide K. Sargent of Grafton, whose death preceded his five years to a day. He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Jennie Pratt of Concord and Miss Maud Currier.

By the terms of his will the town of Canaan receives \$25,000 for the construction of the Currier Memorial Library and \$3,000 for the encouragement of public speaking among the pupils of the schools.

## REV. HENRY FARRAR.

Rev. Henry Farrar, born in Lancaster, November 20 1831, died upon his 90th birthday in Yarmouth, Me.. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1856 and after teaching for a few years entered the Bangor theological seminary from which he graduated in 1862. He served Congregational parishes in Maine and New Hampshire until 1887, when he retired.

## DR. L. M. FARRINGTON.

Leander Morton Farrington, M. D., born in Conway, Jan. 8, 1872, the son of Jeremiah and Ellen (Morton) Farrington, died suddenly in his office at Manchester, December 10. He was educated at the Portsmouth High school and the Harvard Medical school, from which he graduated in 1893, the youngest man in his class. For a number of years he practiced in Boston and then located in Manchester, where he served on the medical advisory board during the recent war; was a member of the staff of Notre Dame hospital, of city, county and state medical societies, of the Masonic order and of the Calumet club and the Y. M. C. A. He is survived by his widow, two daughters, a brother and two sisters.

## FRANK P. FISK.

Frank Parker Fisk, member of the legislature of 1919 from the town of Milford, died there suddenly Dec. 2. He was born in Dublin, May 31, 1858, son of Levi and Sarah (White) Fisk, and as a young man was a school teacher. He was prominent in the Grange, having been master of both Cheshire and Hillsborough Pomonas, and in the I. O. O. F., where he was a past district deputy. He was a Republican in politics and a trustee of the Unitarian church. He is survived by his wife, who was Hannah Spofford of Peterborough, and by one son, Charles.

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*The*  
**Granite Monthly**

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE  
AND A  
MASQUE PORTRAYING ITS EARLY HISTORY

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher  
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Union Church, early called the "English Church," at Claremont, New Hampshire

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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No. 2

## The Oldest Church in New Hampshire and a Masque Portraying Its Early History.

By George B. Upham

The first parish of the Church of England in western New Hampshire was organized in Claremont in 1771. Its church is the oldest still standing in the state. It was built in 1773, on "the Plain," within the shadow of Twistback, a little south of Sugar River, and a little more than a mile from the Connecticut. The plans were sent from Portsmouth by that gracious Royal Governor, John Wentworth. It is designated on early maps as the "English Church."

More than a century ago water power on Sugar River, two miles to the eastward, gradually attracted the settlers away from this vicinity. Few of the old houses and none of the workshops that formerly clustered around the church now remain. <sup>(1)</sup> Today it stands almost alone, near its old burying ground under the pines. Services are, however, held here every Sunday, except in the severest months of winter.

Many recollections of the writer's childhood center around this church, especially of the going there on Christmas Eve; the swift-moving sleighs; the crunch of the snow under the horses' hoofs; the jingling sleigh-bells; the snow-laden pines. The church comes into view, its many paned windows brilliant with points

of light from row upon row of long, home-made tallow candles.

Within the church a small forest of young pines and hemlocks line the walls and mark the old square pews. Long festoons of evergreen cross and recross overhead. The candles shining through the green, and on the wonderful Christmas tree are seemingly increased a hundredfold. This fairyland, with the peals of the little wooden-piped organ—it was hand-made within a stone's throw of the church door—<sup>(2)</sup> the Christmas carols, and the beautiful service of the Church of England all contribute to a child's impressions still unfaded; impressions more dear and lasting than any of later years, even those of really wonderful Christmas services in great cathedrals many centuries old.

An affection inspired by such memories led to the writing of a Masque, portraying something of the early history of this old church, so unique a monument among the hills. The characters are as follows:

**Ranna Cossit**, first pastor of the parish, born in Granby, Connecticut, December 29, 1744. He was educated for his profession at the cost of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, <sup>(3)</sup> and ordained in London in December 1772.

(1) The last of these was a wheelwright's shop which stood on the west side of the road and north of the burying ground. It was last used in the early sixties.

(2) An advertisement appearing in the Claremont Spectator of September 19, 1823, reads as follows: "Organs, The Subscriber would inform the publick that he has engaged in Manufacturing Organs, a few rods north of Union Church in Claremont, where Church and Chamber Organs will be furnished on as good terms as can be obtained elsewhere, and as short notice as the complication of the work will admit. Will soon be completed an Organ well cased with *Real Gilt Pipes in Front* adapted to the use of a Church or Meeting-house. Stephen Rice."

The "Subscriber" was the son of Ebenezer Rice, Master Carpenter of the Church, and builder of the interesting pre-Revolutionary house for many years the home of the Rice Family, and later that of the Bancrofts. It was probably in one of their buildings, now used as a barn, that the organs were made. No power was available, so the work must have been done wholly by hand.

(3) This Society was founded in 1701. Under the great seal of England it was created a corporation with this name. There were then probably not twenty clergymen of the Church of England in foreign parts. Its work, educational and ecclesiastical, in "spiritually waste places" of the earth has been extensive almost beyond belief, and still continues.

He came to Claremont in the Spring of 1773 <sup>(4)</sup> and remained until 1786. His house, which within the writer's recollection remained standing, was spacious and interesting; its second story overhung the walls below. Traces of the cellar, and old apple-trees of the garden, or what were sprouts from the original stock, may still be seen south of the road leading to the Upham homestead on Town Hill. The brook, a little to the west, at the foot of the terrace, is still called Cossit Brook.

Ranna Cossit was a strong character, a persistent Tory. He made no effort to conceal convictions, on the contrary seized every opportunity to make them known. At his examination by the Committee of Safety he asserted that the colonies were "altogether in the wrong;" that "the King and Parliament have a right to make laws and lay taxes as they please on America;" and that "the British troops will overcome (the rebellion) by the greatness of their power and the justice of their cause." In public services throughout the war he read the prayer for the safety of the King and Royal Family, also that for the welfare of "the High Court of Parliament." <sup>(5)</sup> Notwithstanding all this, and the fact that Cossit's preaching and influence had held several prominent parishioners loyal to the Crown, the Committee of

Safety restricted his movements merely to the Town boundaries—unless he should be called beyond them "to officiate in his ministerial office." <sup>(6)</sup>

We learn from his letter dated New York, January 6, 1779, that he was provided with "a flag," and under its protection visited loyalist friends in New York while that city was still in the possession of British troops.

It appears, on the whole, that, officially at least, he was treated with consideration, and that his "confinement," "trials" and "persecutions" have been grossly exaggerated. <sup>(7)</sup>

In 1786, at the instance and cost of the Society, he removed to Sydney, Cape Breton Island, to become rector to St. George's church, also "Missionary to the Island." In 1788 he returned to Claremont to bring his family to this new abode.

Deprived by the Revolution of assistance from his patron Society—which by charter was restricted to using its funds in British Dominions—and with a large family to support, it is doubtful whether Cossit could have remained in Claremont had he desired to do so. He died at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, in 1815. A few of his letters have been preserved in the archives of the Society in London. Some of their language is used in the *Masque*.

Asa Jones was a young farmer, patriot and member of the church.

(4) Cossit was appointed by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel a missionary to Haverhill, New Hampshire, on March 19, 1773, and to Claremont at about the same time, for he arrived there some weeks, or months, before July 5, 1773. Until 1775 he "officiated at Claremont half this time, and half at Haverhill." See *Journal of the Society*, Vol. 19, pp. 399, 472. Vol. 20, p. 123.

(5) See a statement to this effect in Cossit's letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, dated New York, January 6, 1779, but in a letter dated January 10, 1781, as condensed in the Society's *Journal*. Cossit reported "That he is sorry to acquaint the Society that, upon some occasions, when his church has been frequented by people from the Dissenting parishes in the neighborhood, who have been very inimical and have threatened his life, he has been necessitated to omit the prayers for the King in the Liturgy; but when his own Parishioners only are present, he uses the whole Liturgy. He hopes the Society will not be displeased with this prudential step, by means of which alone he apprehends the Church of England has any existence in New England." *Journal of the Society*, Vol. 22, p. 260.

(6) On December 26, 1774, Cossit wrote to the Society describing "the doings of the Liberty Men at Haverhill—he managed to escape from them to Claremont, where he has been ever since, 'with forty armed men'." *Journal of the Society*, Vol. 20, pp. 349-351. In his letter dated New York, January 6, 1779, Cossit wrote, "I have been by the Committee confined as a Prisoner in the Town of Claremont ever since the 12th of April, 1775"; a day just one week before the fight at Concord and Lexington, S.P.G. M.S.S. B. 3, No. 352.

(7) Notably in the letter of Col. John Peters to his brother, the Rev. Samuel Peters, in London, dated Quebec, July 20, 1778. See *Walte's History of Claremont*, pp. 97, 98.

As one of the Committee of Safety for the Town, he took part in the examination of Ranna Cossit and of other alleged Tories. As Lieutenant in Captain Oliver Ashley's company he marched to Ticonderoga in May, 1777. Most of the men in this company—their names not given—fought at Saratoga in September of that year. <sup>(8)</sup> Jones' farm was then on Town Hill, the place known from 1784 to 1815 as the "Ralston Tavern," and later as the "Way Place."

**Benjamin Tyler** walked from Farmington, Connecticut, to Claremont in 1767. The next year he built a sawmill on Sugar River just east of the northerly end of the present West Claremont highway bridge; here the boards for the church were sawed. Tyler also built a forge and slitting-mill <sup>(9)</sup> at a small water power a few rods above the site of the present "High Bridge." These supplied the iron and nails used in building the church. The iron was reduced from bog deposits found in "Charlestown, Number Four." The frame of the forge building was moved to the Upham homestead, nearly a century ago, and used for a barn. This has ever since been called "the forge barn."

Between 1770 and the end of the century Tyler built saw and grist mills for many miles around; he shaped mill stones from biotite-granite which he quarried on the southeastern slopes of Ascutney, sending them to nearly all parts of New England, New York and Canada. He invented and patented improvements in water-wheels, also a process for dressing flax. He called himself a millwright. He was, in fact, a highly competent, self-educated, mechanical engineer.

(8) See Waite's History of Claremont, p. 236.

(9) A mill in which iron was hammered or rolled into plates and then slit into rods. These were cut into desired lengths, headed and pointed, by hand labor, to make nails. This was commonly winter's evening work for the settlers.

(10) James Truslow Adams in his excellent recent work, "The Founding of New England," page 39, estimates that one Indian required to sustain his life approximately as many square miles as the English settler, with his domestic animals, needed acres.

**Tousa.** Tradition is to the effect that the sole Indian living in Claremont when the settlers arrived, came to the raising of the church, and objected to the erection of so large a building on his hunting grounds. Its size certainly presaged the coming of many more white men. <sup>(10)</sup> Tousa, so named by the settlers, finished with the threat that he would kill any white man who came near his wigwam on the north side of Sugar River. This challenge was accepted by one **Timothy Atkins**, hunter and trapper of local fame. Tousa was seen no more. A skeleton, pronounced to be that of an Indian, was dug up near the supposed site of his wigwam three quarters of a century later.

**Dr. Meiggs.** Abner Meiggs was the first of the medical profession to come to Claremont. This was in 1773 or earlier. He was a member of this church, and practiced his profession in Claremont for more than twenty years.

**Goody Cole** is an imaginary character, but might have been the sister, cousin or aunt of Samuel Cole, the first schoolmaster in the town.

**The Hermit of the Mountain** is, manifestly, an imaginary character, created to supplement the scant dramatic material to be found in the early years of a sparsely settled, frontier town.

\* \* \* \*

In 1794 the church was incorporated with the name "Union Church." At that time it had been proposed to form a union with the Congregationalists, the pastor of that church receiving Episcopal ordination. This proposal came to nought, but the name remained. The service has always been, as it began, that of the Church of England, after the Revolution call-



ed the Protestant Episcopal Church. Some difficulty was encountered in spelling the new name. On the records of a Meeting of the Town Proprietors held in May, 1784, it is described as "The Apescopol Church, Commonly called the Church of England."

### Precursors of the Revolution

#### A Historical Masque

Performed at the Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Parish at Claremont, New Hampshire, July 27, 1921.

#### THE PEOPLE

Ranna Cossit, pastor of the parish,  
William Augustus Whitney  
Asa Jones, a young patriot .....  
William Edwards Kinney  
Benjamin Tyler, a millwright .....  
Hiram Patterson  
Tousa, an Indian, Seth Newton Gage  
Timothy Atkins, a hunter and trapper,  
Elmer Kenyon  
Abner Meiggs, a physician .....  
Leonard Jarvis  
Goody Cole, given to interruption....  
Mabel Alvord Freeman  
A Hermit of the Mountain .....  
George Baxter Upham  
Children of the Valley .....  
George Upham Sargent and Francis  
Porter Sargent  
Parishioners

#### THE PLACE

On the Green in front of the Church.

#### THE TIME

Summer of 1774.

The people come out of the church and stand talking on the Green. They are soon followed by their pastor in his surplice, who, standing on the platform at the church door, addresses his parishioners in a somewhat pompous manner.

**Ranna Cossit:** Members of the Church of England in the Parish of Claremont and Royal Province of

New Hampshire. I would have a word with you pertaining not to things spiritual, but to affairs of state.

Your pastor has been pained to learn that some of his parishioners have, of late, spoken disrespectfully of our Blessed Sovereign, King George the Third, and have raised objections to certain laws which the Great Parliament in London has, in



William Augustus Whitney, as Ranna Cossit, first pastor of the parish.

its wisdom, seen fit to promulgate for the regulation and welfare of these colonies.

This I conceive to be the result of ignorance, not of malice, for it is inconceivable that any of you could bear malice toward your King, or, in seriousness, attempt to criticise the Acts of Parliament, or the British Constitution, which is the Wisdom of

God, and the Glory of the whole Earth.

I feel it to be my duty to God, and to you, to warn you against using language disrespectful to his Majesty, or cavilling at the wise enactments of Parliament; for whosoever so offend will be called to account and made to suffer; unless, forsooth, they separate themselves from their misdemeanors, and henceforth speak lovingly, yea, reverentially of their Sovereign, and strictly obey every letter of the laws provided for the regulation of their conduct and affairs.

**Asa Jones:** Ranna Cossit—

**Cossit:** It would be more respectful, Asa Jones, were you to address your pastor as Reverend Sir.

**Jones:** I yield to no man in respect for the clergy when it speaks of matters spiritual or of affairs of the church, but when one of that profession attempts to meddle with affairs of state he is to me as any other citizen of the colony.

I am a plain farmer, but a member of the Church of England which I love and revere. That being as I have said, is it any reason why I should love and respect a King who has done us grievous harm, or a Parliament which has done us grievous wrong? Never would the Stamp Act have been repealed had we failed to make it clear that it could never be enforced. Other laws made by Parliament will be resisted. For, Taxation without representation is Tyranny—

**Goody Cole:** (interrupting) What do you know about Taxation, Asa Jones? Much as you know 'bout the stars, which is nothing. But I know *now* why you made your scarecrow look, 's much as you could, like Parson Cossit—you don't like him. Well, I must say, I'm sometimes skeered of him myself when he tells us what's likely to be coming to us hereafter.

**Cossit:** Be silent, Goody Cole. You should not interrupt your betters.

**Goody Cole:** He ain't no better'n I be.

**Benjamin Tyler:** Now to my way of thinking, Taxation ain't the worst of it—

**Cossit:** And *you*, Benjamin Tyler, Iron Master, you *too*, disloyal to the Crown? I mistrust you have disobeyed the law, for, as you know, Parliament has provided that no iron is to be made, forged or manufactured in the colonies, but all is to be brought from England.

**Tyler:** I'm no Iron Master; I'm just a plain millwright, who has to make his own iron or go without. I'm loyal to the King and always have been, but, in truth, I can't be loyal to his fool Parliament.

You say I've disobeyed the law. That's right, I have, but if I hadn't whence would have come the mill-cranks and saws to saw the boards for this church building? If it weren't for my slitting-mill whence would have come the nails to fasten those boards to the frame?

Your wise Parliament may know much about some things, but it seems not to know that we, here in America, have few roads, except'n horse tracks, and that we can't pack a mill crank or a barrel of nails like a lady on a pillion.

Those gentlemen of England don't *know* how we have to toil in the bogs to get the mud for our iron ore, or how it often takes more'n a bushel of burnt mud to make the iron for three or four nails.

There's lots of things those gentlemen in Parliament don't know; and for all his Harvard College education and travels over seas, there's lots of things our Governor, John Wentworth, don't know—

**Goody Cole:** (interrupting) I jes' won't stan' here and listen to no slurs on our good Governor, John Wentworth. I saw him when I was down to Portsmouth, and he's jes' the handsomest man I ever saw—not except'n

you, Ben Tyler. An' I heer'd him a speakin to the peepul an' he had jes' the nicest voice you ever heer'd—and he says, "Good day" to me—to *me*, *Goody Cole*, which is more'n some folks roun' here say, that's civil, in a whole year. An' I saw the ships

they're ignorant, just *ignorant* and don't know how we, over here, have to struggle for everything we get. Why, if I'd obeyed the law, you wouldn't have had even a pair of hinges to hang your church door.

**Goody Cole:** Oh, I say, Ben Tyler,



Seth Newton Gage, as Tousea.

down there to Portsmouth, ships that had sailed all the way from England, which is more'n some of these clodhoppers standin' roun' here have *ever* seen.

**Tyler:** If you've finished, Goody Cole, I will say a few words more, which is, that I don't blame the King; I don't much blame Parliament, for

what do *you* know about hinges? Those big ones you hammered out for my cabin door creak like an ox-cart.

**Tyler:** They wouldn't if they were half as well greased as your tongue.

**Cossit:** Oh, my parishioners! Little do you know what a bitter draught to your pastor are the words

he has heard spoken here today, but you *ought* to know, for you are aware that I have lived long in England; that I was educated and took holy orders there, in beautiful, glorious England, the garden of all the earth. You know that my education was at the cost of the great Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which Society has been so greatly aided by grants from the Parliament you so glibly decry; you are aware that this very parish was organized, and that its pastor is in large part paid by the munificence of this great Society.

Oh, such ingratitude! It's sharper than the serpent's tooth. And then—(Cossit is here interrupted by the approach in front of Tousa, an Indian, emitting grunts and guttural sounds.)

**Cossit:** Good day to you, Tousa. We hope you have good luck hunting and fishing 'these beautiful summer days. (Tousa emits more grunts and guttural sounds) What would you say to us, Tousa?

**Tousa:** Umph—Ugh—Heap big wigwam, white man make—Ugh—Umph—Manitou wigwam—Umph—Great Spirit no like big wigwam. Tousa no like—Deer no like—Umph—Ugh—*Here* Tousa's hunting-ground—Ugh. White man scare deer, kill beaver. Tyler make big mill, make big noise at fish place.

White man have much land 'cross big water—Umph—white man go 'way—much far off—leave Tousa 'lone—all 'lone. Tousa like more be 'lone—Umph—Ugh. Tousa say, white man no come 'cross little sweet-water river. Tousa say, white man come, Tousa kill.

**Timothy Atkins:** (interrupting) Don't you, Parson Cossit, be wastin' none o' your time listenin' to such as him. Leave him to me. I'll take care of *him*, an' any more like him that come loafin' roun' these parts.

**Goody Cole:** I suspect' Tousa's

*one* of the foxes that steals my chickens—

**Cossit:** Timothy Atkins, this Indian is entitled to the full protection of the law. I warn you against any violence not compelled in self defence.

(Meanwhile Tousa, scowling at Timothy Atkins and Goody Cole, slowly withdraws, disappearing behind the pines.

An old man with long, gray hair and beard, a child on one shoulder, leading another by the hand, is seen approaching from the background.)

**Cossit:** (addressing his parishioners) A stranger approaches—(turning to the stranger) What is your name, good stranger?

**Stranger:** I have no name.

**Cossit:** Whence do you come, good stranger?

**Stranger:** From yonder mountain the Indians call Ascutney.

**Cossit:** And what do you there?

**Stranger:** I study omens—I study the thunder and the lightning, the rains and mists. I study beasts and fowl and growing things. I play with little children of the valley when the sun is getting low.

**Cossit:** What more do you, good stranger?

**Stranger:** I ponder upon the past and look *far* into the future.

**Cossit:** (aside to his parishioners) This poor man must be demented, but let us learn what weird fancies fill his distraught brain, (turning to the stranger.) The past we know; what, good sir, can you tell us of the future?

**Stranger:** (shades his eyes with uplifted hand, gazes into the distance, and says, very slowly at first) I see great wars—I see great ships come filled with fighting men—I see great battles—I see this land made free, free to make its own laws, good or bad, for which the people will have only themselves to praise or blame.

I see these people spreading from

the great ocean on the east to the greater ocean on the west—I see growth—growth—growth.

I see dissension, rebellion and civil strife. The people of the North in

combat with the people of the South. I see the wound healed; and many millions of people united into the greatest nation on his fair earth.

I see times when men who work



The Author, as the Hermit of the Mountain,  
with his two grandsons as Children of the Valley.

and save and use their brains will prosper as men had never done before,—knowing comforts that even kings now know not of.

Times when men will master the very elements, make fire and water do the work now done by toil that draws the sweat from their brows. They will harness the lightning to light great cities, unloosing it at will. They will talk long distances with those who are many miles away, and send messages across broad oceans with lightning speed.

**Goody Cole:** He's madder than a March hare.

**Atkins:** He's crazier than any loon.

**Stranger:** In the far distance I see a tragedy greater than any this world had ever seen before. A great war growing out of lust for power, into which all the nations of the earth are drawn. A war in which millions of men, women and children will perish. A war fought on land and sea, under the sea, and in the air; for men will then build great machines to fly higher and swifter than the swiftest bird can fly.

**Goody Cole:** Dr. Meiggs, Dr. Meiggs! Bleed him—bleed him. Do something to relieve the pressure on his poor brain.

(Dr. Meiggs hastily gets his instruments, rusty saws and knives out of a clumsy box and approaches the stranger, who, with folded arms, looks calmly on.)

**Stranger:** Nay, good doctor—stay

your hand. In time of which I tell men of your profession will do all to save every drop of good red blood and naught to spill it.

(Dr. Meiggs withdraws, the stranger continues.)

Beyond all this I see a time when the British Empire and the Great Republic of the West will join in might invincible to make peace, justice and good-will prevail throughout the world.

Of that which I foresee no man shapes the end, but a Power greater than any of us can understand. Great laws of growth and change will work as they have ever worked since time began.

Man's intellect can no more comprehend than can the meadow mouse that scampers at his approach.

Fare thee well, Reverend Sir—

Fare thee well, Good People—I return to the mountain whence I came. (withdraws)

**Jones:** Of the far future, of which the stranger tells, I know not; but this I know: That soon, as he predicts, this country will be free—*our own*. Not by merely wishing for it, but by *fighting* for it.

It will be long, hard, bloody work, but I, for one, stand ready.

(A stir among the people)

**Voices:** And I, and I, and I.

**Cossit:** (covers his eyes with his hand, then raises his arms to heaven, saying) From battle and murder, and from sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us.

## THE PILGRIM WOMAN

*By Mary Richardson*

On a bleak, rocky hillside of New England,  
I stood, beneath gray clouds, and listened, lonely,  
To the deep silence. The wind's mournful sighing,  
A distant whippoorwill's sad call, these only  
Broke the vast stillness, like a faint voice calling  
From the dim past, upon my spirit falling.

I raised my eyes and saw a woman standing,  
The Mother of our present, strong and fair  
Gazing before her with undaunted courage,  
She turned away from the dear past, and there  
She faced the future, dim and terrifying;  
The toilsome living and the lonely dying.

But with the eyes of faith she saw the future;—  
A race of freemen rising from this soil!  
She turned and spoke to him who stood beside her:  
"Go, fell the trees, and count it blessed toil;  
Give me four walls, a hearthstone and a door,  
And I will make a home in this new shore."

Surely I saw her, when the house was built,  
Lift up her eyes and call on God to bless  
Her new made home, and all that it should shelter;  
And then she gathered, in the wilderness,  
Fagots, and, kneeling, to give God the praise,  
She lit the fire that warms us with its rays.

The twilight deepened and the vision faded;  
Out of the dusk glimmered the evening star;  
But in my heart I heard the Pilgrim Woman  
Speak softly, in a voice faint and far;  
"Daughter, this fire I gave so much to light  
Must never fail, for you must keep it bright!"

# HOME SPUN YARNS FROM THE RED BARN FARM

*By Zilla George Dexter.*

I

## AN ALL DAY VISIT.

"Watch the risin', Liddy. I wouldn't have that bread sourin' on my hands t'day for all the world, seein' the minister and his new wife is comin' to help eat it. I like dreadful well to show the Elder that Mandy Bowles can cook, if she can't talk in prayer-meetin' like some folks."

It was Mother's anxious voice penetrating to the big, sunny kitchen from the cool depths of the summer dairy.

"Don't worry no more about the bread, Mother, it's all in the tins and set to risin' ag'in; about as harnsum a batch as you ever see." Liddy appeared at the open door. Softly closing it behind her, she came down the worn steps and stood with her mother upon the cool flag-stones that paved the milk-room floor.

"What under the sun's the marter now? What's come over ye to make ye look and act so worritid, child?" gasped the house-wife, startled by her daughter's unusual air of mystery.

"I wanted to ask you somethin' I didn't want sister Ploomy to be hearin'," whispered Liddy.

"Well," in a tone of relief, "you no need to sca't me so. But fust, let me git this cream inter the churn so'st I can be churnin' whil'st you'r talkin'; it's took so everlastin' long this mornin' to git that cheese out o' press and set up another curd."

"O Mother, don't touch that now for I want you to be listenin' to me." Liddy had laid a restraining hand on her mother's arm, already outstretched to lift the jar of cream from off its shelf.

The woman turned with a rebuke upon her lips but meeting the eyes of

her daughter, always somber, now both determined and appealing, she snapped tartly, "Well, why don't ye talk then, I'm listenin' ain't I? Be spry though, for the square-room ain't dustid yit."

"I've rolled up the curt'ins in the square-room and h'isted all the winders and shook all the rugs and laid 'em, and now I thought perhaps," the girl's voice faltered slightly, "I thought perhaps, maybe you'd let Ploomy do the rest of the dustin'. I've did all the heft of it and jest left them pretty things on the mantletree and round; such things as she used to love to take care on. 'Twill do her sights o' good and can't noways hurt her. It's goin' to be such a day o' happenin's, too. You know Ploomy hain't never seen the minister's wife, yit."

The mother's face paled and her voice shook as she answered the eager petitioner. "I'll finish the dustin' and do all the rest what's got to be done, and sha'n't call on my sick and dyin' daughter to help me nuther. And you, Liddy Bowles, layin' your impudent hands on your mother and tellin' her what not to do, you stiver right up charmber and stay there. I don't need ye. I'm shamed on ye."

With a face even whiter than her mother's, the girl started to obey, but stopped and steadily confronted that already relenting parent. "I'm goin' to mind you Mother," she said, "same as I've always did and I'm sorry if I sassed ye. But it's sufferin' cruel to talk as tho'f I ain't bein' lovin' to my sister Ploomy. Nobuddy could love her more than me, ever sence you put her in my arms, a warm, cud'lin' little thing. And that's how I dar'st to hinder you today."



I've got somethin' to say and I'm goin' to say it before I go. I seem to have to."

Her mother making no remonstrance, Liddy continued, "I'm certain, Marm, that our Ploomy don't need to fade away and die as she is doin, seein' she hain't got none of them symtums, Prissy Emmons died of. Our Ploomy begun to fail right arfter you sent Alic Stinson off, no-buddy knows where."

"Liddy Bowles, you'r going' too fur now," her mother interrupted sharply.

"I didn't exactly want to speak his name," stammered the girl, "but it was then that Ploomy used to wake me up, cryin' in the night. Sometimes she'd say it was about Prissy's layin' all alone up there in the old grave-yard, and tell me she was growin' cold just like her. Then I'd cuddle her up to me, her the hull time shakin' like a popple leaf. Now you are givin' 'er lotions and 'arb-drinks' she is more quieter but she don't git no better. It seems as tho'f we was lettin' her go on dyin' of somethin' she hain't got. Stop it, Marm, do. You can do most anythin' you set out to," dry sobs choked the pleading voice.

"Be ye through talkin', Liddy?" asked her mother, "cause if you be, I want to say somethin'. I'm sorry I was so hash to ye. I ought not to ben. I'm mindid, myself, how'st I felt jest so about your aunt Ploomy, she that our Ploomy was named arfter, when she was took the same way, she died."

"Liddy, Liddy Bowles, where be you? Where's Mother?" Janey's bird-like voice (a blessed interruption) rang through kitchen and pantry. The child swung wide the milk-room door and stood perilously swinging a basket heaped with fresh-laid eggs. "See," she shouted, "I found two new nests, and where old Spot hid her kittens. Now I'm going blackber'in' with the Bean children,

over round Birch Knoll; I may, mayn't I, Mother? You said I might, some day. And, Liddy, put a lot of bread and butter in my pail; I am hungry now."

"Liddy, do go 'long and take care of them aigs 'fore that young-one smashes 'em." Mrs. Bowles' voice had regained its usual brisk and pleasant tone. "I'm thinkin, Janey, you'll find slim pickin', it's ben so dreadful droughty all summer; but I should love to s'prise the Elder with one of my blackb'ry short-cakes for supper. Git the child a pail, Liddy, and put 'nough o' your good cookies in it for the Bean children, too. They'll like 'em; their own mother was a marster good cook." With squeals of delight Janey fled the kitchen, leaving sunshine behind her.

When at last the hour approached for the expected guests to arrive, there was nothing left to betray the morning's unusual activities save the spicy aroma of plum-cake and caraway cookies that still pervaded the pantry. Even the shining kitchen stove looked cool and innocent of unduly heated transactions.

No less guiltless of bustling anxiety looked good Mrs. Bowles and her daughter Liddy, when, dressed in their seven-breadth gingham and snowy aprons, they met their visitors under a canopy of woodbine that rioted lawlessly over the front door of the farm-house. Mrs. Bowles' greeting was noisy and voluble; no other would she have deemed sufficiently cordial.

"Good mornin', good mornin', Brother'n Sister Norris. We are dreadful glad to see ye. Looked for ye more'n an hour ago. That's right, Elder, take your little wife right out the waggin and we'll see to her whilst you put up your hoss. She's a harnsom critter ain't she? Your hoss I mean. But you'll have to unhitch, yourself, Elder, for the men-folks is all down in the field reapin'

or pretendin' to. This terrible drouth has about sp'iled the harvist. But the Lord'll take care on us, as Siah says." Here the good woman indulged in an audible sigh of which the minister took speedy advantage.

"Good morning, Sister Bowles, and Liddy, too," he said in a pleasant and rather boyish voice, extending a hand to each in turn. "I'm glad to leave Mrs. Norris in excellent hands while I care for my horse and with your permission, Mrs. Bowles, look for those busy men in the field."

After lifting his wife from the carriage to the door-stone, he turned to lead his impatient horse to the shelter of the hospitable old Red Barn; not, however, before catching a humorous gleam of protest from a pair of very blue eyes, together with a last word from Mandy, "Be sure you don't hinder them men-folks, Elder, if you should chance to find 'em workin'."

With a chuckle the hostess turned to her remaining guest. After a feeble hand-shake Liddy had vanished, leaving Mrs. Norris to be volubly ushered by Mrs. Bowles, into the square-room, there to be breezily stripped of bonnet and shawl, thrust into a white-cushioned rocking-chair, a big fan of turkey-feathers pressed into her hand, all in a twinkling.

"Now you set right there by that north winder and cool off," commanded Mrs. Bowles, not unpleasantly, "Your pretty face is most as pink as our Ploomy's hollyhocks. Per'aps she'll feel like comin' in to set with ye, whilst I and Liddy's gittin' the dinner on. With company and two extry hired men in the field t'day I can't spare a minute to set. 'Twould gin me conniption fits, to have my dinner laggin'. Mandy Bowles' dinner horn blows reg'lar the year round; folks sets their clocks by it, so they say."

The minister's wife might as well have been dumb, for as yet she had not been able to complete a full sen-

tence. Now she looked up, surprised at the sudden silence, and started by the changed expression on the face before her. Its features were working convulsively to repress emotion that threatened tears.

"Don't be sca't, Miss Norris, 'taint nuthin'," the unsteady lips replied to her frightened exclamation. "I stood lookin' at ye and it 'minded me that only last spring our Ploomy had as red cheeks and dancin' eyes as you've got t'day, every bit; if anything, Ploomy's eyes was the harnsumist; the reg'lar Bowles eye, grey with the blue in 'em. Ploomy was the light of the house,—the light of my life, but she's goin' out. Don't open yer lips! Don't pity me! for I jest couldn't stan' it." The woman had lifted a bony hand as in protest. "'Twould break me all up if ye talked to me; and I've got to be the head for the hull of 'em. Land sakes alive! What am I thinkin' on? Liddy out there all alone, tewin' over the dinner."

Mandy was herself again, and, Mrs. Morris, watched her through the narrow hall, where the kitchen door closed on her.

"Dear me, what a strange person," thought the young wife, "I never offered a word. My eyes were filled with tears, but not one pious thing had I to say; not even a bit of comforting Scripture. O Sally Morris," she whispered, "what a fraud for a minister's wife! Mother dear, you were not far wrong when you warned Charley that I was no more fitted for the position than a blind kitten. You might have spared the adjective, though; and Charley seems to dote on kittens. But what a dear, sweet room this is with 'Ploomy's hollyhocks' peeping in! It makes me think of home."

The green paper curtains were rolled high, the windows opened wide. Outside, swayed by a gentle wind, slender spires of hollyhocks seemed to be peering within, their fair blos-

soms pink with amazement at their own audacity. Between these flower bedecked windows stood a narrow, fall-leaf table, covered with a snowy cloth of home-made linen, deeply fringed with netting and tassels. Here reposed the big Bible sacred to family records, flanked by an orderly array of daguerreotypes, a Gift Book and a Daily Food. Opposite the windows, on the far side of the room was the never absent "square-room" bed, high-piled with the downiest of "live-geese" feathers and covered with marvels of loom and needle work. This slender-posted, high-canopied bed, the heavy bureau of many drawers, together with the gem of a small table now attracting the admiring gaze of Mrs. Norris, were deservedly the pride of the mistress of Red Barn Farm. She never wearied of repeating this formula, "My greatmother was a Marsh; one of them Marshes, they say, that was distant kin of old Gov'nor Marsh of Varmount. This 'ere bedstid and the hull set was her'n, and it fell on me. The old Gov'nor was a smart man in his day."

There was scarce opportunity to wince at the atrocious plaster o' paris "ornamints" ranged on the mantle, or to shake a wrathful, small first toward the wall where hung the ubiquitous memorial picture, (a very weeping willow, and a very drooping lady with classical features cheerfully resigned); certainly there was no time to examine the finely braided and "drawn-in" rugs that so plentifully covered the stainless floor, before the kitchen door softly opened and closed.

Ploomy stood within the small entry, swaying and slender, like a young birch of the forest. Her cheeks were flushed with expectancy and her really beautiful eyes appealed for companionship. At least so interpreted the girl-wife, prompted by hidden pangs of homesickness. Without ceremony

she met the frail, hesitating young thing with a loving embrace and drew her gently to the one rocking-chair by the cool north window, saying with a tuneful chuckle,

"With those wonderful eyes, you must be Ploomy, and I am Sally Norris. Now that we are quite properly introduced I will bring my chair and sit close by you if I may. I have a sister about your age and those lovely hollyhocks at the windows reminded me of her and home. Did you plant them? Your mother called them yours."

"Yes, they and the grass pinks were mine but sister Liddy has took the hull care of 'em this summer. It's ben a sight of work for there haint ben a drop of rain, scurcely."

Ploomy's voice was disappointing, hopeless, lifeless, save its bit of whining drawl. Mrs. Norris in her frankly convincing way disarmed the girl's shyness and incited her interest. With even a faint show of eagerness, she was soon asking and answering questions.

After a silence consumed by Sally in looking at family daguerreotypes Ploomy said softly, "Your sister is nineteen years old and past, if she is my age, and she has never had no trouble nor any sorrow has she?"

Not waiting for an answer to so dazing a question, she went on, "There haint nobuddy told you how much I thought of Prissy. I loved her more'n I did my sister Liddy. We was nigher of age and said our a, b, abs, and worked our samplers together and always set with one 'nuther to school."

"Who is Prissy?" asked Mrs. Norris.

"Prissy Emmons. She was the harnsomist girl in these parts, folks all said, and I know she was the sweetiest."

"Has she gone far away?" still questioned Mrs. Norris.

"Prissy died, and they've buried

her, up in the old grave-yard under the shadder of the mountain; when she was always so tender and timid like. I wish grave-yards was nigher home." Ploomy's voice had again trailed off into hopeless depths, her face pallid, her eyes dilated with vague terror.

Mrs. Norris, bending forward, laid her own warm, pulsing hand upon Ploomy's folded cold and still on the girl's lap. "Now my little friend," she said brightly, "we are not to talk of sad things today. My own heart is heavy too, with homesickness. Your big, solemn, old mountains glooming over us, are behaving horribly, covered with haze or smoke; the air is fairly stifling in the valley. It did seem so good to come up here on the hills where one can breathe." Here Ploomy, in turn, lifted her hand and laid it in shy sympathy upon Sally's.

Acute illness or distress never failed to claim Mrs. Norris' quick pity, while she had small patience with seemingly minor ills. She had much to learn. Here is a confession made later to her husband.

"Ploomy captured me with her lovely eyes and her exquisite figure, and something more that I cannot express; like the cling and curl of baby fingers around one of your own. You can't let go and baby won't. At the same time I fairly ached, at first, to treat her as I used to treat my dolls when they got limp and flabby, chuck in the saw-dust."

Indeed, Ploomy was not easily repulsed. With a new-found friend she was like a brook bursting icy barriers under melting sunbeams. With new color and livelier tone she stammered, "Now 'certain, Miss Norris, certain, I didn't set out for to make you feel bad, I didn't. But, Oh, I do want somebuddy to talk to and somebuddy to talk with me! Liddy can't think of things to say much, and Mother says talk is weakenin'. Ther's nothin' to do but be

thinkin'. Nothin' like it was before."

The minister's wife might now have been grateful for an excellent memory and easy conscience that permitted her to repeat choice thoughts and passages to the eagerly listening girl, nearly all filched from Mr. Norris' latest sermons. "Anything," she thought, "if I may only keep her mind away from the grave-yard until 'Mandy Bowles' dinner horn' blows. Of course the child can not appreciate all these fine thoughts, but she does listen, and that is better than half of Charley's audience does, poor boy."

But at last in a voice more tuneful and vibrant than had seemed possible for Ploomy, she interrupted with, "I thank you, Mis' Norris, for all them wonderful words you've ben speakin' to me. I've read em in my Bible, some of 'em, but I never thought they were writ to be lived by every day, easy and comfortable. Father has come the nighest, but it has took a sight of goin' to prayer-meetin'. Two things you said I aint never goin' to forgit. You said hate is poison; and that it works just like poison in our blood. A little makes us uncomfortable, and any more is dangerous, and all the biggest doctors know it. They must have a lot of cases. I suppose they call it by some other name more satisfyin'. And you said too, Mis' Norris, that loving was living; that love was all around us and in us all, even when we mayn't be noticin', for God is Love. You said, that love shows up dif'runt in dif'runt folks. And there are so many dif'runt folks that ain't alike."

In the short silence, Mrs. Norris, looking into Ploomy's eyes, lighted from within, could, for the first time, imagine this frail, wilted little body, as having once been "the light o' the house."

"I can't say them words as beautiful as you said them to me, Mis' Norris," resumed the girl, "but I can see them beautiful, and shinin'. You said,

some love was like a spring a-wellin' up. That 'minded me of Prissy's love bubblin' and sparklin' like the spring down by the big ledge, where we used to make our play-house when the bluets were in blossom. Then when you told about a deep well with a star shinin' in it, I thought of sister Liddy's love. Only I had never called it love before; just called it 'doin' things,' such as I expected. But I see now, doin' is the deepist kind of lovin'. But the best was, when you said that some folkses love might be deep and honist but mistaken; and they'd likely act ha'sh and cruel, thinkin' all the time it was for your good. Then maybe you would git all r'iled up and forgit the years of lovin' that has gone before and git to 'hatin' and perhaps dyin' afore you know it. That made me think of-of-someone else. But I can see now, it was her way of lovin'. I sha'n't hate her no more, never. I am so glad."

After another short pause, Ploomy added, "O, Mis' Norris, your words are wonderful to me; like after a long spell, everything dryin' up, you lay in the hot night pantin' for your breath, and all at once, feel a cool wind liftin' the heavy hair off'n your for'ed, like your mother's hand use to, and you go to sleep, listenin' to the rain."

The eyes of the young wife brimmed with sudden tears. Ploomy, drawing the sweet face nearer to her own, caressed with shy fingers the sunny curls on Sally's forehead. "I have never seen a minister's wife like you before," she said, with the dearest smile. "Why, you are just like other girls, only nicer of course. I must have thought you was all born with hair smooth and shiny, and linin collars on." The girl ended with a genuine giggle and was rewarded by an approving pat and a ripple of laughter.

"Now you see, Mis' Ploomy," still laughed the little woman, "I am not a regular born, parson's wife. My

hair will curl and I abhor linen collars. The minister business I have to learn from a to z. Really those fine thoughts that proved angel wings to you, were none of them mine. They were stolen from Mr. Norris' sermons. And I have it all to confess to him before I sleep tonight."

"They was all true thoughts," asserted Ploomy, the inner light deepening in her eyes, "and seein' you stole our Elder's heart, he shouldn't be put out if you steal more that's good and true, of his'n."

"I will remember that, Little Girl, when I make my confession," said Sally, laughing again merrily, then,— "But how your 'Elder' loves these mountains, his work, and his people; the brawny-armed, sooty-faced miners and all! A few may be slow of speech, and like their valleys, narrow and confined in their ideas, but they are honest thinkers and their valleys are on a high level. These last words are his, Deary. I repeat them whenever I need bracing. But between you and me, Ploomy, I don't like these mountains. They have sulked behind a dismal haze ever since I came, which is a very impolite way to treat a bride, to say the least. Your people are, no doubt, excellent, so are butter-nuts, and I've only my two small fists to smite with. Charley has the advantage, for he can lay them on the anvil Sundays and make sparks fly. O Sally Norris, what an unguarded speech!"

While she had been talking, Sally had slipped from her uncomfortable, straight backed chair, to the velvety "drawn in" rug, flaunting its gay medley of bright colors in front of Ploomy's rocking-chair. While reclining there, and tracing with her dainty finger around the intricate scrolls and amazing roses, she was chatting idly and busily on, but keeping an ear alert, to catch the first blast of the long delayed dinner-horn.

"Now you see," she exclaimed, while lifting her bonny face, and

shaking that dainty finger to Ploomy. "You see, Ploomy, Mr. Norris, even for me, would not leave his work here and his people, as he loves to call them; yet he did ask me to leave the dearest, sunniest home and come to him."

"What made you listen to him? What made you come?" Ploomy questioned with eager interest.

"Oh, perhaps I admired him the more, for not betraying his manhood; for not letting anything beguile him from his chosen work. He would not make an idol of me, so I am proud to be his wife. Proud," with a brave tilt of the curly head, "to find that I have it within me, to endure things, (even desperate homesickness, just now,) for one whom I love. Can you understand that, Girlie?"

"Yis, oh yis, Mis' Norris; the more my Alic had to bear, the more I wanted to stand by him. But Mother said I couldn't never be his wife; she'd see me laid in the grave-yard first, 'side of Prissy." Ploomy's reply had been hurried, and shrill with emotion. After an abrupt pause, she resumed in an even and decided tone, "But, Mis' Norris, as I said to you, I won't never hold it no more against my mother, for you've made me see so plain, it's her way of lovin' me, and a sufferin' way too; like a wild anamile when somethin's threatenin' its young-ones."

"But, who is Alic?" asked Mrs. Norris, a new note of sympathetic interest in her voice.

"He was Father's bound boy, took when he was ten year old, to work for his keep an' schoolin' and three-hundred dollars when he got to be one-an'-twenty." Ploomy's voice was trailing off again, and Sally deplored asking that last, unfortunate question.

"I was eight year old," Ploomy rallying, continued, "when Alic first come. We all grewed up together like one fam'ly, and did'nt see no dif'runce; I didn't till he was twenty,

past. When Alic spoke about it to Father, he was glad, and said Alic was like his own boy. With Mother 'twas dif'runt. She liked Alic, she said; but, she said, she 'couldn't stummick them Stinsons.' They was good, respectable folks, Father kept tellin' her. Though they did have a big fam'ly, always comin', and piles of docter's bills. Mother tried to be happy, because I was, and we had got my chist most full, when something happened among his family; somethin' he couldn't be blamed for, more'n the angels in heaven. Then mother up and talked to Alic and me. But I won't think of them cruel words no more.

"The next mornin' Father found a writin' left on Alic's chist when he'd gone and went off in the night. I can say it by heart. It reads like this,—'Dear Uncle Siah, I thank you for bein' a father to me, and for the prayers I have heard you putting up for me in the old barn chamber, many a time, when you didn't know I was nigh. I shall never forget Red Barn Farm. I would like to say more, but I am forbid, and I have promised. Give my three hundred dollars to Father, to help on the mortgage. Good bye. Alic.'"

"Was that all?" asked Mrs. Norris, very softly. "Have you never heard from him since?"

"Nobuddy has," sighed Ploomy, "But I could have stood it all, and not give up and die, like I am doin'." she still continued, "for Alic wouldn't never forgit me, and I could be waitin'; and I dreamed such a comfortin' dream about Prissy. I saw her standin' by the old spring, her white feet shinin' among the bluets, and she was laughin' and holdin' up a drip-pin' cup of water to me, when a white veil, like a thin mountain shower, only brighter, come sweepin' between us. I know now she is somewhere among flowers and sparklin' waters. But with mother it was dif'runt. There I have ben all the

time pityin' myself to death and layin' it all on her, and most hatin' her because I thought she was hatin' Alic and me. All the time she is lovin' and protectin' me the best she knows how; like an anamile that don't sense but one kind of lovin',—the fear kind. My eyes is opened now, and Mother'll see dif'runt, give her time. Kittens is wiser than folks. They cuddle down together, patient and lovin', and let one 'nuther's eyes alone."

"Thank you, Ploomy, that counts one for kittens. The minister will enjoy that too."

The little wife, still half reclining upon the rug, moved closer and throwing her arm across the girl's lap laid her head upon it. Ploomy's face flushed with pleasure, and again her light fingers touched and toyed with those rings of sunny hair.

"Oh, what a day o' happenin's," she breathed, scarcely above a whisper; then aloud, "why this mornin' I didn't have nothin' else to do, or think on but dyin'. I know, of course, I can't never git well again, for Mother keps saying so; and she's always did all the plannin'. But I heard Prissy's mother tellin' her that I ain't a mite like Prissy was, and if she was her, she'd have Dr. Colby come right up and see me. Mother told her that I was jest like my aunt Ploomy, and old Dr. Richardson had always ben the fam'ly doctor, and she didn't be-

lieve in changin'. My aunt Ploomy died."

After a moment's silent struggle with herself, the girl went on, a strain of holy purpose livening her tones, "But I ain't goin' to feel bound to put my hull mind on dyin' as I have ben doin'. I'd mostly forgot about lovin' and that's no way to die happy, is it? I'm goin' right to lovin', spesh'ly them that's makin' mistakes and don't sense it." Now bending low until a tear fell among the bright curls, she said, "You told me, Mis' Norris, that you was no kind of a minister's wife. You have ben to me like Prissy at the spring; and I'm drinkin', oh! how I'm drinkin', at the cup you've ben holdin' to my lips."

Sally, now half-kneeling before Ploomy, took her wasted hands in her own saying softly, "Listen, Little One, I am learning of you, here at your blessed feet. Learning to separate souls from their mistakes; learning how mean and ill-natured self-pity is. For instance, blaming my natural homesickness to your noble old mountains, who seem just now to be having troubles of their own; and to Charley's dear people, who are far too wise to accept me at my own valuation. But, do we hear men's voices? Is that your mother's step in the kitchen? Why have we not heard the dinner-horn blow?"

*(To be continued)*

## THE BROOKES MORE PRIZE AWARD

Harold Vinal, a teacher of music at Steinert Hall, Boston, but also the editor and publisher of *Voices*, a quarterly journal of verse, is the winner of the \$50 prize offered by Mr. Brookes More for the best poem published in the *Granite Monthly* during the year 1921. The distinguished judges, Professor Katharine Lee Bates of the department of English at Wellesley College, William Stanley Braithwaite, critic and anthologist, and former Governor John H. Bartlett of New Hampshire, were unani-



HAROLD VINAL.

mous in making the award to Mr. Vinal, though they were not so agreed as to which was the best of his several contributions to the magazine during the year. One of the judges preferred his Sonnet, published in the May issue; but the other two gave the honor to "Alien," printed on page 35 of the January, 1921, issue as follows:

The gorse grass waves in Ireland,  
Far on the windless hills;  
In France dark poppies glimmer—  
Suncups and daffodils.

The heather seas are crying—  
And deep on English lanes  
Blown roses spill their color  
In the soft, grey rains.

My heart alone is broken  
For things I may not see—  
New England's shaken gardens,  
Beside a dreaming sea.



MR. BROOKES MORE

We also reprint the Sonnet, as follows:

I have touched hands with peace and  
loveliness,  
When the first breath of May crept  
through the trees;  
Watched lyric flowers tremble in the  
breeze—  
I cannot say I have been comfortless.  
Often the nights have whispered words  
to me;  
With wonder I have watched a new day  
break,  
Shaking its veils across the windy lake—  
The wind that stirred them, brought me  
ecstasy.



My heart can know no pain while beauty  
weaves  
Quaint patterns in the corridors of  
thought,  
Patterns of curving cloud and waving  
leaves;  
All the indifference that time has  
wrought  
Will softly pass, when I behold afar—  
The lovely beauty of an evening star.

Mr. Vinal is a contributor of verse to many magazines besides the Granite Monthly, the list including The Atlantic Monthly, Pearson's, The Smart Set, The Bookman, The Sonnet, Poetry, Contemporary Verse, The Lyric, The Lyric West, The Liberator, etc. His first volume of verse, "White April," will be brought out by the Yale University Press in the spring in their Yale Series of Younger Poets.

Readers of the Granite Monthly who were asked by the editor to indicate their individual choices for the prize awards made these interesting suggestions: "Snow Trail," by Bernice Lesbia Kenyon; "Au Soleil," by Walter B. Wolfe; "Spring," by Martha S. Baker; "The Angel of the Hidden Face," by Helen L. Newman;

"My Baby," by George A. Foster; "Memory," by Cora S. Day; "Home," by W. B. France; "The Blind," by Edwin Carlile Litsey; "Roses," by Frances Parkinson Keyes; "Aftermath," by Alice D. O. Greenwood; "A Christmas Wish," by George Henry Hubbard; "O Little Breeze," by George I. Putnam; "Nothing Common or Unclean," by Claribel Weeks Avery; "Day Time," by Mary E. Hough; "In Violet Time," by L. Adelaide Sherman; "Sonnet," by Louise Patterson Guyol; "Camilla Sings," by Shirley Harvey.

As we have said before the 1921 competition was of a character which gave real pleasure to the management of the Granite Monthly and which so impressed Mr. More with the value of his gift in creating and increasing interest in poetry that he has kindly offered to renew the award for the present year, 1922. By the terms of his gift this year, \$50 will be awarded in January, 1923, to the author of the best poem not in free verse and written by a subscriber to the Granite Monthly which is printed in that magazine during 1922.

## MY SONG THAT WAS A SWORD

*Ry Hazel Hall*

My song that was a sword is still.  
Like a scabbard I have made  
A covering with my will  
To sheathe its blade.  
It had a flashing tongue of steel  
That made old shadows start;  
It would not let the darkness heal  
About my heart.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

January 20, 1922, Professor George H. Whitcher, formerly deputy state superintendent of schools, was succeeded as federal director of prohibition law enforcement for the state of New Hampshire by Rev. Jonathan Snow Lewis, since 1918 state commissioner of law enforcement under

Mr. Lewis was born in Boston, Mass., November 14, 1864, the son of Luther and Almira Horton (Smith) Lewis. He attended the public schools of Boston, Everett and Eastham, Mass., and, after engaging in business life for a time, the theological institution at Newton Center,



REV. JONATHAN S. LEWIS

the New Hampshire prohibitory statute. On the same day Ralph W. Caswell of Dover, who had been Commissioner Lewis's deputy, was promoted to fill the vacancy in the higher place. These appointments were asked for by friends of Prohibition as a government policy, headed by the Anti-Saloon League.

Mass., where he graduated with the degree of B. D. in 1911, being class president. He was pastor of the Baptist church in Amherst from 1908 to 1918 and while holding this position was chosen to represent the town in the state legislatures of 1915 and 1917.

At both sessions he was in the fore-

front of those who were fighting for the repeal of the state local-option liquor law and a return to state-wide prohibition and in 1917 he and his fellow-workers were successful in bringing about this result. Several measures designed to put new "teeth" in the prohibition law accompanied the overturn of the license system and among them was the establishment of the office of commissioner of law enforcement. For this place Mr. Lewis was the unanimous choice of the temperance workers inside and outside of the legislature and Governor Henry W. Keyes at once gave him the appointment. His administration of the office has not been spectacular, but steady, just and efficient to a degree which made him the logical candidate for the federal place if a change in the latter were to be made.

While a resident of Massachusetts Mr. Lewis was a Prohibitionist in politics, being chairman of that party's state committee, its candidate for lieutenant governor and for secretary of state and a delegate to its national convention; but since locating in New Hampshire he has acted with the Republican party. He is president of the New Hampshire Anti-Saloon League and a director of the National Anti-Saloon League; also, of the New Hampshire United Baptist convention. Since his appointment as law enforcement officer he has made his residence in Concord.

In recent newspaper interviews Mr. Lewis is quoted as taking an optimistic view of the situation as to law enforcement in this state, in which he is supported by public utterances of Governor Brown and other high officials. Mr. Lewis says with pride that men who have taken a country-wide view of the conditions, place New Hampshire among the three or four states in which the prohibitory liquor laws are best enforced; and he is confident that this good record

will be maintained and improved by a continuance of the excellent co-operation among law enforcing officials and of the public sentiment in support of the law.

For almost eighty years laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor have been on the statute books of New Hampshire. Even during the decade of local option prohibition was the law in by far the greater part of the state. While it is true that at times the people have seemed to be "for the law, but agin its enforcement," this is not to-day the fact. It seems safe to say that New Hampshire has seen its last open saloon and that while the laws against the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages will be violated in the future, as are all laws of God and man, there will be less of such violation than at any time in the past.

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In New Hampshire history 1922 will be remembered, among other reasons, as the year in which Dartmouth College was forced to adopt an unique and highly selective process for admission to its courses. For several years the College has been able to accept but a limited portion of the number of candidates who have applied for admission, and this pressure, far from abating, has shown every sign of increasing until an army of 5,000 boys would be marching on Hanover where accommodations for only 500 would be available.

The solution which the Dartmouth authorities have worked out for their problem is very interesting and will be watched intently by other institutions of learning in a somewhat similar predicament. It seeks to secure for its student body young men of intellectual capacity, character and promise, coming from homes of a variety of types and having a certain geographical distribution. "Lest the old traditions fail" and in order that the indefinable, but cer-

tainly existent "Dartmouth spirit" shall be handed down from generation to generation, all properly qualified sons of alumni and of Dartmouth college officers will be accepted.

We are very glad that under "geographical distribution" all residents of the state of New Hampshire will be admitted. All residents of districts

and School Activities shall be used supplementary to scholastic records, and those which indicate men who are plainly possessed with qualities of leadership or qualities of outstanding promise shall be given particular consideration as compared with the records of those otherwise qualified by high scholarship ranks with no evi-



PRESIDENT ERNEST M. HOPKINS, OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

west of the Mississippi and south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers also will be admitted with the end in view of making Dartmouth a truly national institution.

This frank paragraph from the official statement of the plan has roused much comment pro and con among educators, but seems well adapted to assist in producing what has become known as the typical Dartmouth man: "Personal Ratings

dence of positive qualities otherwise."

Meanwhile if Daniel Webster had to deliver his Dartmouth College oration to-day he could not move the Supreme Court of the United States to tears by his declaration "It is a small college but there are those who love it." He might, however, say with truth "It is a great college and there are many who would like to love it."

## EDITORIAL

More than once, in the past, the Granite Monthly has pointed out the opportunity of New Hampshire to become the winter resort and winter sport state par excellence of the East, and it is good to note that real progress in this direction has been made during the present season. In the nineties, Concord, the capital city, several times entertained its legislative visitors and thousands of other guests with winter carnivals that were most elaborate and enjoyable events, especially featuring long and beautiful parades of horse drawn sleighs and floats.

After an interval, Dartmouth College, thanks to an undergraduate, Fred H. Harris of Brattleboro, Vt., suddenly awoke to a realization of the fact that its isolation among the snow-clad hills was an asset instead of the curse it always had been considered. In due time the first winter carnival at Hanover was held and in each succeeding year has increased in success and popularity. Of greater importance, of course, is the fact that a large part of the student body has been outfitted with skis and snowshoes and drawn out into Richard Hovey's "great white cold" for the most healthful and exhilarating of recreation.

A few years since Newport, with the owners of Blue Mountain Forest, co-operating, opened a series of successful carnivals. Then Gorham got in line with a fine entertainment. This winter Berlin, Bristol and Conway have joined the list and doubtless others will have been heard from before these words appear in print. Cities and towns which have not held carnivals have made arrangements for various branches of winter sport, by giving official sanction to coasting, by building toboggan slides, by maintaining rinks for ice skating and in other ways. On Wednesday and Saturday afternoons the people of

Concord, old and young, have joined in "community hikes" on snowshoes and skis under the direction of the winter sports committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

New Hampshire has had more winter guests from abroad, our old friends of the Appalachian Mountain Club and many others, this year than ever before. Of that we are glad. More New Hampshire people have availed themselves of their home opportunities for winter sport; and that gives us even greater pleasure. The opportunities for future development on these good lines are practically unlimited and that is the best of all. New Hampshire's supply of hills and lakes is sufficient to meet any demand that may be made upon her. Usually, the supply of snow and ice is equally adequate. So let snowshoes, skis, skates, sleds and toboggans be counted among household necessities in the Granite State. Jingle bells on the one-horse sleighs and the six-horse sleighs. Put on your mittens, pull your cap down over your ears and get out into the air—and into the snow if you are a novice at the winter-games. It will make you healthy; you will know you are wise and you won't care whether you are wealthy or not.

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As we were thinking, on a recent day, that it was time to write an editorial boosting the Granite Monthly advertising pages, the holder of an annual contract for one of those pages came into our office and renewed the contract. That gave us a pleasant sensation which was intensified when the gentleman in question remarked: "I have just made a sale which I can trace directly to my advertising in the Granite Monthly, the profit on which will more than pay your bill to me for a year." No lengthy sermon on that text seems to be necessary.

In to-day's mail we find a letter from a well known New Hampshire woman now resident in another state, enclosing her check for renewal of subscription and saying: "I do not see how any son or daughter of New Hampshire can fail to find much more than two dollars' worth of interesting matter in the twelve issues of your magazine."

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## REFLETS DANS L'INFINITE

*By Walter B. Wolfe*

Last night I fell from the vermeil bourne  
Where dwell the dreams;  
Fell from the mirrored splendors  
Of lustrous palaces in lapis-lazuli  
And chrysoberyl wrought,  
Where vetiver and sandalwood  
And scent of aloes rose in heavy incense  
And the fragrance of neroli wafted thru the halls

Last night I fell in a spray of star-dust  
From the tinted palaces of dreams  
Thru clouds of radiant whiteness  
Down .... down ....  
All thru the dream-bourne of infinity  
And wakening, dream melodies  
Still lingered ethereal in my ears  
And scent of ylang-ylang blossoms  
Weighed on my senses ....

I found you, soft against me;  
Your hair and amber halo all about your face,  
And playing round you, the dream-incense  
Of your loveliness and melodies  
Strayed from the stars  
Haunting your sweet presence—  
Late revellers these, that strayed with me  
From the vermeil bourne where dwell the dreams

## A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

A stalwart and handsome volume, as stately as "The Frigate Medusa" and as trim and fast moving as "The Speedwell Privateer," is the 412 page book written by Ralph D. Paine of Durham and published by the Century Company, New York, under the title, "Lost Ships and Lonely Seas." The 17 illustrations, from paintings by Waugh and others, and from old prints, add to its interest, but give no better pictures of sailors, seas and ships than are drawn in easy prose by Mr. Paine, who writes of such things with an understanding equalled by few Americans.

In other books Mr. Paine has told of the boxes of iron and steel in which men go over and under the sea today. In reports of facts and in creations of fiction he has given us the most appreciative accounts of what was dared and endured and won by the boys who manned our submarines in the world war. From his own experience he has told the sea side of the Spanish War and has put on paper the reactions of a man in a Yale shell as Harvard changes defeat to victory on the Thames.

But this volume is of different type. In it he goes back a couple of centuries to the days when sailormen still wooed the winds, and mast and spar bloomed for the breezes with great clouds of canvas; to "the roaring days of piracy;" to the days when the Sargasso Sea was still a mystery and the South Seas had been violated by no passionate press agent;

when there were mutineers and castaways, with new lands to find and new peoples to see.

Mr. Paine, like the good newspaper man, he used to be, headlines his 17 tales attractively from "The Singular Fate of the Brig Polly" to "The Noble King of the Pelew Islands." First choice for us must go to "Captain Paddock on the Coast of Barbary" because it is introduced with a reference to the "frigate, the Crescent, which sailed from the New England harbor of Portsmouth, whose free tides had borne a few years earlier the brave keels of John Paul Jones's Ranger and America," a gift from this government to the Bey of Algiers as part of a "humble tribute to this bloody heathen pirate in the hope of softening his heart."

But, as Mr. Paine says, a little later, "while Europe cynically looked on and forebore to lend a hand, Commodore Preble steered the Constitution and the other ships of his squadron into the harbor of Tripoli, smashed its defenses and compelled an honorable treaty of peace. Of all the wars in which the American Navy has won high distinction there is none whose episodes are more brilliant than those of the bold adventure on the coast of Barbary."

And with those episodes, also, Portsmouth had a connection which we recall through the fact that one of her most gallant and brilliant sons bore the name of Admiral Tunis Craven.

## AT TWILIGHT

*By Lucy W. Perkins*

The twilight softly falls;  
A lone thrush calls  
    Divinely sweet,  
As though in rarer sphere  
Some spirit dear  
    Love longs to greet.

Such call my heart would send,  
O sweetest friend,  
    Through space unknown,—  
Your waiting soul to find  
And closer bind  
    Unto mine own.

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## WHAT WOULD I MORE?

*By Elias H. Cheney.*

(On His 90th Birthday, Jan. 28, 1922)

Thou, who e'er thy flock defendest;  
Who each added blessing sendest;  
Thou who borrowed time extendest;  
What thou wilt that I borrow;  
One year more or but tomorrow,—  
Fill with joy, and spare me sorrow.

Thou, almighty to deliver,  
Gracious, loving sin-forgiver;  
When I fathom Jordan's river,  
With thy banner waving o'er me,  
Roll the waters back before me;  
If my Faith grow weak, restore me.

Where God's sun is ever shining;  
Where each cloud has silver lining;  
Quite completed soul refining;  
Where those lost a while will meet me;  
Kindly welcome, sweetly greet me—  
In thy presence, Father, seat me.

There'll be no goodbyes up yonder;  
Friendships sweeter, purer, fonder,  
And sincerer! O, what wonder!  
Nothing from God's love can sever  
Those who enter there; no, never.  
With the Lord; at home; Forever!



## MORNING IN THE VALLEY OF THE MAD RIVER

*By Adclene Holton Smith*

Aurora the maid of the dawn  
 Peeps over the rim of the world,  
 The maid of the mist is fast asleep  
 In her gossamer draperies curled.  
 The maid of the mist is a lily maid,  
 A lily white and cold  
 But the maid of the dawn is a golden rose  
 Most glorious to behold.  
 The maid of the dawn slips over the rim  
 She kneels by the maid of the mist  
 The eyelids flutter, the draperies stir  
 The sisters have clasped and kissed.

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## A DREAM OF MT. KEARSARGE

*By Alice Sargent Krikorian.*

Thou member of a mighty Titan brood  
 Of giants, whose cloud-wreathed summits lure  
 Our pilgrim feet from meadows safe and sure  
 To woodsy paths the Red Men understood,  
 O'er rocky cliff, and up thy granite side,  
 Until we gain the peak, the longed for prize.  
 There, bathed in silver sheen, afar off lies  
 The lake of Maine, and proudly, as a bride  
 Is followed from the altar to the door,  
 So mountain follows mountain, crest on crest;  
 Webster, Franklin, Washington,—the rest  
 Of that Great Galaxy, that pour  
 Their glory, till our very senses reel;  
 We gaze in wonder, glad that we can feel  
 New Hampshire's earth, and if we nevermore  
 Dear Kearsarge, breathe thy winds that sing  
 Of Presidential Range and Carter's Dome,  
 In wintry nights, when winds are whistling,  
 My happy heart, remembering, will stray  
 To those sweet summer hours, when alone  
 Upon thy breast I dreamed the time away.

**TO AN ICICLE**

*By F. R. Bagley*

O thou most wonderfully constructed mass  
Of ordered matter, destined soon to pass,  
Colder than crocodilian tears—aye, colder  
Than the proverbial feminine cold shoulder,  
Pellucid as a drop of virgin dew  
Distilled from vapor chastened through and through,  
Brittle as glass, and compact as the dome  
Of surly Ajax; whiter than the foam  
Cast up by mounting tides upon the sands.  
Brilliant as gems upon my lady's hands,—  
Pendant from shelving eaves or drooping bough.  
Thou art a first-class bunch of beauty now.

But hold, don't get conceited! There's no doubt  
That thou art destined soon to peter out.  
Thy charms—thy very life—hangs on the weather,  
More fickle far than all things else together.  
Thy fragile figure fashioned without flaw—  
Wait 'till the the weather man declares a thaw!  
A few strong, searching calorific rays,  
Shot by Old Sol, will surely end thy days,—  
Loosen thy frostbound particles, and so  
Detach thy grip and lay thee, sprawling, low.  
Alas! that beauty such as thine should hold  
So little natural warmth and so much cold.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

### JUDGE REUBEN E. WALKER

Judge Reuben Eugene Walker was born in Lowell, Mass., February 15, 1851, the son of Abial and Mary (Powers) Walker, and died at his home in Concord, January 1, 1922. He was educated in the public schools of Warner, where he removed, with his parents, when a child; at Colby Academy, New London; and at Brown University, where he

Walker & Hollis. Appointed associate justice of the New Hampshire supreme court March 28, 1901, he served with the utmost usefulness and honor until retired by age limitation on reaching the age of 70. While a young man Judge Walker served on the Warner school committee. He was solicitor of Merrimack county, 1889-1891, representative in the legislature, 1895, and a delegate to the Constitutional Conven-



THE LATE JUDGE REUBEN E. WALKER

graduated with the degree of A. B. in 1875, subsequently receiving the honorary degree of LL. D., which also was conferred upon him by Dartmouth. He studied law with Sargent & Chase of Concord and was admitted to the bar in 1878. He was for a time a partner of the late Judge Robert A. Ray, with whom he co-operated in writing and publishing a volume of New Hampshire Citations, and from 1891 to 1901 was a member of the law firm of Streeter,

tion, 1902. He had been a trustee of the Concord city library since 1901 and the president of the board since 1903. At the time of his death he was president of the New Hampshire Bar Association and had served as vice-president for New Hampshire of the American Bar Association. Judge Walker was a Republican in politics and a Unitarian in religious belief. He married June 8, 1875, Mary E. Brown, who died July 21, 1903. Their one child,

Miss Bertha May Walker, survives her father, whom she greatly assisted in his work by competent service as his secretary.

One who had intimate knowledge of Judge Walker as a man, a lawyer, and a jurist, says of him:

"Before going upon the bench he so enjoyed the confidence of the court and had such aptitude for such judicial work that he had been entrusted by the court with the responsible duty of editing many of their unpublished opinions which later appeared in per curiam form. He was a most able and upright judge. His service upon the bench was of the highest order. His opinions will rank among the best for learning, diction, clarity, brevity and soundness. While his chief distinction is as a judge, the confidence and respect in which he was held is otherwise and variously attested.\*\*\*\* The many and various honors which came to him are the more significant because they all came in recognition of modest worth—never through self-seeking."

---

#### DR. J. MILNOR COIT.

Dr. James Milnor Coit, formerly for 30 years connected with St Paul's School, Concord, died January 5 in Munich, Germany, where he had resided since 1906. He was born in Harrisburg, Pa., January 31, 1845, the son of Rev. Dr. Joseph Howland Coit, founder of St. Paul's, and younger brother of Rev. Dr. Henry A. Coit, who succeeded his father as second rector of the school. Milnor Coit was educated at St. Paul's and at Hobart College and after a few years of business life in the West joined the staff at the school. Dartmouth College gave him the honorary degree of Ph. D. Mrs. Coit, who was Miss Eliza Josephine Wheeler of Cleveland, Ohio, died two years ago in Munich, where Doctor Coit conducted a school for American boys for a number of years. They had no children. Doctor Coit was a member of the various Masonic bodies in Concord, where he is widely and kindly remembered.

---

#### HON. OSCAR F. FELLOWS

Oscar Fowler Fellows was born in Bristol, Sept. 10, 1857, one of the seven children of Milo and Susan (Locke) Fellows, and died at Bucksport, Me., Dec. 28, 1921. He was educated at New

Hampton Literary Institution and was admitted to the bar in 1881, practising at Bucksport until 1905 and subsequently in Bangor. He was president of the Maine Bar Association, 1911-1913. Mr. Fellows was a member of the Maine House of Representatives in 1901 and 1903 and its speaker in the latter year. He had served as collector of customs at Bucksport and as attorney of Hancock county, and in 1909 was appointed by President Roosevelt counsel on behalf of the United States before the international commission in the matter of St. John River. He was a 32nd degree Mason and belonged to the I. O. O. F., A. O. U. W., Modern Woodmen and Bangor Historical Society. He was a Republican in politics and a member of the Methodist church. May 24, 1883, he married Eva M. Fling of Bristol, daughter of Hon. Lewis W. Fling. She survives him with two sons, Raymond and Frank, both of whom were associated with their father in the practise of law.

---

#### RUEL H. FLETCHER

Ruel H. Fletcher, born at Cornish, May 16, 1829, died January 14 at his home in Cambridge, Mass. He attended Kimball Union Academy at Meriden and at the age of 20 began a career as teacher which extended over 60 years, being connected with the schools of Cambridge for half a century. The Fletcher School in that city is named in his honor. He is survived by four sons and a daughter, Miss Caroline R. Fletcher, of the Wellesley college faculty.

---

#### DR. JOHN C. O'CONNOR

John Christopher O'Connor, M. D., born at Bradford, Mass., Dec. 21, 1878, the son of James F. and Helena M. O'Connor, died suddenly January 5 at Manchester, where he was a member of the staffs of the Eliot and Balch hospitals and a trustee of the state industrial school. He graduated from the Haverhill, Mass. High School in 1898, from Dartmouth in 1902 and from the Bowdoin Medical School in 1905. He was one of the finest football players in Dartmouth's athletic history being captain of the eleven in his senior year. After graduation he was equally successful as coach, at Bowdoin, Phillips Andover and Dartmouth. During the world war he was a major in the American Expeditionary Force in France and made a splendid record there, as in all his undertakings. He is survived by his

parents, his widow, Mrs. Helen Raymond O'Connor, and two sons, Marshall and Raymond.

---

#### JOHN B. MILLS

John Bailey Mills, born in Dunbarton, September 3, 1848, died in Washington, D. C., January 7. He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1872, president of his class in his senior year, and studied law with Briggs & Huse in Manches-

ter, being admitted to the bar in 1875. A Democrat in politics he was clerk of the New Hampshire house of representatives in 1873. He took up journalism instead of the law and worked on the Manchester Union, later in New York and finally for 28 years on the Grand Rapids, Mich., Herald. His wife, who died a few years ago, was Miss Emma Hammond, a fellow employee of the Union. Mr. Mills gave the historical address at the 150th anniversary celebration of his native town.

---

### THE LIVING DARK

*By Claribel Weeks Avery*

We were sitting by the grapevines where the clustered  
globes hung blue,  
And the air was filled with sweetness such as summer  
never knew,  
And a wind that slept by daylight and had now come  
out to play,  
Shook the empty nest above us whence the birds  
had flown away.

We were not alone together, for the night was there,  
Shaking out the sable splendor of her star-  
bejeweled hair,  
And the moon stole through the tangles like a roguish  
queen of thieves  
Poking with her golden fingers at the dark and  
dewy leaves.

Then the insects ceased their humming and the waters  
ceased their play;  
Nature held her breath to listen to the things we  
had to say;  
So we went in from the darkness that was full of  
prying eyes,  
Lit the lamp and drew the curtains in the parlor  
safe from spies.

Volume 54

MARCH, 1922

No.

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# Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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No. 4.

## PRE-REVOLUTIONARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN A WESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN.

*By George B. Upham.*

Editor's Note:—The following is the first of a series of articles which, although local in character, reach out collaterally in a way to embrace to some extent matters pertaining to the history of all New Hampshire, in fact of all New England.

It is possible that the series may prove of value in suggesting to writers of local history neglected sources of information, such as the archives of ancient societies in London. They also illustrate how local history may be made more interesting if given perspective by not confining it too much within the four corners of the town.

In Europe, as in most of the eastern hemisphere, the beginning of history is hidden in mist; in America it is an affair of yesterday. Here we have written records from the very start; yet in New Hampshire few that tell us of the daily life of the people.

From a small town in western New Hampshire a schoolmaster wrote letters to an ancient society in London. That society kept them, or abstracts of their contents.<sup>(1)</sup> From these, reading largely between the lines, an attempt will be made to gather something of local life and thought at a time shortly preceding the Revolution.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts—hereinafter called the Society—is the direct successor of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England, chartered in 1649, chartered anew, after the Restoration, in 1661; and again, with its present name and enlarged powers,

under the Great Seal of England in 1701.

Samuel Cole Esquire was the first schoolmaster in Claremont, and, so far as known, the only schoolmaster in New Hampshire maintained by funds sent from England. From F. Bowditch Dexter's "Biographies and Sketches of the Graduates of Yale College, 1701-1745," we learn that he was graduated in the class of 1731 with the degree of Master of Arts. It was a small class of only thirteen members. In early catalogues, curiously enough, the names were "arranged in the order indicating the social rank of the families represented." Cole's name was the ninth. The Biography further tells us that:

"He was the son of Samuel Cole Jr. of Hartford, Connecticut, was born in that town February 7th, 1710-11. His mother was Mary, daughter of James Kingsbury, of Plainfield, Connecticut."

"His early history is little known, but he appears to have resided soon after leaving college in Northbury Society, now Plymouth, in the northern part of Waterbury, Connecticut."

"Soon after 1740 he conformed to the Church of England, and for a number of years officiated as a lay reader to the Episcopaleans in Litchfield and the neighborhood, entertaining until at least 1747, a design of crossing the Atlantic for holy orders; his fears of the dangers of the sea, however, prevented the accomplishment of this design. At the last named date he was residing in Litchfield, Connecticut, and received on behalf of the churchmen there a valuable donation of land. He seems to have spent his life mainly as a school

(1) Since obtaining copies from London it has been learned that copies of all documents in the archives of the Society relating to the American Colonies are in the files of the Library of Congress at Washington.

teacher. About 1767 he was one of the prominent settlers in Claremont, New Hampshire, and in 1769 received from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the appointment as Catechist and Schoolmaster at that place, with an annual stipend of £15. He conducted services of the Church of England there, until the arrival of an ordained clergyman in 1773. At the outbreak of the Revolution his sympathies were with the British. He is said to have died in Claremont late in the year 1777 in his 67th year. No will is on record."

"He married Mary Dean, at Stratford, Connecticut, April 6, 1753. She was probably the widow of the Rev. Barzillai Dean, Yale College, 1737. Mr. Cole had two daughters."

Dexter cites numerous authorities for the statements above quoted; but his sketch contains practically all the information heretofore published about Samuel Cole, except that to be found in Batchelder's "History of the Eastern Diocese"—printed at Claremont in 1876—and the little in Waite's "History of Claremont," mostly reprinted from the New Hampshire State Papers.

From a Memorial dated at Claremont April 28, 1769, we learn that he was "an Inhabitant and Proprietor" in Claremont, the latter word indicating that he was a landowner there.

The original MSS. of this Memorial is preserved in the archives of the Society in London. Series B. Vol. 23. No. 419. It reads as follows:

To the Reverend Clergy of the Church of England and Missionaries of ye Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign Parts to be convened at New Milford in the Colony of Connecticut on Trinity Week.

The Memorial of us the Subscribers Conformists to the Church of England and Inhabitants of the Town of Claremont in the Province of New Hampshire in New England humbly sheweth That the first beginning of the Settlement of this Town by the Proprietors was about two years ago. And untill Since the Proclamation of the Peace last between Great Britain and

France this Land was a wild uncultivated Desert which no Christian ever saw except some light Scouts of English in pursuit of blood thirsty Savages or of the wild Beasts of the Earth we live very remote from all the Clergy of the Ch<sup>h</sup> of England and there is but one Ch<sup>h</sup> in this Province which is at Portsmouth under the pastoral Care of the Rev.<sup>d</sup> Mr. Browne who is about One Hundred and Fourty miles distant from us Five Infants born here are yet unbaptized for no Missionary has yet gave us a visit yet we maintain our principals of Conformity notwithstanding we are surrounded with the various Denomination of Dissenters who would willingly raze us to the Foundation and hope for a Missionary to reside among us before many years

The Land here is excessively burdend with Timber which renders the Cultivation of it very laborious However the little we have brought under Cultivation is abundantly Fruitfull so that (God willing) most of the necessities of Life will be plentifull.

And altho' there is a Right of Land Granted for the Use of a School (by his Excellency Bening Wentworth Esq<sup>r</sup> our late Gov<sup>r</sup>) in this Town about One Hundred and fifteen Acres of which is already laid out, and an equal number of Acres on the Glebe Right and the Right granted to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign Parts all which rights (notwithstand the Opposition of enemies of the Church) we have much a do caused to be laid out in some Measure equitably and there is a Right also granted to the first Gospel Minister which we hope will fall into the hands of a missionary for there was no endeavours to Injure that Right for the Dissenters took for granted that that Right was for their Teachers These Rights will be a Noble Fund for the Church in after ages. Nevertheless these Rights are yet useless to us and altho we have agreed to build a School House Twenty feet square and have already Subscribed near enough to compleat it and are all unanimous in the Affair yet we are unable at present to give sufficient encouragement to an able School Master to under take for us. Some of us have numerous families of Small Children fit for Schooling the Number of our Children under age of 16 years is 35 there is about 2 families of Dissenters to one of ours. We are grieved at the thoughts of having them brought up in Ignorance and dread their becoming a Prey to Enthusiasts carried about with every wind of Doctrin

We believe a good School lays the best Foundation for a sober righteous and godly Life and since Sam.<sup>el</sup> Cole Esq<sup>re</sup> has been much imployd in keeping School and is an Inhabitant and Proprietor among us (whose Character and Qualifications some of you well know) We humbly desire you would please to represent our State to the Venerable Society and endeavor that he may be appointed Chatehist and School Master among us a few years till we have got over the first Difficulties and hardship of Settling a wild uncultivated Land or Some way in your Wisdom endeavour our Relief and we as in Duty Bound shall ever pray  
Claremont April 28th, 1769.

Abel Bachetor  
Hez Rice  
Micah Potter  
Cornelius Brooks  
Benjamin Tyler  
Ebenezer Rice  
Daniel Warner  
Levi Warner  
Benj<sup>n</sup> Brooks  
Asa Leet  
Benjamin Brooks Jr  
benj rice

It is true, as stated: "That the first begining of the Settlement of this Town by the Proprietors was about two years ago," that is, in the spring or summer of 1767. But the word "Proprietors" is here used to designate the grantees named in the Town Charter, or their assigns.

The first settlers were squatters, not Proprietors under the charter, which was dated "the Twenty-sixth day of October, in the year of our Lord Christ 1764." These squatters came before that date, or at least, before the Proprietors or their assigns, met to organize, which was in Winchester, N. H., near the Massachusetts line, on February 2, 1767. We know of seven such not counting children; Moses Spofford and David Lynde, here in 1762. John Peak, his wife and two children here in 1764 or earlier; J. Peterson whose name was on the muster roll of Robert Roger's Rangers; and the two Dorchesters, met here by John Mann and his wife, Lydia, on their journey

to Orford in October 1765. Peak writes of "five or six log cabins built here before the town was incorporated."<sup>(2)</sup>

"The Proclamation of the Peace last between Great Britain and France" referred to in the Memorial, for the purpose of fixing a date, was the Proclamation following the Treaty of Paris, signed February 10, 1763. This Treaty ended the "Seven Years War;" a war in which nearly all the powers of Europe were engaged, but principally important because it broke the power of the French in America. The treaty gave the English all the territory east of the Mississippi, except the town and island of New Orleans, and the rocky islets, St. Pierre and Miquelon, which were retained by the French; and excepting, of course, Florida then possessed by Spain.

The statement that until this Proclamation "this Land was a wild uncultivated Desert which no Christian ever saw except some light Scouts of English in pursuit of blood thirsty Savages or of the wild Beasts of the Earth"—is somewhat overdrawn. Number Four, later Charles-town, had been settled in 1740; and the fort begun there in 1743 had been finished in 1744. Haverhill had been settled in 1762, and these settlers had passed up the Indian trail, and over land in Claremont which the signers of the Memorial acquired five or six years later. Then, as previously stated, Spafford and Lynde had settled in Claremont in 1762. It must, however, be confessed that if even half a dozen squatters were living in Claremont prior to the "Proclamation of the Peace," in 1763, its thirty six square miles of forest and meadow, mountain and valley, hill and dale, would not appear thickly populated to those who came a little later.

The mention of the four "Rights of Land," granted for educational and ecclesiastical purposes, requires

(2.) See Granite Monthly, Vol. 51, p. 429.



"A Topographical Map of the State of New Hampshire. Surveyed under the direction of Samuel Holland, Esq'r., Surveyor General for the Northern District of North America..... London; printed for William Faden, geographer to the King, Charing Cross, March 1st, 1784." All the material for this map had been made ready for publication in 1774, so it may be considered as of that date. The Mason Curve, beginning at the S. W. corner of Fitzwilliam on the Massachusetts line, divides at the S. E. corner of Grafton into two curves both extending to the Maine line. For the purposes discussed in this article the more northerly curve may be disregarded. The towns of Plymouth, Holderness, Sandwich, Tamworth and Eaton were regarded by Gov. B. Wentworth as outside the curve. Their charters gave the land to individual grantees, and shares for ecclesiastical and educational purposes as in the charter of Claremont. For the story of the Survey of the Mason Curve, see Granite Monthly, Vol. 52, p. 19.

some explanation. In the Town Charter, immediately after the names of the seventy individual grantees of Claremont, is the following: "One whole Share for the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign Parts—one whole Share for A Glebe for the Church of England as by Law Established<sup>(3)</sup> one Share for the first Settled Minister of the Gospel—and one Share for the Benefit of A School in Said Town forever."

Shares for these same purposes in these same words were given in nearly all charters granted by Governors Benning and John Wentworth to towns outside the great Mason Curve. The Wentworth charters within the Curve differed greatly from those outside. Within much of the land had been acquired by early, long recognised possession, and by settlement under old Massachusetts charters while such as remained unsettled was claimed and held by the Mason Proprietors,<sup>(4)</sup> and their assigns under the ancient Mason Grants, then more than a century old. The Wentworths, to be sure, granted many charters to towns within the Curve, but in so doing gave away little land; these charters being mainly in bestowal of political rights af-

ter title to the land had already passed. Outside the Mason Curve, as far west as Lake Champlain and north nearly to the Canadian line, in nearly two hundred charters, the Wentworths gave land to themselves, their friends, the Church of England and to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, with a liberality unparalleled in town charters by any other representatives of the Crown in America.

Thus it appears that the titles to many thousands of acres of land in western New Hampshire and the "New Hampshire Grants," now Vermont, trace back to the "one whole Share" given in so many townships to the "Incorporated Society" in London,<sup>(5)</sup> the Society which, as we have seen, was petitioned to appoint Samuel Cole Esquire its "Chatechist and Schoolmaster" in Claremont.

The fact that this Memorial was signed by twelve persons, together with the statement, "Some of us have numerous families of Small Children fit for Schooling, the number of Children under age of 16 yrs. is 35, there is about 2 families of Dissenters to one of ours"—leads us to think that in the spring of 1769 about thirty-five or forty families and one hundred and seventy or one hundred

(3) The word glebe is still in common use in England, designating the cultivatable land belonging to a parish church. It would be interesting as a matter of local history if, in the various towns, the shares drawn to the rights above quoted could be definitely located and described by metes and bounds. If situated in places where conveyances have been infrequent the task, in any one township, would not be so laborious as might at first sight appear. Most towns have the original "Proprietor's Map," showing the lots as laid out and numbered. The "Proprietor's Records" give the numbers of the lots drawn to these rights. In the county Records of Deeds the title may be traced down to the present owners, or, if it be known approximately where the lots were, from the present owners back to the original drawings. In Claremont the "one whole Share" drawn "for A Glebe for the Church of England as by Law Established" has never been conveyed. It is still owned by "Union Church," and lies west of the cemeteries and beside the "New Road"—built eighty-three years ago—leading from "West Claremont" to "Claremont Junction." It is bounded on the south by the road leading to the bridge over the railroad cut; thence up the hill to the "Great Road" and the pre-Revolutionary house owned from 1767 until a few years since by the Ellis family.

(4.) The Mason Proprietors were originally twelve in number, all living in or near Portsmouth. They surveyed their land, laid out and named townships, all inside the Curve, just as if they were the Government itself; and, what interested them more, sold the land, or, to some extent, divided it among themselves. The Province and State later granted charters to these towns, generally accepting the boundaries fixed and names given by the Proprietors. Such towns were, mostly, not far distant from the Curve Line. See Mr. O. G. Hammond's "Mason Title" etc., pp. 13-21.

(5.) In 1788 the Society conveyed all its land in New Hampshire to nine trustees, one-tenth of the income to be for the use of the Bishop of the state, nine-tenths for the support of an Episcopalian clergyman in the several towns where its lands were situated. For a full statement respecting this conveyance and its questionable validity, see Batchelder's "History of the Eastern Diocese" Vol. 1, pp. 278-312. The society did not convey title to its lands in Vermont. The writer has been told that it still owns and leases lands on the slopes of Ascutney.



and eighty people lived in the town. The census return made by the Selectmen of Claremont to Governor John Wentworth, in October or November 1773, reported 423 inhabitants.

From the concluding prayer of the Memorial, viz: "and we as in Duty Bound shall ever pray," we may gather that someone more or less versed in legal verbiage drafted it, probably Samuel Cole, M. A. of Yale. He had lived, as we have seen, in Litchfield, Connecticut, the site of the earliest Law School in America; in fact of the first real Law School in the English speaking world, although

some law lectures had been given previously at Oxford, and at the College of William and Mary in Virginia. It seems likely that in association with the very able lawyers who lived in Litchfield, and who later, in 1782, started the Law School there, the lay reader and schoolmaster had picked up some of the phrases commonly used in legal documents.

The Memorial is well written, well phrased, and, as of the period, correctly spelled. It is doubtful whether any person, then living in Claremont, other than the schoolmaster, could have drafted it.

*(To be continued)*

## THE POET

*By John Rollin Stuart*

Thou shalt be lover of rose and star  
And the gleam of a far-stretched sea—  
For thou, a poet, from near and far  
Shall hear each whisper the wind shall free.

There shall be pain when the sun goes down  
And joy in the noontide light.  
But braver visions shall follow the flown  
Over a worldwide flight.

And thou shalt match by twos and fours  
The worldly pageantry.  
And total all the checkered scores  
Of man and bird and tree.

And in the end thine only rest  
Of thy work to hear men say:—  
"Lo, I have seen his sunlit West,"  
Or, "I have loved that way."

# HOME SPUN YARNS FROM THE RED BARN FARM

*By Zilla George Dexter.*

## THE FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN

*(Continued)*

By midnight, the Fire on the Mountain had become spectacular; largely reflecting itself in the dull red glare cast upon heavy clouds of ascending smoke. Beyond the Big River Valley, on the neighboring hills of Vermont, it soon became the subject of dire prophecies, taking into account the widely prevailing drought.

By noon of the following day, the fire was spreading well over the thickly-wooded shoulder of the mountain, encouraged by varying winds that sent occasional showers of glowing brands, hurtling high above the valley, to fall like so many torches on the surrounding hills, parched to tinder by a long dry season.

Young cattle were hastily herded in from the back pastures, and by night most of the hill-side farms were deserted by the women and children, leaving only the strong and able to guard buildings and wood-lots from incipient fires, fast multiplying. A few families found refuge among their relatives and friends at the Works, as the village was then most commonly called; some ostensibly taking this favorable opportunity to make a long neglected visit. Nevertheless all were made cordially welcome, while especial care was given to the feeble and aged, so suddenly removed from their wonted home comforts.

Thus, when night fell upon the harrassed town with its burning mountain, it found it filled with not wholly unpleasant excitement. On-

ly the few as yet had expressed undue anxiety, or voiced alarm; although one listening, might hear along the street, between neighbor and neighbor, conversation like this—

"I ain't a particle stirred up about the fire, be you, Rilly? Why, Jim says his father can remember a much worse one, in the ninety's, lower down in big timber. But it raised such a wind that it brought the rain and put itself out; this will, too, Jim says."

"But, Ellen," queried the second neighbor, "have you thought that the dry spell has made the woods and fields like tinder in many places; and as the wind rises, brands are falling thicker and faster? We need more men in the woods."

"They are coming, Rilly. All we need," was the cheery assertion. "Some from as far off as Waterford, so Jim says."

"If that is so, Ellen, I must hurry home and fill up my oven again. It is hungry work for men, threshing out fires. I feel, Ellen, as though we ought to pray while we are cooking. Pray for rain in due season."

"For the land sake, Rilly, I can't pray any too well, with nothing special on my hands; I ain't a bit like you. I should spoil my cooking, I know I should; and the dear Lord will need doughnuts too, to carry on his work here tonight. But I can work better if I know you are praying. He will hear you, Rilly."

The two comely young wives, sharing each the other's most precious secret, clasped hands for the moment, blue eyes and brown, brimming with unshed tears, then quietly separated. There were many such women, brave,

reverent, and tender, in the dear old days; mixing together their service and prayers in true neighborly fellowship.

Notwithstanding the optimistic spirit, so evident, there was much sly preparation going on here and there; for nothing was to be avoided more, by our efficient grandmothers, than to be "caught napping, if anything should happen." At the suggestion of Aunt Cynthia Oakes, she who was ever composed and never idle, the old men and boys were even set to mending harnesses and greasing the wheels of all kinds of vehicles, from the uncompromising "thorough-brace," to the tipsy, rollicking "buck-board."

Past midnight, and the mounting winds lifting heavy columns of smoke, revealed for the first time the full extent of the fire. Boldly sweeping the high face of the mountain, it was also edging perilously, upon the tall timberline below; its fiendish forces rampant. The "big mountain" beyond the narrow notch had become no longer impervious to the now steady attack of flaming brands tossed thitherward by the veering winds.

This turning of night into day, with its general release from bedtime routine, was looked upon by the children as a wonderful lark. Bunched together, on fence or porch-rail, like so many young turkeys, they read in jangling concert, by the light of the blazing pines, (giant candles, molded through slow centuries) read of "Mary's Little Lamb," "Why Phebe, are you come so soon?" "The Assyrian came down like a wolf," and other favorites; a feat to be remembered for a lifetime.

Neither did they fail to watch for, nor to shout in ferocious glee, whenever the steadily advancing foe reached still another patriarch of the hills; shot up its sturdy hundred feet of stem, flashed along its out-spread

branches, ascending in towering flame, to leave yet another blackened, and smouldering stub, high on the mountain-side. And the children shouted and danced, so little comprehending the mountain's sore tragedy; being robbed of its age-purpled mantle, (oftimes, in the tempered light, sheeny as velvet,) being bared to the rock—a shame that the larger part of a century has failed to wholly conceal.

The hours were growing ominous, and long-standing family feuds were fast "going up in smoke." Josh Harris' girls, Rhody and Abby Jane, now met in a loving embrace, after fourteen unhappy years of estrangement; Square Brooks and the Selectmen shook hands; it was reported as a fact that Marthy Aldrich accepted Timothy Babcock, her long and persistent wooer, on the spot; but from that hour to her dying day, Marthy never gave Timothy even a look, much less a hint that she remembered so frivolous a transaction.

On the village common men were gathered in shifting groups. Though restless, few seemed over-anxious; some were whittling. A number were collected around one of Deacon Thomas' wideawake sons who was repeating his father's story of the "big fire of the nineties."

"But ye say, Luther," boomed a loud voice, "that a thunderin' big rain come jest in time to stop that fire your dad tells so much about. Wal' that's jest what we've spoke for, but 't will have to come mighty quick and a mighty delooge of it too, or I wouldn't give a lousy coon-skin for the hull contraption here, to-morrer, this time."

"You are not far wrong, Quimby," spoke another voice, "but it's not the big fire only, we are up against, nor the small ones that are showing themselves, and that I've been fighting for six hours. It is the hidden fires working in the dry

mould. We just came across one, working its way along towards those pitch-pine stubs, left in the clearing on Fox Hill, as they never should have been."

"That's a fact, Edson, you've ben tellin' us the p'intid truth." This last speaker stood where the firelight shone on his smudged face; bare, blackened arms; crisped boots and singed beard. Volunteers from neighboring towns were fast taking the places of these over-taxed men in the woods, who, glad of a short respite, had hurried to the village for a hot meal, an hour's rest and this little chat on the common.

"Yis, the p'intid truth," reiterated the man, "for hell is creepin' all around us; but them Waterford chaps tell us that light'nin's playing sharp down below Moose Hillock, and comin' over the North Ridge, some thought they heered thunder. That sartin means rain, boys. Mark my word! But as Quimby says, it has got to come with a delooge or this valley'll be hotter'n—"

"Hold on, no swearing, Levi. No one wants to hear it tonight."

"That's so Leazer, 't ain't fair to the crowd, is it? I'll take a callin' down from you, quicker'n any man I know on. But, I vum, I should forgit and swear in heaven,—If I ever git there."

"We are not worrying," said the young merchant dryly, "but come into my little store some day, Leve, and make up for lost time if you must; tonight, it is not fair to yourself, say nothing about the crowd. Now come on, let's hear what Kelsy has to tell, for he has just come through the Notch, they say. Come."

They all followed, (men usually did follow him) to where a larger group were gathered closely about a newcomer. He was saying—

"I'd got as far on my way home from Plymouth, with my load of freight, as Tuttle's Tavern down in Thornton. There I heard that you

were all hemmed in, in this valley. I'd been watching the smoke for miles and had got pretty nervous, so I snatched a cold bite and straddled a fresh horse and came on, hearing things worse and worse till I reached Taft's in the Notch. Then for the first time I believed all that I had been told. A few men were left there to put out the fires, and it was getting hot for them. They tried hard to discourage me, but I wouldn't talk. I left my borrowed horse in their care and started on the run. At the top of Hardscrabble, it looked like plunging down into—I wont say, for I don't swear; but the roaring on the mountain above, the heat and blinding smoke that almost stifled me, and not knowing what was a yard ahead of me, made it seem worse than it was. I stood for a minute with my eyes shut, thinking of—Dad and Mother, when in a flash, I saw the Meeting-house, (I had been worrying about it, all the old folks had prayed and worked for it, so many long years) I saw it before me white and shining. In a flash it was gone, and all my fear had gone with it."

"The next I remember, worth mentioning, I was wallowing in Knapp's old horse-trough at the foot of Hardscrabble; hauling my breath, and putting out a few private fires of my own. Mother says she will keep that cap and coat as long as she lives. I didn't stop long there, but ran on till I got sight of Iron Mountain, Governor's Lot and the ridge. From what I had heard. I expected to see them blazing, more or less. But the only light I made out across the valley was twinkling from the windows of the Red Barn Farm. Then tears came thick and fast, Boys; I couldn't help it. The rest of the way down was one long sob of thanksgiving, till I sighted Gale Spring, parched enough to drink it dry. A monster bear with her cubs was there before me, driven down from the "Big

Mountain." I didn't stop to argue claims with her, for just then I caught sight of Mother waving to me from the kitchen door. She had seen me first. Mothers are so funny, you know. Father said she had stood there in that door, the biggest part of two hours, the cat in a basket, and her silver spoons in her pocket, 'waiting for the boy.'"

The horse had stood harnessed, ready to take her to the village, (her neighbors had gone hours before), but she couldn't be stirred a peg. She'd say, "yes, Nathan, I am all ready to go when the boy comes." And he couldn't be cruel to her. I caught up the little woman and danced a mad jig with her, all over the kitchen floor, till I heard Father haw-hawing to beat the band and Mother complaining that I was jamming her best cap. She is here at the Elder's now, cat, spoons and all; and I shall always believe she watched and prayed me through. Joel, with you and Deacon Joseph to lead us, next Sunday morning, we young folks will sing Old Hundred till we make the rafters ring, in that blessed Union Church of ours."

"We'll be there," boomed Quimby's voice again, "unless Fox Hill gits too blazin' hot before them showers ye're bankin' on gits here. I've known 'em to hang round for hours then break and scatter and not come nigh."

"I heard Doctor Colby's voice in that crowd around the Company's Store," remarked Kelsy, and soon he had piloted his friends to where, on the platform before the store entrance, the doctor's figure was clearly revealed in the light of the increasing fire. With silvered hair uncovered, not sparse, but wavy and abundant, the glory of a noble head and fine countenance, he stood among his people, a rightful son of the valley and its trusted, faithful physician for a lifetime; a worthy pioneer of a line of noble, self-sacrificing men, who as physicians have so singularly

served and blessed this hemmed-in mountain region.

Just now the doctor was speaking in his quiet, convincing manner to the still crowd before him, whose up-turned faces were growing anxious and strained. He was saying,—

"Friends, even if worse should come to worse, not one of us is in personal danger. Easy conveyance is already provided for the aged and feeble, and the South Branch road is safe for hours. We do not doubt the sincerity of the invitations coming to us. Plenty of hearts and homes are waiting to give us temporary refuge, if need be. But it is not probable, it is unthinkable that we shall be compelled to abandon to the cruel flame our homes made sacred to us through pioneer hardship, and our village with its thriving industry, of which we are justly proud, to say nothing of its little church so long desired, so recently completed, and—"

"O God, send us rain in due season!" came thin and wavering from the lips of "Old Uncle William Wallace," the town's centenarian and saint, tremblingly bending over his cane, close by the doctor's elbow. Thin and wavering was his voice, but distinct in the silence and instantly followed by a fervent, resonant "Amen" from the lips of Priest Burt, who now stood forth, his fine face uplifted, his hands extended half in supplication, half in benediction over the bowed heads of his people; at his shoulder, stood his true friend and fellow-pastor, the "young Elder," just from the woods, scorched, weary and anxious. Through the solemn hush, the breathless waiting on the lips of prayer, there came the roll of near-by thunder. Peal followed peal and scattering raindrops fell in noisy thuds over the dusty common.

"Joel, is your pitch-pipe handy?" some one called.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," burst forth to be caught up, echoed and re-echoed by a score

of melodious voices, again and again, ere the men thought to seek refuge from the sudden down-pour. For it rained. Oh, how it rained!

An hour previous to the sudden onslaught of the tempest, shower following shower, grossly exaggerated reports had been brought to the Red Barn Farm; somewhat through misunderstanding, but largely through love of the tragic. The fires on Fox and Furnace Hills, it was said, were beyond control, and the men were fast leaving the woods and standing around the common, the Elder with them. Dr. Colby had already sent off one load of sick folks, etc., etc.

Josiah Bowles was not easily moved by rumor. As he had never yet experienced the "wust," he was never looking for it. But upon meeting the men coming out from his own woods, who flatly refused the double pay he offered them to remain, he turned and walked hurriedly to the house.

"Where's yer mother, Liddy?" he asked, upon entering the kitchen where the table was spread with plates of baked-beans, brown bread, ginger-bread and cheese, having been often respread in the past twenty-four hours; for the Red Barn Farm was the vantage ground to which the people had come from far and near to "watch the fire." But now the number of self-invited guests were fast thinning. But few remained in-door or out.

"Liddy, where's yer mother?" Mr. Bowles repeated, glancing around the almost deserted room.

"Mother's gone into the square-room and shet the door and says she don't want nobuddy to come nigh 'er, and for me to tell you so. She didn't believe them stories they all are tellin', fust off; but when they said they seen the Elder standin' round with the rest doin' nothin', she went whiter'n a ghost, and now she has put

down the latch and won't speak to me nor nothin'."

Within the pretty square-room, lighted by one dim candle, Mandy sat rigidly upright in the low rocker, with eyes fixed on the ancient bed-set. Josiah, bursting the frail latch quietly entered.

"Mandy, Woman, what can you be doin' in here, all sole alone, and won't speak to nobuddy? We are both on us in trouble together, Mandy, and I don't know what to be doin' next, without you."

Grieved and perplexed at his wife's persistent silence, wearied by hours of anxiety and over-strenuous exertion, the dear man lurched awkwardly toward the cruelly immaculate, yet inviting bed.

"Siah Bowles! what are you thinkin' about?" cut the air like a knife. "Don't you dare go nigh that spare bed. There's a chair, if ye can't stand up."

With a queer bit of a smile he drew the uncomfortable chair so ungraciously offered, close to his wife's side and sitting upon it as best he could, remarked cheerfully,

"Now Mandy, I guess we can talk."

"Talk, and have done with it; I'm listenin' ain't I?"

"Mother, you are tired," he further ventured. "Have you heered them 'ere reports them boys brought up from the Works?"

"Do you believe 'em?" she snapped.

"I can't say as I do," he answered. "I shouldn't took no notice on 'em 'tall, if the Elder's and Dr. Colby's name hadn't been drawn in. But the mischief's done already, so fur as you an' I'm consarned. I jest met my men leavin' the grove, that I hired to watch it, and no 'mount o' money could coax 'em back ag'in. So, Mandy, I and Steve and the boys will stay on and save all we're permitted to' but I mustn't risk you and the little gals any longer. You must

pick up what you've got to, and start for Sister Janes', within an hour. It is sart'in gettin' risky."

"Siah Bowles, you and the rest of ye, can do what ye're mind to; I and my daughter, Ploomy, will stay right here, where we be. She couldn't stand the ja'nt nohow. She h'ain't ben down charmbber, a 'minute t'day."

"I guess, Mandy, ther's ben so much goin' on, you don't sense that these 'ere buildin's has took fire twice a'ready today, when there was plenty of men here to help save 'em. Them men ain't here now, Woman." Josiah's voice was losing its patient drawl.

"Yis, I sensed all about it but that don't scare me none. Siah Bowles, look all round ye, in this square-room, and see all my hard work for twenty-five year; did mostly by candle-light when you and other wimmin-folks was bed'n asleep. All these harnsum rugs! That hair wreath! The weavin', quiltin', 'nettin' and fringin'. O Lordy, Lordy!" The woman was all unconsciously wringing her worn hands.

"These are your idols, Mandy." The man's tone was wonderfully tender. "We al l have 'em, one thing or nuther. But none of 'em, your's nor mine, is made to stand the burnin'. But thank God, we ain't called to burn with 'em; and it stands ye in hand now, to git ready and git out o' here as spry as ye can. Now don't ye think so, Mother?" he added coaxingly.

"No, I don't. Leave my great-grandmother's bed-set and all these harnsum things to burn up, here all alone? Josiah Bowles, I won't. I tell ye, I couldn't live without 'em. 'T wouldn't be livin'. You may go, with your everlastin' coax-in' and prayin'; I'm sick o' hearin' it. Ploomy'n I'll stay right where we be."

Both were standing now. He,

drawn up to his full height, pale to his lips, met his wife's half-maniacal stare, until it fell before his steadily rebuking gaze. When he spoke, his voice, though strange, was kindly still.

"Mandy, my woman," he said, "I am to blame for lettin' you git to this; I've ben too afeard of cross-in' ye. I've made an idol of your love to me. I thought I couldn't noways live without it. I can see now, it won't stand the burnin'. It is nigh all gone to ashes a'ready." These last words were but a bitter sob. Gathering quickly, he went on with no hint of his habitual drawl.

"Now you ain't none to blame, little woman," he said, "for that wild Injun blood in your veins, comin' down in your proud family for ginerations. It ain't the only fa'mly in this 'ere North Country that has mixed bood. Some is proud of it. But it needs curbin', and I hain't ben the man to do it. Stop, Woman! I am doin' the talkin' now," his look and voice were a revelation. She was cowed.

"Mandy," he continued, "from now on, I'm detarmined to save you from yourself. I can, I know I can, for I love you with a mighty love. You are the smartest and always am goin' to be, and I'll be proud to take your advice, at times; but you can't take the reins clean out o' my hands never, no more. I'll either hold on to 'em as God meant me to, or I'll quit—prayin' to Him in the old barn charmbber. I wonder He has suffered me so long."

"But to begin on, (don't speak, remember I am doin' the talkin' now), to begin on, I don't calcerlate for a minute that you mean for our little gal, Ploomy, to die; but you ain't meanin' for her to git well and strong. You're afraid she'll cross your will and shame your mighty pride. Jest to have

your way you are shettin' your eyes to her danger. I can see her slippin' away from us. But if God will help me now, to be a man, I'll save my little gal and her mother too. He is wonderful tender, Mandy, and knows what has been handlin' ye all this time, and how I've failed ye. But from now on, remember, Ploomy don't hear no more about her Aunt Ploomy nor the grave-yard. She's heerd enough. Now she shall have her chance to git well, and marry Alic Stinson too, when him and her gits good and ready; and nobuddy's goin' to hound her out of it."

Here Josiah's failing breath compelled a halt. There was dead silence. Mandy stood with her back to him, straight, rigid, apparently unmoved. With a sudden gulp and awkward twitch at his gallowses he left the room, closing the door to immediately re-open it and say,

"Mother, if you have a mind to help Liddy pick up a few things that you are goin' to need bad; then if you are willin' to go without puttin' me to shame before Stephen and the rest, I'll sartin be glad. But you are goin'! I dasn't take back nothin'. Not nothin'. I guess I'll go up charmberr a minute and chirk up Ploomy." In another moment Mandy, listening, heard him stumbling up the dark stairway.

"O God, Siah's God," whispered Mandy, with woeful eyes upraised. "Stand by 'im as he is expectin' ye to, and as he says ye've promised to. Jest try and make him a man as he tells about; as I and ev'ry other woman needs, and could be proud on. Stand by, and help him, O Lord, and I promise you solemn, that I won't make it so hard for Him and you, as I might have ben likely to. When he opened that door agin, jus now, I was sca't. I thought, "There he's backed out, I knew he would; and there ain't no God, to speak on." But there

is, and we both need ye. I see it now, in my night o' trouble. With a God to stand by, and a man like my Siah, that ain't afraid to tackle me, at my wust, it is wuth it all." Her quick eye swept the room, taking in every precious object; then with a light on her face above the light of the candle, she repeated, "Yis, it is wuth it all, and now, O God, amen, if this is real prayin'."

"Be you up here, Ploomy?" called her father softly, peering into the chamber bed-room, quite dark, save for the flickering light from the mountain.

"Yis, Father, I'm settin' here on the low chist by the winder. Here's lots of room. Set right close by me. I was gittin' hungry to talk to some buddy."

"If ye don't mind, little Gal, I'd much ruther camp down on the rug at yer pretty feet, it is restfuller," he said, suiting action to word. "I can't rest nowhere but a minute," he sighed, "for I must be helpin' Steve hitch up and git you and yer mother and the rest of ye out of reach of this fire, before it spreads any worsen. I s'pose Liddy's told ye all about what them boys was tellin'."

"Yis, Father, but I shouldn't worry about hurryin' if I was you. You may git ketched in the rain." With a low laugh, both saucy and sweet, the girl drew her father's tired shoulders to rest against her low, cushioned seat.

"Your lafin' sounds 'mazing like yer gran'mother's t'night, Ploomy; as it use' to when I was a tow-headed little feller hangin' round her lap. And," drawing another heavy sigh, "I ain't no kind of a man yit. No kind of a man."

"Father Bowles! the strongest, lovingist, best man in the world, what's come over ye? You must be all tired out, or you wouldn't notice them scare stories, the boys"—

"Bless ye, child, I'd clean forgot



'em," he interrupted, "'Tain't that a-tall. But I've ben talkin' rough to your mother. Somethin' I've never did afore. She shet herself up in the square room alone, and I bust in on 'er. She said some words to me, and I knew she was nigh out of her head; and that look in her eyes minded me of a doe at bay, ugly an' sufferin'. Oh, so suf'rin'!"

"I had to save her from herself, I had to take aim. But I no need to twitted her of her Injun blood, for that wa'n't called for."

"Now, Father," said Ploomey, very tenderly, "don't never let that trouble you no more. I am proud of that dark blood in my veins. I have first right to all these mountains and valleys, don't you see? And Stephen says, that the Pemi-gewassets were brave and peace-lovin', with not half the vices of the white man."

"Wal', per'aps, per'aps so, Steve knows. But, Ploomy, I told your mother she shouldn't hound you to death no longer; and now if you hurry up and git well by the time Alic gits home from Californy, lucky or no lucky, he shall have a fair chance, little gal, and nobuddy to hinder, but yerself."

The roll of distant thunder was now distinctly heard within the little room, but neither occupant seemed to note it. Ploomy was talking low and earnestly in the darkness. She was saying,—

"Night before last, if you remember, Father, you an Mother were talkin' together by the South door. I was settin' right here by this open winder, so happy and peaceful because I was understandin' Mother more, sence the minister's wife had showed me how. Liddy was sound asleep. All at once, I heard you speak Alic's name, and I listened and heard all that you and Mother was sayin'. All that

dyin' hate that I thought was gone forever come back. I must have faintid an' fell over, for Liddy found me on the floor when the boys waked her up, hollerin' about the fire on the mountain. I come to, and she liftid me onto the bed. I laid there alone, not thinkin' about the fire, but strugglin' and prayin' like a drownin' thing, for God to give me back my love for my Mother. He did. My love for Alic, and Alic's love for me is safe, and for it is true; we can wait till Mother is willin'. Now, Father, dear old Father, you mustn't worry no more about your 'little gal Ploomy.'" He felt her slender arms about his neck, and the caress of her lips like a dewdrop on his care-wrinkled forehead.

Now came the near thunder's peal overhead, and rain was pelting the roof.

"O Lord, forgive my unbelief," prayed Josiah, painfully pulling himself to an upright position, then adding, "'I guess I'll go down now and find your Mother."

"I am right here, Siah," Mandy was standing close by them. She bent and lifted Ploomy from her low seat, drawing the pretty brown head to its old-time nestling place. Turning to Josiah, who was using his red hand kerchief in sudden frenzy, while awkwardly heading for the stairs, she warned him pleasantly.

"Now, Siah, see that ye don't go headlong down them stair-way; they are dark as a pockit. And tell Liddy I'll be right down, soon's ever I tuck little Ploomy in-to bed." What passed within that little upper chamber, in the next half-hour, with the welcome rain thrumming on the shingle overhead, is sacred.

On the far Pacific coast, within their native city, the children and grandchildren of Alic and Ploomy

have filled, and are still filling positions of honor and responsibility. And among the many fine pictures belonging to the Stinson family in that far-away land is one, the least costly, but most highly cherished.

It hung for many years in "Mother's room," reminding her of her early home among the White Hills of New Hampshire; a well painted picture of the mountain, the grove and the Red Barn Farm.

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## SPRING AND DAWN

An Allegory

By Adeline Holton Smith.

Young Spring was lurking in the wood  
The dark wood cool and still  
For well he knew sweet Dawn would soon  
Come dancing down the hill.

He heard a drowsy robin's note—  
An echo from afar—  
Between the swaying maple boughs  
He saw the morning star.

He heard the whisper of the pines,  
He watched the eastern hill;  
He thought of this elusive maid  
With senses all athrill.

He knew his ambush well prepared,  
The snares all out of sight  
For on the ground his nets were spread  
Silken, and strong and light.

Fair Dawn stole softly through the wood  
Demure and very sweet,  
She saw the nets laid all about  
For her unwary feet.

She smiled, a little elfin smile  
And paused to think, aside,  
And then, those innocent white feet  
Tripped lightly to his side.

That charming face was rosy-sweet  
As ever lover kissed,  
He clasped her close, and lo, he held  
A wisp of morning mist.

# HIGHWAYS OF PROVEN MERIT IN NASHUA.

## A DISCUSSION OF ROAD PROBLEMS.

*By George P. Winn, Assoc. M. Am. Soc. C. E.,  
City Engineer, Nashua, N. H.*

We are justly proud of the fact that the City of Nashua, sometimes called the Gate City of New Hampshire, is also known as one of the "best dressed cities" in New England. This is probably due to the fact that we have fifteen miles of modern paved streets that are adorned with

to the conclusion that cement-concrete is the most economical and at the same time a most durable and adaptable pavement for our city streets and highways.

I believe that one of the most convincing demonstrations of the value of cement-concrete slabs is shown on



AMHERST STREET, NASHUA

attractive stores, pretty homes and beautiful parks. These are passed by hordes of summer visitors on their way northerly, through the Merrimack Valley and over the Daniel Webster Highway, to the famous resorts amid the lofty peaks and scenic valleys of the White Mountains.

With fifteen miles of nearly all types of road paving we have come

Amherst street which was laid seven years ago with slabs seven inches in thickness, directly on "mother earth." No sub base course such as loose stones or porous layer of gravel was used. After seven years of unrestricted truck traffic this pavement is as good as the day it was laid and has required no money for maintenance. While there are a few cracks in it

they are of a very trivial nature and they do not affect the life of the pavement and its excellent riding qualities. This stretch was originally laid as a concrete foundation to support a bituminous top surface which has never been applied because we found the superior wearing qualities of the concrete did not require it.

Our paving policy has been to pave such streets as are subjected to the greatest amount of traffic so as to secure the greatest benefit to the greatest number. With that policy in

the paving of six concrete streets which now brings the total up to sixteen on our principal thoroughfares and it is arranged to construct several more concrete streets this year.

Prior to concreting, many of our streets rode like a cloud of dust where the money seemed to go from the hole-filled surface into the wind, and from the winds into our stores and homes to become an unsanitary nuisance.

The former method of street work was the old-fashioned way of main-



RAILROAD SQUARE, NASHUA

mind we have already paved the main arterial streets of the city, and at the present time we are working out a belt line system of street paving. The construction of this belt line street paving is being financed by bond issues. This system should be completed in a few years at which time it will be possible to travel between any two points in the city over continuous stretches of well paved streets.

Our program last year included

taining by large additional sums of money each year, only to have to return to the roads and do the same work all over again. The great economy effected by the use of concrete has practically eliminated maintenance on these streets and the money saved will more than pay the interest on the bonds issued. It has lessened also the cost of maintenance on neighboring streets, due to their relief from traffic because of its

natural diversion from the poorer to better paved streets.

Several years experience with these concrete pavements, all of which have been laid directly on natural sub soil, have shown us their great ability to bridge wide trench areas and other weak spots in the sub grade. In 1914 the concrete pavement on Bridge Street was laid directly on clay soil that was a mud-hole in spring, and a dust nuisance in summer, and although this clay soil is naturally affected by frost action, the pavement has never shown

washed into the catch basins and sewers. The general appearance of our paved streets is wonderfully enhanced by the use of this Elgin Motor Sweeper which renders them clean, radiant and sanitary.

The practice of this city is to do all paving construction with our own organization and it has proven successful through the co-operation and co-ordination of duties among the mayor and board of public works, the engineering department, and the street department, the latter department being in charge of William H. Tolles,



THE ELGIN MOTOR SWEEPER

any signs of heaving and is still in the best of condition after eight years of wear by heavily laden trucks.

During the past few years a substantial saving in street cleaning has been brought about by the use of an Elgin Motor Sweeper which has displaced the horse drawn broom and quaint old hand methods by a most efficient and economically operated machine that sprays the street, sweeps it, collects the sweepings and carts them away by motor power, thus quickly removing all refuse and filth and preventing the same from being

highway commissioner, a man of wide experience in practical road building.

We are fortunate in having a local supply of suitable material for our concrete paving and we have on many streets used crushed New Hampshire granite. The selection of a suitable street pavement and the details of its construction require study and experience. The experience of the City of Nashua during fifteen years has proven cement-concrete to be a most durable, practical and economical pavement.

# WHAT OF NEW ENGLAND'S FUTURE!

*By Ervin W. Hodsdon, M. D.*

[Dr. E. W. Hodsdon of Mountainview, Ossipee, is as well known as a student of economics as a general practitioner. He was educated at Dover High, Phillips Exeter and Washington University, St. Louis. He has served four terms in the New Hampshire Legislature, and has been medical referee of Carroll County for about 15 years. He has been selectman and town clerk, also, and is now postmaster and a member of the school committee.—Editor's note.]

What of New England?

Wherein is its future growth and prosperity?

What shall be its measure in the final analysis of distribution after the completion of war re-adjustment?

Will it continue on a downward business course, as its most ardent and optimistic friends admit is the situation at present, or will a way be found of development toward its commercial, financial and manufacturing glories of a century and a half-century ago?

What will atone for the loss of supremacy in cotton textile production and boot and shoe manufacturing; the immense falling off in cigar-making; the threatened exodus of nearly all pulp paper manufacturing; the decline in shipping; the lessening of national financial importance; the retrogression in railroad and general transportation affairs, local as well as national, and the continued depression in agricultural matters and the noticeable loss of population in nearly all agricultural communities?

Where do we find prosperity and contentment among the people? Surely not where 48 hours for a weekly working limit is enforced and where rigid regulations of industrial pursuits prevail.

"Wake up New England" and "Boom New England" are the pitiful cries with which thousands of anxious citizens endeavor to stem the

tide of retrogression—cries which but affirm the existence of somnolence and the lack of enthusiasm.

Whosoever calls this "pessimism" in this critical stage of affairs but accentuates his lack of wisdom in the face of danger and seeks to perpetuate a false sense of security which is not warranted by bald facts—facts that may seem cruel and, at times, impossible, but which are definite and convincing when viewed in the light of reasonable study based on business conditions and statistics of past and present performances. Optimism has no part in New England's scheme until some satisfactory solution of the great problem of self-preservation is found.

Let us see what "48 hours" has done for New England in three specific instances which are of the utmost importance to every citizen who wants to pass his years in the glorious region of the six northeastern states that were once rightfully and honorably regarded as the back bone of the nation.

In this particular it should be borne in mind that, while Massachusetts is the only manufacturing state in the union where a 48 hour weekly working law prevails, the time limit has been quite generally adopted in New Hampshire and portions of Maine, Rhode Island and Connecticut. So the 48 hour handicap may be regarded in a general sense as one confined exclusively to New England industries. The law applies only to the working hours of women and children, but the protection is sought, also, by men who recognize that manufacturing establishments cannot divide their working forces into male and female classes. California is the only state beside Massachusetts where a 48 hour law is in

force and Ohio has one for 50 hours, but the former is in no sense a manufacturing State and the latter has practically nothing in competition with New England.

In 1921 New England manufactured only 37 per cent of the boots and shoes of the nation. Within the memory of the present generation of men and women it manufactured substantially all. More than half are now produced in the west and the great centres of production are St. Louis and Milwaukee.

Missouri has a 54 hour weekly working law and Wisconsin has 55.

Much of the cigar-manufacturing business of New England has gone to New Jersey within a decade and millions of what were known for a half century as "Boston cigars" are now shipped from the state of skeeters and lightning to every city and town of New England, resulting in a loss of millions of dollars to this immediate community. New Jersey has a 60 hour law.

In no industry, however, has New England felt the burden of statutory handicap and general competition so severely as in cotton manufacturing. In 1900 it had approximately four times as many active spindles as the South. To-day the number is almost even and the South had in January a larger number of spindleage hours. The increase in the South has approximated 300 per cent; in the North less than 40 per cent.

According to recent figures of the United States Census Bureau, of a total spindleage in the nation of 36,725,000, five New England States (all but Vermont) had 18,602,732 and nine southern cotton-growing states, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland and Virginia, had 15,487,160.

In the New England states Massachusetts has a 48 hour law, New Hampshire, Maine and Rhode Island 54 hours, and Connecticut 55 hours.

In all the Southern states, except Alabama, 60 hours prevails. In Alabama there is no statutory limitation.

New England is located in the most difficult position in which to maintain a great industry like the cotton industry of any section east of the Mississippi. All of its railroad traffic comes through a narrow neck of communication and it is the most distant from the sources of raw material of any cotton manufacturing State. It is subject to the highest freight rates. It is subject to every derangement of traffic and the victim of every freight boycott or congestion of traffic. It does have the advantage of some water transportation, but this is slow and uncertain and in the main it depends on the railroads, both for incoming and outgoing freight.

The South has an enormous advantage over New England in being near great coal fields and being itself the cotton producing area of the country.

Massachusetts has been always a leader in the regulation of industries by law. It is safe to say that no experiment in this kind of regulation has existed anywhere in the country which is not now in some form a part of its statutes. Many of the states have some of these laws. Massachusetts has them all and with a higher average of stringency than any other state in the country.

Some of these laws are of net advantage. Many of them are an extreme handicap and of all these laws none is so prejudicial to its interests as the present 48 hour law. No other industrial state in the country has it, while in the South a 60 hour law may be said to prevail.

In no industry in the country is competition so keen as in the manufacture of cotton goods. Among all the combinations, or so-called trusts, which have come into being in the past twenty-five years no combination has ever existed, or has been claimed

to exist, in the cotton industry. Competition has been free and oftentimes ruthless.

For many years, during the time that New England has been tightening the cords of legislative restriction, the prediction has been made that this would result in competition in the South and that New England was in danger thereby of losing its great cotton industry. By this was not meant that the cotton mills would be actually moved to the South or that mills would immediately close down and that those interested in them would move to the South. What was meant was that northern capital interested in the cotton industry would turn to the South as a better field of activity; that the southern mills would underbid northern mills for business; and that the seat of the industry would be removed to the South; that the industry here in the North would gradually languish—become a minor factor—diminish and possibly eventually disappear to the disaster of New England.

Every prophecy of this kind is now showing unmistakable signs of fulfillment. Out of approximately 60,000,000 spindles now operating in the world the United States has about 36,000,000, and of these nearly 11,000,000 are in North and South Carolina alone. These states in a period of fifteen years have risen from practically nothing to equality in numbers with Massachusetts.

Insofar as northern competition is attracted to the South it is following economic law. Except as special war conditions made necessary, practically all the new mill construction is going on in the South and New England is finding itself overburdened with mill property as a result of additions which were thus made during the war. On the contrary, the South expanded to an equal extent with the North for special war purposes and is today using such ex-

panded facilities to the last degree in augmenting its production.

The factors which make southern competition so keen are as follows: Cheaper and easier coal transportation, cheaper and more regular supply of cotton, cheaper labor, more hours of labor, less stringent industrial laws, less burdensome taxation.

Editorials of the South freely comment on this advantage which they have over New England and prophesy for the South wonderful development because these things are so.

The question may be asked how New England has up to now maintained what to the casual observer might appear to be a very strong position in the textile industry. Up to recent years, as would be expected in a rapidly developing industry such as exists in the South, the bulk of production has been in the coarser grades of cotton fabrics. This has been due to the fact that, first, the market for these goods was more readily obtainable; second, that the available labor in the early stages of the development of the industry was more adaptable to such production and the North was thus able to switch from coarser grades to the finer grades of cotton and thus maintain a volume of business in this style of production which, apparently, kept it from losing ground. As the industry has developed in the South, the North has found itself in a position of having almost entirely lost the coarse goods business and competition is becoming very keen in the fine goods business. Today a northern cotton mill must depend for merchandising this quality of goods entirely on nearness to its consumer or marked superiority. Goods being equal in quality the southern competitor usually has the advantage.

New England once had a powerful steel industry. With a few exceptions, it has none today and what



it has is subsidiary to large organizations outside.

The automobile industry might become a very important factor in New England's industrial life. It fairly well controlled the bicycle manufacture and, as the automobile business grew, it developed strongly in New England. It has now disappeared, with one or two very minor exceptions.

The question arises as to what could take the place of textiles in New England if they were gradually eliminated. The answer, if it were made, would be an appalling one. We might have a section of superior educational advantages; an interesting summer resort; a region of interesting historical points of view; possibly a collection of capital with money invested in southern cotton mills, western copper mines and foreign investments; an experimental territory for new forms of legislation, and an ideal community without body or substance.

The 48 hour law has proved to be a losing experiment and in the return to normalcy every year of delay is dangerous to the well-being of the community.

Is the cost of living lessening?

Read what a national authority has to say. He is M. W. Alexander, managing director of the National Industrial Conference Board:

"Farm products and raw materials have been deflated to the 1914 basis, but in manufactured products and the necessities of life we have not come anywhere near the 1914 level. Agriculturalists no longer represent the buying power of the nation, as is so often said. There are 2,000,000 more persons engaged in manufacturing today than in agriculture and every year will show an increase in favor of the manufactures.

"In the manufacturing industry the average hourly pay of the worker makes him 31 per cent better off than in 1914, while, according to the average weekly wage, he is 14 per cent better off as regards the purchasing power of his money than he was before the war. This shows that American manufacturers have met the test of social justice and are paying a fair wage. The problem of unemployment is not theirs, it is a joint problem of the employer, employee and society.

"Similarly the railroad worker is 42 per cent better off than in 1914. In 1916, 41 per cent of railroad expenditure went for labor and in 1920 this had grown to 60 per cent, forcing the complete elimination of interest, dividends and improvement of property. Again in the anthracite coal industry the workers have 60 per cent greater purchasing power than in 1914. Their contracts expire on March 31 and a strike has been called. I believe it will be a long and bitter fight but I believe public opinion will force a deflation of the wages."

In conclusion:

New England needs a square deal.

Its economic condition requires industry, frugality and hard work.

Sophistry and quibbling are useless in seeking a solution of the problem. Any suggestion that more than eight hours' labor a day is injurious to the people is an insult to the magnificent men and women who enabled New England to reach the proud position it once held, which it can regain never if its citizens fear hard work and honest toil.

Sympathy never yet added to the pay envelope, and it is the pay envelope that counts.

Save New England.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

It was an interesting coincidence that at almost the same hour of Wednesday, March 8, 1922, the United States Senate confirmed the appointment of former Governor John H. Bartlett of New Hampshire as first assistant postmaster general and the New Hampshire Executive Council confirmed the re-appointment by Governor Albert O. Brown of Mott L. Bartlett as state fish and game commissioner.

Both Governor Bartlett and Commissioner Bartlett are sons of John Z and Sophronia A. (Sargent) Bartlett, of Sunapee; John Henry having been born in that town March 15, 1869, and Mott L., a few years later.

The ex-Governor's highly successful career in the legal profession, in finance and in politics is well known to the readers of the Granite Monthly and it is only necessary here to point out the favorable impression made by him upon President Harding and others high in authority at Washington during his brief term of service as chairman of the national civil service commission, from which place he now has been taken to fill one of even greater responsibility and opportunity.

Mott L. Bartlett, who was representative from the town of Sunapee in the legislature of 1919, was appointed fish and game commissioner June 1, 1919, and his re-appointment almost three months before the expiration of his three year term, was preceded by a flood of letters in his favor from fish and game clubs and others in all parts of the state.

Among the achievements of his first term may be enumerated the establishment at New Hampton of the largest fish hatchery in New England and the state's first game farm, on the C. E. Dickerman property of 174 acres, purchased for \$25,000. This is an ideal plant for its purposes.

At the Colebrook fish hatchery artesian wells have been drilled which furnish a fine additional supply of water and made it possible in building new pools to double the capacity for raising fingerling. At the Warren hatchery a nest of 16 rearing pools and several natural pools have been built, doubling the rearing capacity at this plant. At Laconia a re-arrangement and renewal of the working parts of the hatchery has increased the output one-fourth and the water supply has been much improved. The total output of all the New Hampshire hatcheries for 1919 was about three and one-fourth millions of brook trout; in 1920, about three and one half millions; and in 1921 over seven millions.

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Fred Herbert Brown, mayor of Somersworth and United States attorney for the district of New Hampshire since 1914, was elected for the ninth time to the former office and resigned the latter office during the month of March. His term did not expire until July 1, but he asked the acceptance of his resignation to take effect April 1 in order that he might secure a needed rest for the benefit of his health. In his place as federal prosecuting officer, President Harding has nominated, at the unanimous request of the New Hampshire congressional delegation, Raymond U. Smith, Esq. of Woodsville. Mr. Smith was born in Wells River, Vt., September 11, 1875, the son of Edgar William and Emma M. (Gates) Smith. He graduated from Norwich University in 1894, studied law with his father, was admitted to the bar in 1897 and since that date has practised his profession in association with his father. He is a Republican in politics and served with the rank of major on the staff of his personal friend, Governor Henry W. Keyes. He is a member

of the various Masonic bodies and of the Odd Fellows.

No New Hampshire town meetings had to be postponed this year because of roads blocked by snowdrifts or floods, as has been the case in some past years, but in one town, Lyme, the board of health ordered an adjournment because of the prevalence of influenza. In Lancaster and Weare so large a proportion of the voters left the town halls to fight fires in near-by buildings that the election proceedings were held up for some hours.

Several towns made liberal appropriations for celebrating their anniversaries this year, Chester leading with \$1,000 in commemoration of its completion of two centuries. Auburn, once a part of Chester, will join in the parent town's observance and appropriated \$200 for the purpose. Francetown, which is 150 years old, will start its celebration fund with \$800 from the town treasury; Hooksett appropriated \$500 for its centennial; and Greenville the same amount for its semi-centennial. Barrington and Hampton Falls, at the end of their second centuries of existence, appropriated \$200 each for observances.

The headquarters in this city of the state Old Home Week association have received information that 40 towns made appropriations for local Old Home Day celebrations this year; a larger number than usual, as in most cases the expenses of the ob-

servances are defrayed by local associations without calling upon the town treasury for aid.

Although business conditions throughout the state might be better, and in spite of words of warning recently uttered by ex-Governor Charles M. Floyd, chairman of the state tax commission, there was little retrenchment in evidence in general appropriations. It is thought that complete reports will show a larger amount than ever before appropriated in the aggregate for schools, highways, bridges, sewers, lights, water supplies, fire and police departments, cemeteries, sidewalks, the support of poor, etc.

Other purposes for which money was appropriated in a greater or less number of towns included the support of libraries and reading rooms; historical society; free beds in hospitals; public health nurse; town clock; "to name streets and put up signs;" care of shade trees; to fight the white pine blister rust and the gypsy moths; swimming pools and playgrounds; "to flood the common for winter sports;" band concerts; soldiers' memorials; Memorial Day; equipping town halls with fire proof booths for motion picture machines; etc.

In spite of the doubt expressed by Attorney General Young as to the legal right of women to hold elective offices in New Hampshire, not a few were chosen to fill all the various positions in town governments except selectman.

## EDITORIAL

There was held, recently, at the state house in Concord, a well-attended and enthusiastic meeting to consider the preservation of the shade trees which are so important an asset of the Granite State, not only from the aspect of their scenic beauty, but also, as was shown at the meeting, from the standpoint of economic value in prolonging the life of our highways. Governor Brown gave the meeting an address of endorsement and there was a general expression, by representatives of all parts of the state, of interest in its purpose. The state forestry department and the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests co-operated in support of the meeting and the latter society is to have general charge of the work in behalf of shade trees, although a strong special committee has been formed for the same purpose and the formation of local committees also will be sought. The chairman of the general committee is C. E. Farnsworth of Gilford and Boston, a summer resident of our state, whose initiative was responsible for the holding of the meeting and whose interest in the matter had its origin in a personal experience relative to the preservation of some unusually handsome shade trees in his section of the state.

At an opportune time in the progress of the meeting, Mr. Farnsworth, who is in charge of the travel, resort and hotel depart-

ments of the Boston Globe, "talked shop" to those present in a way that was not only very interesting, but was full of valuable suggestions for the future benefit and profit of our state. It is to be regretted that his remarks were not reported stenographically so that they might be circulated widely by the state board of publicity last year appointed. He showed the generally underestimated size of our "summer" business, suggested ways in which it might be still further increased and brought out some of its benefits to New Hampshire other than those which are financial and directly visible. We wish he would make this address or one like it to an appropriate committee of the legislature of 1923.

But before that time a summer season is approaching during which individual and associated effort can accomplish much towards getting more visitors into New Hampshire, keeping them here longer and making them better satisfied with their stay among us. If we do that we shall reap other than a direct financial benefit, for the things which our guests desire us to have and to be are the same as those which we should wish for ourselves the year around; good roads, good hotels, good stores, good homes, good manners, good will. We shall like ourselves and our surroundings the better the more we make them appeal to strangers.

## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

"Fundamentals of Faith in the Light of Modern Thought," is the title of a book just issued from the Abingdon Press, the author being Rev. Horace Blake Williams, Ph. D., pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Manchester, formerly of the First M. E. Church of Concord, later of the leading Methodist church in Lynn, Mass., from which he resigned to enter Y. M. C. A. work in Europe during the World War.

Dr. Williams, to whom public attention was recently directed, through an earnest call to the pastorate of the American Church in Paris, which he felt obliged to decline, is not only known as one of the ablest preachers in New England, but as a close student and deep thinker along religious and philosophical lines, and in the above named volume, of nearly two hundred pages, he presents his conclusions concerning the most vital problem which faces the mind and soul of man. Religion, which has been defined as "the life of God in the soul of man," is the supreme need of every human being, as Dr. Williams manifestly concludes, and only as exemplified in the life and character of Jesus of Nazareth, can it be truly accepted and possessed. It is not a matter of creed or dogma, profession or belief, but of *Life*, itself, and in the life of Christ alone is the pattern truly set.

No review of the book is attempted here. It must be read to be appreciated, and if read, even by the most irreverent, will be regarded as a masterpiece of English composition, if not a valuable contribution to current religious literature, as it will generally be considered.

H. H. M.

SHRINES AND SHADOWS. By John Rollin Stuart. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

This is a day of poetical endeavor.

The output is and should be nourished. If no giants appear, at least the middle-sized folk are many. Occasionally an unusual voice is raised. For instance, John Rollin Stuart, standing aloof from the merely pleasing poets, attains an height to which few have even aspired to climb. An Oxford student, influenced by the traditions and truths of yesterday and the day before—and of many days in the past, he brings back to modern poetry much that it has lacked. With him it is a serious, beautiful medium of expression, not an excuse for a moment's vent of a passing emotion. If Mr. Stuart keeps the austere and lofty path which he has chosen, he will become a factor in American poetry, such as has long been needed. His purity of style could well be emulated by every aspiring young poet.

To have the high purpose, the courage to hold it, the strength to deny the constant call to write lesser verse, is no mean thing in itself. When added to this, the ability to express, often faultlessly, conceptions of beauty, wisdom and truth, is possessed as Mr. Stuart possesses it, a prophecy may safely be made. He will hold up a momentarily forgotten ideal and help to restore the criterions overlooked or under-estimated, and help to re-establish something of the spirit of the Greater Victorians!

C. H.

Songs of Home is the title of a little book of poetry, attractive in appearance as a volume and delightful in the character of its contents of which Martha S. Baker (Mrs. Walter S. Baker), of Concord, is the author, and the Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, the publisher. Mrs. Baker's verses have been known to and appreciated by the editors and readers of the Granite Monthly for many years and we are pleased to find that several of her contributions to

this magazine have been chosen by her for preservation in this permanent form. "Home" in youth meant to Mrs. Baker, Cape Cod and some of her best poems, such as "The Land of the Pilgrims," celebrate that famous tip of New England. But the state and city of her present residence share in the tribute of her pen and the lines of "New Hampshire's Invitation" and "Concord" should be included in every Granite State anthology. Mrs. Baker calls her verses "simple rhymes," which we will accept as a reference to their clarity, so great a rarity, and so desirable, in these days. But their reverent appreciation of the beauties of nature their calm and kind philosophy, their permeating spirit and purpose of kindness, helpfulness and good will raise them above the level upon which the author's phrase might seem to place them.

H. C. P.

The Government of New Hampshire, by Leonard S. Morrison, former principal of the schools at Peterborough and superintendent of schools at Lisbon, is a textbook of state civics containing a large amount of important information, which comparatively few people, children or

adults, possess, but with which it is most desirable that as large a part as possible of our population should be acquainted. The W. B. Ranney Company, printers of the Granite Monthly, have published the book in handsome and handy form, and it is in every way suitable for use in our schools and as a valuable addition to all our libraries, public and private. A good index adds convenience to its merit. Mr. Morrison has divided his work into sections upon local government, county government and state government, with appendices giving the state constitution, time of court sessions and congressional, councilor and senatorial districts. Who may vote, when, where and how, are shown, and the control and management of our schools, towns, cities, counties and state are described. The progress of a law through the legislature is followed and its interpretation by the courts and administration by the executive department are described. The state institutions are briefly outlined. Mr. Morrison has done his commendable work clearly and concisely and with an approach to completeness that is remarkable for a book of 127 small pages.

H. C. P.

## THE BIRD'S MESSAGE

*By Helen Adams Parker*

The Bluebird, harbinger of Spring,  
For the first time appeared today;  
A tiny speck of Heaven's own blue  
Perched on the elm-tree's topmost spray.  
I heard his joyous note awhile  
Before his little form I spied,  
As swift from branch to branch he flew,  
Singing his song as though he tried  
To fill each listener with new hope;  
Banish dark Winter's cold and gloom  
From every heart, and leave no room  
For past regrets or vain complaints;  
This morning I had felt so sad,  
His little song now makes me glad.

**FIVE POEMS**

*By Harold Vinal.*

**SPRING FLAME**

I have been hurt too much by singing rain,  
And winds that cry down slumbrous ways of night,  
Moonlight and song and flowers ghostly white  
That drop their petals on a lonely lane.  
Oh could my heart but break and then be still,  
Rather then watch another April pass  
Along the lyric pathway of the grass,  
Over the orchid beauty of a hill.  
O God, let not too many blossoms fall,  
Lest beauty grow a thing too great for me;  
Let not your music come in one bird call,  
For all these things have hurt too poignantly.  
Give me a flower for an afternoon  
Or a white star that comes before the moon.

**LAST DAYS**

I have imagined things for my last days,  
Dim, glimmering nights of stillness and the stars,  
A harbor where the tall ships lift their spars,  
A curve of shoreline gleaming through a haze.  
I have imagined how such things will be  
When all these banished Aprils are no more;  
A glimpse of white waves on a windy shore  
And all the strange, dark mystery of the sea.  
I do not fear to wonder now at all,  
I am so sure such things must come to pass;  
The Spring comes back to dream upon the grass,  
The roses blow again along the wall.  
Birds haunt old gardens where the flowers are  
And every evening has its wistful star.

**GONE**

One star upon the April sky,  
One robin on the lawn,  
A hyacinth below the pain,  
The rapture of the dawn.

One daffodil upon the hill  
A flower in the grass  
That you shall never stoop to see—  
Or ever pass.

**LAST OF APRIL**

The cherry trees are white with snow  
In a rush of rain,  
April kissed them with delight  
Till they bloomed in pain.

Tremulous the valley gleams  
 She danced there for an hour;  
 High upon a windy hill  
 She hung a flower.

Oh April lift your flame for me  
 And bind me with a song—  
 For I must learn to bear the pain  
 Of leaving you too long.

### RETURN

There is a peace upon the orchard trees  
 And the old meadow that was once so flushed  
 With blowing clover, lies forever hushed;  
 Winter has turned to touch such things as these.  
 The pool that in the transient Summer wore  
 A fluted lily on its curving breast  
 Has stilled its heart, the fountain is at rest,  
 Even the crimson rose will blow no more.  
 Yet a strange Spring will flutter through the leaves  
 And creep upon the hills and wake the flowers  
 And the pathetic trees. Soft, gentle showers  
 Will drop their tears upon a world that grieves.  
 Pan will come piping where the dryads play—  
 The frosty hill will blossom in a day.

### NEW HOUSES

*By Cora S. Day*

The hammer and the saw are still at last,  
 The workmen's heavy footsteps all are gone.  
 And now a stillness, hushed, expectant, falls,  
 Like that before the trembling light of dawn.

What do they dream, new houses, on that night  
 Between the workmen's going and the day  
 That brings the things which make of them new homes?  
 What do they dream, when all is still and gray?

Of love and laughter, music, dancing feet?  
 Of pain and sorrow, heartbreak, bitter tears?  
 The morning brings awakening—and life  
 Shall bring all these, new houses, through the years.



**SPRING MIST***By Eleanor W. Vinton*

Behind this rain drenched curtain gray  
 Which makes our earth seem dull today  
 Quaint little folk with busy hands  
 Obey fair Lady Spring's commands.  
 Gay Dandelions they must dress  
 In gowns of golden loveliness.  
 Now here, now there, a green garbed lass  
 Is tinting tiny blades of grass.

Wee messengers with hurrying feet  
 Dance through dark woodlands, spicy sweet  
 And shout in rippling voices clear  
 "Arbutus, come; Wake, Violet dear,  
 Hepatica, Anemone,  
 Fair Lady Spring has need of thee!"  
 Take heart, earth folk, though mists are gray,  
 For elves and fairies work today.

**SONGS***By Letitia M. Adams*

Oh sing we a song  
 A beautiful song,  
 Like the song of the birds in the morning,  
 An uplift of praise  
 To the maker of days  
 And the glory that heralds the dawning.

Oh sing we a song  
 A carefree song,  
 Like the rush and the sweep of the river  
 As a child at rest  
 On its mother's breast,  
 While the tide rolleth onward forever.

There are songs of joy,  
 There are songs of peace,  
 There are songs of grief and of sorrow,  
 But the songs we love,  
 All others above,  
 Are of hope, which inspires the morrow.

Then sing we the songs,  
 The wonderful songs,  
 The songs in their fullness and sweetness,  
 With anthems of praise,  
 To the maker of days,  
 Who crowneth each one with completeness.

## GROSBEAKS

*By Walter B. Wolfe*

Beat it, you evening grosbeaks, you yellow—  
breasted, black wing-tipped invaders from  
the Arctic Circle or Rocky Mountains! Beat  
it back to cold fastnesses in the north, for  
spring is coming to Hanover!

Beat it, you yellow grosbeaks, chattering in the  
tamaracks behind the Medical School, for windows  
are open now in the Physiology laboratory and  
your noisy love-making interferes with the sol-  
emn disquisitions of Dr. Stewart. Beat it, you  
winter birds, we are dreaming of summer!

Away to the north, you animated yellow polka-dots  
in the somber black bow tie of winter! Don't you  
see boardwalks across campus river-paths? Furry  
pussywillows popping their grey heads out of  
brown winter stocking-caps? Beat it, you north-  
loving grosbeaks, haven't you heard galoshes  
flop-flop-flopping in thaw puddles?

Back to Alaska, Klondike, Manitoba, back to the high  
Sierras and Rockies, you black and orange mi-  
grators from far norths! Down on Lebanon Street  
where there is a bit of brown earth, kids are  
dropping pink and white chinies into the ring,  
laying up the aggies at long awse and short awse  
crying, "Knucks down! Screwbony tight!"

Beat it you evening grosbeaks, you yellow cold-de-  
fiants! Through closed windows we have heard  
you all winter playing at hide-and-seek among  
the pine branches, chattering in the tamaracks!  
Come again next year to winter behind the Medical  
School, but now we expect fat redbreasts and  
pirate blue-jays. Beat it you yellow-feathered  
gossips, lest the dandelions shame your color,  
for spring is coming to Hanover!

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## MOSES J. WENTWORTH

Moses J. Wentworth, wealthy descendant of one of New Hampshire's oldest and most distinguished families, died in Chicago, March 12. He was born in Sandwich, May 3, 1848, the son of Joseph and Sarah Payson (Jones) Wentworth; graduated from Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., in 1863, and from Harvard in 1868, later receiving the degree of Master of Arts; studied law at Union College; was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1871. He was a Democrat in politics and the nominee of his party for presidential elector in 1888. He was a director of the Merchants Loan & Trust Company, of the State Bank, trustee of the Newbury Library, director of the Metropolitan Elevated railroad, trustee and president of the Fourth Presbyterian Church and vice-president of the James C. King Home for Old Men.

## EDMUND C. COLE

Edmund C. Cole, who founded the Kearsarge Independent and Times at Warner in 1884 and published it until 1910, died there March 13. He was born in Milton, Me., October 5, 1845; graduated at Bowdoin in 1871; and came to Warner as principal of Simonds Free High school. A Republican in politics, he had been postmaster, representative in the legislature, member of the school, health and library boards. He was a Mason, Odd Fellow, Granger, member of the Eastern Star, Rebekahs and Golden Cross.

## WILLIAM NELSON

William Nelson, widely known as a civil engineer, died at his home in Laconia, March 13. He was born in that city, April 20, 1871, the son of Dr. David B. and Susan E. Nelson, and was educated in the city schools. Beginning his engineering work with the Concord & Montreal railroad, he was city engineer of Laconia from 1892 to 1900 and subsequently was plant manager and consulting engineer

for several important manufacturing companies. For a time he was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Binghamton, N. Y. He was a Mason and a Congregationalist.

## EDSON D. SANBORN

Edson Dana Sanborn, representative in the legislature of 1919 from Fremont, died in that town, March 14. He was born there, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alden Sanborn, and fitted at Sanborn Seminary, Kingston, for New Hampshire College, where he graduated in 1910. During his college life he was captain of the football eleven and otherwise prominent in undergraduate activities and as an alumnus his interest in the institution continued and he did valuable service as president of the alumni association and chairman of its committee on scholarships. Mr. Sanborn had been a member of the faculty at North Carolina State College and Massachusetts Agricultural College until ill health forced his return home. He was prominent in Masonry and a member of the Eastern Star and Grange, as well as of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Alpha Zeta college fraternities.

## CHARLES B. ROGERS.

Charles B. Rogers, president of the Suncook Bank, died in that village February 27. He was born in Manchester, February 16, 1859, spent his boyhood in Bow and attended Pembroke Academy. For many years he was one of the largest lumber operators in this section of the state. A Democrat in politics he was a member of the party state committee, had served in both branches of the legislature, as selectman and school board member and as his party's candidate for the executive council. He was chairman of the Pembroke committee of safety during the war. Mr. Rogers was a 32nd degree Mason and prominent, also in other fraternal orders. His widow, who was A. Genie Knox of Pembroke, and one son, Harry K. Rogers, survive him.

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# Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

**THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE**

By Paul E. Moyer

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher

CONCORD, N. H.

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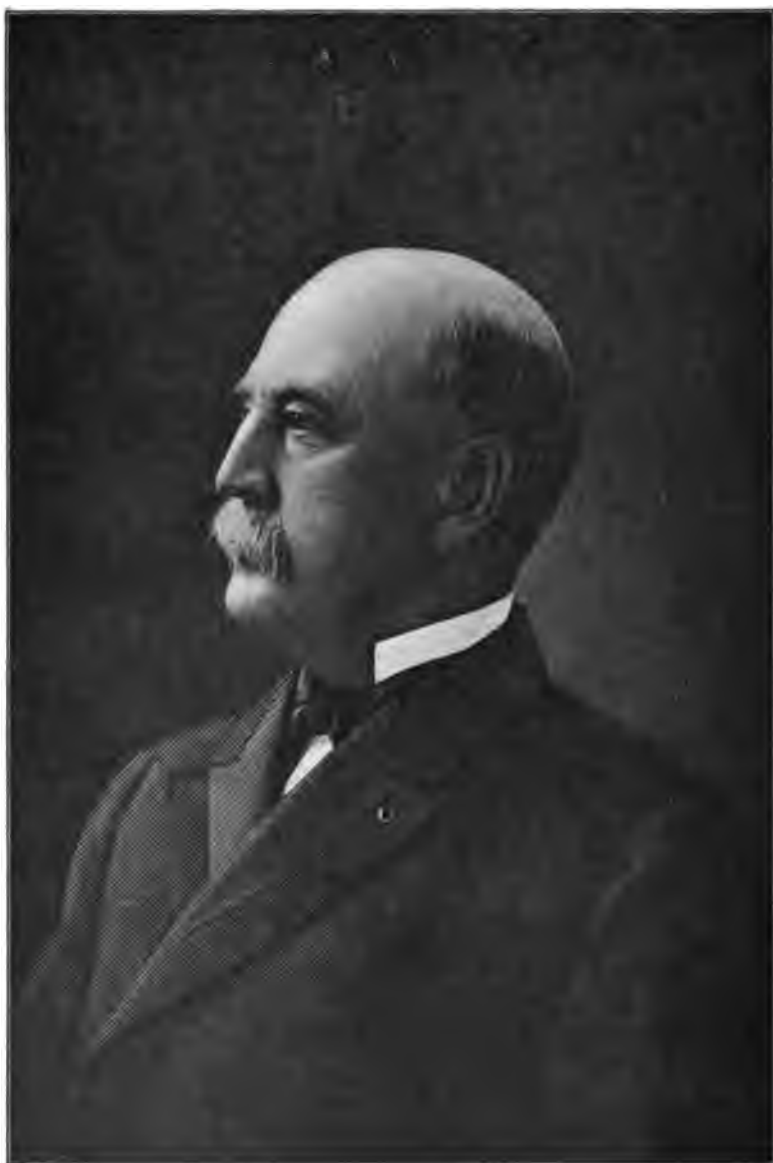
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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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MAY, 1922

No. 5.

## PRE-REVOLUTIONARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN A WESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN.

*By George B. Upham.*

### II.

The Memorial dated Claremont, April 28, 1769, requesting that Samuel Cole Esq'r. "be appointed Catechist and Schoolmaster among us" was sent, probably much of the way by some missionary travelling on foot or horseback, to the Convention of the Society's Missionaries assembled at New Milford, Connecticut, in the latter part of May, 1769. This Convention forwarded it to London with a communication as follows: See MSS. of the Society Series B. Vol. 23 No. 420.

New Milford May 25 1769.

We the Subscribers, the venerable Society's dutiful missionaries met in voluntary Convention; with Deference transmit to the venerable Society the inclos'd paper sent us from the good People of Claremont in the Province of New Hampshire

In this Paper the Circumstances of that Place and People are so fully and faithfully represented as to leave but little needful to be said by us on these points Yet it may be well for us to inform our venerable Patrons that we are in general acquainted with the Subscribers of the inclos'd, (as all of them went from our different missions) and can give them a good and unexceptionable Recommendation.

With respect to Sam<sup>l</sup> Cole Esq"; we can likewise bear a good Testimony in his Favour in all such Particulars as the Society (our good Benefactors) require in a Person to be receiv'd to their Service. This good old Gentleman many years since, designed to make Application for holy Orders, but by a Series of unexpected Occurrences has been prevented. He was educated at Yale College in Connecticut, is now advanced in years, has always been esteem'd a Gentleman of much Godliness, Honesty and

Sobriety; and in a word, we think (but with Submission) Mr. Cole might be with great Propriety and Usefulness employ'd at the afore mentiond Place as Catechist and School Master

We are with dutiful Acknowledgments, the venerable Society's Missionaries and Servants

Joseph Lamson  
John Beach  
Ebenezr Dibblee  
Christopher Newton  
James Scovil  
Sam<sup>l</sup> Andrews.

John Beardsley  
Roger Viets  
Bela Hubbard  
Ebenezer Kneeland  
Richard Clarke  
Epenetus Townsend  
John Tyler.

The statement that "we are in general, acquainted with the Subscribers of the enclos'd (as all of them went from our different Missions)" confirms information from various other sources, that most of the early settlers in Claremont came from Connecticut. This is also true of many other towns in western New Hampshire and eastern Vermont.

Had we not the statement respecting Mr. Cole that he was an "old Gentleman, now advanced in years," we should so conclude from the fact that he had been graduated at Yale thirty-eight years before.

"At a General Meeting" of the Society, held in London, October 20, 1769, the Memorial and accompanying letter of recommendation were "reported by the Committee," whereupon it was;

"Agreed to recommend that Mr. Cole be appointed the Society's Schoolmaster



at Claremont in New Hampshire; and that Inquiry be made, whether Mr. Badger does not occasionally visit these people."

"Resolved to agree with the Committee and that Mr. Cole have a Salary of £15 p. ann. to commence from Midsummer last." (*Journal of the Society*, Vol. 18, pp. 217-220.)

The Mr. Badger referred to was Moses Badger, the Society's Itinerant Missionary in New Hampshire from 1767 to 1774. He was a native of New England, entered Harvard at the age of fourteen,<sup>(1)</sup> and was graduated in 1761. He travelled throughout New Hampshire wherever there were settlers attached to the Church of England. We know from Mr. Cole's letters that he visited Claremont at least once prior to 1771. He probably did so several times, and also visited all other Connecticut River towns.

Before receiving notice of his appointment as the Society's Schoolmaster, Mr. Cole, in the summer or autumn of 1769, had felt it necessary to leave his home in Claremont and to resume teaching in Connecticut. We learn this from an abstract of a letter read at a Meeting of the Society in London August 17th, 1770. (*Journal*, Vol. 18, p. 382)

..... Meeting.....17 August 1770.

[It was reported by the Committee that they had read.....[&c]

A letter from Mr Samuel Cole Schoolmaster at Claremont New Hampshire N. England dated Hartford in Connecticut April 4 1770, acquainting the Society that, at Xmas last he was with Mr Scovil at Waterbury and the next day began a school within 3 miles of that place, where he taught upwards of 30 children, whose parents were of the church. That within a few days of the date of this letter, Mr. Hubbard acquainted him of his appointment from the Society, for the honour of which he returns them his humble thanks; and as soon as he gets home, he will send a particular account of the affairs at Claremont.

Mr. Cole probably journeyed to and from Connecticut on foot, making slow progress; but other modes of travel were slow in those days. Note that the appointment as schoolmaster was made in London on October 20th 1769, but that Mr. Cole first learned of it at Hartford a few days before April 4th, 1770. Further difficulties of correspondence with London, of getting letters transmitted even so far as Boston, will be mentioned later by Mr. Cole.

Sir George Trevelyan in his great work, "The American Revolution"—particularly interesting as picturing that great event from a contemporaneous English point of view—ascribes their failure to understand America as in no small degree due to slow communication; the factors of time and space had not then been eliminated. This is what he writes of it:<sup>(2)</sup>

"It is not too much to say that, among our own people of every degree, the governing classes understood America the least. One cause of ignorance they had in common with others of their countrymen. We understand the Massachusetts of 1768 better than it was understood by most Englishmen who wrote that date at the head of their letters. A man bound for New York, as he sent his luggage on board at Bristol, would willingly have compounded for a voyage lasting as many weeks as it now lasts days. When Franklin, still a youth, went to London to buy the press and types by which he hoped to found his fortune, he had to wait the best part of a twelve month for the one ship which then made an annual trip between Philadelphia and the Thames. When, in 1762, already a great man, he sailed for England in a convoy of merchantmen, he spent all September and October at sea, enjoying the calm weather, as he always enjoyed everything; dining on this vessel and the other; and travelling 'as in a moving village, with all one's neighbors about one.' Adams, during the height of the war, hurrying to France in the finest frigate which Congress could place at his disposal,—and with a captain who knew that, if he

(1) In the Library of the Boston Athenaeum is a catalogue of Harvard Graduates, 1642-1791, marked "B.2508." On the margins, in the handwriting of Josiah Quincy of the class of 1790, may be seen the ages of all graduates on entering college in the classes 1782 to 1791 inclusive.

(2) Trevelyan's *American Revolution* Vol. I, pp. 11, 12, edition of 1917.

encountered a superior force, his distinguished guest did not intend to be carried alive under British hatches,—could make no better speed than five and forty days between Boston and Bordeaux. Lord Carlisle, carrying an olive branch the prompt delivery of which seemed a matter of life and death to the Ministry that sent him out, was for six weeks tossed by gales between port and port. General Riedesel, conducting the Brunswick auxiliaries to fight in a quarrel which was none of theirs, counted three mortal months from the day when he stepped on deck in the Elbe to the day when he stepped off it at Quebec in the St. Lawrence. If such was the lot of plenipotentiaries on mission and of generals in command, it may be imagined how humbler individuals fared, the duration of whose voyage concerned no one but themselves."

The next of Mr. Cole's letters is derived from two sources, the part in brackets from the abstract in London, (*Journal of the Society*, Vol. 19, p. 26), the remainder from Batchelder's "History of the Eastern Diocese" Vol. I, pp. 178, 179. The latter agrees with the abstract, but gives more details.

"Claremont in the Province of New Hampshire.

[December 26th 1770]

To the Secretary of the Venerable Society:

Reverend Sir: [A letter from Mr. Cole Schoolmaster at Claremont New Hampshire N. E. dated at Claremont Decr. 26, 1770 acquainting that having received intelligence from the Clergy in Convention of his appointment, he soon opened his school, that he has kept it 6 hours in a day till the days grew so short that the children could not come seasonably.] The number taught in the School is 22, who were all baptized in the Church, exclusive of those four above mentioned. Some of these are not constant at school; for their parents want the help of all that are able. I have had six belonging to dissenting parents a while who allowed me to teach them some part of the Church Catechism.

Some of the dissenters challenge a

right to the school without complying with the orders of it; in short they seem desirous that their children should learn to read and write, and ever retain the same prejudice against the Church which they themselves have. I want particular directions in this affair for my school would be crowded if I would learn the Westminster Catechism and comply with all their humors. There is not an Indian or a negro in this town. The Indians in Connecticut are strangely dwindled away and to the north there is none that I hear of on this side of Canada, unless four or five in Dr. Wheelock's school at Hanover, about 24 miles above us.

There have been ten infants baptized in this town since we came here, five by the Rev. Mr. Badger and five by the Rev. Mr. Peters.

An itinerant missionary in these parts I am persuaded may answer well the design of the Venerable Society. The Rev. Mr. Badger whom we highly esteem upon all accounts is unable to fulfil the task in such an extensive Province.

"We assemble every Lord's day and I read such parts of the Common Prayer, the Lessons, etc., as are generally supposed may be done without infringing on the sacred function, and the church people constantly attend. We read Abp. Sharp's and Bp. Sherlocks sermons.<sup>(3)</sup>

I am desired by the Wardens and Vestry of the Church in Claremont to return their most grateful thanks to the Venerable Society for appointing a schoolmaster among them. They with myself devoutly pray that the Society's gratuity may not fail of producing a plentiful increase of Knowledge, virtue and loyalty.

I would humbly beg of the venerable Board some Bibles, Common Prayer Books, Catechisms, etc., to be distributed among my pupils which properly distributed might greatly excite them to learn—Samuel Cole.

In response to the request at the end of this letter it was: ["Agreed that Mr. Cole have 6 Bibles, 6 new Testaments, 25 prayer books and 25 Lewis Catechisms for the benefit of the children in his school.]"

Soon, doubtless, these books began their long journey, by sail across the ocean to Portsmouth or Boston, thence, most of the way with other

(3) Abp. Sharp was James Sharp, 1618-1679. Archbishop of St. Andrews, Scotland. Formerly a Presbyterian he turned to the Church of England on the return of Charles II. He had much to do with the restoration of Episcopacy in Scotland. With Rothes he for some years in great part governed Scotland. However pious his sermons, he was a despicable character, a fact doubtless unknown to Mr. Cole. Bp. Sherlock was Thomas Sherlock, 1678-1761, Master of the Temple and later Bishop of London. His four volumes of sermons "were at one time highly esteemed."

goods by pack-horse to Boscawen, from there over the "Province Road" to Charlestown, and finally up the "Great River" by the old Indian Trail to Claremont; not to the site of the large village of to-day, but three miles further west, to the little settlement on "Town Hill," the name then given to the easterly and northerly slopes of Barber's Mountain, where, along the "Great Road," now grass-grown, were nearly all the houses in the town.

What Mr. Cole wrote respecting Indians by no means disposes of the sole Claremont aborigine, our old friend Tousa, for Indians are a wandering people, and he was, probably, at that time absent, perhaps with the Indian settlement at Squakheag, now Northfield, Mass., perhaps in Canada. It may well be that after wandering, or trying some other habitation, Tousa longed for his old hunting-ground in Claremont, and returned there. At all events we much prefer to believe the tradition, of only eighty years until the story was printed, that for a time at least Tousa lived in Claremont, and was present, objecting, when the frame of Union Church was raised.<sup>(4)</sup>

Mr. Cole mentions "six [children] belonging to dissenting parents..... who allowed me to teach them some part of the Church Catchism." Such

permission could not have come without much home discussion. The Church of England stood for things English, and was at the time far from being liked, even by those who troubled themselves little about the nicities of its doctrines or those of the dissenters.<sup>(5)</sup>

The Rev. Mr. Peters, mentioned in the above letter, was the Rev. Samuel Peters of Hebron, Connecticut, graduated at Yale in 1757. The same who organized the parish of the Church of England in Claremont in 1770.<sup>(6)</sup> It has heretofore been believed that this parish,—the second of the Church of England in New Hampshire,—was organized in 1771; but the date of the above letter returning the thanks of "the Wardens and Vestry of the Church in Claremont," shows that it must have been earlier, probably in September, 1770.

We know from Mr. Peters' letter to the Society<sup>(7)</sup> that he left Hebron with his clerk on September 10, 1770, and travelled up the Connecticut River valley visiting Claremont, Windsor, Thetford, Orford, Haverhill and other river towns.<sup>(8)</sup> He describes the inhabitants as "living without means of grace, destitute of knowledge, laden down with ignorance, and covered with poverty," not complimentary, nor necessarily to be accepted because Mr. Peters so wrote.

(4) See a series of Historical Articles published in the *National Eagle*, Claremont, in the early fifties, also *Granite Monthly*, Vol. 51, p. 425, and Vol. 54, p. 41.

(5) Such Church is described in nearly two hundred Newworth town charters in New Hampshire and in the Hampshire Grants (now Vermont) in these words, "the Church of England as by Law Established;" but it was never by law established in New Hampshire, and in none of the colonies except Virginia and the Carolinas. The words in the Newworth charters must, therefore, be taken as referring to conditions in England—see S. H. Cobb's *Rise of Religious Liberty in America*, pp. 74, 115, 290-300.

(6) In the *Churchman's Magazine* for August, 1805, it is stated that the Church in Claremont was organized by the Rev. Samuel Peters in or about the year 1771. The date should have been 1770.

(7) See *Church Documents of Connecticut*, ed. by Hawks and Perry—1864, Vol. II. pp. 162-164.

(8) In the *Political Magazine*, London for November, 1781, Vol. 2, p. 656, Mr. Peters published a description of the Connecticut River, from which those familiar with it may learn much unknown to them before. "Above five hundred rivulets which issue from lakes, ponds and drowned lands fall into it; many of them are larger than the Thames at London." "Rivulets," barely worth mentioning, but "larger than the Thames," with its even then wondrous traffic. What better calculated to impress the cockney? But the following, accepted readily enough by Londoners, may impress the people of Haverhill and Newbury: "At the upper cohes the river spreads twenty-four miles wide, and for five or six weeks ships of war might sail over lands that afterwards produce the greatest crops of hay and grain in all America." We sympathize with the Reverend Peters in his restraint. Why stop at a mere twenty-four miles in width with the water fast rising? Note continued on bottom of page 147.

In October he crossed the Green Mountains, "16 miles over," to Manchester, finding his way "in a pathless wilderness, by trees marked and by compass"; he thence proceeded to Arlington, on the present New York line. On this journey "preaching as often as every other day I travelled 700 or 800 miles in a way so uneven that I was in peril oft."

We can but admire Mr. Peters energetic activity, and note with regret that he later left an unenviable record in Connecticut, Boston, and even London, as an indiscreet and obnoxious Tory. In a search of his house at Hebron for arms, a punch-bowl was broken, about which Mr. Peters made much ado, though no appropriation of materials suitable to be compounded in it is recorded. He soon fled for sanctuary to Boston, whence he wrote: "I am in high spirits. Six regiments are now coming from England, and sundry men-of-war. So soon as they come, hanging work will go on, and destruction will first attend the seaport towns." He soon sailed for England, where, by way of getting even, he wrote a "History of Connecticut," said by natives of that state to be worthy of a direct descendant of Ananias. Sabine, in his "American Loyalists," says of Mr. Peters: "perhaps no clergyman of the time was more obnoxious." Dr. Benjamin Trumbull, Yale 1759, a man of eminence, a

brother clergyman and a fellow-townsmen in Hebron, said of him that of all men he ever knew Mr. Peters was "least to be depended upon as to any matter of fact."

While in Claremont he was probably the guest of his fellow-collegian, Samuel Cole, and it was probably at the latter's house, and due to his initiative, that the parish in Claremont was organized. We may imagine these two worthies walking leisurely over Town Hill, on a pleasant autumnal afternoon, the clergyman, who had been ordained in England, discoursing to his untravelled companion upon the great size and unrivalled magnificence of London, a story which, we may rest assured, lost nothing in the telling.<sup>(9)</sup>

No words in Mr. Cole's letters give so much information respecting the intellectual status of early settlers and their children as can be gathered, indirectly, from the few books mentioned by him; for these furnished the greater part of the mental nourishment of both parents and children of the time. The words "Westminster Catechism" thus serve almost as a volume in themselves; for our forefathers, mostly dissenters from the Church of England, were brought up on it. This Catechism, a rigid embodiment of hard Calvinistic theology, was devised by the "Westminster Assembly" summoned by the insubordinate Long Parliament. As the re-

"Two hundred miles from the Sound is a narrow of five yards only, formed by two shelving mountains of solid rock, whose tops intercept the clouds." [This was at the Great Falls, now known as Bellows Falls.] "People who can bear the sight, the groans, the tremblings, the curly motion of the water, trees, and ice, through this awful passage, view with astonishment one of the greatest phenomena in nature. Here water is consolidated without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching sturdy rocks, to such a degree of induration, that no iron crow can be forced into it: here iron, lead, and cork have one common weight, here, steady as time, and harder than marble, the stream passes irresistible; the lightning rends trees in pieces with no greater ease than does this mighty water.\*\*\*..... No living creature was ever known to pass through this narrow, except an Indian woman, who was in a canoe attempting to cross the river above it, but carelessly suffered herself to fall within the power of the current. Perceiving her danger, she took a bottle of rum which she had with her, and drank the whole of it; then lay down in the canoe to meet her destiny. She marvellously, [aided perhaps by the Great Spirit], went through safely, and was taken out of the canoe some miles below quite intoxicated, by some Englishmen. Being asked how she could be so daringly imprudent as to drink such a quantity of rum with the prospect of instant death before her, the squaw, as well as her condition would let her, replied: Yes it was too much rum for once; but I was not willing to lose a drop of it, so I drank it, and you see I have saved all."

(9) The record of Mr. Peters activities may be found in F. B. Dexter's *Biographies of Yale Graduates, 1745-1763*, Vol. 2, pp. 482-487; Sabine's *Loyalists of the American Revolution*, Vol. II, pp. 177-182; Trevelyan's *American Revolution*, Vol. I, pp. 278, 279, 375, and Batchelder's *History of the Eastern Diocese*, Vol. I, pp. 175, 176.

sult of five years of deliberation by one hundred and twenty divines, nearly all Calvinists, it was published in 1647 and 1648 in two forms, the Larger Catechism, "for such as have some proficiency," and the Shorter Catechism "for such as are of weaker capacity." If we of a later generation were expected to commit to memory and to comprehend the Shorter Catechism, most of us would fail to measure up to the "capacity" for which it was designed.

The Shorter Catechism was published here in many editions and large numbers but the form in which it came to be most widely used was in the numerous editions of the New England Primer, which for more than a hundred years was the school book of the dissenters, and almost the sole book for juvenile reading in America. With it millions were taught to read, and then, catechised unceasingly. Aside from the Bible no book printed in this country has had anything like the extended and enduring influence of the New England Primer. "An over conservative claim for it is to estimate an annual average sale of twenty thousand copies, during a period of 150 years, or total sales of three million copies."<sup>(10)</sup>

Every known edition printed in the eighteenth century, and most of those issued later, contained the Shorter Catechism which occupied nearly half the pages. Although a million or more copies are believed to have been printed in the eighteenth century less than fifty of these are now known to exist. The high prices,—more than \$100—paid by collectors for copies in good condition printed prior to 1800, attest their rarity.<sup>(11)</sup>

Originally compiled by Benjamin Harris<sup>(12)</sup> the earliest edition, as shown by an advertisement in an almanack, was published in Boston about 1689. Several other editions were issued before 1727 but none earlier has been found. In the edition of 1737 first appeared the four lines, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., author unknown. They were printed in almost every subsequent edition, and, with the Lord's Prayer, have been taught the world over by millions of mothers to many millions of children kneeling at their bedsides.

One edition only was printed in New Hampshire prior to 1800; and that by J. Melcher at Portsmouth, without date, but probably about 1795.<sup>(13)</sup>

(10) The New England Primer, by Paul Leicester Ford, p. 19. To this book we are indebted for the greater part of the information respecting the Primer which appears in this article.

(11) The first collector of this Primer, who began in 1840, found copies of only two eighteenth century editions; the next, who began at about the same time, after forty years of search, obtained only nine Primers of that century. At the time Mr. Ford's book was published, 1897, the finest collections of Primers of the eighteenth century were those owned by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, six copies, and the Lenox Library in New York, also six copies. In the latter is the copy of the edition of 1727, the earliest edition of which any copy has been found. The American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass., owned four copies. The wonderful Library of the British Museum had but one copy. The only known copy of the J. Melcher, Portsmouth, N. H., edition was, in 1897, owned by Dr. Henry Barnard of Hartford, Conn.

(12) Harris also deserves distinction as the editor and printer of the first newspaper in America. This he issued, without permission, in 1690 under the name "Public Occurrences." As might have been expected it was promptly suppressed by Proclamation.

(13) An edition was printed in Newbury, Vermont, "by Nathaniel Coverly Jun'r. For John West of Boston." It is regarded as an eighteenth century edition. If this is correct it was probably printed in 1799 or 1800; for Nathaniel Coverly Jun'r. printed an edition at Medford, Mass., in 1798. He apparently removed to Newbury, perhaps carrying the forms with him. The copy of the Newbury edition is owned by the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

The title page is as follows:

**THE NEW ENGLAND  
PRIMER,  
IMPROVED,  
OR AN EASY AND PLEASANT  
GUIDE TO THE ART OF READING,  
ADORNED WITH CUTTS,  
to which is added  
THE ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES'  
AND DR. WATT'S  
CATECHISMS,  
PORTSMOUTH;  
Printed and Sold by J. MELCHER**

The New England Primer was carried in stock and sold by all general stores in country four corners and villages. Some of the articles advertised for sale in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1783 were as follows: "Allblades Bibles, Brimstone, and, Broadcloths, Buttons, Buckles of different sorts, Pipes, Pins & Needles, Powder & Shot, Primers, [a Primer was always a New England Primer,] Rum, rod Nails, Saws, Spelling Books, Sugar, Tea, Testaments and a variety of other Articles."

Primers were undoubtedly carried in general stock and hundreds of copies sold in Claremont in the eighteenth century as they were in all other New Hampshire towns. Can one of them of that period, outside the few collections, now be found?

In the Primer even the Alphabet, with the heavily inked depictions accompanying each letter, is made depressing.

**A In Adams' Fall  
We sinned all.**

\* \* \* \*

(14) Among the embellishments of some editions, prior to the Revolution, were crude wood-cuts of the reigning King and Queen. In the edition of 1787 the printer, lacking a cut representing the Queen, overcame the difficulty by using, with some erasures, a block prepared for a Queen in a pack of cards. It is doubtful whether among the purchasers the prototype of the lady was wicely recognized. In another edition, issued soon after July 4th, 1776, the name John Hancock was substituted for George the Third; but the features of the portrait remained the same.

**J Job feels the Rod,—  
Yet blesses GOD.**

\* \* \* \*

**X Xerxes did die  
And so must I.**

The not unnatural fate of Xerxes is accentuated by a crude woodcut of a particularly dismal coffin.

\* \* \* \*

**Y while Youth do chear  
Death may be near**

In the accompanying illustration the hilarity of Chearing Youths, three of them partaking of refreshments at a table, seems not to be diminished by the approach of a skeleton pointing with an arrow: whether the arrow is pointed at only one, or impartially at the three seems uncertain.

\* \* \* \*

**Z Zacheus he  
Did climb the Tree  
Our Lord to see**

Even Zacheus' effort was not intended to be amusing.

There was in all editions the rough woodcut of John Rogers, burning at the stake in Queen Mary's gentle reign, while his wife with nine small children, and one at her breast, look sadly on. The crude wood-cuts appear to have been prepared by self-taught wood engravers in the printer's shops, for in few of the different editions were they the same.<sup>(14)</sup>

These were doubtless understood by countless children who were sorely puzzled in the effort to understand the nature of original sin, or the doctrine of election whereby so few were destined to be saved; or why, for Adam's Transgression, so long ago, "All Mankind.....are under God's Wrath & Curse, and so made

liable to all Miseries in this Life, to Death itself, & to the pains of Hell forever."<sup>(15)</sup>

Mr. Cole, it may be noted, asked for "particular directions" about teaching the Shorter Catechism; that "Golden Composure" as Cotton Mather in admiration called it.

In addition to the Shorter Catechism we find printed in nearly all editions of the New England Primer a still further simplified catechism entitled "Spiritual Milk for American Babes," "By John Cotton," a dissenting divine who arrived in Boston in 1633. After demonstrating how slight the chance of being judged otherwise than wicked, the Reverend Cotton gives, as a last sip of his lacteal preparation, the following: "and the wicked shall be cast into everlasting fire with the devil and all his angels."

Other gems designed to cheer the children may be quoted from the Primer.

F. "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it from him."

Frequent applications of the birch were, doubtless, prompted by this wise precept.

L. "Liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

Often cited in cases of inaccurate statement.

U. "Upon the wicked God shall raise an horrible tempest."

To be remembered at times of severe thunderstorms.

A cause for the astonishing disappearance of the millions of copies of the New England Primer may be imagined. It seems, however, unlikely that any reliable statistics respecting it will ever be obtained.

But the Puritanic Primer is not the only publication, pointing the straight and narrow path, upon which the return *non est inventus* must be made. Of Lewis' Catechism,—25 copies of which, as we have seen, were sent to Mr. Cole,—the Catalogue of Printed Books in the Library of the British Museum tells us that at least fifteen editions were published, the first in 1700. But not a copy is to be found among the four millions of volumes in the great libraries, general and theological, of Boston and Cambridge.<sup>(16)</sup>

Whatever the unascertained teachings of Mr. Lewis' book, it is to be hoped they were less depressing than those of the Shorter Catechism.

In contemplating the religious instruction of New England children a century or two ago, we may wonder how they grew up to see anything other than gloom in life. But it should be remembered that the untaught beauties of nature all around, and the child's natural joyousness, served as antidotes for much dismal teaching thrust upon him. And, as a great teacher of theology now tells us, the very attempt to understand these problems, with a chance of heaven on one side, hell on the other, was mentally stimulating.

It is refreshing to find in an edition of the Primer, as early as 1767, any-

(15) Some of the extremely orthodox have been pained by the gradual extinction of this belief: as with the Calvinistic clergyman who remarked: "The Universalists believe that all men will be saved, but we hope for better things."

A newly installed pastor said to a spinster parishioner: "I hope, madam, you believe in total depravity," and promptly received the reply: "Oh parson, what a fine doctrine it would be, if folks only lived up to it."

(16) This Catechism was compiled by John Lewis, Vicar of Minster. It was translated into Irish and Welsh, but does not appear to have been printed in America. Lewis was the author of some twenty books, nearly all of historical value, and all to be found in the Libraries of Boston and Cambridge, although not generally reprinted, and issued in very small editions compared with those of his Catechism.

thing so essentially human as the following Old English Proverbs.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed.  
Fair words butter no parsnips.

When the fox preaches let the geese beware.

Fly the pleasure that will bite tomorrow.

If all fools wore white caps, we should look like a flock of geese."

(To be continued)<sup>(17)</sup>

(17) The writer wishes to correct an error in the first article of this series, not discovered until after the pages had gone to print. On page 111 of the April issue the words, "and excepting, of course, Florida then possessed by Spain," should have been erased; for by that same Treaty of Paris, Feb. 10, 1763, Florida was ceded by Spain to England. In 1783 it was returned by England to Spain; and ceded by the latter to the United States by the Treaty of 1819, reluctantly confirmed by Spain in 1821.

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## GOD—THANKS

*By Ruth Bassett*

Don't take the earth for granted—  
With all its changing beauty  
Make it a sacred duty  
To kneel in prayer  
For every bird-song chanted,  
For every new-found blessing,  
To God your thanks confessing  
For glories there.

Don't take loved ones for granted.  
When happy hours surround you  
And peaceful home-ties crown you,  
Take time to go  
With humble trust implanted  
In nature's generous voicing.  
Lift up your heart, rejoicing,  
So God will know.



# IN PRAISE OF BROOKS

By Katharine Upham Hunter

The Brook is a good friend of mine—I suspect it has shared many reciprocal emotions with the dwellers in this old country-house and that I am merely the latest of a long line to know it; thus pleasant thoughts come to me of the cheer, the infectious gladness its friendship has communicated to my predecessors.

After it leaves the wood-land—and it has a right merry leap through the birch and hemlock woods—the Brook purls and meanders through the pasture and then slipping under the highway (swiftly, as if to get away from the ugly concrete culvert) it races merrily through the meadow to the rushing River, which as tributary joins the Connecticut on the border of this same meadow. And the stately Connecticut, flowing on to the distant sea, carries on its bosom the clear crystals of my Brook.

This in short is the life history of the Brook; it is the history of all brooks and all friendships—this merging of self into the harmony of altruism.

On the old maps the Brook had a name, an ordinary name—one wonders why? Perhaps the settlers on this river highway between Canada and the provinces, busy clearing the forest, planting corn, and watching for marauding Indians, regarded life quite literally and named the stream for the man who built the first cabin on its bank. If he were a wise man he raised his roof-tree on the knoll high above for in the spring of the year the Brook goes mad—mad as Ophelia and drowns itself under the grey willows; you hear it weeping even above the March winds.

No, I cannot rename it; if it is Ophelia in March why is it not Perdita when spring at last arrives? Perdita whose silvery laughter mocks me as she runs under the tender bud-

ding trees towards the River. Then, O Brook, you are indeed “my prettiest Perdita” as you trip blithely on your way, garlanded with “lilies of all kinds” and

“.....violets dim  
But sweeter than the lid of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath.”

A Brook will not harbour dull care or grumpiness of mind—in summer! In winter one takes from it what one reads into it, and as for the most part only the stout-hearted are afield in winter I think that the Brook gives them back stout cheer—making of their valiancy an order of merit, as it were.

In the winter-time I follow its course through the meadow: when I am on snowshoes its banks are pillowed by soft snow and its waters, dark and glassy, swirl between them past me; when I am on skis the banks are crusted and the stream is ice. Then I think of little Robert Louis and his faithful Alison, for

“Water now is turned to stone  
Nurse and I can walk upon;”  
and the Spirit of Childhood is with me gleefully sliding on the ice. But there are other times when the thin snow on the stubble permits neither snowshoes nor skis; then I foot it musingly along the banks, watching little icicles form about tree roots, watching the waters which hardly move, they are so sluggish. I suddenly realize that the Brook is about to freeze and stand long minutes in the crisp air waiting: now there is an abatement of current, the water becomes just tremulous and in its depths is a gelatinous cloudiness which slowly spreads; the surface of the Brook wrinkles, stiffens, and is ice, and beneath the gelatine has set. Thus the Brook has frozen. But the wind, stinging my face, urges me back to the hearthside. Tomorrow I will come again.

# THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

*By Paul Edward Moyer.*

The settlement of New Hampshire was first undertaken by Captain John Mason. The actual grant of this early New England province, like several of the other provinces, is difficult to unravel because the English Crown granted and re-granted the territory within which it lies. In every instance, however, John Mason figures as one of the grantees, and in three specific instances, at least, he is the sole grantee.

"There were three charters granted to Captain John Mason solely, and three to him associated with others. Those to him solely were Mariana, March 9, 1621-2; New Hampshire, November 7, 1629; New Hampshire and Masonia, April 22, 1635."<sup>(1)</sup>

Those in association with others were the province of Maine, August 10, 1622 and Laconia, November 17, 1629. These two grants were made to Mason and Gorges, jointly. On November 3, 1631, the Crown also made the grant of Piscataqua to Mason and seven other proprietors.

With the exceptions of Mariana and Maine, every one of the above grants falls wholly or partially within the present confines of the state of New Hampshire. Evidently, however, of the four grants relating to the present boundaries of New Hampshire, none save the grant of New Hampshire, November 7, 1629, could stand the test of time for it is related that in<sup>(2)</sup> "the case of His Majesty's Province of New Hampshire, upon two appeals relating to the boundaries between that Province and the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, to be heard before the Right-Honorable, the Lords of the Committee of His Majesty's Most Honorable Privy-Council, for hearing appeals from the Plantations, at

the Council Chamber at Whitehall, 6th of February, 1637, and 20th of July, 1738....the only grant referred to and relied on by the parties in controversy," so far as New Hampshire was concerned, "was that to Captain Mason, November 7, 1629; .....the inference is, that all the other grants had failed, through some defect, informality, or want of compliance with conditions." It is therefore plain that the so-called Laconia grant, 1629, and the Masonia grant, 1635, the two most important grants next to the New Hampshire grant of November 7, 1629, which appertain to the first settlement of the province of New Hampshire, were considered entirely void less than a decade after the patent was issued.

According to the principal grant, therefore, on which the Mason heirs later relied to prove successfully their ownership of the land contained within the present boundaries of the state of New Hampshire, the<sup>(3)</sup> "Indenture witnesseth that the said President and Council (of Plymouth) of their free and mutual consent, as well to the end, that all their lands, woods, lakes, rivers, waters, islands, and fishing, with all the traffic, profits and commodities whatsoever, to them or any of them belonging, and hereafter in these presents mentioned, may be wholly and entirely invested, appropriated, served and settled in and upon the said Captain John Mason, his heirs and assigns forever, as for divers special services for the advancement of the said Plantation, and other good and sufficient causes and considerations, them especially, thereunto moving, have given, granted, bargained, sold, assigned, aliened, set over, enfeoffed,

(1) Dean, J. W. Capt. John Mason. P. 189.

(2) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 28.

(3) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 22.

and confirmed, and by these presents do give, grant, bargain, sell, assign, aliene, set over, enfeof and confirm unto the said Captain John Mason, his heirs and assigns, all that part of the mainland in New England, lying upon the sea-coast, beginning from the middle part of the Merrimack river, and from thence to proceed northwards along the sea-coast to Piscataqua river, and so forwards up within the said river and to the furthest head thereof, and from thence northward, until three score miles be finished from the first entrance of the Piscataqua river; also from Merrimack through the said river and to the furthest head thereof, and so forwards up into the lands westwards, until three score miles be finished; and from thence to cross over land to the three score miles end accounted from Piscataqua river, together with all islands and islets within five leagues distance of the premises, and abutting upon the same, .....

This rather indefinite grant was to include all the useful privileges and opportunities that colonial patents involved, with special reference to<sup>(4)</sup> "all havens, ports, rivers, mines, minerals, pearls, precious stones, woods, quarries, marshes, fishings, huntings, hawkings, fowlings, and other commodities and hereditaments whatsoever." The only economic reservation stipulated by the Council was to the effect that, in case gold or silver were discovered, the Crown should be entitled to one-fifth of the ore mined.

Careful provision was made for the government of the province for it was distinctly stated that<sup>(5)</sup> "the said Captain John Mason doth further covenant for him, his heirs and assigns, that he will establish such government in the said portion of lands and islands granted unto him, and the

same will from time continue, as shall be agreeable, as near as may be, to the laws and customs of the realm of England; and if he shall be charged at any time to have neglected his duty therein, that then he will reform the same, according to the discretion of the President and Council, or, in default thereof, it shall be lawful for any of the aggrieved inhabitants or planters, being tenants upon the said lands, to appeal to the chief court of justice, of the said President and Council." It later developed that Mason failed to provide a stable and satisfactory government with the result that the scattered settlers were compelled to appeal to Massachusetts Bay for protection and a definite form of government.

The records of this colonial province disclose the fact that, aside from the disputed claim to the territory made by Massachusetts Bay, title to the New Hampshire colony, in part, at least, was claimed by Rev. John Wheelwright and his followers. It was alleged that on May 17, 1629, a treaty and deed was drawn up between several Indian tribes and the Wheelwright company which gave most of the territory now included in the state to these exiles from Massachusetts Bay Colony.

This grant by<sup>(6)</sup> "wee the Sagamores of Penacook, Pentucket, Squamsquot and Nuchawanick," however, is considered by the more reliable authorities to have been a forgery. Certain it is that the document never was seriously considered as giving the Wheelwright malcontents any jurisdiction over the province.

## II

### THE FOUR SETTLEMENTS

The first settlement in this ill-defined Masonian area was undoubtedly made at Strawberry Bank which later was to take its present name of Ports-

(4) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 28.

(5) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 25.

(6) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 56.

mouth. The date of actual settlement is a bit uncertain but it is now historically asserted to have been in 1623, less than three years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.

(7) "Some merchants and other gentlemen in the West of England, belonging to the cities of Exeter, Bristol, Shrewsbury etc. made some attempt of beginning a plantation in some place about Piscataqua river about the year 1623." The settlement did not flourish, however, to any considerable extent during the next few years for in 1631 only three houses had been built. In 1631 Captain Mason sent over agents and supplies. A man named Chadbourne at this time erected the Great House, as it was called, and another gentleman named Williams was designated to take charge of the salt works which were developed following the arrival of the men despatched by the proprietor. Such growth had occurred by 1633 that need was felt for the establishment of some kind of government. Accordingly Williams was chosen governor. The records show that he was still in office in 1638, being re-elected annually by vote of the inhabitants. These dates must be taken on faith, however, for the original records were destroyed by fire in 1652. A court record of 1643, however, proves that the Williams governorship was a reality and that the combination was entered into at an early period following the original settlement of the place.

The first church was built in 1640. Religious harmony prevailed in the small settlement up to this date and the erection of the house of worship was the result of the combined efforts of all the inhabitants of the first settlement, for it was noted<sup>(8)</sup> "how the inhabitants of Strawberry Bank having of their free and voluntary minds, and good will, given and granted sev-

eral sums of money for the building and founding of a parsonage house with a chapple thereunto united, did grant fifty acres of land to be annexed thereunto as a Glebe land belonging to the said parsonage, and all was put into the hands of two men, viz., Thomas Walford and Henry Sherburne, church wardens."

Some time during the year 1623 it is believed Edward and William Hilton and Thomas Roberts, with their families settled at Wecohannet, which a few years later was to be known as Dover. No record exists to show that any additional settlers arrived in Dover prior to 1631. Two new names, Edward Colcott and Captain Thomas Wiggins, were added to the town list at this time. It is to be presumed, however, that more settlers had arrived for it was necessary to have a governor in 1631 and the office was filled by Captain Wiggins. The governor made a trip to England in 1632 and returned the following year with a large number of colonists. From this date, therefore, the success of the Dover settlement was assured.

The inhabitants of Dover anticipated their neighbors at Portsmouth in the matter of building a church for in 1634<sup>(9)</sup> "they built a meeting house, which was afterwards surrounded with an entrenchment and flankerts." This first church erected in the province of New Hampshire remained intact until Major Richard Waldron constructed a new edifice in 1653. Captain Wiggins had taken care to bring over a minister, the Rev. William Leveredge, on his return from England in 1633. Conditions could not have been very prosperous in the little town, however, for in 1635 the reverend gentleman was compelled to forsake his parish "for want of adequate support."

It proved an unfortunate incident in the history of the little town for

(7) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 108.

(8) N. H. Prov. Papers I, p. 111.

(9) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 119.

his successor was one Rev. George Burdet who, in addition to his ministrations, proceeded to mix in politics so successfully that he defeated Captain Wiggins for the governorship in 1638. Possibly it was the contamination of crooked colonial politics that caused the downfall of this reverend individual. At any rate he lost his religion and was given his passports after he was<sup>(10)</sup> "indicted by the whole Bench for a man of ill name and fame. Infamous for incontinency, a publisher and Broacher of divers dangerous speeches, the better to seduce the weak sex of women to his incontinent practices, contrary to the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, as by Depositions and Evidences." This unfortunate scandal rent the little village almost in twain and for three years the settlement was "a divided house." But after the gossips ceased talking of their erstwhile governor the town took a new lease on life and growth rapidly went on.

Exeter was settled in 1638 by Rev. John Wheelwright and his followers after their banishment by the authorities of Massachusetts Bay for religious heresies and seditious practices. After their arrival at Exeter they made an agreement with the neighboring Indians relative to the granting of necessary land for habitation. It is impossible to tell how many members made up the colony. But, originally, it probably was not less than fifty and undoubtedly not more than seventy-five. After the conviction of the inconsonant Wheelwrighters it was ordered that inasmuch as they<sup>(11)</sup> "have seduced and led into dangerous errors, many of the people here in New England, \* \* \* there is just cause of suspicion that they \* \* \* may, upon some revelation, make some suddaine irruption upon those that differ from them in

judgment; for prevention thereof it is ordered that all those whose names are underwritten shall (upon warning given or left at their dwelling houses) before the 30th day of this month of November, deliver in at Mr. Cane's house, at Boston, all guns, pistols, swords, powder, shot and match, as they shall be owners of or have in their custody, upon pain of ten pound for every default to be made thereof \* \* \* ." The total number of those disarmed were seventy-five. Fifty-eight of the entire number were Bostonians. It is supposed that nearly all of these persons followed their leader to New Hampshire and settled with him at Exeter.

The fourth early settlement in New Hampshire was Hampton. Massachusetts claimed this settlement as exclusively belonging to the people of that colony from the first day of the settlement. Indeed as early as 1632 the Massachusetts authorities declared<sup>(12)</sup>: "Mr. Batcheler is required to forbear exercising his gifts as a pastor or teacher publicly in our pattent, unlesse it be to those he brought with him, for his contempt of authority, till some scandles be removed." The Batcheler adherents, however, and sundry others who had taken refuge in Hampton community refused to recognize Massachusetts jurisdiction which led the latter colony to regard their attitude<sup>(13)</sup> "as against good neighborhood, religion and common honesty." As Winthrop states the case: "Another plantation was begun upon the north side of Merrimack \* \* \* at Winnicawett, called Hampton, which gave occasion to some difference between us and some of Pascataquack, which grew thus: Mr. Wheelwright, being banished from us gathered a company and sat down by the falls of Pascataquack and called their town Exeter, and for their enlargement they dealt

(10) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 121.

(11) Mass. Col. Rec. I, p. 211.

(12) Mass. Col. Rec. I, p. 100.

(13) Winthrop Hist. of N. E., p. 848.

with an Indian there and bought of him Winnicawett, and then wrote us what they had done and that they intended to lot out all their lands into farms, except we could show a better title. They wrote also to those whom we had sent to plant Winnicawett, to have them desist, etc. These letters coming to the General Court, they returned answer, \* \* \* that knowing we claimed Winnicawett as within our patent, or as *vacuum domicilium*, and had taken possession thereof by building an house there above two years since, they should go now and purchase an unknown title and then come to (inquire, deny) of our right." The whole controversy, however, a few years later was to be terminated by the junction of the four towns with the Massachusetts Bay colony.

Before this annexation occurred, however, these early settlements in New Hampshire endeavored to establish some form of government for themselves. Strange as it may seem, apparently the only requirement for membership in the body politic was that the persons concerned should be freemen and should agree to do nothing contrary to the laws of England. Doubtless, the memories of experiences in Massachusetts Bay were still poignant in the minds of some, at least, and probably those who had not sustained actual contact with the straightlaced Massachusetts authorities had profited by the experiences of their confreres. Suffice it to say that the form of covenant, constituting a government, which was signed by the inhabitants of Dover is common, with minor exceptions, to all four settlements. This simple covenant read as follows: (14) "Whereas sundry mischiefs and inconveniences have befallen us, and more and greater may, in regard of want of civil government, his most

gracious Majesty having settled no order for us to our knowledge: we, whose names are underwritten, being inhabitants upon the river Piscataqua, have voluntarily agreed to combine ourselves into a body politic, that we may the more comfortably enjoy the benefit of his Majesty's laws, together with all such laws as may be concluded by a major part of the freedom of our Society, in case they be not repugnant to the laws of England, and administered in behalf of his Majesty. And this we have mutually promised and engaged to do, and so continue till his Excellent Majesty shall give other orders concerning us. In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands, etc."

The covenant framed at Exeter<sup>(15)</sup> is flavored with more religiosity but in its essential elements differs in no wise from the other sealed governmental agreements.

Every person claiming membership in the community was compelled to subscribe to a solemn oath to support the government and to obey the laws of England and the statutes that might be enacted by the settlement itself. Two oaths were devised, one to be subscribed to by the rulers or elders, the other by common people.

In spite of the most earnest efforts to live peaceably together, however, dissensions and rivalries became rampant and the struggling little communities found themselves in frequent difficulties. Dover, especially, seemed almost continuously to meet various kinds of obstacles and impediments to decent government. Following the scandalous experiences with Rev. George Burdet, one time governor, the town found itself facing the disruption caused by the famous contest between Mr. Knowles and Mr. Larkham. It appears that<sup>(16)</sup> "they two fell out about baptizing children, receiving members, burial of the

(14) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 126.

(15) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 182.

(16) Winthrop II, p. 82. N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 128.

dead; and the contention was so sharp that Knowles and his party rose up and excommunicated Mr. Larkham and some that held with him and further, Mr. Larkham, flying to the magistrates, Mr. Knowles and Captain Underhill raised arms, and expected help from the Bay, Mr. Knowles going before the troop with a Bible upon a pole's top, and giving forth that their side were Scots and English." The division caused by this occurrence continued and the adherents of both leaders tolerated no insults from each other. The breach was not healed for many months. Finally, in 1640 Knowles was heavily fined and conditions made so uncomfortable for him that he voluntarily left the community. The next year Mr. Larkham left also "to avoid the shame of a scandalous sin it was found he had committed."

There was not so much "scandalous sin" in the other three communities as to cause divisions like those which tore Dover asunder. But no greater success in the enterprise of self-government was obtained and accordingly all four towns began to consider measures to relieve a situation that was rapidly becoming dangerous to community welfare.

### III

#### UNION WITH MASSACHUSETTS

The definite decision to join their fortunes with Massachusetts Bay colony and accept its jurisdiction completely was taken in 1641 and henceforth, until 1679, the four original New Hampshire settlements were to be part and parcel of the Massachusetts group. Eight years earlier than this, however, Massachusetts had hinted that possibly they belonged in her jurisdiction. For Captain Wiggins of Piscataqua had written to the governor of Massachusetts in 1633 that one of his people had stabbed a

fellow citizen and requested that he might be tried for the offense in Massachusetts. The governor replied that<sup>(17)</sup> "If Piscataquack lay within their limits (as it was supposed) they would try him."

Dover and Portsmouth took the first steps to incorporate themselves in the Massachusetts commonwealth and the other two towns soon followed suit. As Hutchinson describes the process:<sup>(18)</sup> "The settlers of Piscataqua \*\*\*\* submitted themselves to the Massachusetts government. The submission and agreement upon record is as follows:

"The 14th of the 4th month, 1641,

"Whereas some Lords, Knights, Gentlemen and others did purchase of Mr. Edward Hilton and some merchants of Bristol two patents, the one called Wecohamet, or Hilton's Point, commonly called or known by the name of Dover or Northam, the other patent set forth by the name of the south part of the river Piscataquack, beginning at the sea side or near thereabouts and coming round the sail land by the river side unto the falls of Quamscot, as may more fully appear by the said grant: And whereas also the inhabitants residing at present within the limits of both the said grants have of late and formerly complained of the want of some good government amongst them, and desired some help in this particular from the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts Bay, whereby they may be ruled and ordered according unto God, both in church and common weal, and for avoiding of such unsufferable disorders whereby God hath been much dishonored amongst them, these gentlemen, whose names are here specified, \*\*\* do in behalf of the rest of the patentees dispose of the lands and jurisdiction of the premises as followeth; being willing to further such a good work, have hereby, for them-

(17) Winthrop Hist. of N. E., p. 138.

(18) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. Vol. I, p. 98.

selves and in the name of the rest of the patentees, given up and set over all that power of jurisdiction of government of said people dwelling or abiding within the limits of both the said patents unto the government of Massachusetts Bay, by them to be ruled and ordered in all causes criminal and civil as inhabitants dwelling within the limits of Massachusetts government, and to be subject to pay in church and commonwealth as the said inhabitants of Massachusetts Bay do, and no others; and the freemen of said two patents to enjoy the like liberties as other free men do with the said Massachusetts government \* \* \* \* ."

For thirty-eight years this combination of the New Hampshire and Massachusetts interests was to endure and prosper. In fact, the arrangement worked even more satisfactorily than even its most sanguine supporters had dared to hope. Thirty years afterwards, Hutchinson, commenting on the situation, remarked:<sup>(19)</sup> "New Hampshire (has) been so long united to Massachusetts, that the people of both colonies (are) of one heart and mind in civil and religious affairs."

To find the reasons for this harmonious blending of interests, it is necessary to examine more closely the relations that existed between them for nearly four decades.

#### IV

##### CONDITIONS OF UNION

In the first place, the fact that the new members of the Massachusetts Bay colony were guaranteed the same "liberties as other freemen do with the said Massachusetts government" was an earnest of successful co-operation.

In the second place, the inhabitants of the four settlements were assured that<sup>(20)</sup> "they shall have the same or-

der and way of administration of justice and way of keeping courts as is established at Ipswich and Salem." Considering that evils in many states, particularly new ones, arise from maladministration of justice and discrimination between "old-timers" and "new-comers," this careful provision for orderly judicial arrangements is important as bearing on the future peaceful relations of the two commonwealths.

Thirdly, precautions were taken that no "taxation without representation" difficulties should be encountered. It was expressly agreed that<sup>(21)</sup> "they shall be exempted from all publicke charges other than those that shall arise for, or from among themselves, or from any occasion of course that may be taken to procure their own particular good or benefit."

In the fourth instance, it was stipulated that the inhabitants of the four towns should continue to enjoy all the economic and natural advantages and privileges to which they had been accustomed. The agreement declared that<sup>(22)</sup> "they shall enjoy all such lawful liberties of fishing, planting, felling timber as formerly they have enjoyed in the said ryver."

Again, during the year following the annexation of the four towns, the Massachusetts General Court passed a resolution granting complete liberty of local self-government in each of the four communities. In the same resolution it was stipulated that<sup>(23)</sup> "each town (may) send a deputy to the General Court though they be not at present Church members." These important considerations, namely, that the towns were privileged to have representation in the General Court and to enjoy complete local self-government, cannot be over-estimated in their far-reaching consequences. In evaluating the diplomatic and states-

(19) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. Vol. I, p. 246.

(20) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. Vol. I, p. 105. N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 159.

(21) Ibid. p. 106.

(22) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. Vol. I, p. 105.

(23) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 161.



manship qualities of the so-called unbending and strait-laced Massachusetts Puritans, it is well to recall that in this instance they granted to four towns, honeycombed with religious ideas that Massachusetts rulers scorned and saturated with unholy dissipations that Massachusetts punished severely in her own confines, a latitude of government and control that they could easily have withheld, for conditions proved that the said towns were wholly at the mercy of Massachusetts, and by their own confessions, could no longer have endured in security alone. So much for a good beginning.

But good relationships were not confined to the early years. Decade after decade, the Massachusetts government very rarely withheld requested favors provided they were at all reasonable, as is clearly demonstrated by a perusal of the record of petitions addressed by the New Hampshire settlements to the Massachusetts authorities.

## V

### PETITIONS

A typical petition is that submitted by Hampton, May 20, 1646, which<sup>(24)</sup> "sheweth unto this Honorable Court that your petitioners were lately presented for not repaying & making good their high wayes which your poor petitioners by reason of their poor estates & the greatness of the work are not able to compasse \* \* \* \* which your petitioners in most humble manner desire this honored court to relieve them from \* \* \* \* and to remit your petitioners fine \* \* \* \* for they have laid out neere ten pounds and very little seene & your petitioners as in duty bound shall pray."

As was customary in all such cases, the General Court appointed a

special committee to examine the facts in the case and submit recommendations. Following the committee's report, it was ordered that<sup>(25)</sup> "their fine is remitted that was imposed by the Court at Ipswich for their defect about their high way."

May 24, 1652, Exeter submitted a petition respecting lands which stated that<sup>(26)</sup> "the humble petition of the inhabitants of Exeter, giving this Honorable Court to understand that we are exceedingly straitened for the want of meddow & the Indians have informed us that there are 3 or 4 spots of meddow something neer one another about 7 or 8 miles from our towne, westward or norwest farre from any other plantation & not yet posset by any, our humble request therefore is that this honoured Court would be pleased to grant it to our Towne in regard of our great need of it, & the quantity of them all is conceaved not to exceed 100 akers, if it be so much, & so shall we rest thankfull to the honoured Court & as serviceable as we are able." The petition, having received the approval of the committee,<sup>(27)</sup> "provided it be not within the limmitts or bounds of any other towneship," was ratified by the General Court with the added proviso that "the Meddow shall not exceed one hundred acres."

Petitions did not always fare so nicely, however, as for instance, when Exeter in October, 1648, petitioned for liberty to choose a constable and commissioners, the town was bluntly told that<sup>(28)</sup> "in answer to the petition of the freemen of Exeter for liberty to chosse a Constable & Commissioners to end small causes, the Court conceives there will be no need of such Commissioner."

Strawberry Bank encountered trouble also when in May, 1653, they

(24) Mass. Col. Records III, p. 26. N. H. Prov. Papers I, p. 182.

(25) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 183.

(26) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 198.

(27) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 199.

(28) Mass. Col. Records III, p. 252. N. H. Prov. Papers I, p. 198.

petitioned the General Court after this manner: <sup>(29)</sup>"The humble petition of the Inhabitants of the Towne (att present) called Straberry Banke, Sheweth that whereas there are certaine Townes about us, which enjoys the priviledge of freemen & have their votes in chusing Governors, magistrates & other officers for the administration of justice, our humble request is that this honoured Courte will be pleased to grant unto us equal priviledge with Kittery & York, & likewise that you will giver power to those magistrates that are to keepe Courte among us to nominate & appoint Commissioners for the ending of differences under tenn pounds, having great need of such, for many times we loose our right, by reason we cannot summon those that are delinquents to any other Courts except it be for great sumes. And likewise that you will be pleased to Confirme our Militarie Officers, etc....."

To this earnest petition, the usual committee drafted a reply for the perusal of the General Court to the effect that <sup>(30)</sup>"we conceive the inhabitants of Straberry Banke should be satisfied with the priveledges granted by the Court at their coming under this government," but recommending that the nomination and confirmation of commissioners for small causes be allowed and also that the request concerning military officers be complied with. In final disposition of the case, the General Court said: <sup>(31)</sup>"The Inhabitants of Straberry Banke preferring a petition for equall priviledges with other townes in respect of choyce of Magistrates, &c, are denyed, but as a farther answer to them in respect to their Military officers, the Court of Dover or Straberry Banke may confirme as they shall present, who have hereby also power to Nominate & Confirme

Commissioners for the ending of small Causes under 40s as in other Townes."

The General Court, in the case of Hampton, was also called upon to devise a liquor prohibition law and in the case of one Roger Shawe, averred: <sup>(32)</sup>"In Norfolke, Roger Shawe of Hampton.....is impowered and ordered to sell wine of any sort and strong licquors to the Indians as to theire (his) judgment shall seeme meete and necessary for their relief, in just and urgent occasions, and not otherwise."

## VI.

### STRICT CONTROL BY MASSACHUSETTS

While Massachusetts dealt in a reasonably lenient fashion with the New Hampshire towns when they were striving to comply with the laws and statutes of their adopted mother colony, the older colony did not hesitate to rebuke sternly and punish severely any major infractions of the disciplinary code of that era. <sup>(33)</sup> For instance, when the General Court was "given to understand that there is an intent of divers of the inhabitants of Strawberry banke, seditiously to withdraw their subjection from this Government over them, & to sett up a new Government without and contrarie to their engagement & oathes ....." it was immediately ordered "That you forthwith send one or more of the chiefest, we mean principal actors therein to the prison at Boston who shall answer their rebellion at the Generall Court next month, for we must tell you we are verie sensible of these motions,....."

Some times the towns offended in lesser fashion. Dover, as usual, was again in trouble when she failed to send her representative to the General Court because she felt she had been slighted unduly and so the General

(29) Mass. Col. Records III, p. 374. N. H. Prov. Papers I, p. 205.

(30) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 206.

(31) Mass. Col. Records, III, p. 380. N. H. Prov. Papers I, p. 207.

(32) Mass. Col. Records, IV, p. 201. N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 214.

(33) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 195.

Court<sup>(34)</sup> "think meete that the said towne of Dover shall be fined ten pounds for their neglect."

In spite of all the punishments and sentences meted out, however, only occasional friction of a serious nature marred the otherwise pleasant relations between the two colonies. No protests against taxation of the New Hampshire towns for the expenses of Indian warfare, and other necessary outlays, appear to have been offered by the Northern towns. That the towns were, at intervals, ordered to help defray such expenses may be seen from the following memorandum: <sup>(35)</sup>"This Court having taken into their consideration the great and dayly growing charge of the present war 1675) against the Indians, doe hereby order and enact, that, for the defraying of the charges above said there shall be levied seven single country rates. The severall townes proportions. Hampton 028.00.00, Exeter 000,808.00."

At various times the towns voluntarily aided the older colony as, for instance, when Portsmouth in 1669 sent word to the General Court that it would be glad to aid Harvard College, "for the behoof of the same." The generous inhabitants of the town averred that <sup>(36)</sup>"the loud groans of the sinking Colledge in its present low estate came to our ears, The relieving of which we account a good work for the house of our God. . . . & needful for the perpetuating of knowledge. . . . , & therefore grateful to yourselves whose care and studdy is to seek the welfare of our Israel. The premises considered we have made a Collection in our town of 60 pounds per annum (& hope to make it more) which said sum is to be paid annually for these seven years ensuing. . . . .hoping withall that the example of ourselves (which

have been accounted no people) will provoke the rest of the Country to Jealousy. . . . ."

## VII.

### RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION

The religious intoleration which was peculiar to Massachusetts Bay did not abate its persecuting force after the four New Hampshire towns became a part of the commonwealth. The relentlessness of the intolerant clerical attitude was manifested very markedly in the case of the Anabaptists and the Quakers.

In October, 1648, for instance, <sup>(37)</sup>"this Court being informed of great misdemeanor Committed by Edward Starbuck of Dover, with profession of Anabaptism, for which he is to be proceeded against at the next Court of Assistants," it was ordered that the individual be punished for his non-conformity.

But it was upon the Quakers that the full severity of the Massachusetts Puritans was destined to fall. No leniency was to be shown to the <sup>(38)</sup>"cursed sect of hereticks lately risen up in the world." Commanders of ships bringing them into territory under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts were to be heavily fined and were to meet the expense of deportation of "hereticks." Any person having any intercourse with them whatsoever was to be severely dealt with and the possession of books on Quakerism was to be deemed prima facie evidence of guilt. As for the Quakers themselves, "whatsoever shall arrive in this countrie from forraigne parts, or come into this jurisdiction from any parts adjacent, shall be forthwith committed to the house of correction, and at theire entrance to be severely whipt, and by the master thereof be kept constantly at work, & none suffered to converse

(34) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 196.

(35) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 318.

(36) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 306.

(37) Mass. Col. Records, III, p. 151.

(38) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 226.

N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 191.

or speak with them during the time of their imprisonment which shall be no longer than necessitie requireth." Unfortunately, the records indicate that "necessitie" generally required considerable time. Mere imprisonment, however, did not suffice to break the spirit of the "hereticks" and banishment was prescribed. To return after banishment was tantamount to committing suicide. For the death penalty was reserved for those who returned until the Quakers grew in numbers to such an extent the drastic remedies had to be abolished.

How effectively the persecution of the Quakers in New Hampshire was carried out by the Massachusetts authorities may be discovered by a glance at the pitiful story of Anna Coleman, Mary Tompkins and Alice Ambrose. Richard Waldron of Dover, magistrate for the town,<sup>(39)</sup> "made his town and Colony infamous" by directing the constables of ten towns, including Dover and Hampton, "to take these vagabond Quakers, Anna Coleman, Mary Tompkins and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart's tail; and drawing the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs, not exceeding ten stripes apiece on each of them, in each town, . . . ." Fortunately Barefoot rescued them surreptitiously as they were passing through the third town and spirited them away.

Piercing the ears and boring the tongue of the members of this unfortunate sect also were common practices until the organization became so widespread that such harsh measures had to be abandoned.

To be sure, there was some justification for the repressive measures used by the Massachusetts authorities, but imprisonment naturally should have been the remedy. Deborah Wilson, for instance, "went through

the streets of Salem<sup>(40)</sup> naked as when she came into the world, for which she was well whipped." And authentic records exist to show that Deborah was not the only stylist of those Quaker days.

### VIII.

#### THE NICOLLS COMMISSION

The royal commission, composed of Messrs. Nicolls, Carr, Cartwright and Mavericke, found a stubborn group of people to deal with when they established contact with the Massachusetts authorities. Despite their most earnest efforts, they could not break the spirit of resistance to dictation which the Massachusetts people steadfastly displayed toward the king's commissioners.

The royal commission made its way to New Hampshire and there came into violent disagreement, not only with the officials resident in New Hampshire, but also with the officials of Massachusetts who took advantage of every opportunity to sustain the attitude of the New Hampshire inhabitants as well as to re-assert their own control of the adopted province.

The record discloses that "after the Court at Boston was ended, we (the commission) went to visit the Eastern parts; and first we past a tract of land laid claime to by Mr. Mason, who petitioned His Majesty about it. His Majestic referr'd it to Sir Robert Mason and others, who made their report to the King; all which Mr. Mason sent to Colonell Nicolls, whom he made his attorney. This province reaches from 3 miles north of Merimack river to Piscataquay river, and 60 miles into the country. We find many small patents in it, & the whole Province to be now under the usurpation of the Massachusetts, . . . ." Before it finished its wanderings in New Hampshire and on the Maine coast,

(39) F. B. Sanborn Hist. of N. H., p. 51. N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 248.

(40) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. I, p. 187.

the commission was to discover that the "usurpation" of "the Massachusetts" had sufficient force behind it to nullify effectually the best efforts of Nicolls, et al.

Certain parties in New Hampshire, discontented with the rule of Massachusetts, had addressed petitions to the English government asking that Massachusetts jurisdiction should cease. But, at this time, Colonel Nicolls was in New York and pending his return the other members of the commission decided not to interfere and so <sup>(41)</sup>"we left them as we found them, under the Massachusetts government, though they were very earnest to be taken under His Majesty's government."

As a result of this intrusion of the commission into the affairs of New Hampshire and Maine, the Massachusetts authorities took energetic steps to frustrate the efforts of the royal quartette and consequently <sup>(42)</sup>"they sent a peremptory summons, dated October 10th (1665) to one Abraham Corbette to appear att theire next General Court.....to answer for contempt for in a disorderly manner stirring up sundry of the inhabitants to signe a peticon or remonstrance against His Majestie's authority there settled." The marshals of Dover and Portsmouth speedily escorted Corbett to Boston where he was fined and imprisoned by the Massachusetts government. The episode led the commissioners to write home the suggestion, through Sir Robert Carr, that <sup>(43)</sup>"I wish that His Majestie would take some speedy course for the redresse of these and the like innormities, and for the suppression of the insolencies of these persons here." But the commissioners found little to reward them for their efforts in New Hampshire and

the record of events is well summed up by Hutchinson who remarked: <sup>(44)</sup>"The commissioners had prevailed on some of the inhabitants of the towns in New Hampshire to sign a petition and complaint to His Majesty of the wrongs they had sustained from Massachusetts.....but the inhabitants of Dover in town meeting, and Portsmouth and Exeter by writings under the hands of the town officers, declared their dissent, and all the towns desired to be considered as part of the Massachusetts colony, as they had been for many years before."

## IX.

### THE MASONIAN CLAIMS

Not long after the appointment of the royal commissioners in 1664, Colonel Nicolls of the commission was designated by Robert Mason, heir of the original grantee of New Hampshire, to act as his representative in contesting with Massachusetts the title to the northern colony. Colonel Nicolls was given <sup>(45)</sup>"directions to take such a quit-rent from the occupants of the land as would give them encouragement." Nicolls, at the suggestion of his colleagues on the commission, transferred the management of the Mason property to Nicholas Shapleigh. The latter, in turn, notified Mason of the change, adding that, while some of the New Hampshire people were willing to accept the rule of Mason, a large number still wished to remain under Massachusetts jurisdiction. Mason himself, in his petition to the king, ruefully stated that his grandfather <sup>(46)</sup>"did expend upwards of twenty two thousand pounds in transporting people, building houses, forts, etc., \* \* \* \*," a fact which the Massachusetts people did not seem to appreci-

(41) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 252.

(42) Mass. Col. Rec. III, p. 106. N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 257.

(43) N. H. Prov. Papers, p. 258.

(44) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. I, p. 234.

(45) Fry: N. H. as a Royal Prov., p. 59.

(46) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 322.

ate, in his opinion. For he told the King<sup>(47)</sup> "that all ways have been tried and all methods used to obtain justice from the Bostoners, but all have proved ineffectual that your petitioner's losses have been so many and great and his sufferings so continued that he cannot any longer support the burthen of them."

In 1667 Joseph Mason, a relative of Robert Mason, who had formerly been an agent for the state, informed his kinsman that Massachusetts was ready to surrender the land and titles in New Hampshire, provided that she could still retain political sovereignty. Joseph Mason advised his relative to accept the proposition but Robert Mason<sup>(48)</sup> "does not seem to have been favorably impressed with this proposal." In April, 1671, however, Mason informed Shapleigh that he would not demand any past dues for the occupancy of his New Hampshire hills but would like to be paid quitrents in the future. To this his tenants joyfully agreed but, feeling now that Mason was going to treat them fairly, admonished him not to allow Massachusetts longer to lord it over him politically.

Meanwhile Mason<sup>(49)</sup> "offered to sell his patent of New Hampshire to the King." Evidently His Majesty was either too wise or too poor at this time for he did not unburden Robert Mason. Two more attempts to sell the King this handsome colony failed. Possibly the monarch was pondering the statements made by the Massachusetts authorities in their reply to the Mason petition when they warned the king that it was<sup>(50)</sup> "no wonder if silly people are so soon affected with such faire glozing promises as Mr. Mason hath made and published," and added that<sup>(51)</sup> "they (New Hampshire people) have part of them for 35

years \* \* \* lived under the government of Massachusetts a quiet, well ordered and thriving people."

In 1676, the king ordered colonial agents, representing both parties, to proceed to England and lay their respective claims before governmental authorities.<sup>(52)</sup> "In February, 1677, the whole Mason and Gorges controversy was referred for determination to the Committee of Trade with directions to call upon the chief justices of the kingdom for assistance."

William Stoughton, Esq., and Mr. Peeter Bulkley were selected by the Massachusetts government to represent the colony before the English court and so were informed that "you take the first opportunity to embark yourselves for London, thoroughly and considerably pursuing the declaration & defence now delivered unto you, observing the arguments & pointing the evidence accordingly."

But the trip was in vain for the English justices held that the Mason title was just and that Massachusetts was encroaching on territory that the proper owner now desired to handle exclusively. The Court, however, decided that it would make no final award of the property held by the inhabitants of New Hampshire pending a hearing at which representatives of the actual tenants of the land could be heard. Meanwhile the local courts in New Hampshire were empowered to decide all disputes over land<sup>(53)</sup> "until it shall appear that there is just cause of complaint against the courts of justice there for injustice or grievance."

The decision of the English court was accepted by the Board of Trade and approved by the king in July, 1667. Two years later His Majesty informed the Massachusetts authori-

(47) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 326.

(48) Fry: N. H., p. 60.

(49) Fry, p. 61.

(50) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 333.

(51) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 333.

(52) Fry N. H., p. 62. Mass. Col. Rec. V, p. 113.

(53) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 326.

ties that it was his desire to establish a new government in New Hampshire and commanded the Massachusetts authorities <sup>(54)</sup> "to recall and revoke all commissions which had been granted by them for the government of that territory."

On February 4th, 1679-80, therefore, Massachusetts and New Hampshire came to the official parting of the ways when <sup>(55)</sup> "at a General Court specially called by the Governor and assistants at Boston: This Court doth hereby declare that all Commissions that have been formerly granted by the Colony of Massachusetts to any person or persons that lived in the townes of Hampton, Exeter, Portsmouth & Dover are hereby withdrawn, and as to any future act made voyd and of no effect." And so New Hampshire was numbered among the royal provinces.

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(54) Fry N. H., p. 65.

(55) Mass. Col. Rec. V, p. 258.

## TRAVEL WITH A SMILE

*By Eleanor Kenly Bacon*

"Grab a grin and wear it,"  
Seize a joy and share it,  
Brace a burden,—bear it—  
Ah, but life's worth while!  
Find some work and do it,  
If worry comes just shoo it  
Where you can't pursue it.  
Travel with a smile!

# BERLIN, N. H., A CITY OF OPPORTUNITIES

## WHERE PAVED ROADS HAVE DOUBLED THE LOADS

*By O. W. Fernald, President N. H. Good Roads Association,  
Commissioner of Public Works, Berlin, N. H.*

Nestled in the bosom of the Androscoggin valley skirting the northern slope of the celebrated White mountains in the scenic north country of New Hampshire, which has been rightly termed the "Switzerland of America," the City of Berlin, the northern metropolis of the state, has maintained a steady progress in development of her great natural resources, chief of which is the immense water power of the Androscoggin river—a hundred feet fall with a hundred and fifty horse power for every foot. Berlin has the finest water power in New England and it is only about half developed at present as there is unutilized water power today within thirty miles of the city to the amount of forty-five thousand horse power, all easily available by means of electric transmission. The flow of the Androscoggin river is maintained at a minimum varying from 1,600 to 2,000 feet per second by means of the large storage dams of the Androscoggin Reservoir Co. These dams store about 25,000 billion cubic feet of water during the spring, which greatly reduces the danger from freshets, mitigates the going to waste of tremendous amounts of energy and permits the utilization of a large amount of water during the remainder of the year as it is needed to turn the wheels of industry and thus comprising one of the most complete water systems of the country. In this system is the new artificial lake known as Lake Aziscohos, which is the fourth largest artificial lake in the world. It is thirteen miles long, a mile wide, and about forty-five feet deep. The City

of Berlin has some of the largest and finest paper mills in America and it has the largest sulphite fibre mill in the world. The Berlin Mills Company operate a two-band-saw mill that saws out more than two hundred thousand feet of lumber every twenty four hours. This mill for many years held the world's record of 228,000 board feet sawed in one day by one saw. In connection with this is a wood working mill that specializes in manufacturing window and door frames and having the largest capacity in its line of any mill in the United States. The daily average consumption of wood is around 1,275 cords of pulp wood which sends out to all parts of the world 775 tons of pulp and 375 tons of paper. Taking the whole daily consumption of logs this means that on each week day Berlin's mills use up 1,500 cords of spruce and fir; or to express it another way the mills of this city consume the product of 150 acres of average forest land daily, the value of raw material amounting to about \$18,000 worth of pulp wood or yearly over four and a half million dollars' worth. The visitor to this thriving city sees veritable mountains of pulp wood piled ready for use and it is no uncommon occurrence that one of these piles represents a money value of over a half a million dollars.

Away back in the early seventies all this community could boast of was a small saw mill, a shingle mill, a grist mill, a blacksmith shop, and a depot, that's about all. Since that period with the building of the first large mills the waters have been backed by large dams; huge penstocks



have been built and now thousands of wheels are turning out many products that are shipped to the four points of the compass. Between the Berlin of the early seventies and the Berlin as it is now known there is a well defined line of demarcation. In the memory of men now living there were only three houses in this community and one of these is still in existence — the Wilson house, now bearing the number of 187 on Main

began experimenting about 1870 or a little later, and soon mastered the subject, acquiring a formula which revolutionized the paper industry. In a short time he began the making of paper from pulp and this was the beginning of the paper industry that makes Berlin today the leading paper city of the world. From the first moment of the success of Furbish's plant Berlin emerged from its former insignificant place on the map of the



BERLIN-MILAN CONCRETE ROAD.  
NO LOAD TOO HEAVY.

St. The change from rural to urban conditions began when Mr. H. H. Furbish came to this town in 1878, attracted by the abundance of water power and the plentitude of timber adapted to the manufacture of paper. For many years the scientists of the world sought practical means of making paper from wood, and as early as 1848 George Burgess had succeeded in producing paper in England, but at a prohibitive cost. Mr. Furbish

world as an industrial center and became the leader in the industry which has made it known wherever paper is used. The industrial history of the world underwent a sudden change and Berlin was the pivotal point on which the turn was made. The charming sublimity of the wonderful natural beauty of northern New Hampshire is no where excelled the world over, the varied but unfailing vernal loveliness of the glorious White Moun-

tains and fertile valleys; of verdant peaks and ranges whose scenic grandeur is intimate and inviting; of fish laden streams that tumble and eddy over the rocky rifts by the winding roadways that are as crooked as the tentacles on the octopus in merry and friendly fashion—no son of this State can refer to his native State without a thrill of honest pride! The wonderland of the White Mountains set the standard for travel interest, whether it is in the winter with the fashionable and healthy winter carnivals or the summer months when the cool and romantic nooks attract thousands of people from every land to the numerous famous resorts where rest and recreation may be had amid surroundings of perennial interest.

One of the greatest factors in the marvelous growth of Berlin has been the extremely durable pavements on the main street, laid in 1909 with plain cement-concrete where the advent of the motor truck, which is used extensively here in handling material, compelled the installation of smooth and durable pavement that will furnish transportation twelve months in every year to the heaviest of trucks without any bans as to weight. To this city belongs the credit of building the first concrete streets in New Hampshire. While we realize that they were made with somewhat crude methods as to finish, and without the modern steel reinforcement, we look back at the end of these thirteen years of constant use of these plain concrete streets with considerable satisfaction because we have them to show after a long term of years with a much longer period of life to render the best sort of service to modern traffic. To correct any misimpression that one might have of these old plain concrete surfaces I will say that they have always been 100 per cent efficient in every respect, we never have found it necessary to

limit any weight of trucks using these pavements. Approximately 23,000 square yards were laid in 1909 with what might be termed a lean mix in that it was only one part cement to two and one half parts sand and five parts stone. Although no steel was embedded in the mix the behavior of these raft like slabs in sustaining hard wear and weather furnishes the best of proof of this material, giving the best value per dollar. Large areas were laid on a sawdust fill and many of the concrete slabs are like new after the thirteen years of incessant pounding. Few of us stop and reflect. We seldom stop and look back over the thirteen years and recall the almost unnegotiable mud link that poorly served our store district on the Main street before concreting, nor do we realize the practice at the time those plain concrete slabs were laid right here in Berlin, that they were not given proper chance to harden and cure after the mixture was laid on the sub soil as it came. In fact, barricades were thrown aside next day after laying and traffic vehicled over the stretches of new concrete, within twenty-four hours after laying it is known that the trolley cars were permitted to use the tracks freshly encased in plain concrete.

In those days it wasn't generally known that full money's worth of new concrete comes from proper hardening and that it is a matter of utmost importance that concrete harden thoroughly before traffic is allowed to pass over it. Concrete does not harden by drying as some think. Chemical action between cement and water brings this about. To make the hardening thorough and uniform the concrete must be protected from the hot sun and winds to prevent the water in it from evaporating. If the concrete is allowed to lose this water by evaporation, the cement mixture will be robbed of one of the elements necessary to the chemical process

which gives concrete pavements their great strength and durability. Both actual experience and laboratory tests have shown the value of proper curing. It has been found that concrete cured first in water and then in the air is from two to three times as strong as concrete which was allowed to harden without such protection. In tests of wearing qualities, also, concrete properly cured showed more than twice the ability to resist abrasion than concrete not properly cured. The greatest detriment

extreme permanency as a concrete track support. Since opening this pavement through the business district in 1909, the heavy double truck cars have literally pounded the light rails on decayed wooden ties out of shape and has left holes that permit surface water to seep into the sub grade and become soggy. If there is one place on the face of the globe where plain concrete pavements have stood the "acid test" it is right here in the City of Berlin, where they have given successful service during the



MAIN ST., BERLIN, N. H.  
PLAIN CONCRETE ROAD BUILT 1909.

to the Main Street stretch which is paved between curb lines with plain concrete is the car track area where the wooden ties have gone into decay and permitted the rails to become depressed, thereby causing impact at each joint where bonds are disconnected from time to time, and it is necessary in such cases to chop away the concrete to insert new bonds and tighten the rail connections. It is thought that the best solution of the worn out track is to renew it with steel rails encased in concrete with twin steel tie construction that insures

thirteen years to the heaviest of truck traffic—frost has never hurt these pavements here in northern New Hampshire, neither has the extremely warm days had the slightest effect on them—although they are lying on all sorts of soil from clay to muck without any porous gravel layer or extra loose stone foundation these pavements are and have been always 100 per cent efficient all the time. The installation of porous foundation courses under concrete slabs is of doubtful value in that it offers a receptacle for water that

will freeze and thaw in colder weather when slush and ice prevents free movement to drainage. The mooted question of drainage is definitely settled where properly built concrete slabs are laid as pavements. One of the most severe tests any pavement can be put to was successfully accomplished here this April when a large pipe culvert collapsed and caused a large cavity under our old concrete slabs, and it had undoubtedly been there for weeks with traffic pounding over this large hole—the settling at the joint that separated the slabs directly over the cavity indicated something unusual at this point, and after investigation we found the large hole under the concrete, which had bridged the space for no one knows how long, and with no menace to the heavy trucks passing over it everyday—what other pavement under the sun can stand such a test? In my opinion if concrete slabs won't stand up under heaviest of traffic on all character of soils there is no sort of pavement that will. We have made many crack surveys to note their behavior all through the thirteen years and after the closest investigation we find that they are not serious, they are not detrimental to the structure and we cannot condemn it any more than we could condemn Abe Lincoln for having wrinkles in his face. The sterling qualities are there just the same.

The question of road surfaces is a very important one these days of swift heavy trucks. The best road bed is the absolutely solid one with as straight a surface as can be obtained to avoid impact of swift and heavy vehicles. Soft and yielding road surfaces that will bend under traffic have not the life because where there is elasticity there is friction and a subsequent waviness that increases and brings on more and more maintenance and frequent surface applications at close intervals. These soft and

bending surfaces frequently hug a very weak subgrade that becomes fluxed with water in wet periods. On the other hand, the bearing value of concrete is 3,000 pounds per square inch which is more than sufficient to carry the loads, but the bearing value of our soils is far below this and, therefore, a smooth rigid surface is best for modern traffic—best for the taxpayer who pays for the roads and best for the truck owner who pays for the broken springs and upkeep on his rolling stock—and again, best for those who desire to ride in comfort to avoid wash-board surface irregularities. From our extended experience with concrete we now favor steel reinforcement in all paving slabs of this material because we are convinced that steel prolongs the life of the structure, it preserves its integrity, minimizes maintenance, lessens the cracks and renders them innocuous and harmless.

As shown in one of the accompanying views of our Main street paved in 1909 with plain concrete it is one of the first "divided road construction" in the State—it is a very good method in that it gives a much stronger slab pavement and the joint through the center tends to keep traffic where it belongs—a very good feature on busy thoroughfares. Last year a half-mile stretch of re-inforced concrete was laid on the Berlin-Milan Road, averaging seven inches in thickness and the slabs were deposited directly on soil just as it came. This year arrangements are made to lay about a mile stretch of reinforced concrete on this road, which is a part of the East Side Trunk line road and the entire work is done by the State Highway department and the City of Berlin jointly. The reason why this type of pavement is chosen on this important trunk line road is because Milan has no rail connections

and it is therefore deemed necessary to have a connecting road that will furnish unrestricted traffic all the year round and get twelve months' returns from our road investment. The volume and weight of traffic is growing rapidly and some of our highways are now overtaxed. At a meeting of the Engineers' Society in Boston recently, the problems due to growth of motor transportation were discussed and it was enumerated that in Massachusetts 44 towns found that the roads bore only 360 tons of traffic per day in 1909.

These same roads now bear an average of 5,530 tons per hour.

The best investment this State can make with her wonderful natural resources, consisting of an unlimited supply of granite, is to build Reinforced Concrete roads that settle the question definitely. The very fact that we can now see every day after thirteen years of constant service the very pavements we invested our money in during 1909 is the best sort of evidence that such roads are an investment and not a mere expenditure requiring periodical renewals.

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## DEAR ECHOES

*By Katharine Sawin Oakes*

Baby, will you love the wind on a high spring hill?—  
 Smooth with tender fingers the pussywillow's coat;  
 Stop your play to catch the husky song the frog choirs  
 quote;  
 Lie awake to listen to the eerie whippoorwill?

Baby, when you thread your little trails, who'll run with  
 you?—  
 Shy Alice in white pinafore; Rapunzel from her tower;  
 Tom, the tiny chimney sweep; gay elves and witches  
 dour;  
 Glass-slippered Cinderella; Thumbeline, (her swallow,  
 too)?

(I used to know a small girl once who hugged these to her  
 heart;—  
 Please let her come along, dear lass, and have a *little* part!)

## NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY.

At the 55th annual encampment of the New Hampshire department, Grand Army of the Republic, held in Representatives' Hall at the State House, Concord, on April 13, a present membership of 731 was reported. General Joab N. Patterson, the last survivor of New Hampshire's brigadier generals

cook and raised a company; was commissioned lieutenant of Company H, Second New Hampshire Regiment, June 4, 1861, and promoted to captain May 23, 1862, (wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863); lieutenant-colonel, June 21, 1864; colonel, Jan. 10, 1865; brevetted brigadier general for courage and good conduct



GENERAL JOAB N. PATTERSON.

in the Civil War, was elected department commander. Born in Hopkinton, January 2, 1835, General Patterson graduated from Dartmouth college with the class of 1860, of which he is the secretary, teaching school in the winters as an aid in securing his education. Upon the outbreak of the Civil War he opened a recruiting office at Contoo-

to date from March 13, 1865; mustered out, Dec. 19, 1865. Returning to New Hampshire he was commander of the First Regiment, New Hampshire Militia, 1866-8 and brigade commander, 1868-71; colonel Third Regiment, N. H. N. G., 1878; brigadier general in command, 1889. Upon the outbreak of the Spanish War General Patterson enlisted as a

private, but was soon commissioned captain and served on the staff of Gen. J. P. Sanger; afterwards serving for three years as superintendent of public buildings in Havana, Cuba, during the American occupation of the island. He was agent for the state of New Hampshire for the transportation of the soldiers of the state to attend the 50th anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg in 1913.

In addition to his military service General Patterson has held many civic offices of trust and responsibility. He was a member of the legislature from Hopkinton, 1866-8; United States marshal for the district of New Hampshire for 19 years from 1867; second auditor of the United States Treasury at Washington for four years from 1889; and United States pension agent at Concord from 1908 to 1913.

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This interesting and important statement has been made to the public by the state tax commission:

"The commission has just completed a series of thirteen public meetings, held one at least in each county in the state, the purpose of which was to inform the local assessors in regard to tax laws and methods, to urge upon them the necessity for a thorough re-valuation of all taxable property this year, and to inform the public as to our tax laws, and our methods and plans. Strange to relate the general public showed little interest in these meetings, where full opportunity was granted to voice complaints and to request explanations. The lack of public interest was disappointing, but the interest and co-operation of the local assessors was most gratifying.

The tax commission is asking for a revaluation of all taxable property this year. The Constitution provides that there shall be a valuation of the taxable estates taken

anew once in five years at least. In 1912, when the commission was first established, an extensive re-valuation was made. In 1917, the end of a five year period, an effort was made for a re-valuation, but war conditions engaged the interest and effort of the general public, and scant attention was paid to the ordinary processes of government. In 1922 we come to the end of another five year period, and, in obedience to the mandate of the constitution and of the law creating the commission, we are attempting to perform our duty.

The constitution of the state further provides, in terms, that all public taxes shall be distributed proportionately. The legislature has provided that in making such distribution all property declared taxable shall be appraised at its full and true value. It is, therefore, a primary obligation on the part of every citizen to bear his proportionate share of the public burden. The obligation is a moral one as well as a legal one. No good citizen will desire to escape that obligation. There can be no answer to this proposition. Any taxpayer who attempts to deny it simply asserts that his disposition is to evade his obligations as a citizen and to ask his neighbor to shoulder them for him. Our experience has been that the average citizen is a good citizen, and that it is his disposition to contribute his share of the expense of government provided he can be convinced that his neighbor is disposed to do, or required to do, likewise. We receive in this office hundreds of complaints, annually, regarding the valuation of taxable property in all sections of the state. The general tenor of these complaints is not that the taxpayer does not want to pay his taxes, but rather that he does not want to pay more than his share. Hence, there can be no dissent which is in any

manner justifiable that it is absolutely just that all taxable property be returned for taxation at its full and true value as nearly as human effort can determine it for the purpose of effecting a proportionate distribution of the public burden.

The tax commission is making this effort this year without fear or favor anywhere. In making the effort the question of the expediency of the methods employed to arrive at the desired result is immediately brought into issue. No proper justification of the methods we have employed can be made without a somewhat extended explanation of our tax system which, unfortunately, is too little understood by the average citizen. Under our general property system of taxation in this state we tax four principal classes of property,—(1) real estate of all kinds, improved and unimproved, including mills and machinery,—(2) live stock,—(3) stocks in trade of merchants and manufacturers,—(4) intangible property, so-called, including bonds, excepting bonds of the United States and of the State of New Hampshire and its municipal sub-divisions, money on hand or at interest, including National Bank stock, in excess of what the owner pays interest on, but excepting deposits in New Hampshire savings institutions, and excepting all corporate stock. Our problem has been to cover the whole state in the most practical way with the co-operation of the local assessors. Hence our study has been to determine the work which the local assessors could perform most effectively, and to take upon our shoulders the work of re-valuation with which they have the most difficulty. The property which is most easily valued by the local assessors is class (2), or live stock, and a considerable portion of class (1), or the ordinary real estate in

the nature of the ordinary farm and the ordinary home. These are the kinds of property of which the average assessor has the most intimate knowledge and which it is comparatively easy for him to appraise at full value. The extraordinary real estate in the shape of business blocks and mills present a very difficult problem for the average assessor. They are rarely sold, and the information upon which sensible and unbiased judgment should be based in arriving at the full value of those properties has not be commonly available. The result has been an extensive undervaluation due to the practical inability of the assessors to make a valuation based on the facts. The third class of property, stocks in trade, has likewise presented great difficulties because of the inability of the ordinary person to go into a store, or a mill, and, simply upon view of the property, to determine what the taxable value of a stock in trade is. This problem is further complicated by reason of the fact that the law makes the taxable value of stocks in trade the average value throughout the year rather than the actual amount on hand on April 1. The fourth class of property, intangibles, has been beyond the control of the local assessors. They have no opportunity to make valuations as they do in the case of real estate or live stock, and in the absence of an honest return from the taxpayer they are practically helpless.

The obvious result, of which we have ample evidence by various sorts of tests, made in different sections of the state, is that the property which the average assessor knows best how to value will be valued at nearest to its full and true value, and, as the difficulties of valuation by the local assessor increase in about the same measure does the undervaluation increase.



This is the actual fact as it exists in the state to-day. There are thousands and thousands of ordinary farms and ordinary homes which are valued at their full and true value. Many are undervalued, to some extent, many are overvalued. But the fact remains, and it cannot be successfully contradicted, that, as a class, the ordinary home and the ordinary farm throughout the state are valued at much nearer their full and true value than any other kinds of property. It is quite as much the duty of the tax commission and of the local assessors to prevent any taxpayer from being injured in being required to pay more than his share of the public burden, as it is our duty and theirs to see that others who have not been paying their just share are required to do so. In other words, equalization of tax burdens is the final result to be achieved, and in every effort towards equalization it should be borne in mind by the local assessors and by the general public that it is just as important to see to it that no man's property be overvalued for the purposes of taxation as it is to see that no man's property be undervalued. To the thousands and thousands of taxpayers throughout the state whose property is now overvalued, or fully valued, or valued at nearer full value than that of many others, the efforts of the tax commission are addressed with the hope that a real equalization ultimately may be effected.

In the effort to accomplish our purpose we have taken four distinct steps. We have taken these on a statewide basis to as great an extent as it is humanly possible to do with the physical and financial resources we have at our command. We have done it in a statewide way in order that the charge of discrimination or selection might

be reduced to a minimum, and in order that no man, or no group of men might say that they have been affected and others allowed to go unreached. There is no answer which we can make in effecting an equalization of taxes if we cause the property of the owner of an ordinary farm or home to be placed at its full and true value and permit the owner of a mill, or of a stock in trade, or of a business block, or of taxable bonds to continue to have his property remain undervalued. If that were done, the injury is just as great as if the property of some individual taxpayer in a town were placed at full value and all the other property in that town allowed to be undervalued. There are some phases of our tax system, created by the constitution and by the legislature which we believe need to be changed, but we cannot amend constitutions, nor can we legislate. We must administer the law as we find it and seek necessary constitutional amendment, or legislation, where equitable changes are necessary.

The first step which we have taken is to formulate a card on which the assessors in the various towns and cities are asked to obtain all the information relating to business properties, upon which, combined with a view of the property itself, a just valuation may be made. Income, expense of upkeep, location, construction, selling price are all evidence on which to base the value of this sort of property. And by these cards, which we believe furnish information which it is quite important for the owner himself to have considered, it is our expectation that the assessors will have before them all the information regarding troublesome properties which they never have had before, that it will be had in a uniform way throughout the state, and that the resultant valua-

tions will be based on facts rather than on guess.

The second step which we have taken is in the re-valuation of mills and machinery. Because of the varying kinds of mills it has been impossible to work out any state-wide blank or plan by which this could be done. We are attempting to cover all mills in the state by two methods. First, preferably, by talking with the owner, who ordinarily knows better than anyone else what is the true value of his property, convincing him first that there is no intention to injure him but the intention only to arrive at a just conclusion, and then asking him to help us in arriving at that conclusion. Our experience has been that in the great majority of cases, as soon as a mill owner could be convinced that he was to be dealt with fairly, that every one else and every other class of property was to be dealt with on the same basis throughout the state, the mill owner has demonstrated a most admirable and praiseworthy disposition to co-operate. In other cases some resort has been made to a valuation by experts, but manifestly without the same degree of satisfaction to the owner. Obviously, with only three commissioners and one able assistant, and with extremely limited financial resources, we cannot do all the mills at once unless the mill owners show the same public spirited co-operation with their local assessors which they have shown to us. With the assurance that it is furthest from our desires to injure anyone in the payment of his taxes, and with the further assurance that every complaint of over-valuation which has been, or may be made, has been, and will be given, the thorough consideration of this commission, we confidently expect the co-operation so urgently needed in the performance of a just, but difficult

and often unpleasant duty. Some complaint has been made because mill owners are being asked to have their property re-valued, which complaint has been grounded on a fear of injury to our industrial concerns. The logical answer to this complaint, of course, is that the legislature for over fifty years has authorized towns and cities to extend aid where it is needed to manufacturing establishments through exemption from the payment of local taxes. Approximately \$20,000,000 of this property is enjoying that exemption today. Consequently, with this consideration having been extended, the legislature cannot be understood as having intended anything else than that where exemptions were not granted that class of property should be valued on the same basis as any other. If that class of property is undervalued through fear of injury to it, the burden is shifted immediately onto the farming industry which has been many times termed the basic industry of the state. Clearly, the only just way is to treat all alike.

The third step which we have taken is in the much discussed re-valuation of stocks in trade and of the consequent return which has been sent out to every merchant and manufacturer in the state. In the outline above we have suggested some reasons why it is difficult for the average assessor properly to value stocks in trade. As a matter of fact every merchant and manufacturer knows that it resolves itself very largely into a question of book-keeping rather than a question of a valuation by a view of the property. Last year we went into several cities and towns in the state for the purpose of making thorough tests as to the validity of hundreds of complaints of under-valuation. The results were startling. We have for some time been convinced by evidence received from several

sources that this class of property was largely under-valued, but the results of our investigation went quite beyond our expectations. Let it be borne in mind that, while there is doubtless large under-valuation in this class of property, there are many manufacturers and merchants throughout the state who have been paying on the full value of their stocks in trade. Hence the inequalities become so much more marked. These tests made, perhaps, in fifteen or twenty places, naturally subjected us to the criticism on the part of the merchants and manufacturers in those places that we had picked them out and had not applied to all others the process which we applied to them. Therefore, we have endeavored to devise a practical method by which two things might be accomplished,—first, treatment of the same nature accorded fairly to every taxpayer owning that class of property at the same time, and, second, by a method which would at once effect the result and put the taxpayer to the least inconvenience possible. Accordingly we formulated a blank which has been the subject of much controversy. The taxpayers will please bear in mind that we had to consider that there are a hundred ways, figuratively speaking, of taking an inventory—that there are a hundred ways of book-keeping, and that there are hundreds of different kinds of business. Necessarily our blank had to be devised so as to reach all. There are questions on it which some cannot answer. There are some who cannot answer any, except the question relating to the average value of the stock in trade, question 1 (d). There are some who can answer them all. The question relating to average value is the question which every merchant and manufacturer for years has been required to answer on his ordinary inventory blank.

There is no question on the blank which does not afford some evidence of the taxable value of the stock in trade of some kind of business conducted within the state. Most of the questions on it afford tests by which it may be determined whether the taxable value of a great majority of the stocks in trade have been computed according to a correct method. This is as true with relation to the question of gross sales in some kinds of business as it is with relation to the actual inventory in all kinds of business. Occasionally a merchant is found who has never taken an inventory and never kept any books though those cases are now becoming rather rare. In such cases the taxpayer should answer according to the best of his ability based upon his honest judgment and nothing more can be expected. This statement applies, furthermore, to every taxpayer. All we expect is that, without requiring him to change his methods of doing business, he furnish us with all the information available from his books and, failing that, from his best judgment, which will enable us justly to determine the taxable value of his stock in trade. The suggestion that the figures should conform to income tax returns was inserted to establish the same standard of inventories that has been established by the federal government, and was inserted to make the standard uniform and to prevent confusion and was intended, purely and simply, as a help and guide to the taxpayer. Our attention has been called to an opinion given by a most eminent and reputable firm of attorneys who, while denying our authority in making this investigation, were extremely generous to us personally. It is not our intention to present here a legal brief in support of a position in which we have entire con-

fidence. It may not be out of place, however, to suggest some reasons, briefly, which appear to us incontrovertibly to support our attitude and action. The law creating the tax commission is found in chapter 169 of the Laws of 1911. Among numerous other duties it is provided that we shall receive complaints and "carefully examine into all cases where it is alleged that property subject to taxation has not been assessed, or has been fraudently or for any reason improperly or unequally assessed, or the law in any manner evaded or violated, and to order re-assessments of any or all real and personal property, or either, in any assessment district, when in the judgment of said commission such re-assessment is advisable or necessary, to the end that all classes of property in such assessment district shall be assessed in compliance with the law." Every town and city in the state is an assessment district. Every county is an assessment district. The state, as a whole, is an assessment district. To say that the law above quoted means that we must wait until proceedings have been instituted in court before we can act, in view of the fact that the court may or may not in its discretion refer any tax matter to us for decision, would result in requiring us to say to any taxpayer and every taxpayer who made any complaint to us that it was not the duty of the tax commission to pay any attention to his complaint but that he must resort to legal process at considerable expense and then if the court asks us to determine it we will do so but otherwise we will not. There is no doubt in our minds that, as a practical matter, if we took that attitude the protest would be statewide and justly so. In other words, we deem it our duty, and we have performed it, to pay

attention to every complaint of unjust taxation which is brought to our attention. There can be no other logical construction placed upon the statute. If nothing further had been said by the legislature than what has been quoted above, it would be presumed, in the absence of anything in the law to the contrary, that the legislature, having given us a duty to perform, intended that we should have the tools which would enable us to perform the duty. But the fact is that the law provides further that we may "summon witnesses to appear and give testimony, and to produce books, records, papers and documents relating to any tax matter which the commission may have authority to investigate or determine." It will be noted that this authority extends not only to those formal cases in the nature of court proceedings which, in the opinion of the learned counsel, we have authority to "determine," but that the law gives us this authority in cases which it is our duty or which we have authority to "investigate." We believe that if we have authority "to summon witnesses, to produce books," etc., to our office or to any place in the state, who are punishable for contempt for failure to obey the summons under the provisions of the tax commission law, there can be little doubt about our authority to ask them, for their own convenience, to place their testimony in the form of an affidavit in the preparation of which they are at liberty to seek all the advice of counsel they desire, rather than to cause them the discomfort, inconvenience and embarrassment perhaps of travelling some distance and bringing their books with them for the examination of state officials. Furthermore, suppose for example that some of the street railways, steam railways, telegraph companies and

telephone companies, many of whom are represented by the eminent firm who rendered the opinion in question, should complain to us when we value their property for taxation, as we are required to do, that their property should be undervalued because all other property in the state on the average is undervalued. They are required by law to pay only their proportionate share of the taxes the same as an individual. Such a complaint would immediately raise the question of the true taxable value of all other property in the state, and it is not conceivable that, if these attorneys should make that complaint on behalf of their clients, they would be satisfied with an answer from us that they must institute court proceedings before they should be granted redress. They would expect, of course, and have a right to demand that we investigate, employing our authority to summons if necessary, and if, after such investigation, we found that on the average throughout the state other property was on the whole assessed on a basis of seventy-five per cent of its true value the valuation of the property of their clients should be reduced accordingly in order to satisfy the constitutional rule of proportionality. But whether or not there is any doubt about our authority to formulate these blanks and require their return, there is surely no doubt of our authority to summon to produce books, papers, etc. That authority is given in terms. We do not desire to exercise it. It has been our intention to abstain from its exercise as fully as possible. The result has been the blank which we have issued and which can be made out by the taxpayer—perhaps at some inconvenience but at not so great inconvenience as would result to him if he were summoned before us,—in the privacy of his own office

without subjecting his books to the examination of strange eyes, and which can be made out after full opportunity for discussion either with the tax commission or with any attorney he may choose to employ. These returns are to be made to this office. No one will see them excepting two or three lady clerks who file them away as soon as they come in and the three members of the tax commission and their assistant who is an accountant. If we had the time, which we have not, we certainly do not have the disposition to carry in our minds the private affairs of some seven or eight thousand business men and peddle them abroad throughout the state for the delectation of their competitors. We propose to permit no one to see them except those connected with this office and the taxpayer who made the return. We propose to check up the information they contain, form our conclusions as to what is shown and then to check up those conclusions with the return made to the local assessor. If the return does not check with our conclusions we propose to take up the matter with the taxpayer. If the returns are not made on the blanks sent out by us we propose, likewise, to take it up with the taxpayer and make an examination of his books. In brief, all we seek is all the information available to be received from all the merchants and manufacturers all over the state at the same time and in the same way, based, so far as it can be, on their books, and, so far as it cannot be, then on their best judgment, and we seek it in the simplest, most practical way we have been able to devise. Once having succeeded in placing the valuation of stocks in trade on an equitable basis, we anticipate that there will be no occasion for repeating the process which we are going through this year.

The fourth step which we have taken is in regard to the taxation of intangible property. Let us repeat, we can not justify enforcing a full valuation of real estate, stocks in trade or livestock unless we make the same effort to procure a full valuation of intangible property. If a fifteen hundred dollar farm is valued at full value, as most of them are, and a hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds properly taxable is not taxed, the injury to the owner of the farm is quite as great as it is if the mill, the stock in trade or the business block is not taxed at its full and true value. There is no member of this commission who believes that intangible property can be taxed properly under our existing system. Most states of the union have learned by experience that it cannot be taxed and reached as general tangible property is taxed. They have changed their methods to some sort of system which will permit a man to invest in what he pleases, get a fair return on his investment, pay his tax, be honest and give to the state, the county, the city and the town, a largely increased revenue. Common experience has demonstrated that this combination of circumstances cannot exist under a system which attempts to tax this class of property as we attempt to tax it. It is estimated that nowadays the intangible wealth of a state is about equal to the tangible wealth. Assuming this to be true in New Hampshire, there is about five hundred million dollars of intangible wealth in this state. A large part of this, consisting of corporate stock, except National Bank stock, and of federal bonds, and of New Hampshire state, county and municipal bonds is not taxable here. Furthermore, owners of money at interest in this state are allowed to off-set money at interest which they owe on the first day of April which was not borrowed for the purpose of evading taxation. Therefore, a conservative

estimate of the intangible property actually taxable in New Hampshire might be placed at a hundred million dollars. Ten years ago, there was twenty million dollars of this class of property taxed in the first year of the life of the tax commission. Since that time this total has shown a remarkably regular decrease each year, until, in 1921, only about ten millions were taxed. Obviously, the system which we employ is driving it under cover and, furthermore, forcing men to be dishonest against their ordinary desire. In the attempt to tax this class of property at its full value we have made a revision of the ordinary inventory blank. The revision consists of two changes, one of form and the other of substance. The change in form consists in asking the taxpayer to state the amount of intangible holdings which he has, which are taxable, by classes, because there are several different kinds of this property which are taxable, instead of asking him, according to previous custom, how much he had by enumerating all the different classes taxable in one general question. In other words the general question has been taken apart and itemized in order that there may be as little confusion as possible as to what kinds of this class of property are actually taxable. It is a change similar to what would have been done if we had been in the habit of asking the taxpayer to state on his blank how many live-stock he had and had now changed it and asked him how many horses, how many cows, etc. No one who has answered this question truthfully in previous years will find any difficulty in answering the questions truthfully now. The same property is taxable this year which has been taxable before. The second change, one of substance, relates to the off-sets of money at interest which may be deducted from the amount of taxable money at interest owned on April 1. Under the old

form of question the taxpayer was permitted to strike the balance in his head. We have asked him to strike it on the inventory blank. The reason for so doing is that all money owing is not a legitimate off-set. In the first place, indebtedness incurred for the purpose of evading taxes is not a legitimate off-set. In the second place, ordinary accounts outstanding, or any money owing, but not at interest, is not a legitimate off-set. It is only indebtedness which bears interest which may be off-set. Any taxpayer who has been able to compute the off-set properly before will find it easier to do so now, and we believe that it is perfectly legitimate to ask a taxpayer to specify what he claims as an off-set in order to enable the assessing officers to determine whether or not his claim is a proper one. Having made all the effort we can to enforce the tax laws relating to this class of property, one of two things will happen. Either it will be returned for taxation or the people of New Hampshire will be convinced that some change, either legislative or constitutional or both, is necessary in order to derive any financial benefit of any consequence from the taxation of this class of property.

Speaking generally there are further reasons which call quite as insistently for an equalization of tax burdens this year as does the direct command of the constitution. Regardless of soaring tax rates the people in the town meetings are voting to spend more money than ever before. Last year, notwithstanding a very general cry for economy, a cry which must evolve into a habit of economy if present tendencies continue, the taxes assessed in the towns and cities of New Hampshire increased from about twelve million dollars to over thirteen million dollars. The valuation of the state was increased about twenty million dollars, which increase was due almost entirely to the correction of previously

existing undervaluation in different sections of the state. But this increase in valuation was by no means sufficient to take care of the increased taxes. Consequently tax rates continued to rise, and the average rate of taxation, which includes the unincorporated towns where there are no local taxes, rose from \$2.37 to \$2.48. This year all the indications are that taxes will further increase. We have no additional sources of revenue on which to rely. If undervaluation exists, as it does, as taxes increase the inequalities become more distressing. In the poorer farming towns the tax rates are well on their way to four dollars. We had a call from a board of selectmen recently who stated that, unless they received some help from the tax commission this year in finding undervaluation and in equalizing the distribution, their tax rate would reach, if it would not exceed, four dollars. In the face of such complaints, and calls for help, and with our knowledge of existing inequalities we would be most derelict in the performance of our duty if we did not render every effort, in compliance with the law and with the constitution, to equalize tax burdens. The average good citizen will rejoice after the result is achieved to see such an equalization effected. The citizen who has been escaping and who desires to continue to escape will continue to protest with ever increasing vehemence.

Further than that, the tax commission has in the last two years gone into some thirty-five or forty towns and thoroughly re-valued every piece of taxable property in the town. Next spring the legislature will make a new apportionment of the state and county taxes for every town and city. Those towns whose property has been placed at full value have a right to insist, and do insist, that all others shall be brought up to the same standard, because the distribution of the state and county taxes is based for

all practical purposes on the comparative assessed valuations of the towns and cities. If one town is assessed at full value and another, on the whole, is assessed at fifty or seventy-five per cent of its full value, injustice is done to the town assessed at full value in the distribution of the state and county taxes if the others are not brought up to full value. The relation of one town to another so far as the payment of state and county taxes is concerned, is about the same as the relation between an individual taxpayer in a town and all the other taxpayers in the same town. If the property of one is at full value and the others are not, the one is injured and the others escape. This the constitution does not permit, the law does not sanction and the tax commission will not tolerate, so far as its ability exists to eliminate it.

The tax commissioners are appointed by the supreme court of the state, each for a term of six years. It was the intent of the legislature so far as possible to provide for the appointment of a commission which would be placed in a position which

would best enable it to enforce the tax laws without partisanship or partiality. It is equality, not exact but practical equality, which is sought and required. There can be no equality where there is partiality. So far as we are concerned personally, having accepted the office, we can pursue any one of the three courses. First, we can rest idle, draw our salaries and merit the contempt and ridicule of the state. Second, we can urge that the ordinary farm and the ordinary home, which are the easiest properties to appraise, be placed at their full value and the extraordinary real estate, the stocks in trade and the intangibles be allowed to remain as they are, thereby doing greater injury to some taxpayers and greater favors to others,—and merit the contempt and ridicule of the state. Third, we can see to it that all property of all classes, whether owned by rich or poor, is taxed at its full and true value under the law, thereby rendering equality to every one, and, regardless of protests, rest content in the consciousness of work honestly performed.

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## THE WINDING ROAD

*By Nellie Dodge Frye*

I came upon a little winding road,  
It led, I knew not where.  
To follow fancy-free, I dropped the load  
Of every carking care.

The wild anemones were at my feet,  
A meadow brook ran by.  
Gray pussy-willows waited Spring to greet,  
Above was azure sky.

My world was full of warmth and love and  
peace.  
To me 'twas Nature's call.  
I felt my faith and sympathy increase,  
And God was over all.



## EDITORIALS

New Hampshire clings to its spring holiday. Repeated efforts to have the legislature repeal the statute constituting Fast Day a legal holiday have failed. Very few fast. Not many pray. But practically all except the bed-ridden get out of doors and give thanks because winter has come and gone and spring, for some time on the way, has arrived. The form of Fast Day observance, as Governor Brown neatly put it in his proclamation, "like that of the observance of the New England Sabbath, has yielded something of its strictness to the liberal tendency of the times. Actual abstinence and the political sermon have given place to sports and pastimes. Nevertheless," the governor continued, "the day is still worthy of religious commemoration and its preservation may well become an object of civic effort and a subject of earnest prayer." Such an object and subject in this year 1922 the Governor, from the bottom of his heart provided, when, in the second paragraph of his proclamation he said: "Among our supplications for timely blessings let us include a petition, from heart and soul, for permanent and profound peace in the industries of the state. With such peace our manufactures should prosper and our people thrive. Without it disaster and want must ensue. May Divine Providence cause a spirit of justice and co-operation to prevail among employers and employed and thus prepare the way for them so to unite their interests in the ownership and operation of our great industrial enterprises as not only to eliminate strikes and lockouts but also, in other respects, to benefit themselves and the state." It is safe to say that no gubernatorial proclamation in the history of the state

ever evoked a heartier "Amen!" from the people of the commonwealth.

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Comparatively few of the many thousand summer residents of New Hampshire are readers of the state magazine, the Granite Monthly. All of them ought to be because we know that they are interested in what the magazine aims to do, viz., preserve the past, record the present, aid the future of the state which they have chosen for their holiday homes. Highly appropriate books to choose as furnishings of New Hampshire summer homes are the bound volumes of the Granite Monthly, containing, as they do, a great amount of interesting and valuable matter about the Granite State. As a special inducement to increase the number of our readers among the "summer folk" we offer a year's subscription to the magazine and a bound volume of the numbers for another year for \$2, a "two for one" proposition.

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Every now and then we find something in the Granite Monthly's mail which makes us think it is worth while to keep the New Hampshire state magazine going even without personal reward or pecuniary profit. For instance, here is a letter from John B. Abbott, vice-president and treasurer of the William B. Durgin Company, Concord, one of the state's oldest and best known industries, in which he says: "I congratulate you on the splendid appearance of your publication as well as upon its contents. The article in your April issue on New England industries ought to be broadcasted all over New England." Mr. Charles Emerson of

Lynn, Mass., accompanies his subscription check with the remark that "the Granite Monthly is a magazine in which every native of New Hampshire should be interested." "The articles by Mr. Upham are very valuable" writes Mrs. W.

K. Daniels of Plainfield. From away down in Alabama Mr. Charles M. T. Sawyer of Fort Payne, formerly of New Hampshire, sends us word, with a check, that "Your work is interesting."

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## ARBUTUS!

*By Edna Logan Hummel*

I know a slope that faces the south  
Where the earliest spring flowers blow  
A sun-caressed slope where the delicate buds  
Of trailing arbutus grow.

Glorious skies and blustery winds—  
The lamb and the lion together;  
Eager, I seek that warm sunny slope,  
For this is arbutus weather.

Surely some frolicsome elves danced here  
Joyous and buoyant of wing,  
With rosy tipped censers of fairyland  
Exhaling sweet attar-of-spring.

And then some mischievous mortal passed  
Disturbing their fairy glee;  
They scattered in haste from that sunny slope,  
Dropping their censers for me.

I gather you tenderly, fragrant flowers  
Rusty green leaves and all.  
I love you, I love you, frail beautiful buds,  
And the fairies who let you fall!

## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

The probably large number of people who are suffering from literary indigestion caused by the prevalence of raw meat and tainted fish in their fiction diet should take "The Island Cure" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston). Under this title Miss Grace Blanchard has told one of the prettiest love stories of recent publication. It is simple, it is dainty, it is charming; a delightful accompaniment to a summer outing in New England, while in process either of planning or of consummation. The publishers have shown good taste in the setting of the story and in its illustration from excellent photographs.

New Hampshire interest in the book is two fold; arising from the personality of the author and from the fact that the first and last of the islands where her heroine takes the cure, which is, by the way, the well known love cure, are Granite State territory. Miss Blanchard's vocation is that of being the experienced and efficient head of the multum in parvo Concord city library. Her avocation, in which she achieves equal success, is the telling of clean, sweet stories, hitherto for and about girls, but in the present volume taking a wider range.

Jean Beverly had many delightful experiences on the islands of our Atlantic coast from Mount Desert to Nantucket, but the "island of their heart's desire," meaning Jean and her man, was found, as the front-piece shows us and the last chapter tells us, on "Big Squam." The roundabout journey there, with the Unitarian meetings on Star Island at the Shoals as the starting point, is one well worth taking, for with Miss Blanchard as the guide interest never slackens nor are entertaining incidents ever lacking.

As the story of "The Island Cure" ends on an islet in Asquam lake, so does that of "The New Gentleman of the Road" find its finish on the shores of Lake Sunapee, where, for many years, has been the summer home of Mr. Herbert Welsh, the Philadelphia publicist, whose name is so familiar in connection with many good causes, from righting the wrongs of the Indians to preserving and protecting the forests of New Hampshire. Although he has passed his 70th year it is the annual custom of Mr. Welsh to make the 500-mile journey from his city home to his country place entirely on foot; reaching his destination in such condition as to prove to physicians that if the number of pedestrians should increase their patients would decrease in proportion.

The story of two of his long walks through Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, Mr. Welsh has told in a most readable way and put in print within the covers of a handsome volume which it is a pleasure and a privilege to add to one's library. His adventures are not thrilling. Not once, he says, has he been "held up" or even had his pocket picked. But his chance acquaintances of the road are most interesting people as he describes them. Occasionally he waxes eloquent as when he tells of his custom "to steal out in the twilight before dawn to watch by the waters of the Lake the glorious sun suddenly and silently come up at a certain point over Garnet Hill, tracing in an instant fantastic forms in gold and rose on the morning violet of the northern sky. All this was framed by the trans-

lucent delicate boughs of hemlocks, pines and birch trees." But for the most part his chronicles are in the simple manner of Mr. Pepys and to us worthy of mention in the same breath with the immortal diary.

Another successful author with whom the writing of books is an avocation rather than a vocation is William Dana Orcutt, native of West Lebanon, New Hampshire, son of the late Hiram Orcutt, deservedly famous educator of days gone by in the Granite State. For some time past the younger Mr. Orcutt has given us, as the spirit moved and time sufficed, some very readable works of fiction, "The Moth," "The Lever," "The Spell," etc. Now the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, publish from his pen "The Balance," which they well characterize as "an unusual story of love and business." The jacket illustration, as they further say, "sounds the keynote of the

story, 'When Justice recognizes its injustice, then is justice possible.'" "The Balance," which, in the story, it is sought to restore, is that of our social order, grievously wrenched and distorted by the world war, far as that was from our hearthstones and mill-doors. The author saw the war in its progress over seas. He has come into intimate touch with some of the problems it has left behind, here, among us; and in the course of this story he deals with them with insight, sympathy and wisdom. As a story, moreover, it is a good story; with a fast moving plot, exciting episodes, a murder mystery, etc. Some readers have identified the scene of the story with Norwood, Mass., the place of Mr. Orcutt's own residence; but the theme, the people, the lesson to be learned are not to be localized. They exist everywhere in America to-day and Mr. Orcutt's book deserves a correspondingly wide attention.

## OH, COME AND WALK WITH ME

*By Mabel Cornelia Matson*

Oh, come and walk an hour with me.  
The sky is blue as gentians,  
The breeze is sweeter than sweet spices are  
And it will carry far away  
The little nagging worries of the day  
And set your spirit free.  
Oh, come and walk an hour with me.

Oh, come and walk a day with me.  
And you shall stand on yonder blue-veiled hill  
And watching there the sunset flame and fade  
Shall backward look and forward, unafraid,  
Seeing the past washed clean of bitterness,  
The future safe with God.  
Oh, come and walk a day with me.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

### WILL B. HOWE

Will Bernard Howe, for almost 30 years Concord's efficient and popular city engineer and one of the best known men in the country in that line of professional work, died suddenly at his home on Saturday, April 1. He was born in Concord, July 3, 1859, the son of William Holman and Mary (Carlton) Howe, both his father and mother being

office of Charles C. Lund, C. E., in Concord, in the fall of 1878. He worked with Mr. Lund until the latter's death in December, 1880, as a rodman, principally on railroad work, including the construction of the Profile and Franconia Notch R. R. and the location of its Bethlehem branch. After Mr. Lund's death, Mr. Howe continued in the employ of his successors, Foss & Merrill, in the construction of this Bethlehem



THE LATE WILL B. HOWE.

of old Revolutionary stock. He was a direct descendant of Joseph Howe, who fought in the French and Indian War and was also a Minute Man at Lexington. The old Howe tavern at Sudbury, Mass., immortalized by Longfellow as "The Wayside Inn," was built by an ancestor and occupied by three generations of Howes.

Mr. Howe graduated from the Concord High School in the class of 1876 and began his life-work by entering the

branch; in location work on proposed extensions of the Boston, Concord & Montreal R. R. in the White Mountain region, in maintenance work on the B., C. & M., the Concord R. R. and branches and in miscellaneous engineering work including surveys for the developments of the Sewalls Falls water power in the Merrimack river, now the property of the Concord Electric Company.

In September, 1883, Mr. Howe went to Nova Scotia as principal assistant

engineer on what is now known as the Central Railway, with headquarters at Bridgewater, N. S., and assisted in relocating portions of that railway and in the construction of that line until May, 1888, being acting chief engineer in 1887. Returning to Concord in the month named he assumed the management of Foss & Merrill's general engineering office and so continued until March, 1893, when he was chosen as Concord's first city engineer and in that position remained until his death.

Of Mr. Howe's long and faithful service as a municipal officer many monuments remain. One is the map of the city, pronounced by experts a splendid piece of work, which accompanied the official History of Concord. Another is the invaluable assessors' map, which he had brought up to date not long before his death. One of the first important municipal contracts awarded after he became city engineer was for the sewer from the State Hospital on Pleasant street through Clinton street; and it is recalled that, in order to be sure of its completion according to the terms of the contract, he entered the sewer and crawled through its entire length on his hands and knees, a painful and laborious progress. When it became necessary for the city to spend large sums on steel bridges, in the city proper and at Penacook, he took a special course in bridge engineering that he might be able to give their construction competent personal supervision.

As illustrating his standing in his profession he had served as vice-president and as treasurer of the American Society for Municipal Improvements, of which he had been a member since 1894, and last year he was voted in as a "member without dues," for the remainder of his life, this being the nearest approach to honorary membership possible under the society's constitution. He was a member and had served as secretary of the New Hampshire Good Roads Association. He had also been a member of the Boston Society of Civil Engineers since March, 1896, and of the National Geographic Society since January, 1913. He was affiliated with the Masonic bodies of Concord, being a member of Blazing Star Lodge, Trinity Chapter, Horace Chase Council, and Mount Horeb Commandery. He was also a member of Bektash Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., the New Hampshire Society of Veteran Free Masons, and was vice-president of the Council of the Order of High Priesthood. He

had served Trinity Chapter as high priest, and was a past thrice illustrious master of Horace Chase Council. He was a trustee of the Concord Masonic Association.

Mr. Howe was a member of the New Hampshire Society, Sons of the American Revolution, serving as secretary and treasurer the past two years and holding those offices at the time of his death. He was also a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society; the Men's Club of the South Congregational church; the Wonolancet Club; and the Concord Gun Club. He was a Republican in politics.

In Nova Scotia, on January 22, 1889, Mr. Howe married Ida May Starratt, younger daughter of James Starratt, Jr., and Elizabeth Waterman, his wife. A daughter, Myrna, is their only child. He is also survived by a sister, Mrs. George S. Milton.

Efficiency economy and good sense were Mr. Howe's attributes as an engineer. To them he added a quiet but sincere devotion to the best interests of the community which was manifested in many ways. An earnest hope, which had not been fulfilled when death took him away, was for a modern, safety-bringing building code in Concord. In all his relations, official, professional, personal and social, Mr. Howe was genial, kindly, helpful and just.

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#### IRVING W. DREW

Irving Webster Drew, eminent New Hampshire lawyer and United States Senator, died April 10, after a brief illness of pneumonia, at the home of his daughter in Montclair, N. J. He was born in Colebrook, January 8, 1845, the son of Amos Webster and Julia Esther (Loving) Drew, his father being twice a State Senator in Civil War days and a man of influence and prominence in the North Country. Irving W. Drew prepared at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, for Dartmouth College, where he graduated in the class of 1870 with the degree of A. B., subsequently receiving that of A. M. He studied law with the famous Lancaster firm composed of Congressman Ossian Ray and Judge William S. Ladd and succeeded the latter as a partner. Other members of the firm in later years were the late Henry Heywood, the late Governor Chester B. Jordan, the late General Philip Carpenter, the late William P. Buckley, and, now surviving, George F. Morris, judge of the U. S. District court,

Merrill Shurtleff, Eri C. Oakes and Irving C. Hinkley, the last three comprising the present firm. Mr. Drew was very successful and highly esteemed in his profession, as was shown by the extent of his practice and the character of his clients and by the fact that he was honored in 1899 by election as president of the New Hampshire Bar Association.

In other business relations he was president of the Upper Coos Railroad, director of the Hereford railroad, president of the Siwooganock savings bank, and director of the Lancaster National Bank.

In politics Mr. Drew was an active Democrat until the days of Bryan and free silver and represented his party as a delegate to its national conventions of 1880, 1892 and 1896, being one of the considerable number who withdrew from the last-named gathering. He was a delegate to the constitutional conventions of 1902 and 1912, and a state senator in 1883, but never sought higher office although often urged to do so. September 1, 1918, he was appointed by Governor Henry W. Keyes as United States Senator to fill the unexpired term of the late Jacob H. Gallinger and during his brief stay at Washington much impressed his associates in the higher branch of the national legislature with his ability.

Mr. Drew was a Mason and Knight Templar, a member of the I. O. O. F. and the New Hampshire Historical Society. In religious belief he was an Episcopalian. In youth he served in the National Guard attaining the rank of major in the Third Regiment. At the time of his death he was president of the William D. Weeks Memorial Library association at Lancaster; and the people of that town further showed their respect for him by making him the president of the day

on the occasion of the 150th anniversary in 1914; by securing his services as chairman of their "war chest"; and by asking him to make the official address of welcome when President Harding was given the greetings of Lancaster in 1921.

On November 4, 1869, Mr. Drew married Caroline Hatch Merrill, of Colebrook, who died July 17, 1919. Their first son, Paul, died in infancy; their second, Neil Bancroft, in young manhood. Their surviving children are Pitt Fessenden Drew, successful Boston attorney, and Sara Maynard, wife of Edward Kimball Hall of New York City and Montclair. One brother, Benjamin F. Drew of Colebrook, and one sister, Mrs. F. N. Day of Auburndale, Mass., also survive.

The wide range of Mr. Drew's friends and admirers was shown by the messages which came, in the days following his death, to his children and his partners, and by the attendance at his funeral, which was held at St. Paul's church in Lancaster on April 13. The rector, Rev. A. J. Holley, conducted the service, assisted by Mr. Drew's nephew, Rev. Edward Cummings, of Cambridge, Mass., and Rev. J. A. Haarvig, pastor of the local Congregational church. The bearers were nephews of Senator Drew and the honorary bearers were Governor Albert O. Brown of Manchester, Chief Justice Frank N. Parsons of the Supreme Court, Chief Justice John Kivel of the Superior Court, Judge Robert J. Peaslee of Manchester, George F. Morris of Lancaster, judge of the United States District Court, Hon. W. B. C. Stickney of Rutland, Hon. Herbert B. Moulton of Lisbon, A. N. Blandin of Bath, Prof. Harry Wellman of Dartmouth College, Councilor Arthur G. Whittemore of Dover.

## TREASON

*By Helen Frazee-Bower*

My heart that swore allegiance to  
A cottage green and gray,  
Is traitor now to roof and walls  
Since April came this way.

For eyes that closed on naked lines  
Of orchard boughs last night,  
This morning woke to fragrance blown  
From blossoms pink and white.

They say that treason is most black—  
My heart denies it though  
When I from gray-green comfort turn  
To drifts of petal-snow!

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IN THIS ISSUE:

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By Elwin L. Page

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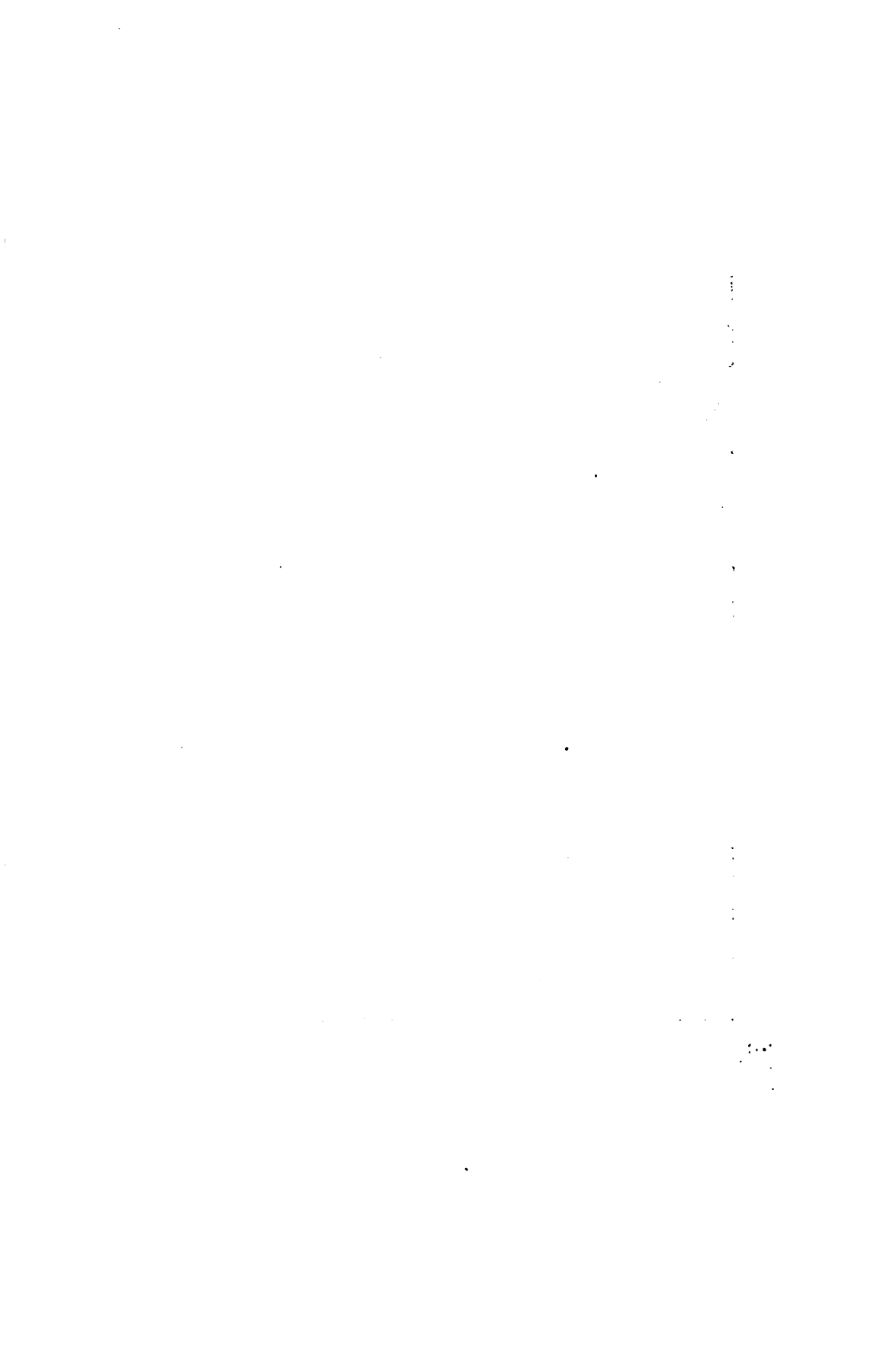
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The Pope Portrait, presented to Dartmouth College by Edward Tuck.

(Kindness of the Dartmouth Alumni Monthly)

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## THE DANIEL WEBSTER HIGHWAY

In the city of Nashua, on the boundary line between New Hampshire and Massachusetts, there were dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, on Tuesday, May 16, 1922, two granite monuments, bearing bronze tablets which tell the world that there begins the Daniel Webster Highway.

Notable addresses were delivered by Judge Charles R. Corning of Concord, the orator of the day, Governor Albert O. Brown, representing the State of New Hampshire, and State Highway Commissioner John N. Cole of Massachusetts, representing that state in the regretted absence of Governor Channing H. Cox, New Hampshire native. Former State Senator William F. Sullivan of Nashua acted as master of ceremonies for the occasion, plans for which were made by Hon. George L. Sadler of the Executive Council, with the assistance of the Nashua Rotary Club. Mayor Henri A. Burque gave an address of welcome and Nashua people generally manifested their interest in the event by participating in an imposing automobile parade.

The address of Governor Brown was as follows:

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: As with appropriate exercises we dedicate the monuments the state has set up to mark the beginning, within New Hampshire, of the great highway to which, by legislative enactment, she has assigned the name of her foremost son, it may be well briefly to recall the events which have led up to this celebration.

"The New Hampshire Bar association at its annual meeting in 1920 passed a resolution presented by the

Honorable Edgar Aldrich which requested its president to appoint a committee of 15 to make known the fact that it was the sense of the association that as a tribute to a son of New Hampshire—and to the most famous expounder of the Federal Constitution—one of the main boulevards from the Massachusetts line to the northern boundary of the state, or as far northerly as might be deemed most appropriate, should be statutorially designated and properly marked as the Daniel Webster Highway.

"In pursuance of this resolution a committee was created, with Judge Aldrich at its head. A letter from the committee to the governor was transmitted to the Legislature for consideration. Thereupon a statute was enacted which provides that the great New Hampshire highway beginning at the Massachusetts boundary and running northerly through many cities and towns to Colebrook be given the name of Daniel Webster Highway.

"Soon after this enactment, The John Swenson Granite company of Concord proceeded, in accordance with an offer previously made, to quarry, cut and donate to the state the two beautiful markers of New Hampshire granite, which, with the highway itself, afford the occasion of our coming together.

"The bronze tablets were cast by William Highton and Sons company of Nashua. The foundations were laid and the monuments placed in position by the Highway Department of the state government.

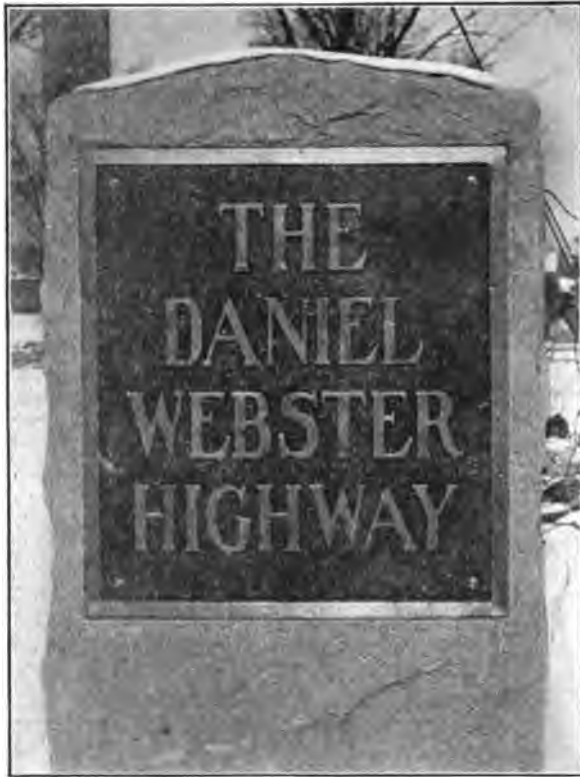
"The state can pay no higher tribute to her most illustrious son than to name for him her greatest avenue of

travel. Over it he journeyed, for many years between his home in Massachusetts and his home in New Hampshire. He always admired it as he went, and well he might.

"It lies in the broad basin of the Merrimack; it follows the indented shores of the lakes; it winds in and out among the foothills; it ascends the steep valley of the Pemigewasset; it threads the Franconia notch; it

Hampshire and gave to her such noble features. It is nature, the painter, that, in the course of each revolving year, illuminates those features with all the colors of the rainbow.

"Over this road, in wagons and in sleighs, once went the commerce of the north. Then it sought the river and the rail. Now, with the improvement of the road bed and



passes close to the Flume, the Pool, the Old Man of the Mountain, Echo Lake and the giants of the Presidential Range; it crosses the rich intervals of the Connecticut, and is lost among the green hills of Vermont. In short, for nearly two hundred miles within our borders, it traverses a region of unequaled and magnificent beauty. It was nature, the sculptor, that fashioned New

the advent of trucks, it is coming back again.

"It will doubtless remain and increase. Here will pass at least the local traffic of the future. Over this road, too, during each vacation season, there will come, as there does at present, a multitude of people from every section of our own country as well as every quarter of the globe. It is

assuredly fitting that the state should dedicate this great highway, now properly designated and suitably marked, to the memory of him whom she gave to the country to be its foremost lawyer, orator and statesman.

"This occasion should not be allowed to pass without some tribute to the distinguished jurist who so ear-

no similar evidence of another habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. He was graduated from the law department of the University of Michigan at 20 and later received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from that institution as well as from Dartmouth college. To him belonged the unique distinction of admission to the bar



nestly sought the legislation that has resulted in these exercises. He was born in the northernmost town in the state and within a few miles of the line established by that capital achievement in diplomacy, the Webster-Ashburton treaty. He could say of his father's house, substantially in the language of the great statesman he desired to honor, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was

before the constitutional age of 21.

"For nearly 25 years he practiced his profession with conspicuous success. For 30 years he graced the bench of the Federal Court for the District of New Hampshire, devoting most of his time, however, to the work of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in Boston. It is safe to say that no judge ever administered the affairs of the court for this district with greater tact, dignity and ability

than did Edgar Aldrich. And when upon a recent date his death was announced, it was universally felt that a capable lawyer, a competent judge and a public spirited citizen had been called to his reward."

The oration by Judge Charles R. Corning, President of the New Hampshire Historical Society, was as follows:

Nearly seventy years have passed since the burial at Marshfield, yet criticism continues to take liberty with his memory, biographers are not of one mind, and even historians find the scales difficult to adjust. His character has been summoned before the judgment seat of the anti slavery period and a verdict rendered followed by criticism as bitter as it is persistent. To many of us all this



GOVERNOR ALBERT O. BROWN

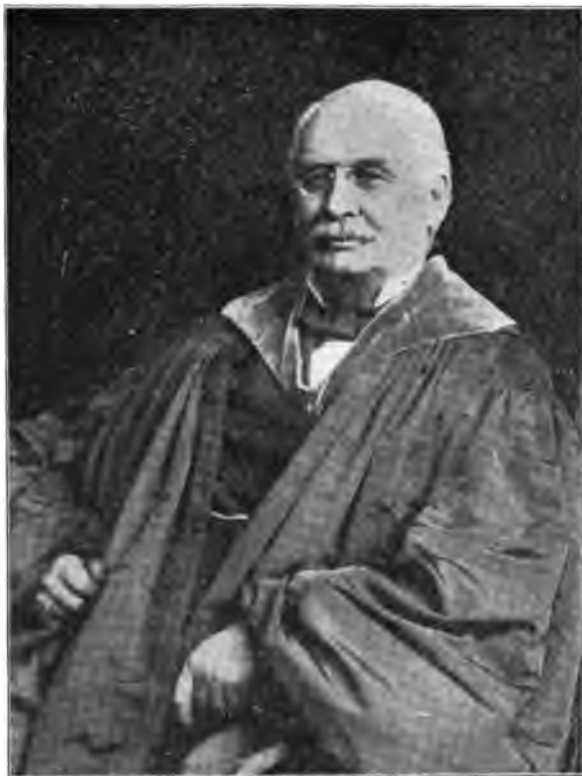
It is a pleasure and an honor to be asked to speak of Daniel Webster at any time but it is a peculiar gratification to speak of him on an occasion like this. Moreover, this is a representative gathering of New Hampshire citizens which Mr. Webster so loved and welcomed. Some of his most felicitous remarks were made at gatherings of this kind.

is explained when we consider that at the time of the Seventh of March speech in 1850, the public mind of the North had ceased to regard slavery as an economic question, and looked upon it as a great moral issue. Webster's death two years later had no effect on partisan rancor; his was an ever open grave.

At a memorial meeting in Concord

assembled in the Representatives' Hall on Monday, the day after his death, Franklin Pierce then in nomination for the Presidency, uttered these impressive sentiments: "How do merely earthly honors and distinctions fade amid a gloom like this! How political asperities are chastened—what a lesson to the living! What an admonition to personal malevolence, now awed and subdued,

Franklin Pierce and yet Daniel Webster lives. He lives in our imagination and we sons of New Hampshire cherish his memory and love to recall his great career with its splendid achievements. My purpose today is not to speak of Mr. Webster as a public or professional man but as a nature lover. He frequently remarked that he ought to have been a naturalist and written a work describ-



THE LATE JUDGE EDGAR ALDRICH.

as the great heart of the nation throbs heavily at the portals of his grave." Alas, these words spoken by a life-long political opponent, sweetened with an appeal for Christian charity, fell upon the unforgiving and caused the flame of passion to glow and sparkle.

More than two generations have gone since the eloquent words of

ing the varied scenery of New Hampshire and the awful majesty of the ocean. His love of nature attended him through life and no visitor was more welcome than Mr. Audubon, the ornithologist. Consequently the Daniel Webster Highway impresses us as a singularly appropriate name to bestow on this picturesque thoroughfare. Through those granite por-



tals shall pass countless thousands during the years to come eager to behold the gentle valley of the Merrimack, the rising foot hills beyond comely Kearsarge, the serene and manifold charms of Sunapee, of Squam and of Winnepesaukee onward to the eternal White Hills which Webster knew so well and loved so dearly.

Our State always found a warm and earnest eulogist in Mr. Webster, he missed no occasion to describe New Hampshire, to tell her history and recall her legends.



JUDGE CHARLES R. CORNING.

Speaking as the presiding officer at the famous festival of the Sons of New Hampshire held in Boston in 1849, he painted this picture of our little state—"We value it for what Nature has conferred upon it, and for what her hardy sons have done for themselves. We have not forgotten that its scenery is beautiful; that its skies are all healthful; that its mountains and lakes are surpassingly grand and sublime. If there be anything on this continent, the work of Nature, in hills, and lakes, and seas, and woods,

and forests, strongly attracting the admiration of all those who love natural scenery, it is to be found in our mountain State of New Hampshire." "It happened to me lately to visit the northern parts of the state. It was Autumn. The trees of the forests, by the discoloration of the leaves, presented one of the most beautiful spectacles that the human eye can rest upon. But the low and deep murmur of those forests, the fogs and mists, rising and spreading, and clasping the breasts of the mountains, whose heads were still high and bright in the skies,—all these indicated that a wintry storm was on the wing; the spirit of tempests would speak. But even this was exciting; exciting to those of us who had been witnesses before of such stern forebodings, and exciting in itself as an exhibition of the grandeur of natural scenery. For my part, I felt the truth of that sentiment, applied elsewhere and on another occasion, that

"The loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,

But bound me to my native mountains more."

Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury, now a part of Franklin, January 8, 1782, where his birthplace is preserved and cared for, situated but a short distance from the highway bearing his name. In an address at Saratoga in 1840, he has this to say of that spot. "It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised amid the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I

make it an annual visit." When Daniel was a child his father moved to the farm three miles to the East known for many years as the Elms, and in our day as the Webster Place now owned by the New Hampshire Orphans' Home. There Webster grew to youth and amid the invigorating and inspiring great out-of-doors which created an admiration and love that grew stronger with advancing years.

date always appealed strongly to his sentiments and affection and there he spent many happy and carefree days year after year, his last visit being a few weeks before his death. Horace did not love his Sabine farm more passionately than Daniel Webster loved his paternal acres at Franklin. Perhaps Mr. Webster idealized his possessions as this letter to his friend Blatchford might suggest. Here it is:



COUNCILOR GEORGE L. SADLER.

The Merrimack was only a few yards away and the foot hills of the White Mountains were in plain view. The Pemigewasset "the beau-ideal of a mountain stream, cold, noisy and winding" as Webster called it, a mile or two distant never lost its charm to the boy or the man.

Elms Farm, which came into Mr. Webster's possession at an early

Elms Farm, October 23, 1850, Tuesday morning before sunrise.

My dear Sir:—

This castle has a pleasant seat; the air kindly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses—

"Throw physic to the dogs: I'll none of it;  
Nor rhubarb, senna, nor a purgative drug."

But Dunsinane was a poor, foggy, sickly spot, compared with Elms Farm; nor did Scotland ever see such a forest prospect as the sun at this moment begins to shine upon. The row of Maples, by the side of my field, for half a mile, shows like a broad line of burnished gold; and the hill-side, west of the house, displays every possible variety of tint, from the deepest and darkest evergreen to the brightest orange. In half an hour I shall be ascending some of the hills. It seems to me the finest morning I ever saw. "Chips" enough; and, by the looks of John Taylor's larder, we can "laugh a siege to scorn."

John Taylor was head farmer at the Elms, a friend and companion, between whom and Mr. Webster a tender and confidential intimacy always subsisted. His familiar letters to Taylor about planting, harvesting and cattle and sheep, filled with practical suggestions and embellished with pertinent quotations from Virgil show the great man at his best. Horses and dogs Mr. Webster never particularly cared about but big and sleek cattle found in him a passionate lover. On the Elms Farm a hundred head of those creatures grazed silently under the eyes of their devoted master. The neighborhood, its legends and its inhabitants were dear and interesting to him, he loved to talk with the farmers and their wives, he gained strength by his walks along the old paths and hilly highways. A fisherman all his days from Punch brook with its trout to Marshfield with its cod, he took a lively delight in the placid water of Lake Como, as he called the picturesque body which we recognize in our day as Webster Lake, some three miles from the Elms. There he kept a boat for himself and his angling friends. To meet him in those days of rec-

reation was to see a man in farming clothes, a white slouched hat, carrying a stout stick, looking like a stalwart drover or a well to do farmer. And yet, the impressive presence of the man arrested one's attention, instinctively suggesting that he was typical of the scenery surrounding him. In a letter written in 1845 Daniel Webster has this to say about his New Hampshire home.

"This is a very picturesque country. The hills are high, numerous and irregular—some with wooded summits, and some with rocky heads as white as snow. I went into a pasture of mine last week, lying high upon one of the hills, and had there a clean view of the White Mountains in the northeast, and of Ascutney, in Vermont, back of Windsor, in the west; while within these extreme points was a visible scene of mountains and dales, lakes and streams, farms and forests. I really think this region is the true Switzerland of the United States." Whether or not that reference to Switzerland originated with Mr. Webster, I am unable to say, but it has always appeared to be an exuberant expression scenically delusive when we consider that New Hampshire possesses no Alps and Switzerland has no sea coast. We cannot picture this sincere and devoted worshipper of Nature and its majestic mysteries without associating him with another spot he dearly loved and constantly longed for, Marshfield. And in this connection I am certain that I express the lively hope of all people of our state that the Daniel Webster Highway, beginning at the last home of Webster may wend its way across the old Commonwealth to these granite posts, thence along the serene river valley to the birth place and then northward to the unchanging peaks. "Marshfield and the sea, the sea,"

was his only home during the last twenty years of his life. It was there that he entertained his friends and indulged in the pleasures and perils of the gentleman-farmer. To breed fine oxen was his passion, he gloried in their sturdy patience and power and in his last hours we see the dying man seated at the window feasting his fad-

the limitless sea, amid brown marshes and sand-dunes, where the sense of infinite space is strongest." "I take to myself the wings of the morning," he used to exclaim when oppressed with public labors and his thoughts flew to Marshfield, for there he said he grew stronger every hour. "The giants grew strong again by touch-



HON. WILLIAM F. SULLIVAN.

ing eyes on the sleek herd driven slowly by for his inspection. In the words of Senator Lodge: "He loved everything that was large. His soul expanded in the free air and beneath the blue sky. All natural scenery appealed to him,—Niagara, the mountains, the rolling prairie, the great rivers—but he found most contentment beside

ing the earth; the same effect is produced on me by touching the salt Seashore."

In these days of costly construction and expensive maintaining of our state roads suitable for the travel thereon, as the legal phrase has it, let us think back a hundred years more or less and try to picture the means of communication

during the greater part of Webster's life. It is interesting to recall that the railroad from Nashua to Concord was built only ten years before Webster's death. We know from his letters and speeches to what extent Mr. Webster travelled up and down the highways and turnpikes of his day and we know from these sources what he thought about good roads. I venture to say that Daniel Webster was one of the first men, if not the first, to foresee and predict the economic and gratifying results of a good highway. His imagination saw the possibilities of the future while his all embracing comprehension pictured the Republic as an ever growing interlacement of highways, canals and railroads. Webster had long turned his fiftieth birthday before transportation by steam became a common experience even in New Hampshire. And from his early years he was a not infrequent traveler over the rough and toilsome country roads. Here is an incident interesting to modern Nashua. Mrs. Ezekiel Webster, at that time a visitor here, received this note dated at Boston, June 14, 1831. "\*\*\*\*\*it is our intention to set off on Thursday morning for Boscawen, by way of Nashua Village. Weather being favorable, we may be expected Thursday afternoon at Nashua and shall be happy to have you go north with us. I am under the necessity of being at Concord, at noon on Friday; so that I shall be obliged to put you to the distress of an early rising on that day."

The time enumeration may seem curious to us motor car enthusiasts but we should bear in mind that in the year 1831, methods of public travel had not changed much since the Golden Age of Rome.

The incident I shall now mention affords interest and mild amusement concerning the subject of

good roads. It appears that along in the eighteen twenties Mr. Webster was an owner of a domain consisting of wild lands somewhere in the region we in our day know as Dixville Notch. But a century ago a landed proprietor in that remote part of New Hampshire was an object of commiseration rather than of envy and Daniel Webster was no exception. During the longest day in midsummer 1829 Mr. Whittemore at Dixville wrote to Webster at Boston a description of the local situation. "The inhabitants of this town," he says, "are now reduced to two. The roads are so bad there is little travel. Last year the bridges were all carried off, and two large slides came down in the Notch. We did seventy days work on the road before teams could pass." And then is added a direct appeal for aid. "I am no beggar all I ask is justice among men. Your lamented brother told me that Daniel would be willing to lay out a hundred or two dollars on the road, if that would satisfy me, but that you considered such sum only as an entering wedge for a larger sum . . . . . you can guess pretty near what men say, when they get their horses off the Notch, and have them lay in the gulf two or three days, which has several times been the case. Now, sir, if you will assist in repairing the road, you will let me know how and when."

Mr. Whittemore signs his letter as 'your long neglected and humble servant.' What effect that had on Mr. Webster's sense of responsible proprietorship is not disclosed among his correspondence. But we possess proof that good roads was a subject of frequent thought and consideration to him all his life long.

In my collection is a letter to Israel Kelly, written April 16, 1835, apprising him of a visit to his old home: "I intend to go to Franklin

soon, but am willing to delay for a little while, in hopes of better weather and better roads."

In August 1847, the Northern Railroad was completed as far as Grafton, where a celebration was held bringing together a large number of persons, for it was understood that Mr. Webster would be present. In that informal address he recalled his early associations with the surrounding country, its localities and its inhabitants and furnished us with an account of the early conditions as he had known them in his youth. No where in all his Works and Letters is there anything more historical in incident or more appropriate to be repeated on this occasion. Listen to what Mr. Webster had to say about himself and his experiences during the early years of the last century.

"In my youth and early manhood I have traversed these mountains along all the roads or passes which lead through or over them. We are on Smith's River, which, while in College, I had occasion to swim. Even that could not always be done; and I have occasionally made a circuit of many rough and tedious miles to get over it. At that day, steam, as a motive power, acting on water and land, was thought of by nobody; nor were there good, practicable roads in this part of the State. At that day, one must have traversed this wilderness on horseback or on foot. So late as when I left College, there was no road from river to river for a carriage fit for the conveyance of persons. I well recollect the commencement of the system of turnpike roads. The granting of the Charter of the fourth turnpike, which led from Lebanon to Boscawen, was regarded as a wonderful era. I remember to have attended the first meeting of the proprietors of this turnpike at Andover. It was difficult to per-

suade men that it was possible to have a passable carriage road over these mountains. I was too young and too poor to be a subscriber, but I held the proxies of several absent subscribers, and what I lacked in knowledge and experience I made up in zeal. As far as I now remember, my first speech after I left College was in favor of what was then regarded as a great and almost impracticable internal improvement, to wit, the making of a smooth, though hilly road, from the Connecticut River opposite the mouth of the White River, to the Merrimack River at the mouth of the Contoocook. Perhaps the most valuable result of making these and other turnpike roads was the diffusion of knowledge upon road-making among people; for in a few years afterward, great numbers of people went to Church, to electoral and other meetings, in chaises and wagons, over very tolerable roads." Toward the close of that impromptu speech Mr. Webster introduced a touch of humor. "Fellow citizens, can we without wonder consider where we are, and what has brought us here? Several of this company left Boston and Salem this morning. They passed the Kearsarge on the left, the Ragged Mountains on the right, have threaded all the valleys and gorges and here they now are at two o'clock at the foot of the Cardigan Hills. They probably went to the market this morning, ordered their dinners, went home to a leisurely breakfast, and set out on their journey hither. By the way, if they had thought fit, (and it would have been a happy thought) they might have brought us a few fish taken out of the sea at sunrise this morning, and we might enjoy as good a fish dinner as our friends are now enjoying at Phillips's Beach or Nahant. This would have been rather striking; a chowder at

the foot of the Cardigan Hills would have been a thing to be talked about."

And so during his life Daniel Webster availed himself of fitting opportunities to express his love of New Hampshire and his appreciation of its serene and rugged scenery.

To a man with an imagination so strong and vivid the opening of the railroad with the immense possibilities awaiting its extension moved him profoundly and caused him to look into the future with prophetic vision. His mind comprehended the whole Republic. I do not venture to say that the railroad inspired him with awe but its swiftness of communication as compared with the methods of his youth and middle age never ceased to impress him. In a note written from Elms Farm a year or two before his death we detect this thought. He writes: "I am here, in two hours and three-quarters from Boston, ninety-two miles, without fatigue, and feeling pretty strong." In a little note containing fewer than fifty words, his love of Nature and homely comforts are delightfully disclosed. "The weather cold—a little cloudy—heavy frost yesterday morning. The foliage *in-describably beautiful*. John Taylor straight up. Henry and I his only guests, and three glorious chip-fires already burning. Can you resist that?"

Sydney Fisher, one of the fairest of biographers, says that Webster's mind and memory evidently worked entirely by the picture method. His knowledge was all pictured concretely in actual scenes, usually from nature. One sees this constantly in reading his speeches. He seems to be walking among these scenes and fields of his memory and picking up the information which he describes from its locality.

Nature in every form appealed and spoke to Mr. Webster all his life long

and the writing of a book on the subject of Natural History was never wholly absent from his mind. What the result would have been it is idle to discuss, yet where was there a man better equipped by observation and love of Nature than Daniel Webster?

One more quotation and I am done. Surely a man who in a letter to a friend describes one of the most sublime spectacles in the pageantry of Nature as Webster described Niagara Falls removes our doubts concerning his competency as an author. Nearly a century ago Mr. Webster, with Judge Story, visited Niagara and this is Mr. Webster's picture painting.

"Water, vapor, foam, and the atmosphere are all mixed up in sublime confusion. By our side, down comes this world of green and white waters, and pours into the invisible abyss. A steady, unvarying, low toned roar thunders incessantly upon our ears; as we look up, we think some sudden disaster has opened the seas, and that all their floods are coming down upon us at once; but we soon recollect that what we see is not a sudden or violent exhibition, but the permanent and uniform character of the object which we contemplate. There the grand spectacle has stood for centuries, from the creation even, as far as we know, without change. From the beginning it has shaken, as it now does, the earth and the air; and its unvarying thunder existed before there were human ears to hear it."

The likeness which I have tried to present to you is of the man Webster, who interpreted the meaning of the sun, the moon, the stars, the restless ocean, the valleys, the hills, and the mountains, the brooks and rivers, the lakes here and everywhere, whose wonderful mind loved to contemplate the homely life of our ancestors and to invest their annals and legends with a living reality. I have spoken of Webster as one of us; not as a

giant genius apart but as a New Hampshire man whose great nature overflowed with love for his native State. And so may we not all agree that the Daniel Webster Highway is not a meaningless name, and may we not hope that Divine Providence permits Webster's spirit to look down upon us to-day with benign approval.

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## LODESTARS.

*By Fanny Runnells Poole.*

SHE

Here where the Sea glows like an amber wine,  
Here let us rest, your head upon my knee;  
Here where your eyes more softly-radiant shine,  
As if for love of me.

Because so great a love hath made you wise,  
Perchance you know the secret of the Sea,—  
Some mystery that in her bosom lies,  
Which pray reveal to me!

HE

Greater than Love no mystery abides;  
But would you brave the deep beyond the bar,  
Fix not your faith upon the changing tides,  
But on your guiding star.

Each heart must bear the joy and pain of life;  
Heaven grant us power to wrestle with the tides,  
And faith, above the peril and the strife,  
To find the star that guides.....

And if my whole heart hath gone forth full fain  
To twin-lights in one angel-woman's brow,  
Guidance that should be Heaven's, do I in vain  
Entreat such guidance now?

SHE

Forgive me, Love, that I have been too proud  
To own myself the recompense you prize.  
And as to lodestars, though a myriad crowd,  
Mine long have been your eyes.



# PRE-REVOLUTIONARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN A WESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN.

*By George B. Upham.*

## IV.

A report made in 1771 by the Society's Missionaries in Massachusetts and New Hampshire gives us an outside glimpse of the parochial school in Claremont. It is to the effect that "Mr. Cole's School, lately established by the Society at Claremont, answers their expectation. He has near 30 constant Scholars, besides some children of Dissenters."<sup>(1)</sup>

Of the next letter of the Schoolmaster we have only the brief abstract in the *Journal*, Vol. 19, p. 245.

Meeting.....15 May, 1772

A Letter from Mr. Cole, Schoolmaster at Claremont, N. Hampshire, N. E. dated Nov'r 4, 1771 acquainting the Society that there has been an addition to his school from the Dissenters and the whole number is now forty.

In teaching forty children, if he had nothing else to do, our aged schoolmaster must have been exceeding busy; but Samuel Cole, Esquire was farmer as well as schoolmaster. This we learn from private marks of owners of cattle, sheep and swine, recorded in the Town Clerk's office in 1771. The "Salary of £15 per ann." had apparently proved insufficient to keep body and soul together.

The day's work in chill December began long before the light of day, by a candle's struggling rays emitted through holes punched in a sheet-iron cylinder, for such was the lantern of the period. The

early work done in this precarious light was the feeding and care of domestic animals. Then after shovelling paths, carrying and piling the day's supply of wood by the home hearthstone, and a hasty breakfast in the kitchen, came the hurried tramp to the schoolhouse. There, with perhaps the aid of an older boy, more wood to be carried and piled and the fire started in the great stone fireplace against the coming of the children. Then, maybe, a path to be shovelled through the drifted snow.

The children come in groups of twos and threes or more, with perhaps a frosted ear requiring immediate attention. The little tots, with their well thumbed primers, place their low three-legged stools nearest the fire. The long plank benches are drawn up and quickly filled behind. Furthest from the fire, and where little of its friendly warmth reaches him, the kindly old schoolmaster reads the morning prayer, hears and explains answers in the Catechism; and then three hours of earnest work broken only by a short recess. Faint hearts struggling with the alphabet and words of one syllable are to be encouraged; those in various stages of the three R's, to be helped along; the spelling classes for the older boys and girls excite interest and emulation; and then, perhaps, comes the teaching of a little Latin, Greek and mathematics to an older boy, ambitious to enter "Dr. Wheelock's School at Hanover."<sup>(2)</sup> In the afternoon

(1) See *Historical Magazine* (Morrisania, N. Y.) Vol. VII, Second Series, p. 358. The only clergymen of the Church of England at that time, 1771, in New Hampshire were the Rev. Arthur Browne of Portsmouth and the Rev. Moses Badger, Itinerant Missionary of the Society in this Province.

(2) The name Dartmouth College, in honor of its benefactor Lord Dartmouth, had been given in the charter granted by Gov. John Wentworth, acting in the name of George the Third, December 13th, 1769. But as "Dr. Wheelock's School at Hanover" it was known to many for a considerable time thereafter.

three hours more, much the same, ending with the singing class trying some old Christmas Carols, anticipatory of that festal day and Christmas Eve with its evergreens and many candles. As the children leave for home the childish trebles of the carol continue sounding 'neath natures beautiful cathedral, the tall, columnar, snow-laden pines. But the farmer-schoolmaster's labors are far from finished, for all the home chores of the morning must be repeated before the old man's day's-work is done.

The abstract of the next letter to the Society is short. (Journal, Vol. 20, p. 96). Some information may, however, be gathered by reading between the lines.

Meeting.....18 March 1774

A letter from Mr. Cole, Schoolmaster at Claremont, New Hampshire, May 26, 1773 in which he writes that the people are impatient for the return of Mr. Cossit and have made good progress in the building of their Church. The town increases. There are in it 78 Ratables, in which is included 23 Conformists. Some families border in principle upon the Seventh Day Baptists. The Dissenting Gentleman's Letters and *Delaun's Plea*, are industriously spread by the Dissenters notwithstanding which the Church of England encreases.

The Mr. Cossit mentioned is the Rev. Ranna Cossit who had been appointed by the Society to the parishes of the Church of England at Haverhill and Claremont. He was at the date of this letter at his home in Connecticut, or, perhaps, still on the long voyage back from England where he had been ordained by the Bishop of London. The words, "impatient for the return of Mr. Cossit," indicate that he had been in Claremont before, which seems not unlikely for his brother, Ambrose Cossit, was one of the early settlers.

The statement in this letter of May 26, 1773 that "the people..... have made good progress in the building of their Church" indicates that probably it was begun in 1772; for

the difficulty of carrying on building operations in the winter, especially digging for foundations, and the almost impassable condition of the roads in the spring, render it unlikely that much progress could have been made in the latter days of May, if the work had been begun in 1773.

"Ratable" is a term still used in England to designate a person having property sufficient to be assessed for taxes.

The "Seventh Day Baptists" are distinguished from other Baptists mainly by the observance of the seventh day of the week,—Saturday, as their day of worship, instead of Sunday. They have the words of the fourth commandment to back them, and probably use the argument that Sunday, (the Sun's day,) was originally the title of a pagan holiday; an argument somewhat weakened by the fact that the names of the six other days are also of pagan origin. The Puritans of the Bay Colony, under the leadership of the Rev. John Cotton, got over this difficulty by a compromise, making their holy day from Saturday evening to Sunday evening.

"The Dissenting Gentleman's Letters," referred to as "industriously spread," is in full title "The Dissenting Gentleman's Letters and a Postscript in Answer to Mr. J. White on that Subject," signed "A. Dissenter," but known to have been written by one Micaiah Towgood. This book was published in numerous editions in London, and in several in New England. The "Letters",—and those to which they reply,—are typical of the dreary, yet pungent, controversies that theologians of the eighteenth century indulged and delighted in. Almost unintelligible today, their sole interest is in showing the indigestible nature of the intellectual papulum our forefathers were expected to study and assimilate.

"De Laune's Plea," also "industriously spread," was likewise controversial. The full title is "A PLEA for the Non-Conformists; Shewing The true State of Their CASE," "By Thomas De Laune." The first edition was published in 1683. It was reprinted at least six times before the vigorous Preface written for the edition of 1706 was added. This was contained in all of the many subsequent editions in England and America. Much of the argument of the "Plea" is so confused that it is impossible to follow it. We are, however, left in no doubt that the Reverend author disagreed with somebody about something.

It may be suspected that the Preface, written by Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," and the added "Narrative of the Sufferings" of De Laune in prison, were of far more effect than the "Plea" itself. Defoe, himself an active dissenter, here belabors the established church in lucid and lively style; he also scores the dissenters for their parsimony in refusing to subscribe £66 to pay the fine, and procure the release of their champion from the prison in which he died for his belief, "in the Days of that Merciful Prince, King Charles the Second."

Aside from the household of the schoolmaster, and the homes of those of the supposedly learned professions, the books mentioned in the foregoing letters, together with a smoke-begrimed and tattered almanack hanging by the fireside, and possibly a copy of The Pilgrim's Progress or Paradise Lost, are about all in print that would have been found in the homes of the early settlers in Claremont, and of pre-Revolutionary settlers in nearly all of the smaller New Hampshire towns. The toil required to gain shelter, fuel, food and clothing,—the care of domestic animals included,—left little time for reading, even to those who were thus

inclined. The quaint and often blurred print of these old books rendered them not easy reading in the dim light of a pine knot or of a sputtering tallow candle.

The next and last letter received by the Society in London from Mr. Cole is abstracted in its Journal, Vol. 20, p. 351, as follows:

Meeting.....April 21, 1775

A Letter from Mr. Cole, Schoolmaster at Claremont, N. Hampshire, dated Dec'r 26, 1774, apologizing for his not writing before on account of the difficulty of getting a letter transmitted to Boston. He has met with rough treatment from the Mob, having been threatened and seized, but was rescued by the friends of Government. The fury is little abated. He taught in his school last winter the usual number. The Selectmen of the Town have all signed the Solemn League and Covenant. He shall always serve the interests of Learning and Loyalty to the utmost of his power.

If it was difficult to get a letter transmitted to Boston in 1774 how much more difficult must it have been after the fight at Lexington and Concord a few months later.

An entry in the Society's Journal in 1776 records that "very few letters have been received from the Society's Missionaries in New England"; and in 1779, "The situation of affairs in these [New England] colonies hath cut off almost all correspondence with the Missionaries."<sup>(3)</sup> This fact and the fact that Mr. Cole did not long survive the outbreak of the Revolution accounts for the failure of the Society to hear from him again.

We may imagine something of the excitement in this sparsely settled frontier town when, months before the fight at Lexington and Concord, a kindly old gentleman who for five years had taught the children, at no cost to their parents, "met with rough treatment" at the hands of the people, necessitating his "rescue by the friends of the Government," that

(3) See Historical Magazine, Vol. VII, New Series, p. 359.

is, by the Loyalists. We may, however, rejoice that the treatment of Mr. Cole and of other "friends of the Government" was no worse, and that New Hampshire was not disgraced by the cruelties so frequently perpetrated in Massachusetts at about this time.

The "Solemn League and Covenant" which Mr. Cole tells us had been signed by all the Selectmen of Claremont,<sup>(4)</sup> it probably had also been signed by many others in the town,—had its origin in the Boston Committee of Correspondence and was promulgated in June, 1774. It was drafted by Joseph Warren, killed at Bunker Hill. It began: "We the subscribers..... Do in the Presence of God, Solemnly swear and in good faith Covenant and Agree, with each other" etc. It provided for the suspension of all commercial intercourse with Great Britain until the act blocking up Boston Harbor had been repealed. This was the "Boston Port Bill," closing the harbor until that town should pay for the tea thrown overboard, and the King should be satisfied that thereafter the people would obey the laws. The subscribers to the Covenant agreed not to purchase or consume any goods, wares or merchandise which should arrive in America from Great Britain after August 31st, 1774, and to break off all commerce and dealing with all who should continue to import goods from Great Britain, or should purchase from those who did so import, and finally to purchase no articles of merchandise from those who have not signed this or a similar covenant. Copies of this document were circulated in

the New England Provinces, and signed very generally in the Massachusetts towns, also to a considerable extent in the adjoining Provinces. A Committee of Correspondence was organized at Portsmouth in June, 1774, and the covenant, in a somewhat modified form, was sent to all towns in New Hampshire with a letter requesting the "utmost Endeavors that the Subscription paper" be signed by "all adult Persons of both Sexes as soon as possible." The principal modification was in excepting from the prohibition of purchase "such articles as shall be adjudged absolutely necessary by the Majority of the Signers hereof." That the document should have reached small, recently settled towns in western New Hampshire attests the activity of the Committee which so soon had been organized in Portsmouth, the town which, only four years before, had been in such disfavor because some of its merchants had bought English goods. In Concord, N. H., the covenant was signed, with the modifying clause, by seventy-three of its inhabitants. It closed with the following: "Lastly, We hereby further engage, that we will use every Method in our Power to Encourage and promote the Production of Manufactures among ourselves, that this Covenant and engagement may be as little detrimental to ourselves and Fellow Countrymen as possible."<sup>(5)</sup>

The documents sent out from Portsmouth must have been carried by special messenger, for it was before the days of Post-riders in the interior.<sup>(6)</sup> Of what interest it would be had this messenger kept a diary

(4) The Selectmen of Claremont in 1774 were Thomas Gustin, Matthias Stone and Stephen Higbee.

(5) See *Granite Monthly*, Vol. 35, pp. 188-196. The Concord Covenant is the only one in New Hampshire of which the original has been preserved. Not even a copy of any other has been found.

(6) The House of Representatives at Exeter, on Sept. 18, 1776, "Voted, To establish a Post rider to ride weekly from Exeter to Charleston (No. 4) and back again to carry letters to & from the Northern Army." A committee was at the same time appointed to determine the route and compensation to be paid. *N. H. State Papers*, Vol. 8, p. 339. This was the first provision for a post rider in the interior. For later provisions, See *N. H. Hist. Society Proceedings*, Vol. 7, pp. 211, 263; *Granite Monthly*, Vol. 52, p. 54; *History of Amherst*, pp. 446-7.

of the incidents of his journey; described the condition of the bridle paths; told where he had to look out for blaze-marks on the trees; noted the inns and farmhouses where he slept the night, or where his couch was under the stars in field or forest; and, most interesting of all, if he had written of his reception in the villages when he told of the "Boston Port Bill," and explained the purpose of his mission. Had he done this his name, now unknown, would long be remembered in New Hampshire history.

All drafts of the Covenant contained a reference to the "Act for Blocking up the Harbour of Boston," but in few places was the language quite so vigorous as in the town where it originated, which was natural since Boston was the chief sufferer.

"On the first of June, 1774 the blockade was proclaimed, and the ruin and starvation of Boston at once began. The industry of a place which lived by building, sailing, freighting, and unloading ships was annihilated in a single moment. The population which had fed itself from the sea, would now have to subsist on the bounty of others, conveyed across great distances by a hastily devised system of land-carriage in a district where the means of locomotion was unequal to such a burden. A city which conducted its internal communications by boat almost as much as Venice, and quite as much as Stockholm, was henceforward divided into as many isolated quarters as there were suburbs with salt or brackish water lying between them."<sup>(7)</sup> "The law was executed with a rigor that went beyond the intentions of its authors. Not a scow could be manned by oars to bring an ox, or a sheep, or a bundle of hay from the islands. All water carriage from pier to pier, though but of lumber, or bricks, or lime, was strictly forbidden. The boats that plied between Boston and Charlestown could not ferry a parcel of goods across Charles River; the fishermen of Marblehead, when they bestowed quintals of dried fish on the poor of Boston, were

obliged to transport their offerings in waggon by a circuit of thirty miles. The warehouses of the thrifty merchants were at once made valueless; the costly wharfs, which extended so far into the channel, and were so lately covered with the produce of the tropics and with English fabrics, were become solitary places; the harbor, which had resounded incessantly with the cheering voices of prosperous commerce, was now disturbed by no sounds but from British vessels of war."<sup>(8)</sup>

The King took "infinite satisfaction" in this work, for he hated Boston, seeing red whenever he thought of it. "The capital of Massachusetts, in the eyes of its Sovereign, was nothing better than a centre of vulgar sedition, bristling with Trees of Liberty and strewn with brickbats and broken glass; where his enemies went about clothed in homespun, and his friends in tar and feathers."<sup>(9)</sup> The passage and enforcement of the "Boston Port Bill" caused as much joy to George as it did indignation and suffering in the classic but insubordinate town which he was determined to subdue. Never in history has the malice of an individual had such wide reaching effects.

For further information respecting the first schoolmaster and happenings in Claremont before or at the beginning of the Revolution we must look elsewhere than in his correspondence with the Society in London. The records of Claremont reveal that at its fourth Town Meeting, held at the house of Captain Benjamin Brooks<sup>(10)</sup> on March 12th, 1771, Samuel Cole, esquire was chosen Town Clerk, an office to which he was re-elected in 1772 and 1773. He had been appointed a Justice of the Peace,<sup>(11)</sup> an office of some distinction at the time, entitling him to be addressed as Esquire. Originally in England the title Esquire ranked next in degree below that of Knight, being given to

(7) Trevelyan's *American Revolution*, Vol. 1, p. 180.

(8) Bancroft's *Hist. of the United States*, Vol. VII (7th ed.) p. 57.

(9) Trevelyan's *American Revolution*, Vol. I, p. 10.

(10)-(11) See following page.

the eldest sons of Knights. Before the Revolution it was not in such general and misapplied use as later. In the several contemporaneous lists of early residents of Claremont this title was added to the name of Samuel Cole only, and to his name it was invariably appended. Of military titles, Captains, Lieutenants, Sergeants and Ensigns, there were a plenty, but only one Esquire.

At a meeting of the vestry of the Church of England in Claremont

held in November, 1773, Samuel Cole, Esquire was appointed Clerk. This was the first meeting after the coming of the Rev. Ranna Cossit as rector. A coming which brings into the annals of a little settlement in the upper Connecticut River valley a story of intrigue, great risk and daring now buried in the vast accumulation of unpublished manuscripts in the archives of the British Museum.<sup>(12)</sup>

(10) In this house, on March 8th, 1768, was also held Claremont's first Town Meeting. See Waite's Hist. of Claremont, pp. 30, 31. The Brooks house was built on land now a part of the Upham homestead farm, a few rods west from the Great Road and a short distance south from the woods skirting the beautiful, deep ravine. This ravine is crossed by the Great Road about half a mile south from Lottery Bridge, at the foot of a steep pitch and high above an old stone culvert built when the road was built, probably in 1768. Near it the writer found a fine, old strap-hinge and some other iron work, probably hammered out by Benjamin Tyler or one of the blacksmiths in his employ. A part of the Upham farm consists of Lot No. 4 and the greater part of Lot No. 3, both being of the "First Division of Fifty Acre Lots" as shown and numbered on the "Proprietor's Map" of Claremont, drawn on a sheepskin in 1765 or 1766. These lots were divided by the literal drawing of lots by the original grantees of the town. We are enabled to fix the location of the Capt. Brooks house by the language of a deed of Lot No. 4, made by Ebenezer Rice to Beriah Murray, Shoemaker, dated July 8, 1768, describing it as "Butted on the North by the lot Capt. Benjamin Brooks now lives on, . . . South and East on Highways."—see Cheshire County Records, Vol. 4, p. 546. The highway on the east is the Great Road, that on the south the branch leading west to the now Upham and Jarvis homes. The "Proprietors Map" shows Lot No. 3 adjoining Lot No. 4 on the north; that Capt. Brooks owned it is shown by his deed of the entire lot to Levi Pardee "except one acre sold to Benjamin Towner at the North east corner."—Cheshire County Records, Vol. 9, p. 109. Careful surveys show that this acre was just north of the ravine and that the cellar hole of the Towner house is that near the Great Road and just south of the branch leading to the summer home of J. Duncan Upham. From this little house Benj. Towner Jr. was one of the first to shoulder his musket and march away to join the Continental Army. Fifty years ago a then nearly filled depression showed the outlines of the large cellar of the Capt. Brooks house at the place first above indicated. Capt. Brooks was a large landowner, a man of considerable means, and his house, in 1768, probably the largest in the town. He was a loyalist, and so much disturbed by consequent annoyances that he returned to his former home, in New Haven, Conn., soon after the beginning of the Revolution. His departure was a distinct loss to the town. The frame of the Brooks house was probably used in some one of the many old buildings now or formerly standing on the Upham or Jarvis farms.

(11) The office of Justice of the Peace is more ancient than the English Bible. In name it dates back to an Act of Parliament in the reign of Edward III; but in the substance of the office, to the time of William the Conqueror, or perhaps even to the Roman age in England. "The whole Christian world," said Lord Coke, "hath not the like office as justice of the peace if duly executed." In Colonial days it was an office much less frequently bestowed than at present, and to hold it was consequently more of an honor.

(12) Steps have been taken to procure from London copies of these papers which pertain not only to the history of Claremont during the Revolution but to that of other towns in the upper Connecticut River valley. The name of our friend the schoolmaster will appear in the story; but at a time subsequent to the fight at Concord and Lexington, which period does not properly belong under the title of this series of articles. Hopes are entertained of obtaining further information about Samuel Cole, Esquire and his school at Claremont. Should these be justified a concluding article will be published at some time in the future.

# THE DANGER FACING NEW ENGLAND

*By Ervin W. Hodsdon, M. D.*

[**Editor's Note**—An article by Dr. E. W. Hodsdon of Mountainview, Ossipee, in the April issue of the Granite Monthly entitled "What of New England's Future!" created much favorable criticism, because of the fearless expression of the writer's views and the courageous presentation of a situation which threatens the future prosperity of New England in general and New Hampshire in particular. Numerous persons desired to hear from him again and he was induced to prepare a second article, which here appears.]

Dr. Hodsdon was educated at Dover High School, Phillips Exeter Academy and Washington University, St. Louis. He has served four terms in the New Hampshire Legislature, and has been medical referee of Carroll County for about 15 years. He has been selectman and town clerk, also, and is now postmaster and a member of the school committee.]

Why is New England decadent?

What is the remedy for a situation which threatens to further lessen prosperity, happiness and contentment?

No thoughtful, patriotic son of New England should fail to grasp that there is a deadly menace to this once favored section of the land in the far-flung, wide-spread, fallacious exploitation of the poisonous propaganda that "this is the time for easy money and extravagant living."

Everywhere should the tongues of men and the voices of nature proclaim that, unless a remedy for New England's threatened danger is quickly put into effect, ruin is likely to stalk throughout the region.

We have at present our forsaken farms and deserted industrial villages, by far too many, but they are as nothing compared to the desolation of deadly lethargy certain to encompass energetic municipalities should the downward course of industry persist—thriving towns and cities, which, despite adverse conditions, prevail in many parts of New England today.

I am not writing as an alarmist. Gladly would I favor an eight-hour day and prompt payment of proper charges for all members of the medical fraternity, but I maintain it would be no more unreasonable and improper for me, as a physician, to refuse to respond to the call of a patient fatally ill after the clocks struck the hour of 4 p. m., than for the wage-earners in New England to insist that they shall no longer give more than eight hours of their daily time to keep sustained a decadent realm of industry on whose prosperity depends their own welfare and that of many thousands of others.

So, too, I firmly believe that industrial employers must be governed in their attitude relative to wages and hours wholly by economic conditions. When prices of manufactured commodities were abnormally high, as during the World War, wages far above the usual scale were paid and weekly hours of employment were materially reduced without lessened compensation. With the resumption of the ordinary business status and the return of millions of men to the paths of peace and the production of fabricated merchandise, readjustment was essential, and readjustment means absolute obedience to the laws of healthy business and economic conditions and the dissipation of all extravagant, unreasonable and improper theories and notions. Now these laws cannot be lightly cast aside or resented in any community which would continue to provide comfort and good living for its inhabitants.

It is lamentable and unfortunate that these economic laws will not permit the wearing of silk stockings and fur coats for adornment and at the same time provide comfortable conditions of living for the family

of an average wage-earner in New England. Neither do they provide the means for the possession and maintenance of an automobile by every wage-earner's family; yet, he who declares that the material welfare of wage-earners in New England has not been above that of the average workers in this country and Canada knows not whereof he speaks, with wages higher and hours of labor lesser.

"You cannot eat your cake and have it." That is an old-time aphorism. It is also one of the soundest economic laws ever enunciated.

Compare the lot of the textile workers of Canada and the South with that of New England mill employees. Consider the welfare of the boot and shoe workers of the West with that of the great Eastern centres of manufacturing like Lynn, Haverhill, Manchester and Brockton. No one should question—no reasonable person does question—that in all circumstances the situation of the New Englanders has been vastly superior.

Can that situation continue?

Not until the deadly menace created by the persistent propaganda of easy money and extravagant living is forever silenced and the remedy of frugality and the recognition of unassailable economic conditions applied.

Some years ago Mr. Lucius Tuttle, president of the Boston & Maine railroad, told me there was nothing in the way of prosperity for New England between lumbering and the development of manufacturing. Before his death he noted the wide-spread cutting of timber, but he did not live to see the decline of industrial activity. What would he have said and thought could he have witnessed the driving away of manufacturing from New England?

This fertile and favored region is dependent upon its railroads for the maintenance of a semblance of its former prosperity. Yet, far-seeing men know that, unless the threatening

danger is recognized and remedied, our present railroad systems cannot continue to exist. The railroads' unfortunate situation is universally understood and lamented, but how much worse will it be with a further falling off in manufacturing.

There is not sufficient business in hauling freight to the seaboard, even with preferential rates, to make them prosperous. This line of traffic helps wonderfully in swelling the gross receipts, it is true, but the railroads' continued prosperity and the progress and development of the communities they serve must depend on the transportation of raw material to the manufacturing centres of New England and the distribution of the manufactured goods to the waiting markets of the nation and the world.

If the South takes the raw cotton and fabricates textiles and the West absorbs hides from the stock yards and makes boots and shoes, what traffic will the railroads then have except to distribute in New England the almost infinitesimal percentage required for consumption when the manufacturing industries are still further lessened?

What can New England do with its railroad systems in a still more precarious situation?

Of what avail will it then be to insist on having 48 hours of labor a week, or silk stockings or fur coats.

Consider the boot and shoe industry.

It does not flourish like the lilies in the field.

In the memory of the present generation practically all the boots and shoes used in the United States were made in New England, while millions of pairs were sent to Canada.

In 1921 New England manufactured only 37 per cent of the boots and shoes made in this country.

The firm of which Former Governor Rolland H. Spaulding is a partner produces, among other things, vast quantities of fibre shoe counters. Two



and three years ago two-thirds of the production of the firm's New England mill was sent to factories of this section; to-day two-thirds of the production goes to western locations.

The normal output of boots and shoes in this country is approximately 1,000,000 pairs a day. At present only about 500,000 pairs are completed every 24 hours. Of this number, two western concerns, the Endicott-Johnson Company and the International Shoe Company, make about 235,000 pairs, nearly one-half.

A revival of business in this industry is anticipated, but it may be regarded as certain that an amply proportional part will go to the western houses.

Give a glance at affairs in Lynn and Haverhill, formerly among the world-famous shoe manufacturing centres. One of the leading business men of New Hampshire, a man of great wealth and marked ability, told me recently that, if he held any boot and shoe property in either of those cities, he would dispose of it immediately if anything approaching a fair offer could be received.

Dwell for a moment on the matter of the New England textile industry, which is of particularly vital interest to the people of New Hampshire. In order that there may be no suggestion of local prejudice, I am quoting an editorial from the New York Herald, one of the admittedly great newspapers of the United States, entitled "New England's Textile Industry." It follows:

"The prolonged strike in the textile mills of New England has aroused Southern business promoters to seek supremacy in this great industry for the Southern States. Since their labor troubles began mill owners in Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New Hampshire have been fairly inundated with letters from Southern boards of trade, chambers of commerce and commercial organizations setting forth in general terms the ad-

vantages of the cotton belt region over New England for manufacturing plants, and, in some instances, making tempting specific proposals.

"The chaos into which labor troubles and abnormal market conditions have plunged the New England textile industry has offered a promising field for this form of enterprise. That in this intelligent activity, and the causes underlying which make its opportunity, there is a menace to New England's continued leadership in an industry on which its prosperity largely is dependent is a fact widely recognized.

"As an offset to alarm created by this campaign it has been asserted that the Southern bid for mills is being used by New England manufacturers to scare the public into support of the mill owners' attitude toward labor. It has been declared that Southern mills are in reality the property of Northern owners and that the actual trouble is the result of the work of Northern owners who, by creating a low Southern wage scale, are trying to beat down the Northern mill pay to the same level.

"In answer to this the New England mill owners have recently presented statistics, as to the accuracy of which they invite inquiry, which show that one-half the cotton spindles in the country, roughly speaking, are now in the South. Of this number less than 3 per cent. are owned by Northern mills, while only 8 per cent. are owned by Northern money. This means that about 89 per cent. of all the Southern mills are owned and controlled by Southern capital.

"The arguments being pressed upon Northern mill owners to induce them to remove to the South, or at least to establish branches there, are alluring. They are supported by facts that are hardly open to question. Cheaper cotton, cheaper fuel, less fuel required, lower transportation costs, lower cost of living and consequent

willingness of workers to accept lower wages—these are among the inducements offered for Northern consideration. Southern mill operatives, who are described as '100 per cent. American,' gladly work from fifty-four to sixty hours a week for 25 per cent. less pay than New England operatives demand for from forty-eight to fifty-four hours. And the crowning argument of all is that the Southern operatives are free from the pernicious influence of the labor union politician. Strikes such as are now paralyzing so many New England mills are economic factors that may be ignored in the South.

"These are formidable arguments. How long strike ridden mill owners, with geographical and other handicaps, can be deaf to them and keep on doing business at the old New England stands is a question which seems to be pressing rapidly to the front."

To revert to the imminence of changing conditions and the wake of financial and development disaster which may be left in the path of events of like character, attention is called to an able and convincing, yet conservative, editorial which appeared in the Manchester Leader June 3 last. Here it is:

"Time was when iron ore was got in a swamp just below Mr. Gordon Woodbury's homestead and when the proprietor of a forge standing just across Chandler brook opposite the Porter farm on the River Road in Bedford, offered to contract for all the cannon balls needed by the Continental army. Gilmanton Iron Works recalls in its very name the old New Hampshire iron industry. Franconia had a considerable iron plant. Sometimes we wonder whether or not the men in these plants really grasped the idea that conditions were changing until they had completely changed and their industry was a thing of the past in this part of the country. The question is suggested by a similar one: Do we

of to-day, in Manchester, grasp the change which is taking place under our eyes?

"Not so many years ago Manchester newspaper reporters went out once a year to report the "mill meetings." There were meetings of the Amoskeag, the Manchester, the Stark, the Amory, and the Langdon to "get." In those days, too, as fine a steam fire engine as ever pumped water was made here, and a locomotive of superior quality. All this has passed away. The Manchester Locomotive Works held out for a long time, but in the end the American Locomotive Company bought it out, and both steam fire engine and locomotive making went where they could be carried on economically. One by one the lesser textile concerns succumbed to relentless economic laws, most of them being absorbed in and, in at least one instance, salvaged by the Amoskeag. The Stark was taken up into the American Cotton Duck. Now the Amoskeag stands alone in Manchester's last ditch fight to hold the textile industry.

"Superior management, a working force of highly skilled, industrious, temperamentally stable and home-building workers, and several other advantages, including that of the youthfulness of distant competition, have combined to make it possible for the Amoskeag and the city to grow and prosper in face of the very forces before which other industrial concerns have been driven from the field. Now it absorbs the Stark, and the great corporation of which the latter was a part frankly gives up the fight and goes South where it already has large plants. The Amoskeag remains, elects to continue the struggle, is making changes calculated to minimize its dependence upon prohibitively priced coal. But it has a fight on its hands.

"Meanwhile the shoe industry has come and has grown. But it, too, is having its troubles. The old comparatively easy going days are be-

hind us in both industries. Southern competition is pressing hard on the textile industry, Middle Western competition on the shoe industry. Manifestly, for both workers and management there is a struggle ahead if these industries are to be maintained in this part of the country—not a struggle as between themselves, but a struggle together against the economic pull which is drawing industries nearer and nearer to the source of supply of raw material.

"It was a hopeless struggle in the case of the old iron industry. It was not hopeless for the locomotive and steam fire engine industry for a long time. Gradually, however, with the demand for heavier locomotives and for corresponding changes in plant, with the growth of mighty plants elsewhere and nearer the raw material sources, with the competition of quantity production, it became hopeless. It is nowhere nearly hopeless for the great New England textile concerns as yet, and need not become hopeless if conditions other than those fixed by raw material are equalized. And legislation is steadily tending towards their equalization, albeit the process is slow. But until legislation relating to hours, working conditions and child labor, does do this, there must be a real struggle for existence—a struggle, let us repeat, not between management and workers, but between these together and the competing forces elsewhere."

The loss of ship-building, due to changed conditions, was not felt in Manchester, but it was a serious blow to many other parts of New England.

The problem must be met.

If it is solved correctly the future of New England, with its manifold interests, is secure. Such a correct solution means the security of your homes and your property—if it is incorrect the desolation of your home is imminent. Every New Englander's prosperity is at issue; it is

a case of common weal.

Not by insistent determination can what is best be brought about. It is reported that the agent of a mill in Suncook, N. H., offered, if his employees returned to work under a reduced scale and 54 hours weekly labor, to abide by whatsoever result was arrived at when the strike ended. If the strikers gained their point they would be paid any difference in wages and for the extra six hours weekly, dating from the time of return to work. In case the manufacturers' plan was accepted, they would have the advantage of continued employment. There was no chance for the employees to lose, but the proposition was rejected.

The remedy?

Hard work, frugality, a cessation of oppressive restrictive legislation, reasonable limitation of weekly working hours in accordance with conditions which prevail in other manufacturing sections that are in direct competition with New England, and recognition of the utter fallacy of the propaganda of "easy money and easy living."

New England has suffered from our forefathers' lack of foresight in failing to recompense the soil, from the indiscriminate cutting off of our timber supply, from the ruthless destruction of game and from the devastation of the ocean's gifts. While production from these sources has decreased woefully, some measure of rehabilitation may be found by intensive cultivation of the soil, the fixing of timber reservations, the establishment of game preserves and protective laws and the rigid restriction of wasteful fisheries.

Not so with our manufacturing industry, however.

Once the peak of progress is passed and the downward course of retrogression is thoroughly established the beginning of the end has come.

Industry never will return and intensive cultivation will be of no avail.

# RESISTLESS APPEAL OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

*By Charles S. Tapley.*

It has been my good fortune to spend a part of every summer of my life within the confines of Old New Hampshire. I am familiar with every section of the state. I love its scenery and its people. New Hampshire people regard their visitors as friends to be welcomed and not as pigeons to be plucked.

The first few summers of my life were passed in the little village of Bradford, at the foot of southern Kearsarge. It is a charming town noted for its dignified homes, its open-hearted hospitality and its total absence from the thriftlessness which disgraces so many towns. No section of New Hampshire affords more abundant facilities for hunting and fishing than in the vicinity of Bradford. Black duck, partridges, raccoons, dace, pickerel, trout, foxes, etc., make the Bradford woods and streams their rendezvous.

I later became a visitor to the beautiful Whittier country and still later knew the northern country when a student at Dartmouth.

When the social whirl of the city winter becomes too frenzied, when the tired brain and the jaded nerves behind the desk need refreshing, when life in town seems narrow, crowded, oppressive, I like to go to New Hampshire. There the still air snaps and sparkles, the whip-cracks of the wind stir to riot the strengthening pulse beats.

I am firmly convinced that one has missed a height of human pleasure who has never coasted down a New Hampshire hill—and climbed its steep incline again—with a merry party under the light of the full moon; who has never heard the cling of the steel skate blade on the frozen bosom of the lake or river; who has

never donned the snowshoes, our Indian inheritance. In place of the exquisite green of the spring birth, the fuller bloom of mid-summer, or the gorgeous reds of autumn, we have winter's white of wonderful witchery, of gleaming, glittering beauty.

I cannot boast New Hampshire ancestors. The vicinity of Salem is my ancestral home. Every summer I yearn for the New Hampshire hills. I am proud that Massachusetts has a New Hampshire son as governor, especially such a governor as Channing H. Cox.

Fortunate are they whose leisure permits them to linger among the hills of New Hampshire through the dreamy Indian summer of October, and watch the flush of autumn deepen over the forests. The climate is then at its best. The days, if ever, are perfect. The hillsides, ablaze with crimson and gold, mirror their glories in the motionless lakes.

The majesty of the mountains, the beauty of the lakes, the charm of the seacoast.

So much of sheer beauty is crowded into this remarkable state that one gazes about with a quick indrawing of breath—scarce believing that his eyes have served him aright.

Against a back-ground of towering mountains, deep masses of purple shadows, crowned with the pure white of everlasting snows, shines forth the startling beauty of New Hampshire, a beauty so clear, so natural, so delightful that there is no resisting it.

Whittier wrote,

"Touched by a light that hath no name,  
A glory never sung,  
Aloft on sky and mountain wall  
Are God's great pictures hung."

## NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

What is so rare as a fair day in June was the 1922 version of James Russell Lowell's famous line as rendered by the thousands of alumni, alumnae, graduates, undergraduates, parents and friends who attended Commencement at New Hampshire's colleges and schools during last month. However, this inopportune

Dartmouth College graduated a class of 233 and New Hampshire College, one of 122. At Durham honorary degrees of Doctor of Laws were conferred upon Governor Albert O. Brown, President Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth, Judge George H. Bingham of Manchester, Chairman James O. Lyford of the



PRESIDENT GUY W. COX OF THE DARTMOUTH ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

display of the vagaries of New England weather did not reduce the quantity or quality of the graduating classes; prevent the attendance of any of the recipients of honorary degrees; or otherwise detract from the more serious and essential features which attend the close of the educational year.

state bank commission and Clarence E. Carr of Andover. Prof. Herbert F. Moore of Northwestern University, a distinguished alumnus and native of New Hampshire, was made a Doctor of Science, and the degree of Master of Arts was given Mrs. Alice S. Harriman of Laconia, member of the state board of education

and past president of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs.

The distinguished list of recipients of honorary degrees at Dartmouth included Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon, LL. D.; Prof. Henry M. Russell of Princeton and Gen. George O. Squier, Doctor of Science; Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Robert Lincoln O'Brien of the Boston Herald, Doctor of Letters; Rev. John T. Dallas of Hanover, Rev. Charles C. Merrill of Chicago and President Benjamin T. Marshall of Connecticut College for Women, Doctor of Divinity; Harry Chandler, native of New Hampshire and publisher of the Los Angeles Times, Superintendent William F. Geiger of the Tacoma, Washington, public schools and Principal Charles A. Tracy of Kimball Union Academy, Master of Arts.

New Hampshire was honored at Hanover in that both the retiring and the incoming president of the Dartmouth Alumni Association were of Grahite State connection. Merrill Shurtleff, '92, of Lancaster, presided gracefully over the annual Commencement Day dinner, and the choice was announced as his successor of Guy Wilbur Cox, '93, born in Manchester, January 19, 1871, the son of Charles E. and Evelyn M. (Randall) Cox and the brother of Walter R. Cox, the famous horseman. Judge Louis S. Cox of the Massachusetts Supreme Court and Governor Channing H. Cox of the Bay State. President Cox was the valedictorian of his Dartmouth class and its most talented musician as well as mathematician. He subsequently graduated magna cum laude from the Boston Law School and has been highly successful in the practice of his profession in Boston for a quarter of a century, being a member of the firm of Butler, Cox & Murchie. He was a member of the Boston city council in 1902; of the state house of representatives in

1903-4; of the state senate in 1906-7 and of the constitutional convention in 1917-18. In this last body he was chairman of the important committee on taxation as he had been previously in the senate. He was chairman of the Massachusetts tax commission in 1907 and was recently the head of the like committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

The New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation issued recently the following statement upon taxation:

From 1910 to 1920 the taxes collected in towns and un-incorporated places, increased by 142%, and the valuation increased 100 per cent. The average rate of taxation went from \$1.60 in 1911 to over \$2.38 in 1920. The majority of the farming communities pay more than the average rate.

Realizing these facts, the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation has made an investigation of tax conditions, covering the last ten years. The Committee formed for this purpose under the chairmanship of Ex-Governor Robert P. Bass and including Ex-Congressman Raymond B. Stevens, and Frank H. Pearson, has submitted a preliminary report, a summary of which is here given.

The Special Tax Commission, authorized by the Legislature of 1907, found that real estate was valued at about 70 per cent, livestock at 55 per cent, stocks in trade at 55 per cent, industrial and mercantile corporations at 34%, timberlands at about 30 per cent, while nine-tenths of money and taxable securities escaped entirely. Railroads were then assessed at barely more than 1-3 of the market value of their securities apportioned to New Hampshire and about 40 per cent of a valuation reached by capitalizing their earnings at 5 per cent.

This led the Legislature of 1911 to create the present Tax Commission chiefly for the purpose of rectifying these inequalities which obvi-

ously placed an unfair burden on the farmer and small householder.

From 1910 to 1920 the total valuation of all taxable property in the state, except savings bank deposits, increased about 92 per cent, whereas property locally assessed in cities and towns increased 100 per cent.

Lands and buildings, found in 1908 to be the most highly assessed, increased 85 per cent in valuation. Livestock, from 1910 to 1920, increased per head, by various percentages; cows, 169 per cent. Yet in 1908 livestock was second in its high rate of valuation as compared with other classes. These should be compared with the average of all property, 92%. Such increases seem entirely disproportionate and unfair when compared to some other classes.

Real estate in general was in 1908 assessed at about 70% of true value, while timberlands were then assessed at about 30%. A study of representative woodlots in southern and central New Hampshire, made by John H. Foster, now State Forester, showed average increases in assessed valuation of 161.7 per cent from 1908 to 1914, bringing them in that year to about 75% of actual value. These tax values have been largely increased since 1914.

During the period, 1910-1920, the average tax value per acre, in unincorporated places increased 143%. If that were all that had happened, the tax valuation would have risen from 30% of the true value, to 73% of the true value. But in the meantime the market value had greatly risen. The increase in tax value of wild lands has only kept pace with the phenomenal increase in pulpwood value. The disparity which existed in 1908 between these timberlands and ordinary lands and buildings, (30 to 70) has not been equalized, and those classes which have been brought fully or nearly to actual value are still bearing a disproportionate share of the entire tax burden, and

besides that, paid in 1920 on a \$2.38 average rate, while un-incorporated places paid on a \$.48 average rate.

The Committee believes we need a new scheme of timber taxation. So long, however, as we continue the present tax system, it should be impartially and equally enforced in respect to all classes of property.

From 1910 to 1912 the increase in the valuation of public utilities was equal and proportionate to all other property. Since 1912, other property has shown a steady increase, while the valuation of public utilities has shown a marked decrease.

Except for the Manchester utilities which seem to be assessed at full value, the valuation fixed by the Public Service Commission, is generally marked higher than, and in some cases double, the assessed valuation.

From 1911 to 1920, the assessed valuation of the railroads dropped from \$59,876,000 to \$45,935,800. The Interstate Commerce Commission has recently announced a tentative valuation of the steam railroads in New Hampshire as of June 30, 1913, placing it at \$61,000,000, to which must be added the portion of their equipment properly assignable to New Hampshire, thus bringing their total value to about \$70,000,000. In 1912, the United States Census valued these properties at \$76,000,000. The tax valuation in 1913 was \$44, 520,000.

It may be contrary to the public interest to increase railroad taxes just now. But it is equally important that the resulting loss of public revenue should not be made up by increasing the burden of property already fully taxed and no better able to bear it than the railroads. This applies to farm property, whose tax valuation has steadily gone up, instead of down; and yet farm mortgages in New Hampshire have in ten years, increased 2 per cent., while the number of operated farms has decreased 24 per cent.

Equalizing of taxation depends not

only on equal valuation, but also on not allowing any property to escape. In 1920 more than \$20,000,000 of industrial property was exempted.

Intangibles. Although other inventoried property increased 100 per cent in ten years, this class was in 1920 only slightly greater than in 1910. The amount of intangible property in the State has been repeatedly estimated by officials and students of our tax system, at several hundred million dollars. Only a minute fraction pays any tax whatever. The man who own a farm or who owns his home and works for wages, pays a heavy tax, while the man who derives his income from intangible property contributes little to the cost of the Government. An equitable tax on intangibles would give substantial relief to those kinds of property which are now fully taxed.

Deposits in Savings Banks is one class of intangible property (amounting in 1920 to \$142,000,000), which has continuously paid a substantial tax. They represent the hard-earned accumulations of people of small and moderate means. The

average deposit is less than \$500. In the case of a 4 per cent. bank, the tax equals an income tax of 15 per cent. There is no justice in collecting such a high tax on small savings, while big investors are for the most part allowed to escape all taxation.

Stock in trade of merchants and mills and machinery were assessed in 1908 at 55 per cent and 34 per cent respectively of true values. By 1920 the valuation of these classes were increased about 200 per cent. In spite of this increase, there still exists serious undervaluations in the opinion of the present Tax Commission.

Farms and the ordinary home are still heavily overtaxed in proportion to other property. The condition is serious, both to individual and the State. The important industry of farming has shown a serious decline. A change in our tax system can only come as a result of general public understanding. There should be a campaign of public education. The Farm Bureau should prepare a constructive program for action by the next Legislature.

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## THE WHITE FLOWER.

*By Alice Sargent Krikorian.*

I wandered lone upon the desert strand,  
And found a flower white upon the sand,  
"Mine, mine thou art" I said, "e'en from this hour,"  
I knew not then, 'twas Love that was the flower.

Gone is the flower from the desert place  
The heated winds are blowing on my face  
But yet the desert is not wholly bare,  
The perfume of the flower lingers there.



## EDITORIAL

We hope there is foundation in truth for the rumor that former Governors Rolland H. Spaulding, Robert P. Bass and Samuel D. Felker, former Congressman Raymond B. Stevens, former State Senator John G. Winant and other men of prominence in state affairs will become candidates for the House of Representatives in the New Hampshire Legislature of 1923. Every man who is Chief Executive of the state for two years gains thereby experience and knowledge of great value to the commonwealth, but which in the past has very rarely been made of such use as it might be.

In recent years retiring Governors have sent messages to incoming Legislatures which contained recommendations and suggestions based upon facts, not theories, which the new law-makers would have done well to heed. But it is the Chief Executive just inaugurated, not the one giving up the chair at the head of the table, who has the greater influence in molding legislation. From most aspects this situation is right, just and desirable. It does, however, retard the continuous onward march of the state because of a lack of mutual understanding between the executive and legislative branches of the government as to the point of development which has been reached in state affairs, what the next steps should be and how they should be taken.

The larger the number of members of the lower house who have had previous experience in higher positions, the broader its view will be and the greater the likelihood of early and effective co-operation with the new leader of the state.

A conspicuous national instance of such service comes at once to mind in the case of John Quincy Adams of

Massachusetts, who, as an ex-President of the United States, was a very influential and useful member of Congress until his death.

Of former Governors of New Hampshire now alive only two, Hon. Nahum J. Bacheelder of East Andover and Hon. Henry B. Quinby of Lakeport, are enjoying the leisure of well-earned retirement. Others who are active, but not eligible for service in the New Hampshire Legislature because of other engagements, are United States Senator Henry W. Keyes, First Assistant Postmaster General John H. Bartlett and Chairman Charles M. Floyd of the New Hampshire State Tax Commission. Governor Albert O. Brown, who will be an "ex" after the convening of the next General Court, doubtless will give that body as much benefit from his experience of two years as can be contained in a valedictory address, but it would be of very great benefit to the state if his services could be further enlisted in some way for such important tasks as the preparation of the budget bills and the revision of the tax laws.

With our very large Legislature and our insistence upon rotation in office, New Hampshire comes nearer than any other state in the Union to giving all of its citizens a direct share in the state government. This approaches one of the ideals of democracy and has both a theoretic and an actual value in advancing interest in, and knowledge of, public affairs, among the mass of the body politic. But it also has its manifest disadvantages and some of these can be overcome or alleviated by the leavening of the legislative mass with the experience, good sense and forward look of such men as those named above.

## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Mr. Brookes More, whose friendly interest in the *Granite Monthly* is reciprocated, we feel sure, by all its readers, is engaged in the interesting and congenial work of turning Ovid's *Metamorphoses* into English blank verse. The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, issues in attractive form the first fruit of these labors, Book I, including "The Creation," "The Four Ages," "Giants," "Lycaon Changed to a Wolf," "The Deluge," "The Pythian Games," "Daphne and Phoebus" and "Io and Jupiter." This neat volume is listed at \$1.25 and is to be followed by a larger edition, now in process of preparation, which will include the first five books and will be published at \$3.50. Mr. Frederick Allison Tupper, in a brief, but appreciative introduction, predicts that Mr. More's work will become "the standard translation of Ovid for the English-speaking world," because in it "the unparalleled felicity of expression and the matchless fluency of the classic poet find in Mr. More an interpreter so competent, so loyal and so felicitous."

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So-called vital problems of government are sadly plenty, just now, not only across the water, but in our own country. Some of these troubles may be bogies, without foundation or substance; but some of them are not; and one of those which we are sure is not is the question of what to do with and for our railroads. The governors of all the New England states are so sure that this is a real problem of immediate insistence that they have appointed special commissions to cooperate in trying to work out a special plan for the transportation and traffic salvation of this corner of the nation; and Governor Brown of New Hampshire has succeeded

in securing for our contribution to this conference the valuable services of Lester F. Thurber of Nashua, Arthur H. Hale of Manchester, Benjamin W. Couch of Concord, Clarence E. Carr of Andover and Professor James P. Richardson of Hanover. Doubtless all of these gentlemen and the other members of the coming conference as well, have read a book published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, this year, at \$2.75, entitled "Railroads and Government, their relations in the United States, 1910-1921." But if any of these conferees or any other person who wishes to be well posted on the railroad problem has missed this volume the lack should be remedied at once, for it gives the best back ground possible for a constructive study of the future of our transportation machinery. It is easy to read and to understand, yet it is thoughtful, thorough, and complete. It is straightforward and plainspoken, and yet it seems to us fair to all concerned. The author, Frank H. Dixon, now professor of economics at Princeton University, held a similar position at Dartmouth College for 20 years. He knows whereof he writes and if what he has written is a textbook, it is one which should be studied in every business office as well as in every class room.

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The tragic note in "Dancers in the Dark," one of the most talked about books of the year, is furnished by Sarah, who was the first Woman of the World Joy Nelson ever had known; but who, Joy found out later when she learned to call her Sal, came "from a little New Hampshire town, was the village belle, wore spit curls, rhinestone combs and all that sort of things till some underdone Dart-

mouth freshman took her to Winter Carnival and she saw she'd found her lifework." What that lifework was Miss Dorothy Speare, who is, we think, one of our Lake Winnepesaukee summer residents, describes very frankly, giving a word painting of our younger generation taking the easy descent to Avernus with a cocktail in one hand and a cigarette in the other that is almost shocking. That it isn't quite so is because we know so many college boys and college girls who do not bear the slightest resemblance to Jerry and Sal and Felicie, to Packy and Twinky and Dum, and because we think the latter are very much in the minority in spite of the tremendous amount of publicity given the foolish "flappers" and their kind. Miss Speare writes well. She has created one character, "Jerry" that will stay in the mind longer than most figures of modern fiction. Her descriptions of Bohemian Boston are almost duplicated by newspaper reports of recent investigations by coroners and detectives at the Hub. So we cannot take many exceptions to either her material or her manner of using

it save to say that we hope her next story will have a less lurid and more convincing background. The George H. Doran Company, New York, publishes "Dancers in the Dark" at \$1.75.

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Uncle Mary by Isla May Mullins (Page, Boston, \$1.75) is announced as "a novel for young or old." and those in both classes who have enjoyed the half dozen stories from this author's pen previously published will welcome her new work. Those who have made the acquaintance of "Uncle Mary" before will be glad to hear that her wedding, in the next to the last chapter, was "the biggest doings that Sunfield ever saw."

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The St. Botolph Society, 53 Beacon Street, Boston, has issued a new edition of "Omar the Tentmaker," the historical romance by Nathan Haskell Dole first published in 1898. When one thinks how few of the thousand books that saw the light in that year still retain life, the evidence of the merit in Mr. Dole's story is realized.

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## DAY DREAMS.

*By Sarah Jackson.*

In summer when the sky is bright  
The sea pounds up with all its might  
Upon the beach of beaten sand,  
As if it quarreled with the land,

I seem to hear it hiss and roar  
As if to scare the helpless shore,  
But after all is said and done  
The quiet shore has really won.

**STORMS.**

*By Ruth Bassett.*

I've listened to the wind to-night and heard the rain-  
drops tear  
Against the window where I sat and leave a message  
there;  
While thro' the howling of the storm, the church-bells  
called to prayer.

And this I prayed—that should you hear, wherever  
you may be—  
The sobbing of the wind to-night, so wild and mourn-  
fully—  
It is my own voice calling you to hasten back to me.

The arms of night are my two arms reached out across  
the years;  
You'll find the dark enfolding you with trembling  
hopes and fears;  
And feel the rain against your face and know it is my  
tears.

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**THE TEAR THAT SAYS GOOD-BY.**

*By Frank R. Bagley.*

Child of emotion, without taint of passion, leagued  
with the heart alway.  
Ever on edge when sentiment's in action where purity's  
the order of the day.  
Responsive never to a pang that cheapens; quick to  
arise, leap forth and brim the eye  
When the heart calls, then the tear falls,—the tear that  
says good-by.

O symbol of the best that lies within us, born of a heart-  
throb when a loved-one's dying!  
The last, long kiss, and then the pure drop welling,—  
the overflow of grief too deep for sighing.  
The love of Christ himself is in thy making, the purity  
of angels hovering nigh,  
When from a chamber of the soul thou stealest,  
O loyal, yearning tear that says good-by!

**TO A HAMADRYAD.***By Walter B. Wolfe.*

Since none will listen to my verses  
 I shall garland the slender birch tree  
 Standing at the edge of the meadow  
 With a crown of flowers and fillets of wool  
 And sing my merriest songs  
 To the smiling hamadryad  
 Whose laughter I have heard often  
 In the high green branches....

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**SUMMER TIME.***Mary E. Partridge.*

Butterflies, Roses, and Sunshine,  
 Brooklets that sparkle and flow;  
 Birds in the treetops are singing,  
 Meadows are all a-blow.

Dew drops a-quiver on clover,  
 Swallows are circling the sky,  
 Fairies and fireflies are dancing  
 Wherever the moonbeams lie.

Summertime, Summertime's coming,  
 Murmuring of insect and bee.  
 Softly the south wind is bringing  
 Its message to you and me.

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**AS A TIEL TREE AND AN OAK.***(Isaiah—6:13)**By Eleanor Kenley Bacon.*

Lord, as a tiel tree and an oak  
 Whose substance is in them—Invoke  
 In me the perennial power to cast  
 Off useless leaves that clog my past—  
 And let me stand unfettered, free  
 My future dedicate to Thee.

Give me the guerdon best on earth  
 That lovely lucre, inward worth,  
 Heaven's currency! The only gold  
 That man in innocence can hold.  
 And let me spend my spirit's hoard  
 Only to magnify thee, Lord.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## SAMUEL E. PINGREE.

Samuel Everett Pingree, in whose remarkable life and record New Hampshire and Vermont took equal pride, was born in Salisbury, August 2, 1832, the son of Stephen and Judith (True) Pingree. He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1857 and was the permanent secretary of his class. He was admitted to the Vermont bar in 1859, settled in Hartford, Vt., in 1860, and there resided until his death, June 1. He was town clerk throughout his residence in Hartford except for the time spent in the army during the Civil War, for which he enlisted as a private on the call of President Lincoln in Company F, Third



THE LATE GOVERNOR S. E. PINGREE.

Regiment, Vermont Volunteers. He was promoted to lieutenant, captain, major and lieutenant colonel. On April 15, 1862, at Lees Mills, Va., he led his company across a deep and wide creek and drove the enemy out of the rifle pits, which were within two yards of the farther bank keeping at the head of his men until he had received two severe wounds. He was sent to the hospital in Philadelphia, but rejoined his command as soon as permitted. For his gallantry in that fight he was given the Congressional medal of honor. On his return to civil life, in July 1864, Colonel Pingree resumed the practice of law, and from 1866 to 1869 as State's attor-

ney for Windsor County. He also raised the 8th Regiment of Vermont, organized militia, and was continued as its colonel until it was disbanded. He was always a Republican, although not very active until, in 1868, he was chosen as a delegate-at-large to the National convention at Chicago which nominated General U. S. Grant for his first term as President. In 1882 Col. Pingree was elected Lieutenant Governor, and in 1884 he was chosen Governor by the largest vote ever given to any candidate for that office up to that time. At the end of his term, in 1886, he was appointed to the newly created office of chairman of the State Railway Commission, a position which he held eight years, retiring in 1894. He was an enthusiastic member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and was one of the founders of the Reunion Society of the Vermont Officers of the Civil War, and its president for a long term of years.

September 15, 1859, he was married to Miss Lydia M. Steele of Stanstead, P. Q., by whom he is survived, with one son, William S. He was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity and of Phi Beta Kappa.

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## JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

John Quincy Adams was born in Dublin, October 18, 1827, and died in Peterborough, March 22, 1922. His education was gained in the town schools, in which he himself was subsequently a teacher for some years. He was for many years selectman of Peterborough; member from that town of the legislature of 1885; member of the school board for several terms. Since 1906 he had been president of the Peterborough savings bank and was also a director of the national bank there. His vocation was that of a farmer and during his active life he was a member of the Grange. He belonged to the Unitarian church and the local historical society. A daughter, Mary M. Adams, is the only survivor of his immediate family.

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## WILLIAM H. MANAHAN.

One of the most picturesque and potent personalities in the New Hampshire of the past half century was William Henry Manahan, who died in Hillsborough June 13. He was the youngest and last of a family of eight children, the son of John and Lucintha (Felch) Manahan, and was

born in New London March 31, 1840. In addition to his town school education, he was a student at Colby academy and Eaton's Commercial college at Worcester. He learned the machinist's trade, later becoming a practical draftsman, which he followed for a number of years.

In 1862 he located at Hillsborough Lower Village, engaging in the lumbering and milling business, later adding furniture manufacturing. He also engaged in real estate operations and from this took up

In 1889 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention. He was the first Republican elected to the Legislature in 114 years. He was town moderator for 12 years.

Mr. Manahan possessed a large stock of historical anecdotes which, combined with his pleasing oratory, made him eagerly sought as a public speaker at all town celebrations.

March 31, 1862, he married Fannie Harriett Chaffin of Holden, Mass., who sur-



THE LATE W. H. MANAHAN.

public selling in which profession he became one of the best known auctioneers in New England. His specialty was timber, which he could estimate very accurately, farm, city blocks and beach property. He conducted sales in all the New England states and made several trips to the South for this purpose. He possessed a commanding figure, a fine voice and an unusual command of language.

In 1885-86 he represented his town in the Legislature and here his command of oratory made him prominent as a debater and as an advocate of conservative legislation.

vives him. On March 31, they celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary as well as Mr. Manahan's 82nd birthday.

He leaves three children, Mrs. Josephine Fuller of Hillsborough, Mrs. Gertrude Adams, wife of Dr. Adams, of Wollaston, Mass., and W. H. Manahan, Jr., of Hillsborough.

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#### JAMES C. SIMPSON.

James Clifford Simpson was born in Greenland, May 27, 1865, and died at his residence in New York City June 11.

He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1887 and took up educational work, serving as principal of the high school at Bellows Falls, Vt., as superintendent of schools at Portsmouth and as a trustee of the state normal school at Plymouth. In 1897 he entered the employ of the educational publishing house of D. C. Heath & Company and since 1910 had been its vice-president and a member of the board of directors, acting as general manager of the New York office. Mr. Simpson was a Mason, a member of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity and of the University Club, Boston, the Maine Society of New York and the National Educational Association. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Lena Allen Simpson.

#### JEREMIAH E. AYERS.

Jeremiah E. Ayers was born in Canterbury, Feb. 2, 1838, and died in Denver, Col., May 4. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1863 and taught for two years in Portsmouth and seven years in Pittsburgh, Pa., before removing to Denver, where he was one of the pioneers of that city and vicinity, making extensive real estate and agricultural developments. He was one of the first trustees of Colorado College and an active worker in the Presbyterian church and Bible school. He is survived by his widow, who was Miss Anna Rea of Pittsburgh; two daughters, Mrs. Harry C. Riddle and Mrs. Lucy A. Smith; a sister, Miss Lucy C. Ayers of Woonsocket, R. I.; a brother, Rev. W. H. Ayers of Los Angeles, Calif.; five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

#### GEN. W. E. SPAULDING.

William Edward Spaulding was born in Nashua, Dec. 13, 1860, son of the late Mayor John A. and Josephine (Eastman) Spaulding. He was educated in public and private schools of that city and early entered the employ of the First National Bank, of which his father was the head, and of which William E. Spaulding was for many years cashier. He served in the city council, as city treasurer and for 40 years as treasurer of the Wilton Railroad. He was an officer of the crack City Guards military company of Nashua, was at one time adjutant of the Second Regiment, N. H. N. G., and served on the staff of Governor Charles H. Sawyer. He was a member of the Algonquin Club and the B. A. A. in Boston, where he died on May 22 and where he had been engaged in the antique business for some years. His widow, who

was Miss Florence Dexter of Windsor Locks, Conn., a son, Dexter Edward, and a daughter, Sylvia, survive him.

#### EUGENE P. NUTE.

Eugene P. Nute was born in Farmington, June 14, 1852, the son of Congressman Alonzo and Mary (Pearl) Nute, and died in the same town May 16. He was educated at Colby academy, New London, and Phillips academy, Andover, Mass., and upon attaining manhood engaged with his father in the manufacture of shoes, so continuing for twenty years. A Republican in politics, he represented his town in the Legislature of 1883 and from 1898 to 1914 was United States marshal for the district of New Hampshire. This office he resigned to



THE LATE EUGENE P. NUTE.

become secretary of the New Hampshire board of underwriters, a position which he filled with great ability until his last illness. He was a member of the Loyal Legion, of the Masonic order and of the Knights of Pythias. Mr. Nute married June 4, 1881, Nellie S. Parker of Farmington, by whom he is survived, with their two sons, Stanley and Harry, and one daughter, Molly; and a brother, Alonzo I. Nute. Few men had as large an acquaintance in New Hampshire or as large a number of friends as did Mr. Nute. His kindly helpfulness was un-failing; and his dignified, yet genial, personality was most attractive.



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Common Stock .....	1,000,000	866,300
Secured 7% Notes, Due 1921-1930 .....	1,067,500	1,067,500
First Mortgage and Prior Lien 6% Bonds	5,000,000	1,886,000

\*In hands of public.

### EARNINGS STATEMENT

Years Ending	Gross	Net	Gross
Dec. 31, 1920	1,837,401	404,124	22%
Aug. 31, 1921	1,960,924	491,489	25%
Oct. 31, 1921	1,977,054	519,992	26%
Dec. 31, 1921	2,015,275	547,560	27%

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# The Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



**IN THIS ISSUE:**

**THE DATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE'S SETTLEMENT**

**By John Scales, A. M.**

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**HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher**

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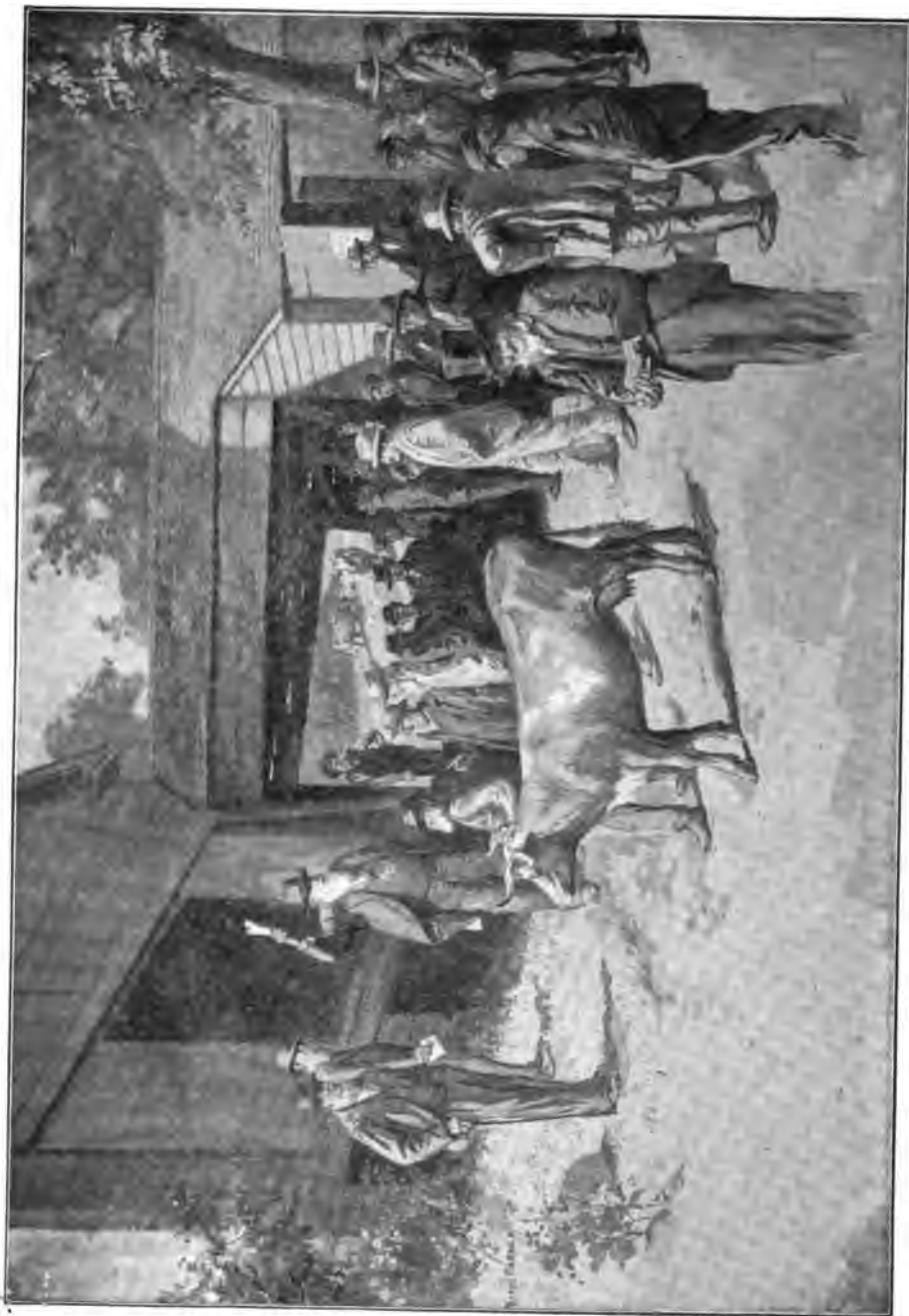
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**THE VENDUE.**  
From a Painting by Frank French

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LIV.

AUGUST, 1922

No. 8.

## THE VENDUE AT VALLEY FARM

*By Emma Warne.*

(The following sketch describes a typical day in the life of the late William H. Manahan of Hillsborough, whose portrait and biographical sketch appeared in the July Granite Monthly. The frontispiece of this number, from a picture by New Hampshire's distinguished artist, Frank A. French, has Mr. Manahan as its central figure.—Editor)

The day set for this momentous event was a perfect one. The silk-velvet leaves nodded in curtsy to each other. The birds sang their love songs of praise. At ten o'clock the house and grounds had become the Mecca of the good people of this and the surrounding towns. Every post, tree and fence rail within sight was the custodian of a team. A silver-tongued orator of imposing stature, one of Hillsborough's finest, was here to perform the last rites at this altar.

After the manner of vendues—they were never called "auctions" in those days—there were first sold the least valuable articles of farming tools, many of them having outlived their usefulness; wagons that had stood under the old apple trees for years; the old grindstone; a sleigh brought down from the barn-loft with many a grunt from the farm-hand; the horse rake of the vintage of twenty-five years ago, the old-fashioned flail and plow, and harrow, all replaced now by more modern inventions to lighten labor; odd barrels, piles of bricks, horse shoes that may or may not have brought good luck, boxes full of nails, and other odds and ends, accumulation of the thrifty New Englanders; household utensils and furniture, much of which had

been stored in the unfinished chamber of the wood-shed, scattered bits of wooden and other wares, coming from whence no one knew; all of which had lost their names as well as the knowledge of the part they had played in the farmer's round of duties.

There was a pictureless frame which a wag seized and placed in front of a beautiful woman standing immediately adjacent to the commander of the day. His ready response was to tempt the highest bidder by his apt quotation of the "beautiful picture in the golden frame."

There was demand even for the common things, the proof being the goodly prices they brought under the persuasive tongue of the fluent auctioneer, who certainly was not there to look for any lack of quality. A good share of this truck and junk was the contribution of neighbors who always improved such an opportunity to get rid of some of their undesirable savings of the years.

A buffalo coat the rear all worn off, held up by the shoulders with the front view exposed was disposed of at a goodly price to a prudent man who bragged that these "darn auctioneers" never beat him.

Then came the more valuable commodities, arousing the keener interest of the audience, and the evident satisfaction of Sir Auctioneer who was in his happiest mood. Beautiful horses were pranced up and down the drive-way for our admiration, and to tempt the pocket-book of the householder. Sleek kine and of as many

colors as Joseph's coat were placed on exhibition, and changed owners at what seemed almost fabulous prices. Grunting swine were coaxed from their native heath to demand attention. Farm-yard fowl, sheep and lambs passed in review and disappeared under new ownership.

Our interest was not so much in the vendue itself, or the desirability of the article being sold, as it was to catch the wording of the auctioneer's pat description of no matter what the common-place object. The rolling pin suddenly became invested with unusual value, and his "give me thirty! give me thirty" was as sonorous and inspiring as an epic from the Georgics.

After the manner of the country vendue the noon-hour was an especial feature, and made a picnic for the families gathered there. All of this company had their dinners with them. Every wagon load had its lunch-basket filled and overflowing with the good things of the pantry, which make the Grange dinners and Church suppers of this time of H. C. L. pale into insignificance.

The farmer's wife holds first place with her loving, genial friendliness, having no time nor inclination for the shams of the present day. We occasionally received a loving pat from those capable hands which cheers us on our way, and eases up our nerves in this day of criticism, censure and jealousy.

Thus we ate our dinner, with our children playing near by, casting an anxious eye lest they wander to the heels of the horses or to the river's bank that has too often lured the unsuspecting to their undoing. This is the only wickedness our beautiful river ever committed, becoming the sacrificial altar of many souls who have ventured too near the edge and "rocked the boat." So we satisfied the calls of hunger, while we talked of the past, its comforts and satis-

faction, as if the present held none of its allurements.

My readers who are familiar with the custom and attractions of the old-fashioned country vendue, remember the trips to be made to that rendezvous dedicated to "Saint Coffee," usually a wash-boiler, where a master hand dealt out to devotees of this patron saint the nectar offered at this particular shrine, together with crackers and cheese to those who had no dinner basket to flee to.

Some acquaintance who had been absent for a considerable time would give us that kindly hand-clasp that would make the arm ache for a variable time afterwards, and not the two-finger a la cod-fish kind we have no desire to remember. So we visit from group to group.

At 1.30 the farm itself was to be so'd, and the hour had approached when we could hear at a distance the eloquent auctioneer warming up to his prologue, so we walked to nearer range through the lane with its beautiful running vines covering the idiosyncracies of the rough board fence; the elderberry and the running blackberry as the foundation, and over all the frills of wild columbine with the milkweed uprearing its thrifty beams to make the frame-work more substantial. The whole was a marvelous display by the master artist, Nature.

As we came up to join the outer circle of that amphitheatre and within good hearing distance, the orator of the day was describing the beauties of the place; its wonderful situation hemmed in by the Deering hills; the matchless valley with its far-reaching advantages; its varying possibilities; its historical charm, with relics of the ferry by which the early pioneers crossed the swollen stream in the days of the Red Men; (an auctioneer's license of the facts, I suppose!); the adjacent village, which had sprung into existence like a mushroom in a

night; and finally, the river—the swift-flowing river, which held the key to manufacture, another term for prosperity! In his mind's eye he saw a chain of mills extending up and down the rapids to this farm, and below! What a market they would bring to the farmer, for his produce to feed the teeming thousands.

At this juncture a smart competition began between two old time dwellers, one of whom lived on the mountain peak in the north part of the town. To him the impassioned auctioneer was directing his eloquence:

"James, when we go to see you we take a long hard drive up Monroe hill, which wearies our horses and taxes the time and patience of us who go up and down the earth, hustling after our daily bread. Here we can ride down most any day, partake of your hospitality and your wife's bounteous cookery. Your daily toil will be easier. You can perform your work by machinery, where you now do manual labor. The river will gladden your eye and comfort your heart. In time the thriving village will encroach on your land, so that you can command a higher price for such as you wish to dispose of, while the rest will be greatly enhanced in value."

Possibly influenced by this glowing rhetoric if not argument, James raised the bid another hundred, and immediately the voluble auctioneer turned to his rival giving expression to another even stronger claim to that bidder, who immediately raised the price another hundred.

By this time the spectators were agape with the keenest interest. James moved uneasily, as if anxious to escape the searching gaze of the man on the block, who was truly laboring zealously to earn his fee, big as it no doubt was.

Finally, in spite of his efforts to avoid him, James came under the direct cannonade of the speaker, who led the cohorts of his tongue against

the hesitating bidder, one who knew the full worth of a dollar and was not easily beguiled by the allurements of a silver-tongued orator.

"Do you realize, James, that you are standing on the threshold of a golden opportunity, such as will never open to you again during your days, even should you live to be as old as Methuselah or as good as Elijah. Should you neglect this golden opportunity, on your way home to-night Monroe hill will rise like a mountain before you, and your good horse will look back to you, saying reproachingly:

"Master, why did you not end this uphill journey and rest in the valley, where the cooling dews of summer will send their fragrance and the cold winds of winter never find you?"

"Ah, I see your countenance lighten with the wisdom of your good head, and I hear you say 'one hundred.'"

Driven thus to the corner Ray nodded, and once more the speaker turned the fire of his eloquence upon the other, who was an easier victim, and bid his hundred quickly.

Great beads of perspiration stood out like huge jewels on the ruddy countenance of the auctioneer, but without even stopping to brush these aside with his big handkerchief, he kept up his incessant fire of language, as if knowing that the crisis was near at hand, and to falter now would be fatal.

With another burst of lightning speech he fairly raised by sheer strength the bidder from beyond Monroe hill another substantial step, and then the other man, as if he had made up his mind to be the successful bidder, added a hundred to the sum already involved. This time Ray halved his bid, when his competitor risked the other half.

Here the bidding stopped. Paint what picture he might he could not get another nod from the head of James. Evidently the cautious farm-



er had reached his limit. At last the ominous words "Going—going—going—three times—and GONE!"

Then the silver-toned orator, sprang down from his perch and mopped his streaming features upon the big red handkerchief which had done similar service many times. He seemed satisfied, and well he might. Even the rest of us, who had done nothing but gape and wonder, drew a breath of relief, glad it was over, though we

would not have missed it for good money.

And now warned by the lengthening shadows of the afternoon, the owners of the teams began to line up along the roadside, and fifteen minutes later silence and solitude reigned where only a short time since the crowd had listened to the eloquent pleadings of that prince of old-time vendue orators.

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## OLD HOME FLOWERS

*By Alice L. Martin.*

A bunch of damask roses sent  
To bring good cheer and sweet content  
But coming from the garden there,  
They bring to memory dreams more fair.  
The old home faces, one by one,  
Come trooping back with days long gone.

The Old Home stands as long it stood;  
The meadow, and, beyond, the wood:  
And Mt. Monadnock, stern, serene,  
Its outline dim, the haze a screen,  
And hanging like a curtain fold  
To soften, dim, the outline bold.

The long, low, living room I see,  
The table spread as though for tea;  
A mother, standing by her chair,  
While all the children gather there;  
A plentiful repast and good,  
Home cooking, and fresh garden food.

There on the porch there in the gloom,  
To watch the rising of the moon—  
The whip-poor-will and night-hawks cry—  
The after-glow that leaves the sky  
And brings the voices of the night  
When stars come peeping clear and bright.

# THE DATE OF THE FIRST PERMANENT SETTLEMENT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

*By John Scales, A. B., A. M.*

I have read and carefully considered the article in the *Granite Monthly* for June, 1922, by Elwin L. Page, regarding the date of the first permanent settlement in New Hampshire. He is correct in reaching the conclusion that it was at Dover, and before 1630. I propose in this article to present reasonable evidence that the Historian, William Hubbard, made a correct statement of the date, that Edward and William Hilton came to Dover Point in the spring of 1623, and commenced the permanent settlement there, which has continued to the present day. The reader will please bear in mind that the year 1622, and all the years before that, and for a century after that, did not end till March 25. So if David Thomson's settlement at Little Harbor is to be counted as the first permanent settlement, then the date for New Hampshire is 1622, instead of 1623, for it is quite certain Thomson arrived at Little Harbor and commenced building his house before March 25.

It is an acknowledged fact that on Nov. 3, 1620, King James granted to certain Englishmen the charter for the .... "Council of Plymouth for the planting, ordering, ruling and governing New England in America." That corporation was in business fifteen years, and then, 1635, gave back its charter. During those years it granted nine patents, or charters. The first was to Captain John Mason, March 9, 1620-21, four months after the Council commenced business. The last one was also to Capt. Mason, April 22, 1635, from which New Hampshire received its name, and from

which the farmers at Dover got, and had to fight, many law suits, which Captain Mason's grandson brought against them, claiming he owned the land, and they were only tenants, like the farmers in England, who had to pay rent to the Lords of the great manors. This grandson claimed he was lord of all present territory of New Hampshire, and the boundary line between it and Massachusetts was not finally settled till in the last decade of the 19th century.

The third grant was given in the spring or early summer of 1622, to David Thomson, who, as the record shows, was then messenger, or special agent, of the Council in its dealings with the King and Parliament. The patent was for, .... "A point of Land in the Pascataway River, in New England, to David Thomson, Mr. Jobe and Mr. Sherwood." This shows that Mr. Thomson had been here and was acquainted with that river and the points of land in it. There is a point of land in Dover, in that river, which has always been called "Thomson's Point" during three centuries. There is no other Thomson from whom it could have received its name. It is the point where a seine, or net, was drawn across the river in the season when salmon and alewives, and other fish went up the river to spawn, in spring time. In that early period, and until the colonists built dams at the falls above, and began to give fish sawdust to feed upon, the Pascataway River had immense schools of those fish come up the river and the fishermen caught them in that net. No doubt Mr. Thomson, Jobe and Sherwill had

big crews of fishermen stationed there in the season, and of course they had to have dwellings and "stages" for the workmen, so there was a "temporary" settlement. As late as 1648 "Thomson's. Point House" is on the Dover tax list for one pound and four shillings. There is no house there now, and has not been for many years, but Dover can lay claim to the first temporary settlement, as well as for the first permanent settlement, the one in 1622 and the other at Dover Point (for a long time called Hilton's Point) in 1623.

The fourth grant was issued to David Thomson alone, October 16, of 1622, . . . for "six thousand acres of Land and an island in New England." No mention of the locality of the 6,000 acres, but from later transactions, on record, it is known to have meant an island in Boston Harbor, which has ever since been called "Thomson's Island." It is very evident Mr. Thomson had made up his mind to locate the land on the west side of the Pascataqua River as he had already selected a "point of land in Pascataway River," and had been granted a patent. He wanted some more.

Near the first of December, 1622, an indenture was drawn up between Mr. Thomson and three rich merchants of Plymouth, Abraham Colmer, Nicholas Sherwell and Leonard Pomeroy, in which those gentlemen agreed to join with Mr. Thomson in financing the undertaking, and share in the profits, which seemed to be promising to be large. The indenture is published in full in the annual report of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in the summer of 1876. The paper had been read before the Society in the preceding winter by Mr. Charles Deane. It is very interesting, and is one of the most valuable of early documents. In brief:—The merchants agreed to

furnish the ship "Jonathan of Plymouth" and a crew of men, to take Mr. Thomson and the company across the Atlantic, with provisions and other necessary things for building a house and beginning a settlement, in the winter of 1622. It was also agreed that within three months following, in the year 1622, they would send another ship, the "Providence of Plymouth" with another company of men, with provisions, etc., to further aid in making the settlement. On this ship came Edward and William Hilton, and probably Mr. Pomeroy, as the cove where the ship was landed was named "Pomeroy's Cove," and has retained that name to the present day. It is now cut in two parts, by the Dover and Portsmouth railroad. For the first century of Dover that was the shipping point for Dover Neck and Dover Point. At one period Major Richard Waldern had a large warehouse there, from which he shipped merchandise to the West Indies, and ports in the Mediterranean sea. Dr. Walter Barefoot, later known as Governor Barefoot, also had a warehouse and dock there, near Waldern's. Barefoot was then a resident physician in Dover.

As is well known the settlement at Little Harbor did not pay, and Thomson went to his island in Boston Harbor in 1625 or 1626, and there resided till his death in December 1628. That left the 6,000 acres, or such a part of it as belonged to them, by the indenture, on the hands of the Plymouth merchants, and they kept the Hiltons at work at Dover Point. That is to say, the three merchants of Plymouth, Colmer, Sherwell and Pomeroy, received their title to the land from David Thomson by indenture; Edward Hilton received his title to it from the Plymouth merchants, who got out of the unprofitable bar-

gain with Thomson as best they could. Hilton had his title renewed and confirmed by the Council of Plymouth, by the Squamscott Patent of 1629, which they gave him. Captain Thomas Wiggin's colonists who came over in 1633, and commenced the settlement on Dover Neck, received their title to the land from Hilton. Those colonists organized a town government, and divided the land amongst themselves and new comers, who might be judged worthy to become citizens. The legal ownership of all land in old Dover was given by that town organization, in the way of "grants." Old Dover consisted of Dover, Somersworth, Durham (Oyster River), Lee, Madbury, and Newington (Bloody Point). Rollinsford was part of Somersworth, till 1849. Of course there was a lot of dickering and trading in which a multitude of names are mentioned, in one way or another, but the above statement is the simple way of explanation which leads the reader out of a wilderness of transactions. The organization of New Hampshire was of a later transaction. Dover is fifty years older than New Hampshire. In the old records there is no mention of New Hampshire till 1680 when the scheme was started to separate the Pascataqua towns from Massachusetts, and make them a separate province, in which courts could be organized that might confirm the Mason heirs' claim to ownership of Dover farms, under the 1635 patent given to Captain John Mason, which has the name New Hampshire in it.

Under the circumstances in what better way could Mr. Hubbard state the facts of the beginning of the Pascataqua settlement than he did in the following, copied from his history: "For being encouraged by the report of divers mariners that came to make fishing voyages upon

the coast, as well as the afore mentioned occasion (establishing the Plymouth Council), they sent over that year (1623) one Mr. David Thomson with Mr. Edward Hilton and his brother Mr. William Hilton, who had been fishmongers in London, with some others along with them, furnished with necessaries for carrying on a plantation. Possibly others might be sent after them in years following, 1624 and 1625; some of whom, first in probability, seized on the place called Little Harbor, on the west side of Pascataqua River, toward or at the mouth thereof; the Hiltons in the meanwhile setting up their stages higher up the river, toward the northwest, at or about a place since called Dover. But at that place called the Little Harbor, is supposed, was the first house set up, that ever was built in those parts; the chimney and some part of the stone wall (cellar wall) is standing at this day." Mr. Hubbard probably wrote that about 1650, as it is the first part of his manuscript which is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

As regards the name of the settlement of Dover. All the time it was under Edward Hilton's management the settlement is called Pascataqua or Pascataway. When Captain Thomas Wiggin's colonists commenced business they called it Bristol. Later under the pastorate of Rev. Thomas Larkham, who had been minister of the Church at Northam, England, the name changed to Northam, about 1639, and that name was used for a dozen years, or more. At some time under Massachusetts rule the name of Dover came to be used. No reason has yet been found why that name was adopted. None of the old settlers came from Dover, England. Properly the name Pascataqua ought to have been given the State, and it should have

extended from the Merrimack to the Kennebec River.

In 1628 Thomas Morton was at the head of a settlement at "Merry Mount," (Wallaston) and was selling firearms and ammunition and rum to the Indians, which caused much trouble. Gov. Bradford of Plymouth ordered him to desist. Morton would not. Bradford sent Capt. Miles Standish, and a company of militia, to arrest Morton. Standish did so and Morton was sent to England for trial and punishment. The expense of the affair was 12 pounds and 7 shillings. The payment was apportioned among the settlements along the coast, from Plymouth to the extreme settlement on the Maine coast, as follows,—Plymouth 2 pounds and 10 shillings;—Naumkeag (Salem) one pound 10 shillings;—Jeffrey and Burselem 2 pounds;—Nantasket, one pound and 10 shillings;—Blackstone at Shawmut (Boston) 12 shillings;—Edward Hilton one pound;—his men at Pascataqua 2 pounds. That shows that Dover was then one of the wealthiest settlements in New England. There was no other settlement, on either side of the Pascataqua River, at that time. This shows the settlement was not a recent affair; they had been in business there five years and had prospered, hand over fist, in trading with the Indians and catching and curing fish. Next to the Isle of Shoals, it was the best place for fishing along the coast.

Mr. Page discredits, or doubts, the correctness of the statement of William Hilton, Jr., made in 1660, that he and his mother came to Dover Point soon after his father and uncle Edward had commenced the settlement there, in 1623. It is a matter of record that William Hilton, Sr. arrived at Plymouth Nov. 11, 1621, in the ship "Fortune." He was well received and given a grant of one acre of land. In 1622

he returned to England and made preparations for his wife and children, William and John, to come over to Plymouth in 1623, and for himself to come with his brother, Edward in the "Providence" to the Pascataqua River. It is a matter of record that Mrs. Hilton did arrive in Plymouth, in the ship "Anne," July 1623. She was well received, and in due time an acre of land was granted to her and the children. They remained there till the summer of 1624.

As previously explained, in speaking of David Thomson, William Hilton came over in the ship "Providence" of Plymouth, in the spring of 1623. He did not take his wife and children with him, because they could not be properly cared for, but in 1624, after they had built dwelling houses at Dover Point (as we now call it) he went to Plymouth to get his family. He applied to the Church to have his son John, then about two years old, baptized, but the request was denied, on the ground that he was not a member of the Plymouth Church. Thereupon he and his family came up the Pascataqua, and they never had any more dealings with the Plymouth Colony, or Church. So, as William Hilton, Jr. says in his petition of 1660,—“and, in a little tyme following, settled ourselves upon yr River of Paschataq with Mr. Edward and William Hilton, who were the first English planters there.” That is to say the “little tyme” was from the summer of 1623 to the summer of 1624. No mystery about that statement. It settles the question beyond doubt that the settlement at Dover Point was in the spring of 1623, or it may have been June. Probably David Thomson got his house built at Little Harbor a few months before Edward Hilton had his habitation in order, so Hubbard is correct in saying,—“But at that place, called the Little Harbor, it

is supposed was the first house set up, that was ever built in those parts; the chimney and some part of the stone wall, is standing at this day" (about 1650.)

William Hilton did not build his house on Dover Point, but as soon as he had investigated the territory on both sides of the river he decided to make a bargain with the Indians, then owners of what is now Eliot, and bought their "corn field," and land around it, and built his house there; directly across Pascataqua River from Dover Point; there was his residence till 1632, when he was dispossessed by Captain Walter Neal, "governor" of the settlement begun at Strawberry Bank, by Captain John Mason in 1630. The famous "Laconia" company. They claimed their charter gave them the land on the east side of the Pascataqua River, so ousted Mr. Hilton, and gave it to one of the Laconia Company's men. There was no court to protect Hilton in his rights, till 1653. The Province of Maine came under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts in November, 1652, and the Court Records of Oct. 25, 1653 show that William Hilton recovered judgment in the sum of one hundred and sixty pounds against Ann Mason, executrix of the Will of Captain John Mason of London, deceased. Of this sum 50 pounds, were "for the interest for his land, which the defendant took from him, and for the vacancy of one year's time, and cutting down his house, and for other injuries, ten pounds, and for the interest for the whole sixty pounds for the term of one and twenty years, one hundred pounds."—Twenty one years carries us back to 1632, the time when William Hilton was planting corn just across the river from Dover Point. Various old records speak of this "old corn field" as belonging to William Hilton till he was dis-

possessed by the Laconia Company's Governor, Walter Neal.

After he was driven out of Eliot William Hilton was busy with business in Dover and vicinity. In 1636, he and his son, William, obtained the grant of land at Penacook from the Indian Sagamore Tahanto. In 1644, he was Deputy for Dover in the Massachusetts General Court. He received



JOHN SCALES, A. M.

grants of land from the town of Dover. He was in business at Exeter a while. In 1646 he became a resident at Warehouse Point, Kittery, and his residence, for the rest of his life, was in Kittery and York. An honored and able man he died at York in 1656.

William Hilton, Jr., was born in England in 1615, hence was nine years old when he and his mother came to Dover Point to live. A boy of that age would have no difficulty in remembering his travels with his parents. Now, what did he say about it? His petition to the General Court was as follows. Date 1660.—"To the Honored General Court, now assem-

bled at Boston, the petition of William Hilton humbly sheweth:

"Whereas your petitioner's father, William Hilton, came over into New England about the year Anno Dom. 1621, & your petitioner came about one year and a half after (July 1623) and in a little tyme following (one year) settled upon yr River of Paschataq with Mr. Edward Hilton, who were the first English Planters there. William Hilton having much intercourse with the Indians by way of trayed & mutual giving & receiving, amongst whom one Tahanto, Sagamore of Penacooke, for divers kindnesses, received from yr petioner's Father & himself, did freely give unto ye aforesaid William Hilton, Seniour & William Hilton, Juniour, six Miles of Land lying on ye River Penneconaquigg, being a rivulette running into Penacooke River to ye eastward, ye said Land to be bound-ed as may bee most for ye best accomodation of yr sd petitioner, his heyeres & assignes. The said Tahanto did also give to ye said father & son & to their heres forever, two miles of ye best Meddow Land lying on ye north east side of ye River Pennecooke, adjoining to ye sd River, with all ye appurtenances, which said tract of Land & Meddow hath, were given in ye presence of Fejld and severall Indians, in ye year 1636. At which tyme Tahanto went with ye aforesaid Hiltons to the Lands and thereof gave them possession. All of wch is commonly known to ye Ancient Inhabitants at Paschatq; and for the further confirmation of ye sd gift or grant your petitioner hath renewed deeds from ye said Tahan-to; & since your petitioner understands that there bee many grants of Land lately given, there about, to bee layed out:—And lest any should be mistaken in chooseing their place & thereby intrench upon yr petitioner's rights, for preventing

whereof:—Your petitioner humbly craveth that his grant may bee Confirmed by this Court, and that A.—B.—C.—, or any two of them, may be fully Impowered to sett forth ye bounds of all ye above mentioned Lands & make true returne whereof unto this Honored Court. And your Petitioner, as hee is in duty bound, will pray for your future welfare & prosperity.

"Boston June 1, 1660. The Committee having considered the contents of this petition, do not judge meet that ye Court grant ye same, but having considered the petitioner's ground, for ye approbaccion of ye Indian's grant doe judge meet that 300 acres of sd Land bee sett out to ye Petitioner by a Committee chosen by this Court, so as that it may not prejudice any plantation, & this as a finall end & issue of all future claims by virtue of the grant from the Indians."

THOMAS DANFORTH

ELEA LUSHER

HENRY BARTHOLOMEW

The Magists approve of this return if theire ye Deput's Consent hereunto.

EDWARD RAWSON, *Secretary*.

Consented to by ye Deputies.

WILLIAM TORRY, *Cleris*.

(Endorsed). The Petition of William Hilton, entered with ye Magistrates, 30 May 1660, & ex.pd'ents Tahanto's Deed and p. Mr. Dant. William Hilton's petition entered & referred to the Committee.

At the time this petition was presented to the Court Mr. William Hilton, Jr., was a resident of Charlestown, Mass., and he was well known by the General Court. For the clearer understanding of the evidence I will give a brief of the career of William Hilton, Jr. He was born in England in 1615. He came over to Plymouth, Mass. with his mother in 1623. He came up to Dover Point with his parents in the summer of 1624. He resided with

his parents at the farm, just across the river from Dover Point, where his father had purchased an Indian "corn field," as before stated. Of course he lived and worked as all the other boys of the period had to do. When he was twenty-one he was a partner with his father in the purchase of the Tahanto Indian land. About that time he married, and settled in Newbury, Mass. He became one of its prominent citizens, and held various town offices, being Representative for Newbury in the General Court. He had quite a large family of children. His wife died in 1657, and later he married and had another family of children. In 1654 he removed to Charlestown, Mass. and resided there till his death in 1675, aged 60 years. He was a man of much ability. The old records show that among other occupations he was a navigator and a cartographer.

In conclusion I will give a brief sketch of Rev. William Hubbard, the historian, who declares in his "*General History of New England*" that Edward and William Hilton commenced the settlement at Dover Point in 1623, and it was the first permanent settlement in New Hampshire. He was born in England in 1621, and came over to New England when he was a boy, and was educated at Harvard College, graduating in the first class that institution sent out. That was in 1642; there were nine in the class, and Hubbard ranked third, as appears in the catalogue. At graduation he was 21, and like all young graduates engaged in teaching, and soon commenced studying for the ministry. He was a natural born historian, and so commenced collecting and arranging facts, and incidents, as he found them in old records of Gov. Winthrop and others, and also obtained from interviews with the "Ancient Inhabitants." Any one who has engaged in historical, or

genealogical work, knows how he had to get his material, and facts, by hard and continual work.

In 1655 he became associate minister of the Church at Ipswich, Mass., and held the office of minister from 1666 till his death in 1704. So he was contemporary with William Hilton, Jr. He was also contemporary with Edward Hilton, uncle of William, Jr., as Edward lived at Exeter during the last thirty years of his life, and died there in December, 1671. It is absurd to suppose Mr. Hubbard did not consult those gentlemen in his search for facts regarding the beginning of the Dover settlements. There need be no doubt he consulted those men and got the statement direct from Edward Hilton himself, that Edward and William Hilton came to Dover Point in 1623. So the statement in his history is correct.

Mr. Hubbard finished the manuscript of the history in 1682, and sold it on October 11 of that year. The General Court voted that day to give him fifty pounds for it. The first publication of it was made in 1815, by the Massachusetts Historical Society. The manuscript had been consulted by all writers after 1682. The Rev. Dr. Jeremy Belknap is among the number. So when it came into the hands of the Historical Society the editors say,— "Of the MS copy a few pages at the beginning and end are mutilated, and the writing in some places is scarcely legible. These passages are given as far as the editors could spell them out. Where they have supplied words, or portions of words, conjecturally, such are printed in italics. Where they were at a loss, they have used asterisks." The MS is well written and has 336 pages. The story of Dover begins on page 141 and occupies ten pages. There are no italics or



asterisks in it. The reading is perfect. The MS is in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It was among the first topics Mr. Hubbard wrote, after Plymouth and Boston. Later, when the ecclesiastical troubles began at Dover Neck, Mr. Hubbard gives a more elaborate notice of affairs at Pascataqua. He was always specially interested in Church affairs, so gave only a brief of the beginning at Dover Point by the Hiltons. He says, of the beginning of settlements,—“At present therefore (I shall) only insist upon what is most memorable about the first planting thereof, after it came first to be discovered by Captain (John) Smith, and some others, employed on that design, about the year 1614 and 1615.”

To give the readers a clear and concise understanding of the evidence presented in this paper, I give the following briefs.

1. Before 1622 David Thomson had been here and located the Pascataqua River, and made up his mind what to do. In June or July, 1622, he obtained from the Council of Plymouth a grant,—“A Point of Land in the Pascataway River in New England.” There is such a point which to this day has always been called “Thomson’s Point.” It had a house on it, which was on the Dover Tax list as late as 1648, where is the statement,—“Thomson Point House, one pound, 4 shillings,” tax.

2 Oct. 12, 1622, the Council of Plymouth gave David Thomson another grant,—“Six thousand acres and an island.” By later transactions it was shown that the island is in Boston Harbor. No mention of where he was to select his 6,000 acres. Evidently he had settled that question when he was

over here and looked out the “Point of land.” It is on record that he did come over here and make a settlement at Little Harbor, in 1623, but in 1625, or 1626, he changed his permanent residence to the island in Boston Harbor, and there resided till he died in December, 1628. So it appears David Thomson had two temporary residences in New Hampshire, the first of which was in Dover, in 1622. Those who want authority on this matter are referred to the annual report of the Massachusetts Historical Society for 1876. Charles Dean obtained the paper from Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who inherited it from his ancestors.

3 William Hilton, Jr., gives reliable testimony, that settles the question of date, as in the spring of 1623, by Edward and William Hilton.

4 Rev. William Hubbard, author of,—“A General History of New England,” gives record of the fact that Edward and William Hilton commenced the permanent settlement of New Hampshire at Dover Point in 1623. Mr. Hubbard had ample opportunity to obtain the information direct from Mr. Edward Hilton, as they were contemporaries. Mr. Hubbard in Ipswich and Mr. Hilton in Exeter. There was constant intercourse between those towns.

5 As further proof that Dover was settled before 1630, is a record of 1628, when Edward Hilton paid one pound as his share of the expense of arresting Thomas Morton and sending him to England, and the other settlers there with him, names not mentioned, paid two pounds, showing that Dover Point had the most wealth of any settlement in New England at that time. Of course they had not then just commenced business. They had been at it five years. At that

time there was no other settlement on either side of the Pascataqua River.

6 The Squamscott Patent of 1629, which was given by the Council of Plymouth to protect Hilton from aggressions from the Laconia Company, whose territory was all around his land, acknowl-

edges the land belonged to Hilton and his company. He obtained his original possession, as a part of Thomson's 6,000 acres through the merchants of Plymouth, who financed Thomson's venture at Little Harbor and Thomson's Island, Boston Harbor.

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## THE ROAD

*By L. Adelaide Sherman.*

Sing hey! sing ho! for the cool brown road—  
Green are its walls and its roof is green—  
Tremulous, lacy, fluttering bars,  
That the happy sunbeams dance between.

Green and brown and a splash of red,  
A paint-brush flaunting beyond the hedge;  
Brown and green and a fleck of blue,  
The heal-all blooming along the edge.

Here is a tiny mossy square,  
Where, summer nights, the fairies sport;  
A subtle scent of sweet-grass floats  
From a nook where bob-o-link holds court.

The limbs of a mother-maple tree  
Are the safest place for the thrushes' perch,  
And milk-weed blossoms gently lean  
On the pure white breast of a virgin birch.

So I follow the beautiful road  
To a twilight garden, drenched in dew:  
Love, my love, you are waiting there;  
Blest be the highway that leads to you.

# PUTTING NEW HAMPSHIRE ON THE TOBOGGAN

*By George B. Upham*

In taxing a house, a farm, a horse or a cow, it would seem fair to assess it for what it might reasonably be expected to bring at a sale made under such conditions and circumstances as might ordinarily be expected to pertain. If a farmer by diligence, knowledge of his business and fair dealing has built up a market for his products whereby he derives a fair profit, can any good reason be assigned why his acres should be taxed at any higher valuation than those of equally good land of a neighboring farmer who is less diligent, has less knowledge of his business, exercises less good judgment, and is consequently less successful?

Likewise in the assessment of a manufacturing establishment, let us assume two buildings of the same size, built of the same materials, on land of the same value, and which for business purposes are equally well or poorly situated. Let us further assume that the owner of one of these buildings manufactures a product which has a widespread good-will, a sale throughout the world, that it is well managed and ordinarily fairly profitable; that the other factory has never had good management, and the business barely survives from year to year. If both of these owners should decide to move, taking with them their machinery, their business ability or the lack of it, their good-will or the absence of it, there would seem to be no reason why one of the two buildings should sell for more than the other. Now the question arises whether, before the time of removal, the real estate of the successful manufacturer should be taxed at any higher valuation than that of his unsuccessful neighbor. Quite likely the former would assent to a considerable valuation above what he

had reason to believe his building could be sold for, perhaps twice or even thrice such valuation. But should it be taxed for ten, fifteen or twenty times such amount, and he knew the location in various other ways to be unfavorable, the owner, quite naturally, would begin to think of moving, especially if then considering a substantial enlargement. Under such circumstances it would be simply foolishness to make extensions in a community proceeding upon the principle of killing the goose.

At a period when the center of population of the United States was in New Jersey, when settlers moving to western New York or Ohio moved into a wilderness, many industries were developed in New England, in a small way by men of little capital but of much enterprise and ingenuity. New Hampshire was the scene of her fair share of such development. Numerous streams furnished adequate power. Coal, almost unknown, was unneeded. Markets were near at hand. Such industries grew until, with the enormous growth of the last thirty or forty years, many manufacturers found themselves, under changed conditions, with large plants in unfavorable locations.

Two industries in Claremont—the largest in the town—find themselves in this situation. The writer's father was the founder of one of them, in 1851. This business was at the start, comparatively speaking, local. A small river, nearly dry in summer, furnished all needed power; the buildings, on a steep side hill, were in imminent danger of sliding into the mill-pond. The location both locally and nationally was about as bad as could be found for a manufacturing industry destined to become a large one; yet, despite the handi-

cap of bad location, the business increased beyond all expectation, increased until it had offices and a valuable good-will the world over. Retaining walls were built and building after building added on the steep banks of both sides of the little river until the plant covered several acres. This was, of course, all a mistake, a stupid mistake viewed by hindsight. The principal owners were warned long since against any such policy; but local pride and local spirit prevailed, extensions continued. In extenuation of this mistake it may be said that not until very recent years were the requirements of a thoroughly efficient plant of its character fully understood. They are level ground and plenty of it somewhere near the center of population,—now in Indiana,—a location where coal and raw materials can be obtained at low cost for transportation, one story buildings with glass "saw-tooth" roofs, electrically operated travelling cranes interconnecting all departments and finally swinging their load over the cars of a railroad running through the property and having favorable connections to all parts of the country. All this had been urged long prior to the event hereinafter mentioned; but the advice unfortunately, from the owners' later point of view, went unheeded; extensions continued as before.

Then came the event. At the inopportune time of a temporary but severe depression certain high taxation officials came from Concord, saw the step-like buildings on the steep banks of the little river and said to themselves, not in these words but in like substance and effect. "Here is something prosperous, something cemented and weighted down, something perfectly safe to soak, something which, according to instructions, we are expected to soak"; and soak it they did, doubling the assessment upon the real estate,

which previously had been taxed far beyond any possible saleable value.

And with what result? At a meeting of the directors a few months later it was voted, without a dissenting voice, to buy one hundred and twenty-five acres of level land, with a railroad running through it, on the outskirts of Michigan City, Indiana, and to build a thoroughly up-to-date plant thereon. Coal mines are near, deep-water wharves on the great lake, only a mile distant.

Local pride and local spirit have their limitations, especially when a feeling of injustice with resulting indignation is aroused.

We are not blaming the visiting politicians who doubtless received their instructions from politicians higher up, who in turn doubtless believed they were carrying out the mandate of the legislature as they interpreted it. It is the policy, not the individuals, we are criticising; for we believe it to be an unfortunate one, a policy which in the long run will prove a benefit to industries removing but an injury to the state.

Politicians, who make and execute our laws, are not as a rule versed in business affairs. In their eyes an assemblage of bricks and mortar in which a successful business is carried on is the business itself. They apparently imagine the enterprise, the administrative ability, the goodwill, the very ingenuity of inventors to be in some way enchained within the walls; little realizing that the brain which is the executive may, as in this case, live a thousand miles away, that his assistants, so efficient and so carefully selected by him, are confined in no "pent-up Utica," that patents, inventive genius and goodwill have no local habitation, and that the buildings, so severely taxed, are the mere shell.

When the new plant is completed some of the manufacturing now carried on in Claremont may be remov-

ed thither, not all of it, probably for many years, but certain it is that no further extensions will be made here. and, as all manufacturers know, concentration in a favorable location is the tendency of the age, so the day may come,—let us hope not for many years,—when the last machine will be turned on the banks of the little river, and the name Claremont, N. H., will be no longer familiar to miners and rock cutters from Alaska to Patagonia, from icy Spitzbergen to South Africa, from Australia, India and the Straits Settlements to Japan and Northern China.

Adjoining the plant above described is a large group of buildings where another manufacturing industry was established nearly eighty years ago. Cotton, the bulky raw material used by it, is brought from Texas fifteen hundred miles away. Its product, still bulky, is transported to the consumers an average distance of a thousand miles; its coal is brought from West Virginia. The writer has no knowledge of this company's business, but believes that, thus handicapped, it is only by the most commendable enterprise, in the production of an almost unrivalled specialty, that it has been able to do business at a profit. In the matter of lifting assessed valuations the visiting statesmen were wholly impartial; for the taxes of the cotton mill were likewise "jacked up" in

joyous disregard of the well known fact that the tendency of the cotton industry is strongly towards the cotton states, states of cheap labor, cheap power and comparatively cheap taxes.

These two industries in 1921 paid more than a third of the taxes paid in Claremont. Together, in ordinary times, they employ fully three-quarters of the men and women engaged in manufacturing industries in the town.

The visiting statesmen were kind enough to explain that were all valuations doubled taxes would be halved, but failed to mention that wherever this interesting experiment has been tried the rate per thousand has very soon risen to what it was before. They visited us with the purpose of increasing assessed valuations. They, or at least some of them, may live to see that thus increasing valuations decreases values; for if the machinery of these two corporations were moved away Main Street would be as silent as the hills, and signs "For Sale" in the windows of hundreds of village homes. When the manufacturing buildings were sold, if any purchasers could be found, it is doubtful whether one twentieth of their present assessed valuation could be realized. The goose can be killed once, but not resuscitated to undergo the operation a second time.

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## LAST DEATH

*By Harold Vinal.*

Her beauty darker than the night,  
 Lovelier than the rose,  
 Lingered in my heart  
 Till the long day's close.

Then when stars turned pale,  
 Like a wafted breath;  
 Hushed and shadowily as snow—  
 She sank to death.

# A HISTORY OF STREET RAILWAYS AND POWER DEVELOPMENT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

*By Frederick E. Webster, Vice-Pres't & Treas., Massachusetts Northeastern  
St. y. Co., Haverhill, Mass.*

## AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND STREET RAILWAY CLUB, MANCHESTER, N. H., MAY 25, 1922.

*Mr. President, Members of the New  
England Street Railway Club, and  
Guests:*

At a gathering in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary in the street railway industry of our distinguished and respected host, Mr. E. C. Foster, president of the Manchester Traction, Light and Power Company, it is particularly fitting that we should consider in a retrospective light the early days of electric power generation and the building and equipping of the present-day electric street railways.

A great deal of credit is due the pioneers of the '60s, '70s and '80s for their public spirit manifested in going ahead with their charters. From their devotion to an intense interest has resulted the power and street railway companies of to-day. Our present New Hampshire street railway systems, with an operated mileage of 240 miles, represent the out-growth of lines first created as horse railroads, among them being the Manchester Horse Railroad, chartered in 1864 and revived five years later. Numerous charters were taken out which were never exercised—which is undoubtedly the case in other sections of the country—although that fact is indicative of the part taken by our ancestors in those industries which were destined to play such an important part in the future welfare of the people of this state.

Public utilities have done more for the development of America's natural resources than have any other of the instruments of civilization. In de-

veloping the bounties of nature they have brought them to the service of the whole people. Each and every form of public utility has contributed to such development. Before the electric light and power companies high-grade illumination was unknown, and in factories there was a considerable waste of time in turning shafts, pulleys and belts. These companies have taken advantages of the mysteries of magnetism in producing power in a form which could be carried on wires and kept available for service on demand.

New Hampshire, however, is not a large state, neither has it the natural resources from which a stupendous power like that of a "Niagara" can be developed, but it looks with a local pride to the Connecticut, from which power is taken for the supplying of current to the western part of the state and to many cities and industrial companies in Southern New England, and to the Merrimack which has been splendidly developed at Sewall's Falls and Garvin's Falls, where current is generated for the requirements of utilities at Concord and Manchester. There are other developments in operation, along the Androscoggin and Blackwater rivers in the northern and central parts of the state, and that of the Lamprey River in the eastern part of the state, the development of which is in its infancy just at present but which is expected to show real progress in the early future.

Under the electric system the cost of power begins with its utilization and ends when the need is completed.

It means the distribution of power to places where the use of coal would be very expensive. It means, in effect, also, the finding of a new coal supply for every horse-power developed.

It would be an impossibility for human mind to prognosticate the demands that will be made a score of years ahead for electrical current for domestic or power requirements. We certainly cannot stand still, we must place ourselves in a position to meet the needs of users, but for that service there should be a rate representing a fair return—not merely the non-confiscatory return that barely escapes condemnation of the courts, but a return sufficient to reward efficiency and economy, and it is to be hoped that the development of our resources can continue and that our successors will be able to point to their achievements with the same degree of pride that we do as we reflect on the progress in which we have shared.

Along with the advance in the electrical industry came the graduation of horse railroad operations to lines operated by electric motive power. And in this connection we would be remiss in our duty to-day without a tribute to those who served as members of the former Railroad Commission of New Hampshire and devoted so much of their time to the companies seeking to improve the conditions in their respective sections. The Railroad Commission was succeeded in 1911 by the Public Service Commission, and of the members of the former Commission it is a pleasure to recall that Honorable Arthur G. Whittemore, of Dover, and Attorney-General Oscar D. Young, of Laconia, are still with us.

In the Act creating the Public Service Commission the State Legislature gave that body broad and discretionary powers which have been honestly and fearlessly exercised.

An assignment to a tribunal standing between the public and the corporation is not an enviable position, and the trust imposed by the call to such service can only be met by a character that will judge and act as between the right and the wrong. It is necessary that appointments to the personnel of the Commission should be men of exceptional ability and training and the legislature can make an appropriation no more wisely, or for greater resultant good to its peoples than a sufficient allowance for the proper conduct of the office. Investigations conducted by the Commission are expensive, in that the rights of the public as well as the utilities have full measure of protection, and the compensation for such a service should be sufficient to attract men of the highest calibre.

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There is much of interest in the early history of the street railway business as an industry. The first street horse car was built by John Stevenson, of New York, and was used upon a road which was opened November 26, 1851, but the development was very slow and it was not until 1856 that the first New England road was constructed in Boston. In 1887 electricity was first successfully applied upon a street railway, and the following year witnessed the perfection of the first overhead trolley in Richmond, Virginia, on May 4th. It was a double-track line, had thirty cars in operation, and was built by Frank J. Sprague still a resident of New York. To Moses Gerrish Farmer, an American inventor and electrician, born in Boscowen and educated at Andover, in this State, is due the credit for the invention of the electrical locomotive. Since 1888, when it had become an established fact that electricity was to be generally employed as a motive power for street railway transportation the history of street railroading has been a

record of changes from horse to electric power.

In the place which New Hampshire holds in the development of the electric street railway industry one of our companies, the Dover, Somersworth & Rochester, holds the proud distinction of being the second street railway company in the United States in adopting and making use of electricity as a motive power. Under the charter which was granted in 1889 a new electric road was constructed, extended to Great Falls (now Somersworth) and opened for business August 8, 1890.

Outside the larger cities these roads were constructed by men who were residents of the towns in which they were located, and who had in view the development of those towns and convenience of themselves and neighbors more than the net earnings of the roads. They helped build street railways very much as they sometimes contributed to the erection of foundations or the construction of sidewalks. Each took as many shares as he thought he could afford to, not as an investment but as one which would promote the prosperity of the community. The public as well as their owners regarded them as public improvements rather than as money-making enterprises. Under those circumstances street railway corporations were given all the rights and privileges they asked for, and they asked for more than any other class of profit-sharing corporations ever dared to and were permitted to charge for transportation all they could get. On the grounds that they were public improvements rather than speculative ventures they cost very little and in many cases they came to being dividend-paying properties which returned to their owners fair rates of interest upon the money invested in them.

In these days when we think we are having an uphill climb it is inter-

esting to consider what might have been the problems of the operators of the '80s in our own state. The first report of the Railroad Commissioners under the "new" law and issued in 1884 states—"The total length of horse railroads is 12.68 miles," and further, that it was 2.37 miles in 1878 and 7.37 miles in 1880. These were the statistics for 1882. Construction was not progressing very rapidly and mileage gained but 3.1 miles in the next three years. It is learned that the gross earnings of the Manchester, Concord, Dover, Laconia and Lake Village companies for 1885 were \$47,801.24, and for the following year \$62,480.13. During these two years the companies mentioned had a net income of \$10,078.41. They carried 881,600 passengers in 1885 and 1,105,888 in 1886. Progress at this period was apparently slow,—there appears to have been quite a degree of doubt in the minds of the Railroad Commissioners as to whether or not the development was moving within the scope of personal benefit to the promoters rather than for the benefit of the public. An abstract from the 1890 report says—

"The street railways of this State were originally constructed by men who had in view the development of suburban lands, or other incidental advantages to themselves, neighbors, and friends, rather than the direct profits which might result from investments in such properties, and in the early history of those enterprises most of them were controlled by those who had too much other business to give them close attention, and managed in some cases by those who were entirely unfamiliar with the work they undertook. Under such conditions they were not, of course, handled in the best way, and they not only failed to command the patronage they might have had, but were allowed to rapidly deteriorate."

And further—

"The Dover road, under the management of the Dow family, Mrs. Dow being president and her husband treasurer, was a failure. It neither served the public satisfactorily nor earned the dividends it paid, but the transfer of the



Dow stock to Massachusetts capitalists gave them the franchise and what there was left of the equipment, and having obtained in August, 1889, a charter for a new electric street railway to Great Falls, they proceeded to consolidate the two, and then to dispose of the horses and cars and to remove the track of the old road, and finally to build in its place a new electric road, which was extended to Great Falls and opened for business August 8, 1890."

Even the Manchester road did not escape criticism because we find recorded in the same report—

"The Manchester road was much the worse for wear, its tracks badly out of repair, its horses old and feeble, its cars dingy and dilapidated, and its service fitful and unsatisfactory, when Gen. Williams purchased a controlling interest in its stock and began to impress upon it his liberal and progressive management, which proceeds upon the theory that a railroad should first spend and then earn its money. New trucks, new cars, and new horses have taken the place of old ones."

But in 1892 an awakening as to the part street railways would play in the growth of the community occurred. Electricity was being substituted for motive power and the fact was in evidence that whenever this was done the next step would be to extend the tracks to neighboring towns. The controlling factor was expressed in this language—

"Because, while it does not pay to haul cars by horse power over long stretches of unsettled territory in order to reach a village or pleasure resort, this can profitably be done by electricity, after an electric plant has been established."

At that time of the five street railways in the state, two used electricity as motive power, and both paralleled broad gauge roads; the Dover, between that city and Great Falls, and the Concord, between that city and Penacook.

The situation became a little troubled in 1892 and the Legislature of 1893 passed a bill which provided that the Railroad Commissioners should examine and report to the next ses-

sion of the legislature as to what general legislation, if any, the public good required in reference to the powers to be enforced upon, or exercised by, railroads operated by other than steam power. And the bill further provided that pending such examination and until such report was made, all bills for the incorporation of such railroads, or enlarging the powers of those already chartered, lie upon the table or be postponed until the next session of the general court.

The Commission made a thorough study of the situation and came to this conclusion:

"Assuming that the street railway of the future is to be an electric, that it is to be built and financed by capitalists, probably from other states, for the purpose of making money, that it is to have at its command abundant cash, credit, courage and cunning, that it will be dominated by the same selfishness and shrewdness that characterize the management of great corporations generally, we must welcome and encourage it, and at the same time prescribe such conditions as are fair and prudent.

On July 1, 1896, seven street railroads having an aggregate of about sixty miles were in operation. They were capitalized at \$1,358,500, and during the year following earned \$282,820.97, and expended for operation and fixed charges the sum of \$282,839.28. None of them made an allowance for depreciation, and only one of them, the Manchester, paid a dividend.

By 1900 construction work was well under way. The legislature of 1899 had granted charters for eight electric street roads, and as many more unused ones granted by previous legislatures were alive. The most important at that time was the building of an electric line in Portsmouth, through the towns of Rye and North Hampton to a connection with the Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury at Hampton line. A charter had been taken by the Boston & Maine Railroad permitting it to

parallel its own tracks from Concord to Nashua, and the electrification of the Portsmouth & Dover branch of its road was contemplated. During the following year earnings increased about \$270,000, having reached approximately \$552,500.

The next important development, and perhaps the final one, took place in 1902, and was that known as the "Lovell System." Mr. Lovell, as agent of the New Hampshire Traction Company, had acquired or produced the electric railways and other properties of the Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury; the Amesbury & Hampton; the Haverhill, Plaistow & Newton; the Haverhill & Plaistow; the Seabrook & Hampton Beach; the Dover, Somersworth & Rochester; the Portsmouth & Exeter; the Hudson, Pelham & Salem; the Lawrence & Methuen; the Haverhill & Southern New Hampshire, and the Lowell & Pelham Street Railway companies; and the Rockingham County Light & Power Company; the Granite State Land Company, and the Canobie Lake Company.

These companies experienced many of the hardships of lines constructed in sparsely settled sections, but they were destined to perform an important role in the transportation service of the state. Re-organizations were effected; the Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury went through foreclosure proceedings and was sold to bondholders' committee in March, 1908; the Portsmouth & Exeter was abandoned and its tracks torn up, and in 1913 there was merged into the Massachusetts Northeastern Street Railway Company the various street railway companies of the original "Lovell System" in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Due to Federal Law the Dover company is not an integral part of the Northeastern.

The attitude of the state legislature in dealing with its street railways has been that of a willingness

to assist. Charters were freely given and for a long time were not restricted as to when they should be exercised although that practice terminated in due course. Under the general law, companies were exempted from taxation for ten years, but at the expiration of that period, and more particularly in the depression following the World War, many were finding themselves in a position where the payment of a "state tax" was a real burden. Many of the companies had nothing left from earnings and credits had been seriously impaired. To meet this situation the legislature of 1919 passed a bill under which a corporation which had not, under efficient management, earned sufficient money to pay its operating expenses and fixed charges, including taxes and excluding interest on its indebtedness, and to provide for necessary repairs, and maintenance of its properties and adequate reserves for depreciation thereof, may be exempted from the payment of taxes and to the extent and subject to the limitations of the act. This was a timely assistance and the relief offered has come at the most opportune time.

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In convening here to-day and such occasions come not too closely together, a perfectly natural interest is aroused as to those who have been identified with the industry in our state. An effort has been made to obtain as much data as was possible concerning those who have been active in this work but the difficulty in obtaining it is doubtless realized.

We all rejoice with our host, Mr. Foster, in rounding out these fifty years of railroad service—it represents a wonderful service in the interests of the public. Mr. Foster was general manager of the Lynn & Boston companies and later president of the New Orleans Railways. He came to Manchester January 1, 1912, at which time he was elected president of the Traction Company.

Associated with Mr. Foster has been Mr. J. Brodie Smith for whom we certainly have a warm place in our hearts. Mr. Smith was the first superintendent of the Ben Franklin Electric Company which commenced business in the fall of 1896. The first alternating current, incandescent lights used in Manchester were put in operation by the Manchester Electric Light Company under his direction, and he also set up the first electric motor used for power purposes in Manchester. Gen. Charles Williams promoted the Manchester street railroad properties and in the old days N. H. Walker was superintendent, later being located at Salem, N. H., and finally returning to the circus business.

The Concord company was launched under the leadership of one of its most substantial citizens and former mayors, Hon. Moses Humprey. I doubt very much if Mr. Humprey could be termed a promoter. I knew him quite well. It is but natural, possibly, that I should find myself in the street railway business as my father superintended the building of the first car used on the lines of that company.

The lines of the New Hampshire Traction Company interest were promoted by Mr. Wallace D. Lovell, and for a short time after Mr. Lovell's retirement they were presided over by Mr. Howard Abel, one of Mr. Lovell's experts.

Mr. Lovell conceived the system of railways bearing his name and it was through his efforts that the money was secured from the bankers who, after the investment of great sums in the various enterprises, took over their management and control and organized the New Hampshire Traction Company as the holding company for their securities. Mr. Abel was selected by the bankers to organize and complete the systems, but he was not either friendly to Lovell nor was his presence welcome.

Following the early struggle of those properties the New Hampshire Traction Company was succeeded by New Hampshire Electric Railways, and Mr. David A. Belden was elected president, both of the parent company and its subsidiaries. Mr. Belden is a man of broad experience in the railway industry, in operating as well as financial matters, and to him is due the credit for the perpetuity of the greater portion of the "Lovell" system. With Mr. Belden was associated Mr. Franklin Woodman, who came to the properties in 1900 as general manager. Mr. Woodman was of an untiring disposition and it was due to his natural qualifications as a railroad man that the patrons of the road were so efficiently served. Mr. Woodman retired in March, 1917, since which time Mr. Ralph D. Hood has served as vice-president and general manager. Mr. Hood was identified with early street railway construction in New Hampshire acting in the capacity of engineer for the "Lovell" interests, and with him was associated Mr. Arthur W. Dean, resident engineer in charge of lay-out and construction between Nashua and Haverhill, Mass.

Mr. Dean later became Chief Engineer of the New Hampshire Traction Company leaving that office to become Engineer of the State of New Hampshire and still later of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury has had a more or less checkered career. It sponsored many of the railway projects and financial troubles were early encountered. At one time Mr. Warren Brown was president, and in 1898 Mr. A. E. McReel began his association with the property which continued for some four years. By legislative authority in 1919 the towns of Exeter, Hampton, Hampton Falls and Seabrook were authorized to purchase all or any part of the properties and assets and of the shares of stock of this company.

The outcome of this municipal operation will be followed with interest.

The Concord and Portsmouth companies are under the management of the Boston & Maine Railroad. The superintendent at Concord is Mr. John B. Crawford, and at Portsmouth, Mr. William E. Dowdell is in charge. The Dover company is a subsidiary of New Hampshire Electric Railways, its local superintendent being Mr. L. E. Lynde, one of our active members.

The Nashua company was organized in 1885, and during its career was operated for a while under lease to the Boston & Northern. At the expiration of the lease it returned to operation by its owners and is at present under the direction of Mr. Engelhardt W. Holst, an engineer-manager.

In passing we should not fail to recall Hon. John W. Sanborn, commonly known as "Uncle John," opposed to the granting of street railway franchises presumably because of the competition they would arouse with the steam roads; neither should we overlook Hon. Henry M. Putney, former Railroad Commissioner, and from whose astute pen came so much of extraordinary interest in his editorials both officially and otherwise.

But the public mind is rapidly undergoing a change. The outcry against excessive capitalization which has so often been heard has a standing no longer. Regulatory laws which have brought utilities and communities into closer relation have been adopted by many states. To-day we are hearing more of "a reasonable return on capital honestly and prudently invested." Where excessive capitalization has existed the regulatory bodies have insisted upon a gradual writing off so that actual capital and fair present value are

coming more closely together. The public has come to recognize the growing usefulness of the services of utilities, and the utilities have responded by an increased insurance against failure to function. A city or a town may get along with a poor municipal government but it cannot live without a good transportation service.

The street railway business in the United States is one of the largest enterprises. Mr. Hoover surprised the people with the statement that the electric railways directly employ 300,000 workers, and that they purchase materials and supplies amounting to \$500,000,000 per year. Surely these are factors in the economic life of the nation. During this past month the thirty-fourth anniversary of the birth of the modern overhead trolley found the financial conditions of city electric lines improving but it is to be regretted that this improvement has not reached the interurban lines.

New Hampshire has taken no steps in so-called cost-of-service legislation providing for the continuance of service in sparsely populated sections. State or municipal ownership has not proved highly successful and the business is too hazardous to warrant the adoption of laws by our legislature under which assessments would be levied on those communities where-in assistance is necessary to make railway operations successful. In cases where public authorities do not consider the continuation of a transportation company as longer being necessary for the accommodation of the public then that line should be abandoned. The next few years may witness such a movement.

The total operating revenue of 180 companies in 1921, representing more than 50% of the total industry in the United States, amounted

to \$457,500,000, as compared with \$650,000,000, for the entire industry as reported by the United States Census for 1917. With a return to normalcy undoubtedly traction lines will enjoy renewed prosperity. One bright spot in the result appears in the lower operating ratio in 1921—these percentages were reduced from 78.4 in 1920 to 75.2 in 1921. This condition results from economies in operating expenses and efforts of the operating departments to effect savings wherever and whenever possible. Net operating revenues show an increase of some \$14,000,000 af-

fording an increased purchasing power to railways, and results should be apparent in an improvement in railway credit. All industries were not hard hit at the same time and they will doubtless revive in like manner. Many lines of business are showing an improvement, our own already displaying that tendency. We should not allow ourselves to be pessimistic to-day and optimistic to-morrow,—we should have our steady nerve with us all the time, and that if we have a reaction we should know that it is only temporary.

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## SEARCH.

*By John Rollin Stuart.*

"Lover tarry, here is moonlight—  
Tarry Courser, here is spring;  
In the land of life discover  
Where the brooks forever sing.

"Know tonight the moon's affection  
And tomorrow love the sun.  
For your breathing must not falter  
Over beauty Earth has spun.

"Sorrow craven, you are banished,  
In my garden Laughter wins;  
Furl the sail and loose the rudder,  
Here no heartsore road begins.".....

Thus we hear a midnight whisper,  
Thus our lamps are fuel-filled;  
Yet, behold, each day another  
Barkentine the storm has killed!

# LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE

*By Mary Blake Benson.*

"Yon hill's red crown  
Of old the Indian trod,  
And through the sunset air looked down  
Upon the Smile of God.  
He saw these mountains in the light  
Which now across them shines;  
This lake, in summer sunset bright  
Walled round with sombering pines."

The region of Winnepesaukee was a favorite one with the Indians, as was indeed, the whole valley of its outlet all the way to the sea. It was, naturally, the center of trails from all directions. Along its shores they held their tribal feasts and their councils of war. From the tops of the surrounding mountains flashed their signal fires and beside the shining waters of the lake, many questions of importance were raised and settled.

From the south came the Penacooks, the Nashuas and remote tribes from the Massachusetts Bay territory. From the west and north-west through the valley of the Connecticut and along Bakers River and the Pemigewasset came the Iroquois, the St. Francis and others. From the valley of the Ossipee the Saco and the Androscoggin came the Pewauketts and Ossipees, while from the east came up the Cochecos and other tribes of Maine.

The Penacooks were the most powerful tribe and occupied the region around Concord, New Hampshire. Passaconaway was their chief.

His name as written by himself was PA-PIS-SE-CON-E-WA, meaning "The Child of the Bear." It was claimed that he was a magician and even the best authorities seem to agree that he had much skill in jugglery.

"Burned for him the drifted snow  
Bade through ice fresh lillies blow  
And the leaves of summer grow  
Over winter's wood."

He was both wise and cunning

and possessed a superior mental ability and an uncommon nobleness of soul. The very ability which led him to the chieftainship of the confederated tribes evidently led him to see that eventually his race must bow to that of the white men; for he sought the friendship of the English and tried to secure friendly relations between them and his people. At a great feast and dance of his tribe held in 1660, he made the following speech as he resigned his position to his son, Wonolanset.

"Hearken to the last words of your father and friend. The white men are sons of the morning. The Great Spirit is their father. His sun shines bright above them. Never make war with them, for so sure as you light the fires, the breath of Heaven will turn the flames upon you and destroy you. Listen to my advice. It is the last I shall be allowed to give you. Remember it and live."

This fine old Indian was always a friend to the white man, as was also his son who succeeded him; and although the latter was so unjustly treated by some of the grasping whites, that he withdrew from the river and lake valley and made his home in Canada, yet he restrained his followers from acts of retaliation as long as it lay within his power.

Most of the seashore Indians went inland to the head waters of the Merrimac as the season for shad and salmon approached.

The first great assembly place was at Namaskeag Falls or Manchester, and later at the outlet of Lake Winnepesaukee. At the lower falls the fish arrived about corn planting time, but at Namaskeag nearly two weeks later, and at the lake still later when the planting

season was over and the Indians had more leisure. For this reason the upper fishing places were held in the highest esteem.

In the early days, before the dams, the salmon and shad came up the lower part of the Merrimac together, but parted company at the forks, the former choosing the colder waters of the Pemanigawassett and the latter going up the Winnepesaukee River to the lake.

Near the outlet of Winnepesaukee, at what is now The Weirs, there was a permanent Indian village, which was located about a quarter of a mile south of the present railroad station on the western hillside.

"Here by this stream in days of old,  
The red men lived who lie in mould;  
The leaves that once their history knew  
Their crumbling pages hide from view.  
Canoeless lies the lonesome shore,  
The wigwam's incense wreathes no more."

The New Hampshire tribes were known as The Nipmucks, or "Fresh Water People," and it was they who built the great stone fish trap or weirs in the river at a proper distance from the outlet of the lake.

They called the place Ahquedaukenash, from Ahque, to stop, and Auke, a place; thus, stopping places or dams; this being the plural form. The white settlers spelled the name in various ways, but perhaps the most common form used was Aqueductan. The word means exactly the same as the word "Weirs," a dam or stopping place for taking fish. They gave the place this name because these weirs were permanent. Such devices as were built on the seashore or in tide water streams are often made of poles driven into the sand with brush woven into wicker work, but those at Aqueductan were very skilfully constructed of stone. Large stones were placed in the current a foot or more apart and to them wicker work was fastened. The weirs were built

somewhat in the shape of a letter W. The uprights pointing up stream towards the lake, and the lower points being left open about two feet; the walk on either side running toward the shores with the middle part of the W being so many cages into which the fish crowded and were easily caught with nets, spears, or even by hand. The Indians would paddle about in their canoes and quickly fill their frail crafts, take their catch ashore to the squaws, who split and cleaned the fish and either laid them aside to dry or else hung them up and smoked them for winter use.

When the white settlers came they found the weirs in good condition. They were in use in 1652, and both explorers and natives relied upon them for food. Fish wardens were later appointed, who went two days each week to see that the fish were evenly divided.

In September, when the fish went down stream they were thin and lean, but the eels which migrated with them were fat and in their prime; so the same weirs, with an added contrivance, was used for their capture. From the lower points of the W which were left open, passageways were built about six feet long, and at their lower ends holes were dug about three feet deep and four feet across, in which wicker baskets were sunk. Into these the struggling, slippery eels would drop, and the Indians could easily catch them.

The Weirs, being a permanent settlement of Indians, many relics have been found on the site of their village and along the shore nearby.

Beside the Indian Settlement at the Weirs, there was, at a much earlier date, a strong Indian fortification at East Tilton on a point of land formed by the Winnepesaukee River and Little Bay. This was doubtless one of a chain of

forts built by the Penacooks and their eastern allies, the Pequaukets.

In times of war, Winnepesaukee was a great rallying place for the various bands of Red Men.

The waters of the lake furnished them with an inexhaustible supply of food and the water ways, or the ice, supplied easy methods of travel in various directions.

Most of the roving Indians which attacked the New Hampshire and eastern and central Massachusetts settlements came from Canada by way of Winnepesaukee.

The old Indian trail stretched from St. Lawrence to the ocean. It ran through Pienerville, near Montreal, along the St. Francis River, across Lake Memphremagog, then through dense woods to the Connecticut River, down this water way to the region of what is now Haverhill, New Hampshire, across the ridge near Mooselauke to Warren, down Bakers River, Asquam Lake, by Winnepesaukee and the Pemmigawasset, along to Alton Bay, and from there across the country to the coast.

Cotton Mather in 1702 thus describes the carrying away of one woman captive after an expedition against Dover.

"It was a terrible march, through the thick woods and a thousand other miseries, till they came to the Norway Plains (Rochester.) From thence they made her go to the end of Winnopisseog Lake, and from thence eastward, through horrid swamps, where sometimes they must scramble over huge trees fallen by storm or age, for a vast way together, and sometimes they must climb up long, steep, tiresome, and almost inaccessible mountains—a long and sad journey she had of it—in the midst of a dreadful winter—at last they arrived in Canada."

Probably the first white people to pass over this trail, were the

captives thus carried by the Indians, and the discomforts and fear which they endured doubtlessly drove all thought for, or appreciation of, the wonderful beauty of the country from their minds.

The name "Winnepesaukee" is taken from the Algonquin language and has been variously translated as meaning "The Smile of the Great Spirit," "Good Water with Large Pour out Place," and "Beautiful Water in a High Place."

J. Hammond Trumbull, who has made an extensive study of Indian Geographical names, tells us that the real meaning of the word is simply "Good Water Discharge," the name evidently applying formerly to the outlet, rather than to the lake itself.

Judge Chandler E. Potter in his excellent book on "The History of Manchester" is responsible for the translation reading "Beautiful Water in a High Place," regarding which J. Hammond Trumbull says, in part, "Judge Potter is demonstrably wrong, inasmuch as he assumes that IS or ES represents KEES, meaning *high*, to which assumption there are two objections; the first being that there is no evidence that any such word as KEES, meaning *high*, is to be found in any Algonquin language, and secondly, that KEES could not possibly drop its initial K and still preserve its meaning."

The name of this lovely lake has been spelled in a multitude of ways. One writer tells us that he actually found in various kinds of manuscript, 132 different forms of spelling. Of that number "Winnepesaukee" is most commonly used at the present time, while the five following will give the reader an idea of the peculiar variations of which the word is possible.

WINNIPISEOKEE	WINEPISEOKA
WINPESOCKY	WINNEPESEOCKEE
NIKISIPIQUE	



# PASCATAQUACK AND KENEBECK

*By Elwin L. Page.*

Both Bradford and Winthrop have preserved the story of the poacher from Piscataqua who invaded the Plymouth trading patent on the Kennebec. How he there met a tragic end, and the consequences which followed, including the detention of John Alden, the intervention of Miles Standish, and indirectly the imprisonment of Edward Winslow in the Fleet, make an interesting narrative collateral to early New Hampshire history. Strangely enough this story, which involves so many arresting personalities, has been overlooked by our general historians.

The Plymouth Colony struggled out of debt by means of Indian trade. Beaver was her economic salvation. But furs were scarce in the vicinity of Plymouth, and after the harvest of 1625 Winslow and other "old-standers" took a boat-load of corn to the Kennebec and returned with seven hundred pounds of beaver, besides other furs. The next year, or perhaps the next but one, the troublesome Thomas Morton beat them in the race to Maine and hindered the Plymouth folk of a season's furs.

Allerton, in England in 1627, sought a patent on the Kennebec for the Plymouth Colony. This he brought over the following year, but "so strait & ill bounded, as they were faine to renew & enlarge it the next year." As thus corrected, the patent included several hundred square miles. Upon it, in 1628, Plymouth set up a permanent trading house at Cushnoc, now Augusta. At the same time the Plymouth traders found a better medium of exchange in "wampampeake," which they first introduced in the buying of furs in those parts. The value of wampum was taught them by their Dutch neighbors—not the only instance of friendly aid from that direction. Thus the colony on Cape Cod Bay

found itself doubly intrenched against "those of Piscataqua," who had already, as Bradford notes, shown some disposition to invade the territory which Plymouth had opened up to the fur trade.

This was the situation when, in the spring of 1634, the poacher sailed his bark up the Kennebec. His name was John Hockin, or Hocking. From which of the Piscataqua settlements he came can be inferred only from the statement of Winthrop that he employed a pinnace belonging to Lord Say and Lord Brook. He must, therefore, have come from Dover, for a year or two earlier Lords Say and Brook, Sir Richard Saltonstall and others had purchased the former Hilton interests upon the recommendation of their Massachusetts friends. Probably Hocking was one of the new emigrants sent from England in 1633, producing what Mr. James Truslow Adams has termed "a series of explosions, which subsequently prepared the way for annexation by Massachusetts."

So Hocking came to Cushnoc. It immediately became evident that fair competition was no part of his plan; that he intended to go up river beyond the Plymouth house, and thus cut off the trade with the Indians bearing furs from the north. He was forbidden to do so; he was urged not to do the patentees "that injurie, nor goe aboute to infringe their liberties, which had cost them so dear. But he answered he would goe up and trade ther in despite of them, and lye ther as long as he pleased."

There was but one retort left to the troubled traders of Plymouth: their patent authorized them to make prize of "all such persons, their ships and goods, as shall attempte to inhabite or trade with ye savage people of that countrie." And so, as Bradford tells the story: "The other could

him he must then be forced to remove him from thence, or make seasure of him if he could. He bid him doe his worste, and so went up, and anchored ther."

Bradford proceeds:

"The other tooke a boat & some men & went up to him, when he saw his time, and againe entreated him to departe by what perswasion he could. But all in vaine: he could gett nothing of him but ill words. So he considred that now was y<sup>e</sup> season for trade to come downe, and if he should suffer him to lye, & take it from them, all ther former charge would be lost, and they had better throw up all. So, consulting with his men, (who were willing thertoe,) he resolved to put him from his anchores, and let him drive downe y<sup>e</sup> river with y<sup>e</sup> streame; but comanded y<sup>e</sup> men y<sup>t</sup> none should shoote a shote upon any occasion, except he comanded them."

But this peaceful procedure, so far less drastic than the seizure authorized by the patent, resulted tragically.

"He [the nameless Plymouth leader] spoake to him againe, but all in vaine; then he sente a cuple in a canow to cutt his cable, the which one of them performs; but Hocking takcs up a pece which he had layed ready, and as y<sup>e</sup> barke shered by y<sup>e</sup> canow, he shote him close under y<sup>e</sup> side, in y<sup>e</sup> head, (as I take it,) so he fell downe dead instantly. One of his fellows (that loved him well) could not hold, but with a muskett shot Hocking, who fell downe dead and never speake word. This was y<sup>e</sup> truth of y<sup>e</sup> thing."

Hocking's men returned to Dover, whence there soon went to Lord Say and Lord Brook a letter leaving out every circumstance except that the inoffensive Hocking had been killed in cold blood by men from Plymouth. Their Lordships in England were much offended until, as will later appear, they learned the whole story.

Meanwhile the news spread quickly and came to the Bay in a much distorted form. The Bay people, as always, were gloriously shocked with the misdeeds of others. The colonists at Plymouth, having all the facts, were "sadly affected with y<sup>e</sup> thing." The conscience of the Bay

took upon that colony the customary duty of dealing with an affair which was none of their business—unless, indeed, England's reaction to the homicides might affect the homeland's attitude towards the colonial question in general.

So when, shortly afterwards, the Plymouth vessel had business at Boston and John Alden went thither, he was clapped into prison upon complaint of a kinsman of Hocking. Alden had been on the Kennebec, though not party to the trouble. This, to use Bradford's mild language, "was thought strang" at Plymouth.

Forthwith Captain Standish was sent to the Bay to give true information and procure Alden's release. His mission was partly successful. As appears from Governor Dudley's letter to Bradford, the Bay magistrates, conceiving that the Plymouth men had possibly acted within their rights, set Alden at liberty, but bound Standish to appear twelve days later with sworn copies of the patent and proofs of the provocation given by Hocking. Having thus maintained the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay to try men of another colony for acts committed far from the bounds of Massachusetts, Dudley absolved himself from all unkindness, wished recovery of health to Bradford, sent loving remembrances to Governor Prince, Winslow and Brewster, and added, "The Lorde keepe you all. Amen. Your very loving friend is our Lord Jesus, THO: DUDLEY."

Standish seems to have appeared in the Massachusetts Court in accordance with his bond and to have borne a letter from Governor Prince demanding the rights of his colony. Dudley was probably inclined to the Plymouth view, but the Court was seriously divided, and instead of pressing for a decision, he advised Bradford to wait, as "time cooleth distempers."

Perhaps not a little of the strained

relations between the two colonies grew from the incident of 1631, when a boat from the Bay traded for corn with the Indians on Cape Cod, which Plymouth viewed as her preserve. A Salem pinnace, going for the same purpose, was driven by storm into Plymouth, where the Governor forbade such trading, and said it would be opposed by force, "even to spending of their lives."

In Plymouth there was every disposition to view the Massachusetts attitude as "more then was mete," but "perswaded what was done was out of godly zeale, that religion might not suffer, nor sinne any way covered or borne with, especially y<sup>e</sup> guilte of blood," they determined to meet their intrusive neighbors in a Christian spirit. So, in order to mollify them, they sought advice and direction from Winthrop and other reverend magistrates at Boston. Probably, also, they thought, as Dudley did, that troubles might come over in the next ship from England, and that a united front was desirable.

Winthrop suggested a sort of intercolonial court to include representatives from neighboring plantations, especially from Piscataqua and Massachusetts, with "full power to order & bind, &c," providing that the liberties of no place be prejudiced; and, as "y<sup>e</sup> preist lips must be consulted with," the ministers of every plantation should be present to give advice, in point of conscience. This seemed dangerous, but Plymouth, having the courage of a good conscience, invited Massachusetts, Salem and Piscataqua to attend at Boston, with any others they desired to bring.

As an intercolonial court, the meeting at Boston was a failure; only Plymouth and Boston answered the call. Nevertheless it was a satisfactory lovefeast for both parties. The Bay people were satisfied because they had an opportunity to assume a quasi-jurisdiction over the killings on the Kennebec; it gave their magistrates

and divines occasion to exercise their casuistical arts in a moot-court. Plymouth was satisfied because the conclusion reached was favorable to them. Both were satisfied with the complete agreement reached as to means for avoiding trouble with their common enemies in England.

From Plymouth came Bradford, Winslow and the Reverend Ralph Smith. They were met by Winthrop, the Reverend John Cotton and the Reverend John Wilson. First they sought the Lord. Then they discussed "some passages at which they had taken offence," but these were "soon cleared." Probably there was early agreement in the statement of Winthrop that the incident "had brought us all and the gospel under a common reproach of cutting one another's throats for beaver." In this Christian spirit they discussed the issues.

The first question was the right of the Pilgrims to hinder others from trading at the Kennebec. The patent clearly answered in the affirmative. But the joint-council did not stop at this point. Winthrop had some legal learning, and he now declared for the first time his theory of *vacuum domicilium*; the place had been found untenanted by Indians and held in possession divers years without interruption or claim of any of the natives; adverse claims of Englishmen like Morton could not impeach the rights of the first white occupants. A few years later Winthrop availed himself of the same principle in support of the claim of Massachusetts to the Hampton lands granted by the Indians (but not occupied by them) to Wheelwright. In course of time the maxim of *vacuum domicilium* became New England law.

But, granted the right, in point of conscience could Plymouth stand on it so far as to hazard any man's life in defence of it? This was the field of the ministers. Plymouth alleged

that their man had killed Hocking in defence of the second Pilgrim who was about to be shot, at the same time admitting a breach of the Sixth Commandment in not waiting to preserve their rights by other means than killing. They wished it had not been done; they would guard against it in future. Was it urged that the man who fired on Hocking from the pinnace "loved well" the man who had been murdered in the canoe? The record does not state. Throughout the discussion, only the highest grounds of morality seem to have been touched. Plymouth's frankness and forbearance were met by Massachusetts with "grave & godly exhortations.....which they allso imbraced with love & thankfullnes.....And thus was this matter ended, and ther love and concord renewed."

Forty days later Bradford and Collier went to Boston by appointment to meet Captain Wiggin, Governor at Dover, about Hocking's death. Wiggin apparently did not appear. The manly advances of the Pilgrims seem never to have been met halfway by Piscataqua.

Edward Winslow was sent to England with letters from Winthrop and Dudley to Lord Say and others. These, with letters from Plymouth and the verbal explanations of Winslow, readily satisfied the English proprietors of Dover, who in October had written Winthrop that they had forborne sending a man-of-war to batter down the Kennebec trading house, hoping that the Bay people would join with Wiggin in seeing justice done. Winslow took over nearly four thousand pounds of beaver, besides other furs, so that Plymouth's season at the Kennebec had a rich reward.

Winslow tarried in England to perform other missions, one of which was the answer of complaints made at the Council Board against the conduct of affairs in New England, chiefly at the Bay. All was going

well, and Winslow seemed about to get authority for the colonies to resist encroachments of the French in Maine and of the Dutch on the Connecticut, when he found this ran counter to the plan of Archbishop Laud to send over Sir Ferdinando Gorges as Governor General of all New England.

At this point Morton of Merry-mount re-appeared. Himself the first poacher on the Kennebec patent, shortly after dispossessed of his plantation by Standish for other misdeeds, and finally banished by Massachusetts Bay and watching the firing of his buildings as he sailed down Boston Harbor on his way back to England, he was now only too pleased to whisper in the Archbishop's ear information which caused Laud to smile grimly.

On Winslow's next appearance before the Council, Morton made certain formal complaints. Winslow met them to the satisfaction of the Board, who rebuked Morton and blamed Gorges and Mason for countenancing him. Thus faded Gorges' dream to be Governor General. But Laud now played the trumps which Morton had dealt him. He questioned Winslow. Had he taught in the church publicly? Had he officiated at marriages? To both Winslow confessed, justifying the former by the want of a minister in the earlier days, and the latter by the fact that marriage was a civil thing belonging to the function of the magistrates and having scriptural countenance. The Archbishop, "by vemente importunity," induced the Board to commit Winslow. So for seventeen weeks the Puritan agent lay in the Fleet. Thereby the New Englanders lost their petition for leave to repulse foreign invasion, but the Puritans for a time postponed the sending of a Royal Governor.

And so the Pilgrims traded at the Kennebec, not forever after (that would be too much like the fairy

story) but until 1662, when trade fell off. By that time, however, the little colony planted on a rather unproductive shore had won a sound prosperity. The beaver had saved them. Meanwhile, in 1646, Father Drouillette came down from Canada and visited the station. John Winslow, then the agent, gave him hearty welcome and allowed him to plant a Jesuit mission for the Indians just above Cushnoc. Those who view the settlers of New England as consistently intolerant will note that the liberal course of John Winslow was approved generally by the clergy of the time.

One other incident, in 1639, also no part of our story, deserves mention for its antiquarian interest. It is one of those naive stories of Provi-

dential interposition which Winthrop loved to relate. The Indians on the Kennebec wanted food and were tempted by the great store at the trading house. They conspired to kill the English for their provisions. Coming into the house, they found the master, Mr. Willett. "Being reading in the Bible, his countenance," as Winthrop gravely records, "was more solemn than at other times, so as he did not look cherefully upon them, as he was wont to do; whereupon they went out and told their fellows, their purpose was discovered. They asked them, how could it be. The others told them, that they knew it by Mr. Willet's countenance, and that he had discovered it by a book that he was reading. Whereupon they gave over their design."

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## HOMESICK.

*By Cora S. Day.*

Through Indian Summer's smoky haze,  
 Or Winter's veil of snow;  
 In Summer's blazing heart of gold,  
 When Spring's white blossoms blow.  
 Though sunshine light the day for me,  
 Or rain blot out the view;  
 My dreaming heart is breaking, dear,  
 For you, sweetheart, for you.

The South may call me to its arms,  
 The West to venture high;  
 The North may send its cooling breath  
 I turn from them and sigh  
 For dear New England's rocky hills,  
 For steep paths that we knew.  
 Dear, when I'm free, I'm coming back—  
 Back home, sweetheart,—to you.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

There was a time, early in the history of New England, when men from Massachusetts played a large part in the history of New Hampshire; but ever since John Stark marched to Bunker Hill the shoe has been on the other foot. From Daniel Webster and Henry Wilson down to the present time the Granite State has been exporting brains to the Bay State, much to the benefit of the latter



CHANNING H. COX

commonwealth, whatever may be said as to our own.

Why we repeat here and now this widely known and often mentioned fact is because of the prominence being given at this time of writing to the candidacy of two men of New Hampshire birth for the most important offices to be filled by the voters of Massachusetts at the November election; Governor Channing H. Cox, Republican, for re-election, and Sherman L. Whipple, Democrat, for United States Senator.

Governor Cox was born in Man-

chester, Feb. 28, 1879, the son of Charles E. and Evelyn (Randall) Cox, and prepared in the public schools of that city for Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1901, taking his LL. B. from Harvard Law School three years later. His career in the politics of his adopted state has been one of remarkably unbroken success and includes eight years in the legislature (three terms speaker of the House), two years as lieutenant governor and two years as governor. Ability and courage, tact and good fellowship have been equal components in his distinguished career, which has not yet reached its culmination. It is impossible for his friends and admirers in his native state to believe that his administrative economies, the excellence of his appointments and the general high standard of his service as Governor are not so well appreciated in Massachusetts as to make his renomination and re-election sure.

At our request, Mr. Henry H. Metcalf, who of all New Hampshire men, perhaps, knows Mr. Whipple best and is in most thorough sympathy with his political principles, has written of him as follows:

"The recent announcement by Sherman L. Whipple, the eminent Boston lawyer, of his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator from Massachusetts, to succeed Henry Cabot Lodge, whose term expires on the 4th of March next, calls attention to another native of New Hampshire, conspicuous in the professional and public life of the old Bay State.

"Mr. Whipple, who was born in the town of New London, March 4, 1862, is a great grandson of Moses Whipple, one of the early settlers of the town of Croydon, long its foremost citizen, who commanded a com-

pany under Stark at Bennington. His father was Dr. Solomon M. Whipple, long a prominent physician of New London, who married Henrietta Kimball Hersey of Sanbornton.

"He fitted for college at Colby Academy, and graduated with high honor from Yale College in 1881, when 19 years of age, and from Yale

by able and experienced practitioners, he has made his way to the front, through patient and persevering effort, till he now holds first place among the successful lawyers of the New England Metropolis both as regards the extent of his practice and the measure of material returns.

"This success has been attained by



SHERMAN L. WHIPPLE

Law School in 1884, in which year he was admitted to the bar and commenced practice in Manchester. His ambition, however, sought a larger and more promising field, and he removed in the following year to Boston, where he has since been in practice, and where, though commencing as a young man among strangers, backed by no interests, and commanding the assistance of no powerful friends, with the field well occupied

untiring devotion to the demands of his profession. If, as has been said, 'The Law is a jealous Mistress,' it has found him a most loyal devotee. While keeping abreast with the times in his familiarity with the world's activities in all lines of human progress, and especially in the political field, and while devotedly attached to the principles of the Democratic party, in whose faith he was reared, he has given his undivided attention to the

work of his profession, in which he has ever found delight.

"In turning his attention now to the field of politics, after attaining the summit of professional success, Mr. Whipple is actuated by no personal ambition. He yields only to the persistent appeals of party leaders and discerning men who find in him the best hope for successful leadership in a contest of vast consequence to their party and the country, and an awakened sense of personal duty.

"Whatever may be the outcome of the contest upon which he has entered—first for the nomination, against prominent men in his own party already in the field, and, if successful here, in the struggle for election against the veteran Senator, so long entrenched in the office, there can be no question of ample qualifications on his part for the position he seeks. He is the intellectual peer of any man in the Senate today; is thoroughly familiar with the political history of the nation and the important questions now at issue, is heartily in sympathy with the masses of the people and can be depended

upon to work for their welfare, as against all special interests or combinations. The same keen insight, clear comprehension and forceful readiness in speech and action, which have characterized his career at the bar, will shortly make him a leader in the Senate, if elected thereto.

"While his only public service, thus far, has been that of a delegate at large in the last Massachusetts Constitutional Convention, in whose deliberations he took a prominent part, his merits and ability have been duly recognized by his party in the past, in that he was twice given the votes of the Democratic members of the legislature for United States Senator, in the days when Senators were chosen by that body.

"Hundreds of people in New Hampshire who have taken due pride in the careers of Webster, Wilson and Weeks, natives of the Granite State, in the Senate of the United States, will await with interest the outcome of the contest upon which Mr. Whipple has entered, and will heartily wish him success."

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## DREAMERS

*By Cora S. Day.*

"Dreamers!" Men smile, and go on their blind way.  
All unseeing, unheeding, the beauty and song,  
The visions that make, for the dreamers, good day;  
That shine in the stars, for them, all the night long.

Dreams! Aye, the heaven and earth were but dreams,  
Ere God fashioned them out of His heart and His mind.  
The darkness that veils and the sunlight that gleams,  
The earth and the waters, the breath of the wind.

Dreamers—ah yes. But their dreams are the thread  
Of which all the beauty of living is spun.  
Aye, dreams are their manna, their heavenly bread;  
God gives them the dreams by which heaven is won.



## EDITORIAL

The spectacle afforded by the United States Senate in its protracted attempt at tariff legislation is not edifying or comforting or strengthening to one's faith in democratic institutions and representative government. Individual, sectional and occupational interests are fighting their own battles in the highest forum of American law-making and diligent perusal of the Congressional Record fails to disclose the slightest recognition in debates or votes of that which would be for the good of the nation as a whole.

If we are to have a tariff, it should be constructed on scientific principles by a competent commission giving its entire time to the work. The product of this commission should be accepted or rejected as a whole by Congress and the mad muddle of amendments in which the Senate is interminably floundering thus avoided. The commission should be a continuing body, a recognized department of the government, and at each session of Congress should propose such changes in the existing law as economic conditions in general, not in particular congressional districts, should demand.

If we are to have a tariff, we say again, let the law be drawn for the benefit of the national treasury and American industry as a whole, not because of especial consideration for this or that corporation or organization to which some Senator or Congressman owes his seat at Washington.

But let us turn from the weird mess at Washington to a brighter government picture here at home. At the end of the state fiscal year,

June 30, 1922, every New Hampshire state department and institution was within its appropriation for the twelve months. Not one "deficiency" shadowed the financial showing of the year to come. It has been some time since this state made so good a record, and while it may be too early to say that the tide really has turned and that there is a chance for a decrease in taxes, the evidence surely is ample that economy and efficiency are the vogue today among our officials. Governor Albert O. Brown has set the example from the day of his inauguration and, furthermore, he has given his personal attention to seeing that the standard he set up in this respect was adhered to by every person responsible for the expenditure of funds from the state treasury.

Now it has been shown that it can be done, it ought to be easier for future administrations to keep all the divisions of the state's activities, each ambitious for achievement and anxious for the development of its work, within the financial limits set by the wisdom of the legislative appropriations committees. Without exception, we believe, these departments are performing useful and valuable service, capable of beneficial expansion; but on the other hand the limit of wise taxation certainly has been reached, if not exceeded, and until new sources of revenue are tapped, progress of state work must be on intensive rather than extensive lines. Get the best budget we can find and then absolutely keep within it is the wise governmental policy for New Hampshire today and every day.

## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Franklyn Pierre Davis of Enid, Oklahoma, is the compiler of a new kind of anthology, one of newspaper verse. In 1921, he read 3,000 poems, published in the press of this country, while making his choices. Five per cent, 150, he deemed worthy of re-appearance in his book and of these it is interesting to note that 11 were first printed in the Boston Transcript which is second only to the New York Times, with 15, in this respect. Other New England papers honored are the Boston Post, Springfield Republican and Union, Brattleboro Reformer, Lewiston Journal and Sun. The only New Hampshire poet we note in the collection is Dr. Perry Marshall, native of Lempster; but several Granite Monthly contributors are included, Grace C. Howes, Lillian

Hall Crowley, John Kearns, and John R. Moreland.

The Stronger Light by Mary Gertrude Balch (The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, \$1.75) is an old-fashioned love story told in an old-fashioned way and none the less welcome on that account to at least one reviewer. The people in it are familiar types, most of whom we are glad to know. New England country life is contrasted with that of a large city, not at all to the disadvantage of the former. There is a happy and sensible ending of a not too tangled plot. "The Stronger Light" is not strong at all in the sense of being intense, but it is pleasant, soothing and good propaganda for the "stay on the farm" movement which rural New England needs so much.

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### OPULENCE

*By Alice Sargent Krikorian.*

The wealth of all the ages past is mine,  
The moonlight, glinting on a silver lake,  
The diamond stars' tiara,—who can take  
From me these gifts,—my heritage divine?  
Nor moth, nor rust, nor Time, that crafty thief  
Can rob me, when the mountain shadows fall,  
Of, deep in brake, the thrush's liquid call  
Guarding her nest, concealed by jade-green leaf.

Mozart, Beethoven, on symphonic strings  
That ancient orchestra, the tumbling sea  
Is singing in my ear their melody!  
(Or so run on my sweet imaginings.)  
Yea, more than these, the Heart of Nature yields  
Her whispered secrets here, upon the daisied fields!

**THE HAMPSHIRES***By Mary E. Hough.*

I love old Hampshire by the sea :  
 Her ancient mother-towns  
 Of Winchester and Portsmouth,  
 Her sandy heaths and downs,—  
 Her dimpled glades and valleys,  
 Her smiling English leas,  
 And rivers of historic sound  
 Like Avon and the Tees.

She hath her woods of aged oaks  
 Hung with the mistletoe,  
 And ivied castle-ruins  
 Where yew and holly grow.  
 She claims the Conqueror William,  
 And on the breeze is borne  
 Across the distant centuries  
 A sound of hunter's horn.

Oh, I love ancient Hampshire  
 Bleached by the salt-sea gales,  
 But best of all to me the port  
 From which my good ship sails—  
 Sails back across the ocean  
 Toward my sturdy Granite-State,  
 New Hampshire of the hill-side homes  
 Where blessed friendships wait.

She hath no moors of heather  
 Nor wreathed fields of hops,  
 But she hath slopes of ribboned corn  
 And laureled mountain-tops;  
 Pastures asway with golden-rod,  
 Asters, and meadow-sweet—  
 Out to the grassy road-side  
 Leads every city street.

New Hampshire's merry rivers  
 Hint not of Shakespeare's fame,  
 But they are Laughing-waters  
 With poetry in each name.  
 Her great primeval forests  
 The pioneer has trod—  
 Cathedrals made by nature's hand  
 Where men may talk with God.

Oh, her seashore is not down-land,  
 She knows no English lea;  
 But all her land is home-land,  
 Is home-land to me.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## WILLIAM W. FLANDERS.

William W. Flanders, member of the New Hampshire State Senate of 1921, died at his home in North Weare, June 17. He was born in that town 54 years ago and from the age of 19 was engaged in the wood turning business in which he was highly successful. He was a leader in the power development of the Piscataquog river. His service in the senate was preceded by a term in the house of representatives in 1919. Senator Flanders was a member of the Masons, Eastern Star, Odd Fellows and Rebekahs. He also was a member of the New England Fox Hunters' association, that sport being his favorite recreation. Mr. Flanders is survived by his wife, who was Mabel A. Thurston of Weare, and three children, Theodore, Russell and Isadore, and two grandchildren.

## THOMAS ENTWISTLE.

Thomas Entwistle, born in Hyde, Cheshire County, England, died in Portsmouth, June 25. Coming to this country with his parents as a child, he worked as a bobbin boy in the Kearsarge Mills at Portsmouth until the outbreak of the Civil War, when he enlisted on June 21, 1861, in Company D, Third Regiment, N. H. V., and served until his honorable discharge August 2, 1865. He was twice wounded, spent nine months in Andersonville prison and, making his escape from a prison train, had a thrilling journey of 21 days back to the Union lines. After the war Mr. Entwistle was at various times employed on the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, was at one time deputy United States marshal and for a quarter of a century served as city marshal of Portsmouth. A Republican in politics, Mr. Entwistle was elected in succession selectman, councilman and alderman of his city, several times representative in the legislature, thrice state senator and member of the executive council of Governor Robert P. Bass. He was a member of the Episcopal church, of the G. A. R., Masons and I. O. O. F. Two daughters, Mrs. Walter T. Richards and Miss Maude I. Entwistle, and one son, William T. survive him.

## MRS. MARY R. PIKE.

Mrs. Mary R. Pike, at the time of her death the oldest person in New Hampshire, if not in New England, was born in Newfields, Sept. 11, 1815, and died there May 16. She was the eighth of the 12

children of Rev. John and Mary (Dodge) Brodhead and was the widow of Rev. James Pike, both her father and husband having been members of Congress as well as prominent clergymen. Her grandfather, Captain Luke Brodhead, served on the staff of Lafayette. She was a member of the Methodist church for 94 years and of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Pike was a remarkable woman. She had a keen mind and retentive memory and to the last retained her interest in current events. She kept herself informed on the progress of the World War, subscribed to all Government loans, and was the first person in Newfields to respond to the Methodist drive.

## FRANK G. WILKINS.

Frank G. Wilkins, president of the Washington (D. C.) Market Company, who died in that city last month, was born in Warner, June 17, 1856. Left an orphan at an early age, he became the ward of Hon. Nehemiah G. Ordway and accompanied him to Dakota upon his appointment as governor of that territory. There Mr. Wilkins was admitted to the bar, but from 1886 was associated with the Washington Market, in which Governor Ordway and the late Senator William E. Chandler were largely interested. Beside being president of the Washington Market Company and the Terminal Cold Storage Company, Mr. Wilkins was a director in the Second National Bank, National City Dairy Company, and Congressional Hotel Company, and a member of the Washington Stock Exchange, Washington Chamber of Commerce, United States Chamber of Commerce, and the Washington City Club. In 1887 Mr. Wilkins married Florence N. Ordway, who died in 1897. Of four children born the only survivor is Miss Nancy Sibley Wilkins. In 1900 Mr. Wilkins married Elizabeth M. Howell who survives him.

## ADMIRAL J. G. AYERS.

Rear Admiral Joseph Gerrish Ayers, Medical Corps, U. S. N., retired, died at Montclair, N. J., March 21. He was born in Canterbury, November 3, 1839, the son of Charles H. and Almira S. (Gerrish) Ayers, and was educated at the University of Vermont and Columbia University. He served in the 15th N. H. Vols. as second and first lieutenant, 1862-3, and was appointed acting assistant surgeon, United

States Navy, December 17, 1864. He was retired November 3, 1901, with the rank of rear admiral, having served as fleet surgeon on the Asiatic station, 1895-7. He had charge of the first botanical expedition of the United States government to the

jungles of South Africa and was also at one time in charge of the naval laboratory in New York City. He is survived by his widow and two sons, Joseph G. Ayers, Jr., of Montclair, and Charles A. Ayers of Paris.

## EVENTIDE

*By Edward H. Richards.*

The glowing sunset in the west,  
That fills our hearts with silent joy,  
Proclaims this day has been its best  
And spreads its gold without alloy.

So we who toil and keep the right,  
Forgetting much of yesterday.  
May beautify on-coming night  
By having done our best to-day.

## WATER LILIES

*By Helen Frazee-Bower.*

White stars leaned from heaven's gate  
When the sun was low,  
Sought their image early, late,  
In a lake below.

Water lilies tremble, sigh,  
When new sunbeams wake:  
White stars that forever lie  
Captive in a lake.

## CELIA THAXTER

Born June 1835; Died August 1894.

*By Reignold Kent Marvin.*

A sandpiper, grown tired of the sand,  
Had faith to take the challenge of the sea  
And made swift flight to far gray islands free  
From dreary customs of the ancient land.  
Then other songsters came, a daring band,  
Attracted to the sandpiper's strange nest;  
The ocean found an echo in her breast,  
Her tender music those lone islands spanned.  
One summer morn the sandpiper was still,  
No plaintive tones cried out to greet the sea,  
The listening song birds heard her voice no more,  
Sunshine itself was touched with sudden chill,  
The wild rose gave no honey to the bee,—  
Fled was the Laureate of Appledore.

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# *The* Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



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By A. H. Beardsley

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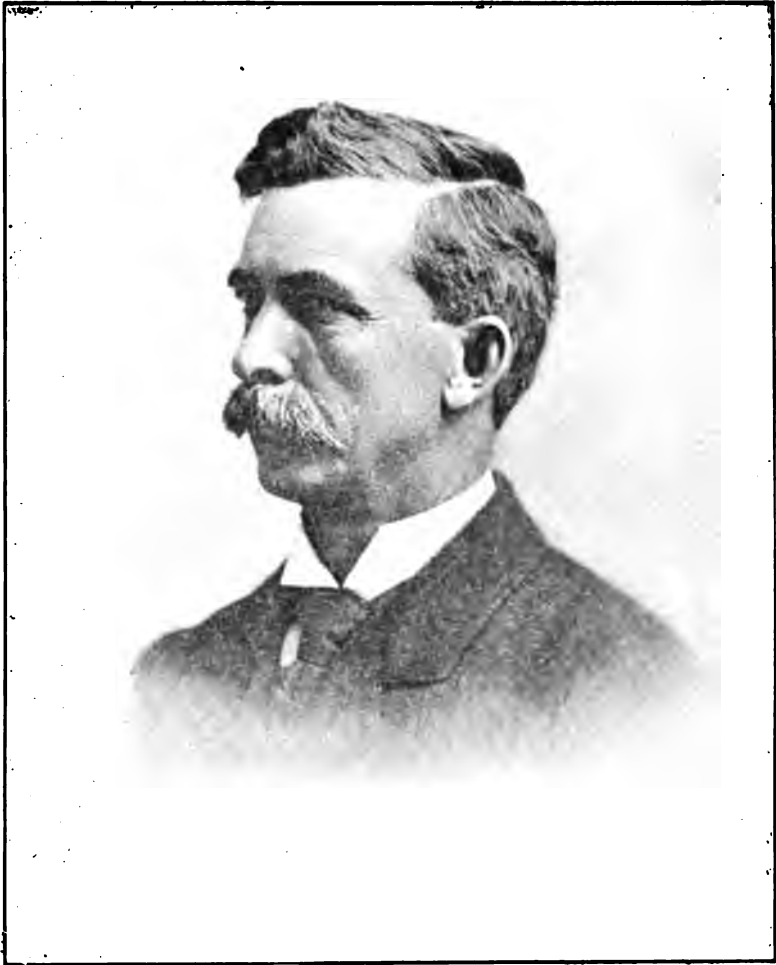
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TIMOTHY P. SULLIVAN

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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## TIMOTHY P. SULLIVAN

### A Modest Citizen of Concord, Who Has Done Things

New Hampshire is known as the "Granite State," and Concord is its capital. Moreover the capital city is noted for its extensive granite quarries and the superiority of their product, more than anything else; though Concord wagons and Concord harness were known all over the country for many years in the past.

The man who has done more to exploit Concord granite—to call the world's attention to its superiority for building and monumental purposes—than any other, or all others combined, is a modest gentleman of Irish birth, 77 years of age, now retired from business, but seen nearly every day on Main street, whose name appears at the head of this article.

There were Sullivans in this country in goodly numbers, before the Revolution and some hundreds of them, including the valiant General John Sullivan of Durham—the ablest and most trusted of Washington's lieutenants—were enrolled in the patriot service during the struggle in which our independence was won, but this one came later.

Timothy P. Sullivan was born at Millstreet, Cork County, Ireland, December 16, 1844, son of Patrick and Mary (Moynihan) Sullivan. His mother died while he was very young, and some years later his father married a widow, named Riordan, who had four sons in the United States, with the last of whom she came to this country.

When Timothy was about sixteen years of age, his father also decided to emigrate to America, if he desired to go, and they were soon on the way, landing at Boston, where his stepmother then had her home. A year later they settled at Quincy, where Bartholomew Riordan, the eldest of his step-brothers, was engaged as a granite cutter, and through whose influence the young man was given an opportunity to learn the trade, and where he spent three years with the Granite Railway Co., an important firm having a large quarry property in Concord.

This Bartholomew Riordan, by the way, married a sister of the late Maj. Daniel B. Donovan of Concord, and made his home at West Quincy, Mass., where he accumulated a handsome property and reared a large family, and where his widow and children, now prominent citizens, are still living. Mr. Sullivan's father died at the age of 85 years, and his remains, with those of his wife and Bartholomew Riordan, are buried in the Catholic cemetery at West Quincy.

After his three years of service at Quincy, Mr. Sullivan came to Concord in the employ of the same firm. His health was not very strong and the work was easier here. He commenced on plain work, the young cutters never being assigned to ornamental work. Feeling that if he had the opportunity he could soon learn the carver's

art, he went one day to the office of the superintendent—Mr. George Sargent—and asked him to be allowed to try his hand at carving, saying that if his work proved to be of no value he would charge nothing for it, he would pay for tools and stone used. Mr. Sargent kindly consented, put him into the carvers' shed, gave him a good sized stone, and told him if he desired any information or advice at any time, he being a carver himself, would gladly give it. He went at the work and completed in sixteen days, a job that would have taken one of the old carvers a longer time to do. He did little plain work after that. He soon received an offer of employment with the Concord Granite Co., from Supt. Horace Johnson, which he accepted and did carving and other difficult work for that company. While there engaged Mr. David Blanchard, owner of a large quarry and cutting sheds at West Concord, came to the Concord Co.'s sheds, and inquired of some of the older cutters whom he knew, who among all the men was a cutter whom they could recommend to him to take charge of the thirty-five or forty cutters whom he employed, the man whom he then had in charge proving unsatisfactory. All joined in recommending Mr. Sullivan, who was soon after sent for and engaged by Mr. Blanchard. He did not make the change for increase of pay, merely, but because of the opportunity to learn how to handle men, and the business end of the granite trade. He spent three years with Mr. Blanchard, and then formed a partnership with Mr. Simeon Sargent, in the granite business, under the firm name of Sargent & Sullivan. They sent out their cards through the country, and their first order for a monument came from John Noble of Stuebenville, O. They started in a small shed near the Claremont R.

R., not far from Ferry St., and soon had twelve men at work. Soon after they built a shed where the New England sheds were later located, made farther additions and set up a large derrick, so that they were able to handle 40 or 50 cutters. Their granite, in the rough, came from the quarry of Fuller, Pressey Co. They soon bought Mr. Pressey's interest and the quarry company became known as the Henry Fuller Co., Sargent & Sullivan being half owners.

When the erection of the U. S. Government building in Concord, for the accommodation of the Post Office Federal Courts and Pension Office, was determined upon, and the general contractors—Mead, Mason & Co.—called for bids for the granite for the same, the firm put in its bid, which was found lower than any other. No move being made to award the contract, complaint was finally made to Washington. An agent of the Treasury Department soon came to town, and after due investigation the general contractors were ordered to award the contract to this company. They soon appeared with a contract that called for a \$50,000 bond. This was promptly furnished, however, and the stone for the building came from the Fuller Company's quarry. The building, when completed, was pronounced the finest granite building in the country, and is even now generally so regarded. Mr. Fuller's interest was soon bought by Sargent & Sullivan, who then became sole owners. The granite from this quarry was considered the best in the city, and monuments made from it thirty-five years ago, are bright and clean today. The firm furnished the granite for the new Concord Railroad station, for the contractors—Head & Dowst.

Mr. Dowst liked the work for the Concord depot so well that he told Mr. Sullivan if his firm would not give a bid to any other contractors.

Head & Dowst, who were bidding for the new government building in Manchester, would take no bids for the stone from any other granite firms, and there is good reason for the belief that Head & Dowst really secured the contract, as they finally did, on account of the fine appearance of the Concord government building.

The Sargent & Sullivan firm were sending monuments and other work to all parts of the country, as well as granite in the rough state, and soon found it advisable to add

superior quality and the supply abundant for all purposes, prepared a good sized sample, showing the different classes of cutting as well as the rock face and forwarded the same, Mr Sullivan himself soon after following the sample to Washington, determined to secure the contract if possible.

It has been since asserted that New Hampshire statesmen in Washington who had secured the Library contract for their state, were bound to get everything possible for New Hampshire. The simple truth is, however, that no particle of assist-



FEDERAL BUILDING, CONCORD

another quarry to their property. This quarry had been owned by a Quincy firm, which had got into financial difficulties, and was heavily mortgaged to Boston parties, whose interest was purchased, and after the necessary legal procedure, the entire property was owned by Sargent & Sullivan.

When plans were accepted by the Government for the Congressional Library building in Washington, samples of granite from all quarries in the country were called for, to be sent to Washington. Sargent & Sullivan, knowing their granite to be of

ance was rendered Mr. Sullivan by any member of the N. H. Congressional delegation, one of whom merely asked him if he had any conception of the magnitude of the work called for in the building! Maine parties up to that time had done most of the granite work for the government, and it was taken for granted that an unknown man from New Hampshire would stand little or no chance of success and he was accordingly left to "go it alone." He made his way, however, to the office of the chief architect, informed him whom he was, told him he had sent

in a sample of granite and asked to see his plans. He was courteously treated, shown the plans, and, accompanied by the architect, examined all the samples that had been sent in. The examination convinced him that his Concord granite was the finest in color and in strength of material among the entire lot.

When bids were finally called for on the work, Sargent & Sullivan sent for a set of plans and specifications. The stipulations concerning bonds were such as to preclude bidding by many firms. It was provided that the bidder should own the quarry; should give bonds of two property owners in \$400,000 in order to have his bid read, and agree to furnish bonds in \$800,000 if the work was awarded him.

Mr. Samuel Sweat, of the firm of Runals, Davis & Sweat, granite contractors of Lowell, Mass., had long been a friend of Mr. Sullivan. After the receipt of the plans and specifications, Mr. Sullivan spent three weeks at the residence of Mr. Sweat, in company with a son of Mr. Runals and one of Mr. Davis, in going over the matter and making an estimate, and it was arranged that the firm would furnish the required bonds for Sargent & Sullivan in case they were given the contract. About this time, James G. Batterson, of Hartford, Conn., president of the New England Granite Co., at Westerly, R. I., for whom Sargent & Sullivan had furnished a large amount of granite, having seen the specifications, sent for Mr. Sullivan, for a conference. He said that he was satisfied the granite called for was Concord granite, and it was arranged that Sargent & Sullivan should give Mr. Batterson a lease of one of their quarries, in order that he might be qualified to bid. The Lowell firm proposed to put in a bid, on the Fuller quarry granite, but on advice of Mr. Batterson, who said there would be work enough for all if

he got the contract, and that if two bids went in, both for Sargent & Sullivan granite, neither might be considered, they decided not to do so.

After the bids were all in and considered, it was announced by Chief Engineer, Maj. Gen. Robert L. Casey of the U. S. Army, who was authorized to erect the building, at an expense of \$6,500,000, that the contract for the granite was awarded to James G. Batterson, the stone to come from the quarries of Sargent & Sullivan of Concord, N. H. Mr. Sullivan states that there is no quarry of any size in the country whose granite is white, with a bluish cast, except those in Concord, and he is of the opinion that the government made tests of all granite samples, as to color and strength, before the specifications were made. The building, it may be said, when finally completed, was generally pronounced the largest and handsomest granite building in the world.

After the contract was awarded, it was decided that Bernard R. Green should be general superintendent for the construction of the building, and that before the work was begun Mr. Sullivan should travel with him showing buildings in different cities constructed of Concord granite. They saw in Philadelphia, the permanent Museum, erected for the Centennial Exposition from Concord stone; also several buildings in New York; then went to Providence, R. I., and inspected the new City Hall, two fronts of which were of Westerly granite, and two others, as well as all the columns, of Concord. They then came to Boston, and to Portsmouth, N. H., where the Custom House, built in 1855, and still a handsome building, is of the same stone, as is that at Portland, Me., which they also inspected. Coming up to Manchester they saw there the new U. S. Post Office building, the stone for which, as has heretofore been said, was from Sargent & Sul-

livan's quarry; also the Soldier's Monument on Merrimack Common, also made of the same stone, the coloring of which Mr. Green greatly admired. Coming finally to Concord, the appearance of the old State House, also made of Concord granite, gave Mr. Sullivan some worry; but he explained that the house was built in 1816, before the quarries were really opened, and there were no skilled cutters; but the columns and corners, still of fine appearance, were cut in 1864, and Mr. Green said he had never seen any columns of their age that looked so well. They then went to the rear of the State

cutting plant was constructed, at a cost of over \$75,000. Quarrymen and cutters came in rapidly and within eighteen months more than 450 men were at work on the job. It was up to Mr. Sullivan to make the enterprise pay, and he was kept exceedingly busy, day and night, between the quarries and sheds, till he finally became ill with a heart trouble, and had to give up work. He resigned and went abroad, spending nearly three months in travel through Ireland and England, and returned to Concord entirely cured. He consulted Dr. Walker as to what his illness had been and was told that his



HOME OF N. H. HISTORICAL SOCIETY, CONCORD.

House, and, leaning against the wall, gazed for some time at the new Government building. Finally Mr. Green said it was the finest granite building he had ever seen, and, if there had ever been any doubt, it settled the question of the material for the Congressional library.

When Mr. Batterson had secured his contract and perfected his plans, he proposed to buy the entire property—quarries and cutting sheds—of Sargent & Sullivan. They fixed their price, he accepted the same, and the transfer was made. He then engaged Mr. Sullivan to take charge of the work, as general superintendent. A new

trouble had been acute dyspepsia, brought on by anxiety, and that he would not have lived three months if he had continued his work.

Some time after his return Mr. Sullivan met Senator Chandler on the street, who informed him that he had secured an appropriation for a granite dry dock at Portsmouth, and desired him to go down there as an inspector, and see that the government got what it was entitled to. Mr. Sullivan did not care for the job, but the Senator insisted, and he finally consented to go. A civil service examination had been ordered—the first ever held at Portsmouth. It was said

the examination was ordered for the purpose of shutting Mr. Sullivan out; but although there were seven competitors he was the successful man and got the job. His work was simply on the cut granite, and had nothing to do with the masonry. The dock was completed in about three years and a half, when he desired to go home, but was persuaded to remain and act as a general inspector at the yard, looking after all building operations, which he did for a year and a half longer, when he had to resign on account of sciatic rheumatism, and return home where he spent three months in bed.

Soon after he was able to be about Mr. Sullivan was called to inspect the granite work for the basement of the new Senate office building in Washington, which was being cut in Concord, by the New England Granite Co. This he was able to attend to, and was engaged about eight months in this work. No sooner was it done than he was asked to go to Proctor, Vt., to inspect the marble being cut there for the exterior walls of the same building. This he declined to do, as he was not a "marble man;" but the government insisted, and he finally went. During the first six months a large amount of stone was condemned, and an engineer came on from Washington to advise him what stone he should not condemn; but Mr. Sullivan said if he did not know what cracked marble was he should never have accepted the position, and informed the company that he would not condemn a stone that was up to the specifications, and if they sent one that he had condemned and the government accepted it, he would not remain 48 hours. Not long before the work was completed Fletcher Proctor, governor of Vermont, and son of the Senator, thanked Mr.

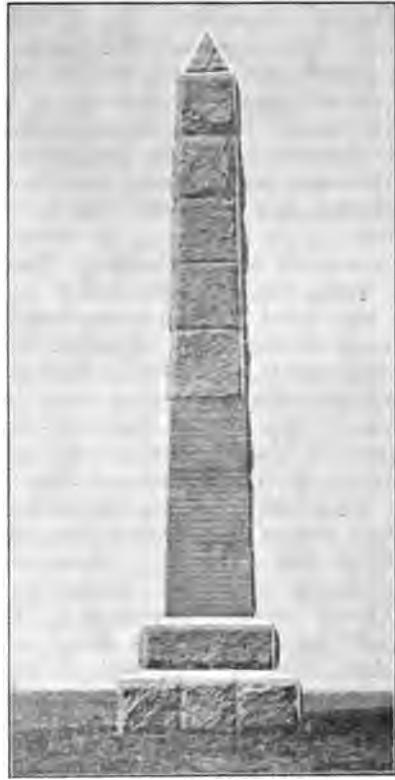
Sullivan for his careful inspection, as it had insured for them the credit of having provided the finest marble building in the United States. Soon after his return from Vermont, Mr. Sullivan heard of the proposed gift of a fine new building to the N. H. Historical Society, by Mr. Edward Tuck of Paris, the same to be of granite, and the report was that a Maine granite was to be used. The building committee consisted of Messrs. B. A. Kimball, S. C. Eastman and H. W. Stevens, and it appeared that Eastman and Stevens disliked the idea of using Maine granite for a historical building in Concord, when the best granite in the country was to be had in Concord quarries. Mr. Sullivan was seen by Mr. Eastman, who desired him to see and talk with Mr. Kimball about the matter. He declined to do so except upon the invitation of the latter, which soon came, and an interview was arranged, at which a sample of the proposed Maine granite was shown. Mr. Sullivan had a good knowledge of the various kinds of granite in the country, and the buildings constructed of the same, and referred Mr. Kimball to a building in New York, built of this particular granite, which had become discolored and unattractive in a few years. Mr. Kimball immediately started for New York to see the building. He soon returned, evidently much disgusted, and thoroughly displeased with the Maine people, who had recommended the granite in question. The committee met after Mr. Kimball's return, when he informed them of the result of the trip, and his conclusions, and it was determined to use Concord granite for the building.

The Committee then desired Mr. Sullivan to take charge of the work of construction, which he was loath to do, in view of his past experience

in making contractors live up to the terms of their contract; but, finally, having heard that Mr. Tuck had said that if the building was not as good as any in the country, it would be the fault of those in charge, and knowing that none of the committee had experience in such work, and that the city would not have much to boast of in the building if the work was not properly supervised, he consented to take charge. He was asked what would be his charge for service. Kowing that Mr. Tuck was giving the building outright and that the committee were getting no pay for time spent, he did not feel like asking a high price for his own services, and fixed the same at the modest figure of \$5.00 per day, which was agreed upon, yet in the end, taking into account all the extra time put in, nights and Sundays, what he received did not average \$3.50 per day. It should also be stated that before he had been at work a month, the engineer of the Brooklyn Navy Yard spent half a day endeavoring to induce him to leave the job and go with him to New York at \$14.00 per day, with two days off each fortnight for a visit home; but he firmly declined the offer, and stood by his agreement with the committee and Mr. Tuck, notwithstanding the magnitude of the sacrifice, believing it his duty to do so.

Some desirable changes in the specifications were effected, at Mr. Sullivan's suggestion. The handsome and appropriate curbing around the lot on which the building stands, is of his design. He is also responsible for the beautiful and elaborate group of statuary over the main entrance. On a visit to the architect's office he was shown a design of the State seal, with a naked boy on each side, each resting an arm on the top of the seal, the same being intended to go over the entrance. He regarded such design as unfitting, and finally, at the request of Mr. Tuck, this item was taken out

of the contract, and Daniel Chester French, the eminent New York sculptor, a native of New Hampshire and a relative of Mr. Tuck, was engaged to model and execute a suitable piece to crown the entrance, the result being the finest piece of statuary in a single stone to be found in the country.



TUCK MONUMENT,  
ISLES OF SHOALS.

The red panels between the columns at the ends of the building, as originally designed and inserted, were of German marble, so called, with nineteen pieces in each panel, no two of which looked alike. Their appearance was unsatisfactory to all who saw them, and particularly so to Mrs. Edward Tuck. Finally Mr. Sullivan sent a sample of the red granite to Mr. Tuck, which he pro-



posed should be substituted for the original panel, and the latter soon telegraphed an order to have the change made, and the order was carried out. The new panels are in five pieces each, and the granite from which they are made came from a quarry in New Lyme, Conn.

The same firm having the contract for the Historical building were the contractors for the State House addition, and the work on the former was greatly delayed while the latter was being pushed. Mr. Tuck finally became anxious about the completion of the building, the work being some fifteen months behind time, and sent word that he was coming to see about it. Mr. Kimball then wanted Mr. Sullivan to "rush" the work, but was told that it could not be rushed, and have the building what it should be. He made some arrangements with the contractors, however, whereby the work was speeded up. Mr. Sullivan soon found the specifications were being ignored in laying the tile flooring, the loose dirt not having been removed before the cement was laid, and the tile becoming loose soon after being put down, so that most of them were condemned by him almost immediately, a cross being marked on each tile, with a black crayon pencil. The young architect, who came up every week, saw these marks, but said nothing and when the work of tiling was finished he condemned but fifteen out of the entire lot. As soon as he was through Mr. Sullivan telephoned Mr. Kimball that he would resign in 48 hours if this trashy work was to be accepted and leave him and the architect to face Mr. Tuck and the Concord public as sponsors for such imperfect work. Evidently disturbed, Mr. Kimball seems to have lost no time in summoning the architect, who came up from Boston at night, so as to arrive before the 48 hours' notice given by Mr. Sullivan had expired.

He met the contractors and directed them to remove all the tile that Mr. Sullivan had condemned. The fifteen that the architect had condemned, the contractors should pay for—all the rest Mr. Kimball was to pay for. Ten marble setters were brought on from Buffalo to carry out this order. In one room alone—the lecture room—1200 tile were removed and relaid. It was understood that the marble contractor alone lost \$20,000 on his contract; but his foreman informed Mr. Sullivan that he had said that he (Sullivan) never condemned a stone that he ought not to.

Regardless, however, of what one contractor or another may have lost, it is certain that through Mr. Tuck's great generosity and Mr. Sullivan's knowledge and vigilance, the N. H. Historical Society secured a building which, in architectural beauty and thoroughness of construction, is surpassed by none in this country, and the city of Concord a splendid ornament for its notable civic center.

Incidentally it may properly be stated that the stately granite monument on Star Island—Isles of Shoals—in memory of Rev. John Tuck, ancestor of Edward Tuck, who was the minister at the Shoals for 41 years from 1732 until his death in 1773, was designed by Mr. Sullivan and erected under his supervision. A bronze tablet had previously been set up, to his memory, located 100 feet away from the place of burial, which erroneously stated that "beneath this stone lies the body of Rev. John Tuck," etc. The N. H. Historical Society had been asked to dedicate this tablet and had declined. Mr. Tuck naturally desired to know the reason for the refusal, and Mr. Sullivan was delegated to make an investigation and report. This he did, submitting with his report a recommendation that a granite obelisk be erected on the site of the grave, as large as could be landed on

the small wharf at the island. Mr. Sullivan was instructed to carry out this plan and immediately proceeded to do so. The material is Rockport granite, from the Pigeon Hill Granite Co. The base is ten feet square and three feet six inches high; the second base is eight feet square and the obelisk itself is five feet square, the entire height being about forty feet. The inscription upon the original slab, over the grave, was cut in square sunk letters on the obelisk, which can be read in the sunlight 100 feet away. The remains of Mr. Tuck, taken from the grave, were placed in a sealed box in the cement foundation, and over the box was placed the brown stone slab with its original inscription. This monument was subsequently appropriately dedicated by the N. H. Historical Society. It is a notable landmark and is readily discerned for a distance of fifteen miles out at sea.

Mr. Sullivan is a Republican in political affiliation, but has never been actively engaged in politics. He was elected alderman from Ward 4, however, in 1892 and served two years under Mayor P. B. Cogswell, by whom he was appointed chairman of the committee on Fire Department. The department was then in a badly disorganized condition. Through Mr. Sullivan's influence, a thorough re-organization was effected. The number of call firemen was decreased, the permanent force materially enlarged, and W. C. Green made Chief Engineer, whose efficient service has continued to the present time. Another important ordinance adopted by the City government at this time which Mr. Sullivan was instrumental in carrying through, was that of establishing the office of City Engineer, to which the late Will B. Howe was appointed, and in which he served with great acceptance, up to the time of his death last spring.

In the fall of 1896 Mr. Sullivan was urged by some of his friends to be a candidate for representative in the legislature from Ward 4. He hesitated about complying, as he was not a public speaker, and did not consider himself qualified for the position. His friends were persistent, however, and he finally consented to run, but, as it turned out, was actively opposed by the two Republican leaders who usually dominated the party in the ward, who even went so far as to hire a man to go among the stone cutters in the ward, who were mostly Englishmen from Cornwall, and work against him, thinking they could readily be induced to vote against a man of his name and race. They were disappointed, however, as most of these men had worked either with or for Mr. Sullivan and held him in high regard. The result in the nominating caucus, which was the largest that had ever been held in the ward, was a sweeping victory for Mr. Sullivan, who was nominated by a large majority and elected at the polls in November.

Taking his seat in the House, upon the organization of the legislature he was named by the Speaker as a member of the Committee on Asylum for the Insane as the State Hospital was then called. As a member of this Committee he was instrumental in effecting a thorough investigation of affairs at the Merrimack County farm, with special reference to the treatment of the insane poor. A most deplorable condition of things was unearthed which resulted in the reform of practices then existing and also in the introduction of a measure in the House providing for the removal of the pauper insane from the County farms to the State Hospital. This measure passed the House, but was held up in the Senate for the time, from lack of means to provide the necessary accommodations at the hospital. At a subsequent session, however, it was en-

acted, and resulted in carrying out one of the most beneficent reforms ever effected in the State, for which more than any other man, Mr. Sullivan is to be credited.

Mr. Sullivan was united, in marriage, October 12, 1871, with Elizabeth Kirby. They had six children, two of whom died in infancy. The survivors are Mary E., born July 24, 1872; Elizabeth M., March 13, 1875; Patrick L., December 2, 1878, and Agnes V., Oct. 17, 1880. All are graduates of the Concord High School. Mary E., is now a Sister of Mercy in Mt. St. Mary's Academy, Hooksett; Agnes V., is a kindergarten teacher in Concord, and Elizabeth is at home in Concord.

Aside from his important work in connection with the granite industry, and his public service, to which reference has been made, Mr. Sullivan has been a most useful citizen, and has contributed in many ways to the promotion of the public welfare. Among the other things which he has done, contributing materially to the general good, is the erection by him, some years ago, of ten tenements on Beacon St., for general occupancy, all of which he still owns. If other men who have the means would follow his example in this regard, the "housing problem" in Concord, about which so much is now heard, would be far less troublesome.

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## SUNAPEE LAKE

*By Mary E. Partridge*

Of thee, the fairest of New Hampshire lakes,  
So softly cradled in your resting place,  
Sweet memories are with us, who have seen  
The sunshine, and the shadow on thy face.

The dainty curve of inlets, wooded isles,  
The gently sloping hillsides in our sight,  
The Mountain gleaming through the morning fog,  
The falling mist, calm herald of the night.

The summer cottage nestled in the green,  
The sailboat tacking in the morning light,  
The sturdy little steamers on their course,  
All these unite to make the picture bright.

Not here are dashing waves or towering peaks,  
Not here the busy whirl of social care,  
But quiet moonbeams stilling heart and voice,  
Repose is brought us in the very air.

So could I chant your praise in many lines,  
For dear your sunny waves and coves to me,  
I love you, though I leave you for a while,  
Fate grant we meet again, Fair Sunapee.

# THE PICTORIAL WEALTH OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

*A. H. Beardsley.*

At the outset, let me say that neither pen, brush nor camera can do full justice to the pictorial wealth of New Hampshire. It has been my privilege to spend a number of years in Europe and to visit many parts of the United States. I mention this merely that the reader may not assume that the following paragraphs are written without due consideration of the beauty and attractiveness of natural grandeur in other parts of the world. In coming to New Hampshire, I came for health—for that panacea that only nature can give and to learn to love more deeply than ever before the fundamental truths that lie imbedded in the very granite boulders of this Granite State. I say it gladly and gratefully that New Hampshire, with its natural beauty and its kindly people, has taught me truths that are as imperishable as its mountains and as healing as the word of Him who said to the two blind men, "according to your faith be it unto you," and their eyes were opened.

In connection with the subject of this article, I am reminded of a little story which might apply to some good people in New Hampshire. It seems that a great lover of flowers lived in a little cottage and his delight was to grow rare and beautiful specimens from every part of the world. Finally, his collection grew until he needed but one exquisite flower to complete it. The more he thought of how happy he would be, if he could find this one missing flower, the more firmly he determined to find it. So he closed his little cottage and started out to find the lone flower that he needed to complete his collection. He journeyed for days, weeks and months; but the little

flower that he sought could nowhere be found. At length, worn out, discouraged and bitterly disappointed he retraced his steps, and, eventually, stood again before the cottage that he had left many months ago. As he slowly approached the door, his tired eyes wandered over the flowers he loved and how he longed to add that one beautiful blossom to make his garden complete. Suddenly his eyes caught the flash of a sunbeam on an unfamiliar petal. He knelt down to examine it more closely and to his amazement and great joy, it proved to be the long-sought flower. There it was and there it had been all along—right in his own garden! He had not seen it or even thought to look for it so close at hand. He had assumed that he must travel afar to obtain a flower of such rare beauty. Is not this story paralleled in many human experiences?

By this, time, the reader has guessed correctly that I meant to convey the impression that many residents of New Hampshire fail to realize that they have the "exquisite little flower" right in their own dooryards. Why should strangers and outsiders have to tell us what we should already know? I say "we" because I am proud to be a citizen of New Hampshire; and I wish to do my bit to help others to find what I have found in her woodlands, on her mountain-tops and on the bosom of the Smile of the Great Spirit.

Perhaps all this may appear to be a lengthy and rather unnecessary preamble; but as writers tell us, "There must be a setting for every story." However, I do not intend to write a "story," but

to confine myself to facts as I know them by personal experience. In this case there is enough beauty and happiness in actualities without having to draw upon the imagination; and truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

In the state of New Hampshire one may find virtually every natural beauty that is vouchsafed to man in the Northern Hemisphere. Beginning at the Atlantic ocean,

kindly people who have not forgotten to be neighborly nor to make welcome the stranger. I have mentioned in this one paragraph a wealth of pictorial material that the artist, photographer or writer will find inexhaustible. Moreover, in winter there is an entirely new change of scene, and I find it difficult to decide whether summer or winter is the more beautiful. The pressure and tumult of the city



ECHO LAKE, FRANCONIA NOTCH

A. H. Beardsley.

and an attractive coastline, the seeker of beauty may travel northward and upward until he attains the summit of Mt. Washington. During this trip, if he selects his route carefully, he will find lakes, streams, rivers, waterfalls, level plains, intervalles, hills, mountains, notches, glens, gorges, strange rock-formations, tremendous boulders, cliffs, woodlands, farm-lands, attractive New England towns, and villages; and, best of all, a

gives place to great silences that become more spiritual and uplifting as one grows to know them and to understand them. There is time to think, to plan, to retrospect and to wipe one's slate clean in the sight of God and man.

It has been my privilege and delight to make several hundred pictures of New Hampshire and to obtain many from others who appreciate the pictorial possibilities of the state. When I have dis-

played these pictures, either on the screen on in the form of photographic enlargements, the remark is often made, "I never realized before how much beauty there is in this good old Granite State, and I have lived here all my life, too!" Thanks to the efforts of the New Hampshire Chamber of Commerce, and also the Boston Chamber of Commerce, this state is receiving its share of organized pub-

Lake Winnepesaukee, but with the aid of the camera or the brush some measure of success may be attained. To be sure, Mt. Chocorua is a constant source of delight to the beholder; but some shady glen, away from the beaten path, also deserves recognition and is most assuredly part of New Hampshire's pictorial wealth. In short, due attention should be given to other than the well-known beauty-spots.



A ROCKY POINT, LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE

A. H. Beardsley.

licity. Without a doubt, this publicity has done much to attract tourists and vacationists. Enough cannot be done in this direction, and the best part of it is that New Hampshire is worth all and more publicity than it receives.

To the photographer and the painter belongs the task to portray the pictorial wealth of New Hampshire. The most beautiful word-picture cannot do justice to

To enjoy pictorial New Hampshire is to leave the crowd and to seek and to discover for oneself. Success and delight are certain, no matter in what direction the traveler wends his way.

Why it is that thousands of vacationists who come to New Hampshire bring cameras and appear to confine their picture-making to members of their own party or to John in the boat or Mabel frying

and the cool evening-air, is a mystery to me. In my opinion, there is no need to use up gasoline and oil by

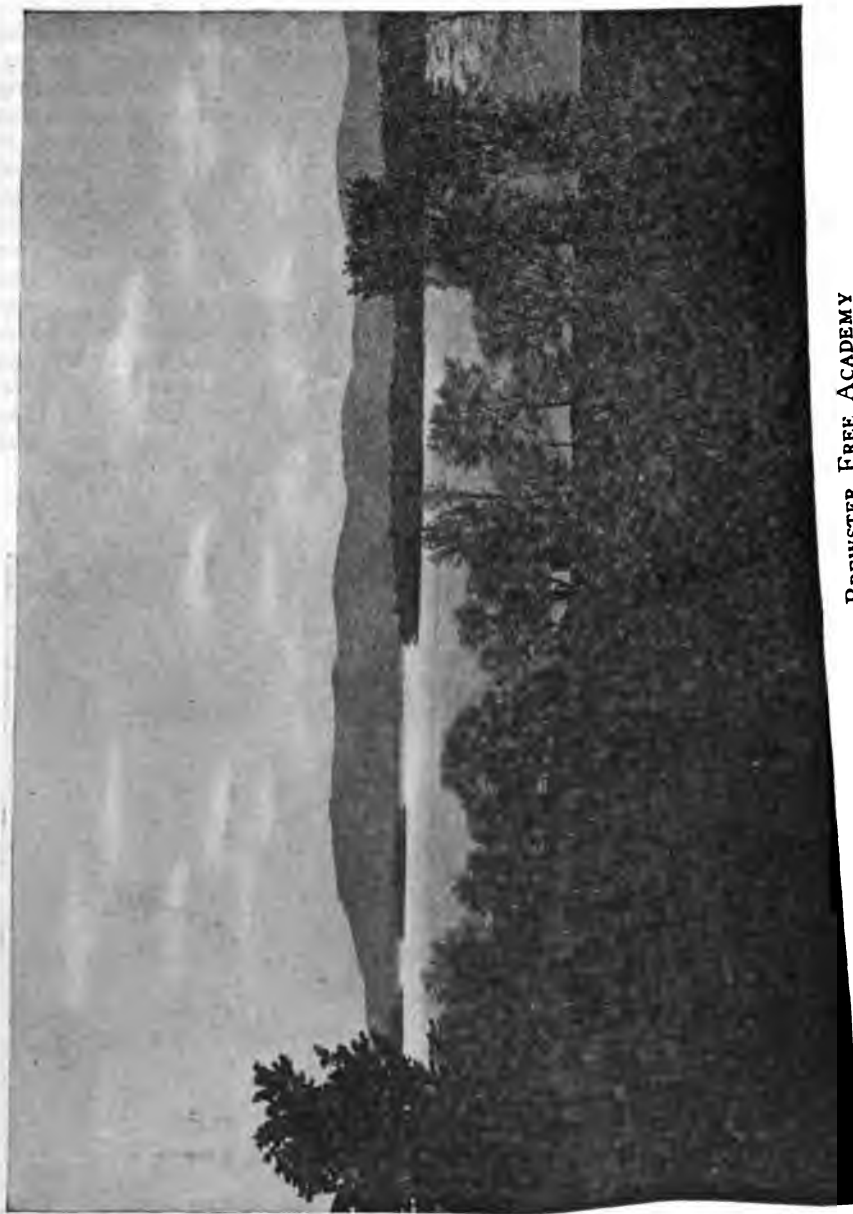
Those who have never had the opportunity to be out on Lake Winnepesaukee from sunset-time to moon-



A NEW ENGLAND FARMHOUSE

keeping on the move when "just drifting" is more conducive to an enjoyment of the glories of the western sky.

rise, have not known one of the richest experiences that can come to the lover of nature. As the sun begins to settle down into its cloud-made bed



WOLFBORO BAY FROM BREWSTER FREE ACADEMY



in the west, the Greatest Artist of them all prepares His marvelous colors; and, gradually, with a deft hand, He creates a masterpiece that no man can ever hope to duplicate. His canvas is limitless space and His colors are collected at the base of the rainbow. The beholder waits in silent awe and admiration. And to think that this has been going on ever since the world began; and yet, how rarely there is the slightest duplication by the Master Hand. After He has tucked the sun away for the night, He awakens the moon and stars. Promptly, at the appointed hour, the moon leaves its couch among the hills to the eastward; and, attended by a retinue of stars and planets, begins the journey of the night. As this greatest motion-picture in the world progresses, the twilight-songs and twitterings of birds, as they seek

shelter for the night, are carried to us on the soft night wind. Just as the twilight deepens, the whip-poor-will begins his evening-concert; and down near the edge of the lake in the marshy places, where the fireflies hold their nightly revels, the frogs raise their voices in one mighty chorus. Now and again, the far-off singing of a group of campers floats across the water. When bedtime arrives, at the boys' and girl's camps, scattered along the shores of the lake, the bugle calls them to slumber; and, as the last of Taps softly dies away, we know that God is in his Heaven, and all is well. Then, as we sail homeward through the silver-tipped waves in the path of the moon, we can understand and appreciate Mrs. Meader's beautiful poem "Sunset on Lake Winnepesaukee," because we shall know that what she says is true.



SUNSET SKY, LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE

A. H. Beardsley.

## SUNSET ON LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE

*By Mattie Bennett Meader.*

We have heard of a beautiful City  
Where the streets are of jasper and gold,  
So bright that its glory can never  
By the tongue of mortal be told.

Tonight I thought of that City  
Which I hope sometime to see,  
And I wondered if its beauty  
Could be fairer than Earth's to me.

We were sailing into a sunset,  
O'er a lake all sapphire and gold,  
The sun hung low in a purple west  
That a mystery seemed to hold.

Far away in the misty distance  
I could see a line of shore,  
And I dreamed of that other country,  
And of loved ones gone before.

As we sailed through the gold and sapphire  
On toward the sunset bright,  
I wondered if they were thinking of me  
By the shining sea of light.

We turned away from the purple west,  
Away from the sun's red glow,  
And homeward sailed in the full moon's light,  
Through her path of shimmering gold.

I could not dream of a fairer sight  
Than yon lake where the moonlight gleams,—  
Though we know that the City not made with hands  
Is fair beyond human dreams.

# A-WARBLERING ON THE MARSH

By Catherine Upham Hunter

I might more truthfully say a-wallowing in the Marsh, for the uncertain sedges lure me onto their tussocks only to douse me ankle-deep in gurgling water. And yet, of all these many and diverse acres for bird-hunting with a field-glass, none there are than can compete with the Marsh—no, not even the banks of the Connecticut itself where the Sandpiper teeters and peeps among the fresh water clams, and the Hermit Thrushes sing loud and clear in the patriarchal hemlocks high above. For the Marsh is the very pulse of Spring, its beat quickening in dour March when the first hyla chorus banishes in one evening Old Winter; for do not the Children, lifting their tousled heads, in sleepy rapture from their pillows, cry, “O listen, the frogs in the Marsh—it’s *Spring!*”

And wonderful things happen then and there to the Marsh—but Marsh Mysteries are another story and to-day I am out “a-warblering”.

The Warblers come in unheralded fashion and their migrant brethren, whom I discover and delight in today, may be gone tomorrow; too rare and too beautiful are these tiny beings for everyday intimacy. They are flame spirits from Nature’s holy-of-holies, as remote, unattainable and poignantly beautiful as the shafts of many-colored light that radiate from the Sangreal. They vibrate and shimmer in the golden leafiness of the Marsh even as the Grail harmonies vibrate and shimmer in my memory, suddenly released there by some secret spring. Jewelled light, shimmering, heavenly harmonies all on a May morning when one is seeking warblers in a New England marsh—how can this be? I do not know—perhaps one associates unconsciously the jewelled Cappella Palatina half across the world with these breathing, jewelled

mosaics of feathers, the Warblers.

Around me the Marsh was palpitant with spring: myriads of tiny plant life enameled the pools in intricate designs, and swimming in the interstices of this ornamentation were schools of merry water-bugs; darting unceasingly, these toy monitors manoeuvred and out-manoeuved each other with a superior mechanism that needed no key-winder. Ancient and young frogs rose above this miniature sea—a new brand of smokeless, puffing, green volcanos which the toy monitors did not notice. And everywhere dipping their feet in the watery swamp stood willows umbrella-topped, and red-stemmed dogwoods, wattled into water-habitations for Blackbirds. Ah, the Blackbirds: “kon-kareeing,” balancing and dancing in the tops of these willows and alders with their scarlet and yellow epaulets flaming against their black plumage—surely never a lady Blackbird could be heart-proof in such assembly of gold-lace!

I was bound past the Blackbirds to the last outpost of the Marsh, where almost conquered by meadowland but guarded by a row of stiff cat-tails (veritable grenadier guards in brown catskin shakos!) was the last clump of silvery willows and hazels; they glistened so quietly, so warmly in the sunshine that no warbler could pass by their feeding ground. Here I waited in the violet-studded grass—while beyond, over in the open part of the Marsh, Swallows skimmed and dipped in the water which reflected to heaven its deep azure, and white cloud-puffs. So pleasant were my thoughts, so mellow was the sunshine that a liquid *carillon* rung unheeded, or, rather, melted into my thoughts; it was only when a sharp, imperative “tchep!” just over my head startled me out of fancy-land that I discover-

ed a Myrtle Warbler studying *me*, yes and challenging me with another "tchep!" more irritated than the first. Wide awake now I approved the Warbler (indeed who would not, were a jewelled being of blues and gold, patched with jet, to hover before one?) yes, and I approved his *sang-froid*. He watched me with his shining eyes as much as to say "What patent have you on us? Perhaps, do you know? I shall specialize in you!" But an insect chanced too near and presto! the Beauty was in the air and had snapped it into his beak. However, he came back to his perch and I knew he would; for his likewise is that Flycatcher habit. Then his lady appeared from out a haze and joined him in the willow, but for me she had no use; I think she told him so for, when she launched out for the River in strong, bold flight, my lord followed.

A light breeze sighed through the willow and then a Black-and-White Warbler wound from near the plant-flecked water to the top of the tree, and afterward he flitted off in nervous warbler-fashion.

The sunlight quivered over the sedges and stroked the little willow leaves impatiently, as if in anticipation. Again the breeze sighed through the willow but it told no secrets. Life seemed a golden glory

this fair May day, unrippled, unclouded by any ugly thing—"simple as the life of birds." O irony! are there no snakes hiding and waiting even now in the swamp grass,, are there no predatory hawks, no killing, pelting storms which pass over this Marsh? Life is what we make it, "simple" when well-ordered: When we go a-birding, let us remember that.

A chirrupy little song of assurance comes from the heart of the thicket, I pause and peer. Pippa passes but the hedge screens her! I look in a neighboring alder and there are two exquisite Northern Parula Warblers, too exquisite for earth, for mortal eye. The chirrupy song bubbles forth and they seem irradiant as they slip into the fastnesses of the Marsh. Over by the wattled viburnum is a Maryland Yellow Throat, black masked and mysterious. Flitting near him are two yellow beauties, black capped, green mantled, golden gown-ed. They dart into the air for insects but, unlike the Myrtles, do not return to their perch. They are Wilson Warblers.

And now at the high tide of interest I must leave the Marsh, what other treasure lurks within its leafiness I shall not know but, as I look back, out of the water-bound shrubbery flashes the yellow fire of two Summer Warblers.

## THE ORIOLE

By Ellen Lucy Brown

A flash of color amid the green,  
A glint of gold athwart the sky,  
A bugle call in clear-cut tone!  
The heart that aches grows glad  
And glad hearts ne'er turn sad  
When sweetly falls on the listening ear  
The melodious song of joy undimmed  
That says "Be glad. Again I'm here."

# NORTH PARISH CHURCH, NORTH HAVERHILL

*By Katherine C. Meader.*

"I have considered the days of old,  
The years of Ancient Times."

In studying the early history of Haverhill we find that here as elsewhere in Puritan New England, church and state went hand in hand and taxes were levied for the preaching of the gospel, as well as the town expenses.

Our town Charter bears the date of April 18, 1763, and besides the shares of land apportioned to the 75 grantees, gives "to his Excellency Gov. Benning Wentworth, two shares, or 500 acres—to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. one share—one for the Glebe of the Church of England, one for the first settled minister and one for the support of schools."

Many of the grantees of Haverhill were also grantees of Newbury, Vt., and these two towns, situated on either side of the Connecticut River, "in the rich meadows of Cohos."<sup>(1)</sup> had many interests in common.

At a meeting of the Proprietors of Haverhill held in June, 1763, at Plaistow, 100 miles away, it was voted to unite with Newbury in paying for preaching two or three months that fall or winter if possible and the next year it was voted to have preaching for six months.

This was the last of the "town

meetings" held away from the town as on Oct. 16, 1764, the first Proprietor's meeting in Haverhill was held at the house of Captain John Hazen.<sup>(2)</sup>

He was one of the leading men of the town, his name being first on the list of grantees. At this house were held for several years religious meetings, town meetings, and public gatherings, and here in those early days the pioneers were wont to meet and "devise ways and means for the government and progress of the new settlement."<sup>(3)</sup>

In 1764, the Rev. Peter Powers, a son of Capt. Powers, who ten years before had been sent with a small party of men to explore "the hitherto unknown region of Coos," came from Hollis to labor with this people in holy things. Through his instrumentality a church was formed comprising members from both sides of the river and an ecclesiastical union formed which lasted nearly twenty years.

In January, 1765, at a special meeting held at Capt. Hazen's the town voted to unite with Newbury in giving Mr. Powers "a call to be their gospel minister and to pay as their share of his salary 36 pounds and six shillings yearly and 1-3 part of his installation. In addition to this they voted to give him 30 cords of wood yearly, cut and corded, at his door."

(1) Coos or Cohos (pronounced and sometimes spelled Co-wass) "that once fairyland of long slumbering generations," was the name given by the Indians to this section of the river valley, from the curving, bow shaped course of the stream—a similar "Ox bow" being noticed at Lancaster or Upper Coos. The natives styled themselves Coosucks.

(2) Capt. John Hazen erected the first frame house in Haverhill in 1765, a few log houses being built previous to that date. This house beautifully situated on the Haverhill side of the Big Ox-bow and commanding a magnificent view of Moosilauke and the eastern hills, is still in good repair, its massive timbers as sound as ever, after the lapse of more than a century and a half. It is a fine specimen of colonial architecture with its immense chimney, fireplaces, carved mantle pieces, brick oven, etc. One room is beautifully panelled and in nearly every room fine woodwork was found beneath the lath and plaster of a later date. Some of the floor boards are of pine, 25 inches wide.

(3) The John Hazen farm, late known as the Swasey Farm, has for the last 25 years been owned and occupied by the family of the writer of this sketch.

This was the first vote of money by the Town as distinguished from the Proprietors and the Committee chosen to carry this vote into effect was Timothy Bedell, John Taplin and Elisha Lock.

It was also voted at this special meeting that 200 acres of land be laid out as a parsonage lot next to the river at Horse Meadow north of the Hazen Farm.

In colonial times, according to a statute passed in the reign of Queen Ann, the whole town was considered as one parish and was empowered to hire and settle ministers and pay them from the public treasury. The established church in the early history of Haverhill was Congregational and every taxable citizen was compelled to contribute toward its support unless he could prove that he belonged to a different persuasion and regularly attended church every Sabbath.

The Rev. Peter Powers, the first pastor of the Haverhill and Newbury church, graduated from Harvard in 1754, and preached for several years at Norwich, Conn., but took a dismissal from that church and returned to his father's home in Hollis, N. H. In Feb. 1766, he accepted the call to settle in the parishes of Newbury and Haverhill and arrangements were at once made for his installation, which took place at Hollis, his new parish having voted that it should be held "down country where it si thought best." What seems to us more unusual yet, he preached his own installation sermon which was afterward printed for sale in Portsmouth with the following title page—

A sermon preached at Hollis, N. H., Feb. 27, 1765, at the Installation of the Rev. Peter Powers, A. M., for the towns of Newbury and Haverhill at a place called Coos in the Province of New Hampshire.

By Myself.

Published at the desire of many who heard it, to whom it is humbly dedicated by the unworthy author.

Then saith he to his servants—  
The wedding is ready. Go ye therefore into the highways and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage. Matt. XXII 8-9.

Portsmouth in New Hampshire.  
Printed and sold by Daniel and Robert Fowle. 1765.

One historian of the times says:

"Mr. Powers was a serious, godly man, more distinguished for his plain faithful and pungent preaching, than for any grace in style or diction. Yet his sermon exhibited thought, arrangement, a deep knowledge of the scriptures and a soul full of the love of Christ."

Mr. Powers' goods were brought up from Charlestown on the ice soon after his installation but his family did not arrive until April.

On June 15, 1767, at a Town meeting held at Haverhill it was "voted to join with Newbury in building a meeting house in the center of Newbury, as the road shall be laid out, beginning at the south end of the Governor's farm, measuring the road next to the river to the south end of the town, or the lower end, and the *midel* is the place."

Also voted that Capt. John Hazen, Ezekiel Ladd and Timothy Bedell be a Committee to assist in laying out the road and locating the meeting house.

In those days it was considered a disgrace not to attend church unless one had a very good excuse and parents might be seen walking with their children, carrying the little ones in their arms to the Great Oxbow church, many going as far as five miles and some even ten or twelve. As there were no

roads or bridges, when the Haverhill people went to church they crossed the river in canoes, there being a sort of a ferry at the south end of the town near the Woodward place, just below where the South Newbury or Bedel Bridge now stands.

There was another ferry at the Dow farm, now Pine Grove Farm, the home of Sen. H. W. Keyes, and still another at Horse Meadow, at the Potter Place, the farm now owned by Mr. Elmer French.

The men usually went barefoot in the summer and the women would take off their shoes and stockings while walking through the woods, where the grass and bushes were damp, "and trip along as nimbly as the deer," decorously putting on their footgear again as they neared the church.

But few records were kept, and we know very little of the trials and triumphs of this early church. However, the preacher's life must have been a very strenuous one as there was no white minister north of Charlestown for some years after Mr. Powers settled in Coos and he was frequently called upon to attend weddings and funerals and to preach the word of God in the new settlements up and down the river.

Until there was a definite foot-path marked out on the river bank, Mr. Powers used to perform these journeys in his canoe.

It was several years before a meeting house was built on the Haverhill side of the river, though the town paid its share of Mr. Powers' salary and meetings were frequently held there in groves, barns or private houses as seemed most suitable.

In Feb. 1770, at a Town meeting held at Capt. Hazen's it was voted "to build a meeting house in Hav-

erhill this present year," and on March 13th, of the same year it was voted "to set the Meeting House on the Common land, where Joshua Poole's house now stands," and to build the Meeting House 50x40. It was also voted that J. Sanders, Elisha Lock and Ezekiel Ladd be a Committee to provide materials for building the meeting house. Not much seems to have been done that year toward building the house however, and the next spring, 1771, March 12, the subject was again brought up in town meeting, when it was voted to reconsider the vote concerning the size of the building and "to build a house one story, 36 ft. by 30 ft."

Voted "to raise the frame of the meeting house, board and shingle the same and lay the under floor."

Also voted "to raise fifty pounds lawful money for building said house at Horse Meadow, (later known as the North Parish) and to give each man liberty to work out his proportion of said house at three shillings (50 cts.) a day."

We find it recorded that during the next few years several availed themselves of this privilege in hewing out timbers for the frame of the church but for some reason the work progressed slowly and we do not know the exact date when it was finished, probably not until after the close of the Revolution.

It was a square, unpainted building, beautifully situated at the turn of the road, in the southwest corner of what is now Horse Meadow cemetery. Its wide front door faced the south and on the west, looking out over the broad Connecticut valley, it was shaded by the Lombardy poplars, set out by Col. Asa Portor, which lined the street in a double row. <sup>(4)</sup>

Note (4) will be found at bottom of page 333.

Within it was severely plain like most of the country churches of that period, large, square pews each with its little door occupying the center of the room with narrow straight backed benches around the sides. The pulpit, narrow and high, with its lofty sounding board, faced the door, while a gallery for the singers ran around the other three sides. For many years the house was unheated except as some sister might bring her foot stove but later a large box stove was set up near the door. No porch, no spacious vestibule, no stained glass windows, no soft cushioned pews added their attractions. No swelling notes of the organ or chime of sweet toned bells summoned the people to worship yet here sabbath after sabbath large congregations were wont to gather, to praise God, and to keep alive that "faith of their fathers—holy faith" to which so many of them were "true till death."

In the mean time Mr. Powers had been dismissed from the church at Newbury and though he moved over to Haverhill and preached there for a few years longer religious interest seems to have been at a very low ebb, and in 1783 it was voted in Town Meeting "not to have Mr. Powers to preach any more." From that time until the building of the church on Ladd St. in the south part of the town in 1790 but little money was raised for church purposes and it is said that at one time not a sermon had been preached in the place for a year.

In 1790, however, a powerful revival of religion swept over the town and the spirit came down like a mighty rushing wind, "In every

house from the Dow Farm to the Piermont line the inhabitants were wailing for sin" and many from all parts of the town joined the newly organized church.

However it was not long before the reaction came, the religious zeal of the people abated, the once flourishing church was reduced to 12 members and "a covering of sackcloth was spread upon the tent of Zion."

For several years dissensions had been rife in regard to the places for holding church services and the question of dividing the town into two parishes was again and again discussed the proposed dividing line being just below the Fisher Farm. The subject was brought up in Town Meeting several times but the division was for some reason bitterly opposed by Gen. Moses Dow and many other influential men of the town.

A committee was elected from each end of the town to "settle all disputes between the two ends of the town" and it was decided "to hold meetings for Publick Worship on the Lord's Day, Alternatively at each end of the town and if through Badness of the Weather or Inability of the Preacher, he should preach Two or More Sabbaths at one end of the town the same is to be made up to the other end of the town before the year comes to an end." As the population of the town increased it was very difficult to find preachers with whom the whole parish were satisfied and petitions were presented in Town Meeting from time to time asking that the petitioners might be excused from helping to pay the salaries of ministers with whose religious views

(4) It is to be regretted that but few of these old churches of a century and a half ago, so typical of New Hampshire and Vermont, are still in existence. In almost every instance they have been allowed to decay and finally have been torn down.

A most notable exception is the old "Dana Meeting House" at New Hampton, which, thanks to a movement started by the late Rev. A. J. Gordon, the beloved and lamented pastor of the Clarendon Street church of Boston, has been kept in perfect repair and where services are held for a few sabbaths each summer. No attempt has been made to adorn or modernize this beautiful old structure, merely to correct and prevent as far as possible the ravages of time.



they had no sympathy and whose church they never attended.

We find on record the plea of one Thomas Nichols to be excused from taxation for church purposes accompanied by the following certificate.

"This may certify that Mr. Thomas Nichols of Haverhill is and has been for a number of years *sentimentally* a Baptist and has when called on, punctually paid his proportion for the support of the ministry in that denomination.

(Signed) Ezra Wellmouth  
Minister of the Gospel of the regular Baptist denomination, Rumney.

A true copy, Attest.

Joseph Ladd.  
Town Clerk.

Haverhill, N. H. Jan. 24, 1804.

It seems that his petition was granted but not until he had paid his minister's tax for the year—.61 cents.

Other men more prominent in the early history of Haverhill protested against the injustice of this taxation among them Gen. Moses Dow, John Hurd and Asa Porter.

The statute remained in force, however, until the passing of the Toleration Act in 1807.

Finally in 1814 "the people began to flow together again" to hear the word of God, under the preaching of Rev. Grant Powers, a grandson of the pioneer and he says that before the close of the year 1815 more than sixty were called to the church. "Some became pillars and remained so until this day though some have fallen asleep."

It was during this revival of interest in spiritual things that the town was finally divided into two parishes by an Act of the Legislature. Samuel Morey of Orford, Jonathan Merrill of Warren and Samuel Hutchins of Bath, being the Committee appointed to "run the line."

The people in the north end of the town had long been desirous of having a settled pastor and services in their own church every Sabbath.

Finally on June 10th, 1815, thirteen of the members of the Ladd St. church who lived at Horse Meadow and Brier Hill with a few from Bath, met to perfect a separate organization and on June 15th, the North Parish Congregational Church was formally and legally organized. The Rev. Samuel Godard, their first pastor was the moderator of the meeting, and was assisted by the Rev. David Sutherland of Bath.

Steven Morse and John Punchard were elected Deacons, and John Kimball chosen Clerk and Treasurer.

A most binding Covenant and eight Articles of Faith were adopted with this preamble.

The object we have in view to have a written Covenant and Articles of Faith is not to sit ourselves up as a party and to practically say "we are more *holly* than thou" but think it is a duty we owe ourselves, our posterity for Jesus Christ, that we make known to the world what appears to us to be the plain meaning of the fundamental principals of the word of God and that by these truths that we may adhere steadfast until the end.

Neither do we adopt these articles of faith as terms of communion but on the contrary our communion table will always stand open to every man who gives clear evidence of conversion to God, the blood of the Cross and who walketh uprightly.

Desirous of being united together of the same mind and judgment, we declare the following to be a brief summary of our view of divine truth."

Then follow the eight Articles and the Covenant.

(5) At the risk of being tedious I will give the list of church mem-

(5) Information regarding any member of the North Parish church will be most gratefully received by the writer of this sketch. For this reason the complete list has been given, hoping it may meet the eye of some descendant or relative who will be kind enough to communicate with her.

bership, the first thirteen being the original members and the founders of the North Parish Congregational Church.

Dea. Steven Morse	Joseph Bullock
John Carr	John Morse
Dan'l Carr	Jahleel Willis
Jon <sup>a</sup> Whitman	Andrew S. Crocker
Moses Campbell	Henry Hancock
John Punchard	Moses A. Morse
John Kimball	

Dan'l Rowell	Susana Howard
Joseph Emerson	Jedediah Kimball
Nathan Heath	Betsey Crocker
Dan'l Carr, Sen.	Betsey Crocker, Sen
Nathan Avery	Malinda Carr
Moses Mulliken	Sally Kimball
Moses Mulliken, Jr.	Mrs. Pater
Edward B. Crocker	H. R. Leland
Goram Keger	Mrs. Robertson
Hiram Carr	Sarah Hibbard
D. C. Kimball	Charlotte Emerson
Agustus Robinson	Mary Hibbard
Elisha Hibbard	Charlotte Mulliken
Daniel Carr, Jr.	Sally Mulliken
Mr. E. Swift	Mary Wilson
Sally Chase	Roxalana Worthen
Isabella Sanborn	Mrs. Avery
Clarissa Sanborn	Mabel Brock
Patty Gibson	Liza Carr
Anna Mulliken	Betsey Bliss
Sarah Morse	Miss Moira Brewster
Hannah Carr	Mrs. Sam'l Carr
Sally Punchard	Relief Mulliken
Mehitabel Kimball	Sally Gitchell
Sarah Bullock	Mrs. Nancy Delano
Unice Morse	Mr. Luther Warren
Sally Willis	Mrs. Luther Warren
Shua Crocker	Alden E. Morse
Hannah Morse	Phebe Gitchell
Betsey Emerson	Mrs. Mary Hibbard
Elizabeth Carr	Mrs. Hubert Eastman
Ana Bruce	Mrs. Eliza Page
Mary Chase	Mrs. Elisha Swift
Mary Goodridge	Miss Laura W. Ayer
Isabella Johnson	Miss Alma A. Carr
Polly Johnson	

"All are vanished now and fled."

As far as we know not a single member of the North Parish Church is now living. Mrs. Hubert Eastman who died Nov. 20th, 1904, at the advanced age of 85, was the last one to pass from the church militant to the church triumphant. At the time of her admission to the church we find this record. Nov. 1st. 1849.

"Also Mrs. Hubbard Eastman who was a member of the Congregational

church in Worcester, Vt.. but by reason of a *scism* in that church she could not bring a letter, presented her case and wished to become a member of this church.

"Voted that inasmuch as her christian character is without reproach among us and she is in no way personally and directly involved in the *scism* of the church in Worcester, she should be received into this as though she were regularly recommended by letter."

Though the church records are few and far between they are often right to the point as for instance, Sept. 8, 1815

"Voted to give Sally Chase a letter of recommendation. 9th. Gave a letter of recommendation to said Sally."

The names of the pastors are not given excepting as they are sometimes referred to as presiding at church meetings. We have no account of the salaries paid to the different ministers or how the money was raised. That they depended on outside help to some extent we see by the following entry. Sept. 2nd, 1816. Voted the thanks of the church be communicated to the N. H. Missionary Society for aid they have afforded the chh. the season past. Voted the clerk be directed to communicate the vote of thanks to the Missionary Society, soliciting further aid."

The records give but little information as to the actual business of the church, referring mostly to the admission of new members either by letter profession and the dismissal of members as they removed from the place or joined other churches in the vicinity.

From 1817 to 1827 we find no records, although the Treasurer's Book shows that Communion services were frequently held and contributions received during that time.

The contributions were very small however, hardly enough to

pay for the Communion wine used. In fact, the church was at one time owing the Treasurer the sum of \$5.97 for wine, etc., which was made up to him by the kindness of the Ladies' Auxiliary, an association having the ambitious title of the "Society for Educating the Heathen Youth." This is the first "Ladies' Aid Society" of which we have any record in town. They held their meetings the first Monday of each month and we find it recorded that on Sept. 22, 1819, they had on hand \$15.97, of which they paid the Treasurer of the State Missionary Society \$10.00 and later gave their church treasurer the \$5.97, the balance due him.

We are glad he was no loser on account of his generosity, and that the "Society for Educating the Heathen Youth," permitted its funds to be used for "such other purposes as the church shall from time to time judge to be most for the promotion of the Cause of Zion."

A few extracts from his book will show that he must have had to use some ingenuity, to say the least, in keeping his accounts.

The first entry is:

April 7, 1816, Contributions of church	\$1.83
Contributions of congregation	\$6.13
Paid Rev. Mr. Godard	\$8.00
Paid for wine	.67
Nov. 24, 1816, Contribution	\$1.36
To paid for wine	.67
To paid two books 7-6 and two letters	\$1.45

Sometimes they were more fortunate, however, and the contributions more nearly paid the expenses.

April 1, 1817, By your treasurer, (Sister Wilson insisted he should receive for writing and postage of letters to Claremont when she joined the church) \$1.00

To cash paid Dea. Morse, the balance due him for table furniture	\$1.32
Dec. 24, 1817, Communion, Mr. Godard preaches; contribution	\$5.75
Wine, Dea. Morse found and we pay	.75
June 7, 1820, Contribution	.75
Paid two quarts wine	\$1.00
Aug. 1, Contribution, John Carr	.12
Paid 1 qt. and 1 gal wine	.50
1825, Rev. Mr. Sutherland	
To paid 3 pts. wine	.75
Cash paid by John Carr	.10
1827, Communion, Rev. Mr. Porter.	
To 3 pts wine, 1 qt. charged,	.38
1828, Aug. 10, To 2 qts. malaga wine	.58
By Dan'l Carr (Capt.)	.25
By Dea. Morse	.10
By Mrs. Hibbard	.20
Total	\$5.55

Under this last date the Treasurer cheerfully adds "nearly 100 communicants—three churches and our own."

Among those who are mentioned as administering communion from time to time are Rev. Mr. McKeen, Rev. David Sutherland, Mr. Jonathan Hovey, Rev. David Smith, Rev. Sylvester Dana, Rev. Mr. Porter and Rev. Mr. Dutton.

How many of these were regular settled pastors we do not know—certainly not all of them.

In 1833, John Kimball, with several others, having taken a letter of dismissal from this church and a letter of recommendation to the church at Haverhill Corner, John Carr was chosen clerk, which office he held until 1847, when the Rev. Samuel Delano took charge of the church. He kept the records himself, his last entry being in 1831. He was full of zeal but very eccentric. It is said that when a faithful sister once remonstrated with him for some oddity, he replied, "Madam, I must be Sam

Delano or nothing." During his pastorate, Dea. Perley Ayer and Deacon Elisha Swift were quite active in church work and were frequently sent as delegates to other churches at the time of Installation of pastors, etc.

Although he calls himself the pastor of the North Parish, his congregation was getting scattered, the house was getting sadly out of repair, and he preached in various other places, sometimes at the Brier Hill School House and later as new churches were built in these parts of the town, at the Union House at the Center, or at the Brick church (Baptist) at North Haverhill Village.

Among his notes we find, 1848, Jan., "First Sabbath. Very cold. blowing hard, meeting very thin, and the ordinance of the supper deferred. 1850, March 3. Communion service. Day very cold. Few present. Interesting and profitable time. May 5. Day rainy. Few present. Solemn and interesting. July 7. Communion. Good day. A season of deep interest, etc."

His pastorate terminated in 1851, and after that time we have but one more item, "the Rev. Mr. Strong being pastor and Dea. E. Swift, clerk—April 5, 1855, (a sad commentary on the downfall of one of their members) 'Voted to excommunicate M. N. M. from the church, on the charge of Disorderly Conduct in particular for Drinking Speretous Lickers.'"

This closes the written history of the North Parish Church, but of its unwritten history who can tell?

Its life as a separate organization was brief, lasting only forty years, yet it satisfied the spiritual aspirations and crystalized the re-

ligious beliefs of a generation of faithful, unassuming men and women and thus was an important factor in the early history of our town.

As this older generation passed away and the succeeding one became interested in other churches in the town, the old building was neglected and fell into disuse as a place for holding services although Town Meetings were still held there until the erection of the Town House at the Center.

At last the building was sold to Mr. Lafayette Morse and used as a barn. It was moved away in 1882 and the Cemetery extended to its present boundaries, being enlarged by the addition of the beautiful corner lot. Of the row of stately poplars, but one remains, standing like a lonely sentinel at the foot of the street.

The pewter communion set, or<sup>(6)</sup> "Table Furnature" as it is styled in the Treasurer's Book, together with the books of the clerk and treasurer, were carried to the home of Mr. Joshua Carr in Brier Hill for safe keeping.

Later, that home being broken up by the death of its members, they were sent to the Historical Rooms at Concord, where they will be carefully preserved.

Those who care for the annals of the past will find these records quaint and interesting reading, though they are far from complete.

The life of this church, brief and uneventful as it was, covers a period in the early part of the 19th century singularly lacking in occasion or opportunity for heroic adventures or deeds of high renown yet most important as a strong and necessary link in the chain binding together the pioneers, the heroes

(6) Extract from Treasurer's Report:—

1817. Jan. 14. Contribution by Brother John	Morse toward table furnature \$1.00
1817. July 17. To cash paid Dea. Morse, the	bal. due him for the Table Furnature \$1.32
1817. July 17. To cash paid Dea. Horse, the	bal. due him for the Table Furnature \$1.32

of '76 and the "boys of '61."

As the harsh discordant echoes of the great world war are gradually dying away let us turn our attention for a time to the unsung heroes of a century ago.

Recognizing that "peace hath its victories no less than war" we must grant their sturdy virtues, their sterling qualities of mind and heart a high place in our estimation.

For the sake of the future genera-

tions let us see to it that their memory be kept green and not allowed to fade away and utterly perish from the earth.

To this end it is certainly desirable that the site of this old church should not be forgotten.

(7) 'Let us mark with some suitable and enduring memorial the hal-  
lowed spot which was to our fore-  
fathers for so many years "a faith's  
pure shrine."

(7) Coosuck Chapter D. A. R. hope, with the cooperation of their many friends, to erect a gateway in the near future, at the Horse Meadow Cemetery to mark the site of the North Parish Church.

## THE HAVEN OF LOST SHIPS

*By E. F. Keene*

I roamed, one night, the dread Sargasso Sea  
Between the Azores and the Spanish Main,  
And saw the sea-killed souls of vanished ships—  
Clippers, and slavers, galleons, sloops of war—  
Jammed rail to rail, a continent of wrecks  
Bound round with weed by ocean's endless stream.

It seemed to me each derelict was manned  
By crews long dead; their gray, fantastic shapes  
(Yet fantasy is very real in dreams)  
Hurrying fore and aft, and up and down,  
Hauling the treasure from some oozy hold;  
Lowering strange boats with lightning discipline;  
Breaking out stores laid down when mighty Spain  
Owned the New World, and challenged Britain's self  
Her stewardship of the seas.—And some were slaves:  
White grisly things of bone chained row on row  
Which writhed and fought in orderly confusion,  
Stretched hands to me, and whimpered for release.  
Warriors, pirates—each ship's company—  
Died nobly or ignobly, as they passed  
From time again into eternity;  
And pale corpse-candles of St. Elmo's fire  
Illumined with despair this ancient death,  
Where all Atlantis' floatsam waits the end.

# A REMARKABLE FAMILY

## WITH A CLOSE NEW HAMPSHIRE CONNECTION

What may safely be called a most remarkable family and one that probably cannot be matched in one respect at least, is that of the late Isaac Stevens Metcalf of Elyria, O.

Mr. Metcalf was of the eighth generation from Michael Metcalf, the immigrant ancestor, son of Isaac and Anne Mayo (Stevens) Metcalf, born in Royalston, Mass., January 29, 1822, and a graduate of Bowdoin College, class of 1847. He was a civil engineer by profession, and followed the same in Maine and New Hampshire till 1850, when he removed to Illinois and was engaged in the construction of the Illinois Central Railroad till its completion in 1855. In November of the following year he removed to Elyria, O., where he resided till his death, February 19, 1878. He was a prominent citizen and held various positions of public trust.

Mr. Metcalf married July 5, 1852, Antoinette Brigham, daughter of Rev. John M. and Arethea (Brigham) Putnam of Dunbarton, N. H. Mr. Putnam was a prominent Congregational clergyman of his day and was pastor of the church in Dunbarton from July 8, 1830, till October 9, 1861. Isaac S. and Antoinette B. Metcalf had twelve children, of whom three died in infancy and nine grew to maturity, and eight are now living, these are:

1. Wilder Stevens Metcalf, born in Milo, Me., September 10, 1855; Oberlin College, A. B., 1878; Univ. of Kan. School of Law, 1897; U. S. Pension Agent, Topeka, Kan., 8 1-2 years; member Lawrence Kan. School Board, 10 years; private in Ohio Nat. Guard; private to brigadier general in Kansas Nat. Guard; major and colonel 29th Kansas Inf., serving in Philippines; promoted brigadier gen-

eral by Pres. McKinley; brigadier general in command of 77th Inf. brigade at Camp Beauregard, Alexandria, Va., 1817; retired 1819; now conducting farm loan business in Lawrence, Kan.

2. Charles Rich Metcalf, born in Elyria, O., August 1, 1857, employed for many years past in the office of Gen. Wilder S. Metcalf, Lawrence, Kan.

3. Marion Metcalf, born Elyria, O., May 1, 1859; graduated from Wellesley College, Mass., 1880; ten years a member of Wellesley faculty; three years teacher of Bible in Hampton Institute, Va.; now residing in Oberlin, O.

4. Anna Mayo Metcalf, born Elyria, O., July 26, 1862; Wellesley College, Oberlin College, 1884; married April 30, 1887, Azariah Smith Root, librarian of Oberlin College.

5. John Milton Putnam Metcalf, born Elyria, O., October 28, 1864; Oberlin College, 1885; Union Theological Seminary, N. Y. City, 1888; preacher and teacher; president Talladega College, Ala.; now in Vocational Training, Department, Veterans' Bureau, Washington, D. C.

6. Carl Harlan Metcalf, born Elyria, O., June 25, 1867; Oberlin College, 1889; Oberlin Theological and Chicago Theological Seminary; Congregational preacher at Madison, O., noted singer.

7. Grace Ethel Metcalf, born Elyria, O., March 5, 1870; Oberlin College, 1889; married Harold Farmer Hall; died Chicago, April 23, 1896.

8. Henry Martin Metcalf, born Elyria, O., September 11, 1871; Oberlin College, 1891; Pennsylvania Medical College; First Lieut. Medical Corps, U. S. Army, 1917-1919; now practicing medicine at Wakeman, O.

9. Antoinette Brigham Putnam Metcalf, born Elyria, O., September 7, 1873; Oberlin College, 1893; Oberlin College Library; now Reference Librarian, Wellesley College.

Mr. Metcalf's first wife, Antoinette B. Putnam, died August 14, 1875. March 25, 1878, he married Harriet Howes, born at Gatonwood House, Northampton, England, July 17, 1850; died December 17, 1894. By this second marriage he had six children, as follows:

1. Ralph Howes Metcalf, born Elyria, O., Jan. 7, 1879; died December 10, 1894.

2. Joseph Mayo Metcalf, born Elyria, O., October 30, 1880; Oberlin College, 1901; Harvard College, 1902; Civil Engineer; now principal Assistant Engineer, Missouri, Kansas and Texas R. R., M. K. & T. office, St. Louis, Mo.

3. Eliah Wight Metcalf, born Elyria, O., December 26, 1881; Kansas State University, 1904; Civil Engineer; now with M. K. & T. Railway, St. Louis, Mo.

4. Isaac Stevens Metcalf, born Elyria, O., September 14, 1883; Oberlin College, 1906; Editorial

Writer Cleveland Plaindealer; now in advertising business Cleveland, O.

5. Keyes DeWitt Metcalf, born Elyria, O., April 13, 1889; Oberlin College, 1911; Oberlin College Library; now assistant Librarian, New York Public Library.

6. Thomas Nelson Metcalf, born Elyria, O., September 21, 1890; Oberlin College, A. B., A. M., and certificate in Physical Education, 1913; coach and physical director, Columbia University, New York, and Oberlin College; now Professor of Physical Education, and assistant coach, University of Minnesota.

Of the thirteen children of Isaac Stevens Metcalf, now living, all but one are college graduates, and all hold prominent positions in professional, business or social life. It is doubtful that another family can be found in this or another country to match this record.

Ten of the thirteen children are married; one son and two daughters unmarried. There are now eighteen living grandchildren — nine boys and nine girls.

## PINE-TREE SONG

*By Helen Adams Parker*

Pines, pines, a forest of pines,  
Before me, around me, in thick brown lines;  
Plump green boughs towering high over all,  
Bend this way and that at the breezes' call.

Birds light on your branches and sing their songs,  
I sit 'neath your shade and forget my wrongs;  
The tinkle of cow-bells comes up from the lane,  
A bumble-bee buzzes in drowsy refrain.

In and out from low bushes gay butterflies fly,  
The air is so fragrant, so blue is the sky;  
Earth and all her dumb children are giving their best,  
Then be thankful, oh, man-child, and joy with the rest.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

An interesting addition recently made to the state's art collection is the self-painted portrait of Adna Tenney, who, with his nephew, Ulysses D. Tenney, is the author of more of the works in that collection than all other artists represented in it combined. The portrait is given to the state by its

wife's grandmother, Lucinda, wife of Colonel Ashbel Smith, was Adna Tenney's sister.

Thomas Tenney, the founder of this numerous and important family in America, came from Yorkshire, England, to Salem, Mass., in 1639. Representatives of the fifth generation from Thomas emi-



ADNA TENNEY: BY HIMSELF Photo by Kimball Studio.

subject's son, Rev. Henry M. Tenney, trustee of Oberlin College and pastor emeritus of the First Congregational church in the city of Oberlin. Arrangements for the donation were made by Hon. George W. Barnes of Lyme, member of the executive council from the first district, whose interest in the matter arises from the fact that his

grated from Norwich, Conn., in 1770, by ox team, to Hanover, where they settled upon what is now known as Moose Mountain, long called Tenney Hill. In the sixth generation was Captain John Tenney, who was born in Connecticut, but came to Hanover in childhood. He married Lucinda Eaton, of Windham, Conn., cousin



of the famous General William Eaton, and they had six children, one of whom was Adna Tenney, while another was Captain John Tenney, father of Ulysses Dow Tenney.

Captain Adna Tenney, taking his title like his father from service in the militia, was born in Hanover, Feb. 26, 1810, and represented his town in the legislature in 1853-4. His boyhood and young manhood were spent on the farm and he did not take a paint brush in his hand until after his 30th birthday. But from that time devotion to art possessed him and so continued far into his long life, which ended at Oberlin, August 17, 1900.

In the fall of 1844 we find him receiving what seems to have been his only instruction in painting from Francis Alexander of Boston. His first patron as the subject of a portrait was Dr. Dixi Crosby of the Dartmouth Medical College, followed by most of the other personages of that day at Hanover. Senator John P. Hale, and Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Bouton, famous his-

torian and divine, were others of his early subjects. Contemporary critics called his portrait of General Franklin Pierce very good and it was chosen for a reproduction in the life of its subject which Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote to help along the campaign which resulted in the election as president of the only native of New Hampshire ever to hold that office.

The New Hampshire State Manual of 1921 lists 26 portraits now on the walls of the capitol building as the work of Adna Tenney. Several of them are still among the most admired in the collection. While most of Mr. Tenney's painting was done in New Hampshire he also visited and worked in Boston, New York and Baltimore. One winter before the Civil War he passed in Arkansas and Mississippi, painting 27 portraits during his stay in the South. Somewhat later he resided for a time in Winona, Minn., and there devoted himself particularly to miniature painting, in which he achieved interesting results.

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## AN AUGUST PICTURE

*By Alice Sargent Krikorian*

How swift the pictures flash on Memory's wall,  
Coming and going, as the daylight flies!  
On fleeting August, dreamiest of them all,  
Lingers the gaze of our enchanted eyes.  
We catch a glimpse of asters on the brink,  
Admiring their colors in the pool,  
And poppies, in their gowns of red and pink,  
Asserting, as of old, their right to rule.  
Now, Summer, tho' we beg of her to stay,  
Is spurning with her dainty foot the sod,  
And hast'ing o'er the distant hills away,  
Her pathway lit by lamps of goldenrod.  
And vanishing too soon,—we know not where—  
Leaves a sweet fragrance on the misty air.

## EDITORIAL

The editor and publisher, since January 1, 1919, of the Granite Monthly, has been named by the secretary of state of New Hampshire as his deputy, and for that reason finds it necessary to relinquish the pleasant, if not over profitable, task of issuing the state magazine. He is very glad to announce that his ownership of the Granite Monthly has been transferred to parties who have the ability and the disposition to make the publication a greater credit to and a more valuable asset of, the state, than it ever has been in the more than forty years of its honorable history. The change in editorship and management will take effect with the October number and we bespeak for the new regime a continuance of that friend-

ly support and co-operation on the part of the contributors, subscribers and advertising patrons which have made possible the regular issue of the Granite Monthly during the past three years and eight months.

On the eve of finally covering the editorial typewriter and balancing for the last time the publishers' books, our heart is cheered by finding in the mail a check for two years' advance subscription bearing the signature of the head of one of the greatest industrial enterprises in this country, a distinguished native of New Hampshire, who thus manifests his belief that his old home state should have a magazine of its own and that the Granite Monthly is enough of a success in that direction to merit his support.

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## RAGGED MOUNTAIN

*By M. White Sawyer*

Where majesty of hill is wide, God wrought  
With skyward fling, as eagle's wingcloud sought.

Deepening in blue with mist to distant glance,  
Her outline purely shows as shadows dance.

'Ragged; Whose woods wind sung and piney sweet  
Recall each year the friends who love to meet.

Where mountain brook sings silver clear, God's rill  
Through cooling nook His anthem praises fill

Water music, trills true, snow white in sun  
Green rimmed in fern, with straying wild root run.

'Ragged; where unspoiled Nature gives to man  
A loftier view, to glimpse her spiritual plan.

## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

During the years of his active life, Captain Richard W. Musgrove of Bristol, soldier, editor, historian and legislator, who was born Nov., 1, 1840, and died Feb. 19, 1914, was one of New Hampshire's useful, honored and influential citizens; a man of many friends and true civic spirit; and last, but not least, the father of six talented children, one of whom, Miss Mary D. Musgrove, has worthily continued, since her father's death, his valuable work as editor and publisher of the Bristol Enterprise, one of New Hampshire's best weekly newspapers.

An interesting feature of the Enterprise in recent years has been the serial publication of Captain Musgrove's Autobiography. Those who enjoyed reading it in the newspaper will be glad to know that Miss Musgrove now has issued it in handsome book form with an excellent frontispiece portrait of her father; making a volume which should be in every library in the state and which will have a strong appeal to every one who appreciates the value of first-hand historical testimony given by a keen observer, a just chronicler and a writer of simple, direct and most engaging style.

So charming are Captain Musgrove's recollections of his boyhood

and school days that one notes with regret how small a part of the book as a whole they make; but the interest they inspire is held without diminution by the succeeding chapters in which the author paints vivid pictures of the splendid service which the 12th New Hampshire Regiment rendered at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and the other famous names that are inscribed on its battle flag.

At the close of the civil war Captain Musgrove accepted a commission in the regular army and served for a time on the western frontier, so that the closing chapters of his autobiography contain stories which will delight all boys of whatever age about fighting Indians, hunting buffalo, etc.

Those of us who know how sane and helpful was his outlook upon life, how well he judged men and measures, would have rejoiced had he continued his self-record to cover the period of his public service in his home state.

But we are glad of the book as it is and feel that public thanks are due to Miss Musgrove for thus honoring the memory of her father and at the same time making a valuable addition to the library of New Hampshire history and biography.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## HARRIET L. HUNTRESS.

Miss Harriet Lane Huntress, one of New Hampshire's best known women and most useful public servants, died at her home in Concord, July 31. She was born Nov. 30, 1860, in that part of Meredith which is now Center Harbor, the daughter of James L. and Harriet Page (Perkins) Huntress, her father being the proprietor of the Senter House, a famous summer resort on Lake Winnepesaukee. Miss Huntress was educated in Massachusetts schools, but from 1879 resided in Concord, where in 1889 she began a connection with the state department of public instruction which continued unbroken until her death. She gave most valuable assistance to six state superintendents and was herself from 1913 a deputy state superintendent.



THE LATE MISS HARRIET L. HUNTRESS.

In recognition of her services to the cause of education New Hampshire College in 1920 conferred upon her the honorary degree of Master of Arts. Miss Huntress was an active worker in the New Hampshire Equal Suffrage Association, a faithful supporter of the Unitarian church and a member of the Concord Woman's Club, Country Club, Beaver Meadow Golf Club, Woman's City Club of Boston, New Hampshire Historical Society, Capital Grange, Rumford Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Mount Vernon

Ladies' Association, whose work she most ably represented in New Hampshire.

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## MARY C. ROLOFSON.

Mrs. Mary Currier Rolofson, remembered by many readers of the Granite Monthly as a former contributor to its pages, died in Powell, Wyoming, July 11. She was born at Wentworth, May 24, 1869, the daughter of Lorenzo and Josephine C. Currer, and attended St. Johnsbury Academy, Smith College and Wesleyan University. She was the author of three books of poems. In 1907 she married Warren T. Rolofson, by whom she is survived.

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## REV. LUTHER F. McKINNEY

Rev. Luther F. McKinney, former congressman from New Hampshire, died in Bridgton, Me., July 30. He was born in Newark, Ohio, April 25, 1841, and served in the Civil War. At its close he studied for the ministry at St. Lawrence University and held Universalist pastorates in Maine and New Hampshire. While thus located at Manchester he was four times the Democratic candidate for Congress and twice successful, in 1886 and 1890. In 1892 he was the Democratic candidate for governor of the state and in 1893 was appointed by President Cleveland as United States minister to Columbia, serving four years in that capacity. Upon his return to this country he preached for a time in Brooklyn, N. Y., but for a number of years had been located in Bridgton, the scene of his first pastorate, where he engaged in trade with his son. He continued his political activity there, serving in the state legislature and as a congressional candidate. He was prominent in Odd Fellowship and the G. A. R. and was for some years chaplain of the First Regiment, N. H. N. G. Mr McKinney was an able and popular preacher and a strong and forceful political speaker.

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## CHARLES R. MILLER

Charles Ransom Miller, one of America's leading editors, was born in Hanover, Jan. 17, 1849, the son of Elijah T. and Chastina (Hoyt) Miller, and died in New York City, July 18. Upon grad-

uation from Dartmouth College in 1872 he began newspaper work upon the Springfield, (Mass.) Republican and there continued for three years, then joining the staff of the New York Times. The remainder of his life was devoted to the Times and from 1885 he had been its editor-in-chief. He was also the second largest stockholder in the corporation owning the paper and was its first vice-president and a member of the board of directors. He was likewise a director of the Tidewater Paper Company.

He married Miss Frances Daniels of Plainfield, October 10, 1876, who died in 1906. A son and daughter, Hoyt Miller and Miss Madge Miller, survive him. The degree of doctor of laws was con-

ferred on him in 1905 by Dartmouth College and in 1915 he received the degree of doctor of literature from Columbia university. In February, 1919, the French government bestowed the decoration of the Legion of Honor upon him and the Belgian government decorated him with the Order of Leopold. He was a member of the Century, Metropolitan and Piping Rock Clubs of New York City.

Mr. Miller was recognized as one of the ablest and best informed editorial writers in the world and especially during the late War his leaders in the Times attracted wide and respectful attention.

## DREAMS

*By Lilian Sue Keech*

When nights has fallen, and the hour is late,  
The dreams come stealing through the garden gate.  
Past crimson roses, heavy with the dew,  
White lillies, passion flowers of purple hue.

Upon his grassy couch, the old dog stirs,  
As close beside him, a dream partridge whirs.  
The shadowy forms flit through the fast closed doors,  
And noiseless run upon the polished floors.

Along the wall, the horseman spurs his steed,  
And ancient warriors drink their mug of mead.  
The fairy dreams dance in the children's room,  
And dreadful nightmares, in the background loom.

But in the chamber, where the dead doth lie,  
Dreams may not enter, not with smile nor sigh.  
Upon the quiet form, the pale moon gleams,  
The walls are empty, there are no more dreams.

## ON THE ROAD FROM CORMICY

(The ancient highway between Rome and Belgium).

*By Mary E. Hough*

On the road from Cormicy  
Leading down to Rheims,  
Rows of poplars edge the way  
Yellow-green as in the spring  
When young leaves were blossoming.  
Sepal flowers of May!  
Yet mid-summer's burning sun  
Sheds its hottest rays upon  
The road that leads to Rheims.

Other trees stand gaunt and bare,  
Lifting naked arms in air,  
Or there are no trees,—  
Only stumps and riven trunks  
In a jangle of barb-wire,  
Scrolled against the horizon's edge  
Like a blackened frieze.

These have stood the test of war,  
They have kept the Roman way—  
The ancient road through France.  
What care they for hot grenade  
Crackling in the withered grass,  
Kindled by the sun's fierce rays  
Into smoking gas?  
They are vestals of the shade.

\* \* \* \*

And the rows of poplar trees  
Leading down from Cormicy,  
Yellow-green as in the spring  
When young leaves were blossoming,  
Are a happy prophecy  
Of undying Rheims!

Cormicy, France, July 11, 1921.

## HIS LITTLE FLOCK ARE WE.

*By Elias H. Chency*

Immanuel, our Solid Rock——  
Hath christened us his Little Flock.  
He knows his flock: each sheep by name:  
Its tiniest lamb knows Him, the same.  
Fear not, he saith, my lambkins: I  
Am your Good Shepherd, always nigh.  
Your Father's pleasure good it is,  
To give to you the Kingdom his,  
Wherein the strife and tumult cease,  
And all is harmony and peace.  
Kingdom of God, enthroned on High;  
Ours, now: ours when we cleave the sky.  
He bids us first his Kingdom choose:  
All things he'll add! O wondrous News!  
All things! supply our every need;  
By waters still lead us to feed.  
Our Father's Kingdom—for our sakes—  
Equally ours and his he makes;  
E'en as the bridegroom to his bride  
Gives all: and they walk side by side.  
All this our Father's pleasure good!  
Earth never saw such Fatherhood.  
Well pleased my Father thus to give;  
Well pleased I for his Kingdom live.

Vol. 54

OCTOBER, 1922

No. 10

# *The* **Granite Monthly**

**New Hampshire State Magazine**



**IN THIS ISSUE:**

**CHESTER AND NOTTINGHAM BICENTENNIALS**

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**GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY**

**CONCORD, N. H.**

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CHESTER'S WORLD WAR MEMORIAL  
Unveiled August 28, 1922.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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OCTOBER, 1922

No. 10.

## CHESTER'S BICENTENNIAL

From the twenty-seventh to the twenty-ninth of August the Town of Chester celebrated its two hundredth anniversary. Tireless in their preparations and apt in running the intricate program smoothly, the committees unfortunately had to contend with rain on Sunday and Monday the first two days, but in spite of all it was a celebration worthy in every way the town and the occasion and on the final day the sunshine atoned for the previous dampness.

Chester is a town of rare beauty and no little historic interest. The beauty, perhaps not enhanced for the celebration, was at least brightened by the elaborate decorations from end to end of the Street. Historic houses were simply and appropriately marked, so that he who ran an automobile might in passing recognize the house of Lord Timothy Dexter and know that the Inn was built in 1761. Scores of places were thus marked and fuller information regarding them included in the official program. This valuable work was done by the Committee on Publicity, whose chairman was Miss Isabelle H. Fitz.

In the Stevens Memorial Hall was an excellent exhibition of interior antiques, supplemented exteriorly by the rows of fine colonial houses which line the long, tree-bordered Street. As one admired the fine taste which guided the hands of the designer and artisan of ancient days, one did homage as well to the sense of beauty and fitness which led the settlers of the eighteenth century to choose for their village that slow-sloping hill, with its charming vistas of wood and mountain.

The celebration began with the

church services on Sunday morning, which filled both churches to capacity. The Congregational Church is nearly as old as the town, having been organized in 1730 or earlier, although the building in which it worships dates only from 1773. It is true that the edifice was remodeled quite beyond recognition in 1839, yet it is undoubtedly one of the oldest houses of worship in present use in the state. Here the Reverend Silas N. Adams, pastor of the church, extended the welcome, and the anniversary sermon was preached by the Reverend Samuel H. Dana, D.D., of Exeter. Appropriate music was furnished by a quartet and Mrs. Ella A. Allen, organist. Not least in interest was an historical address by the Reverend James G. Robertson, now of South Strafford, Vermont, but for twenty-six years pastor of this church. The music was under the direction of Walettr I. Martin, hymns of the eighteenth century being used.

The First Baptist Church is more youthful, only a little over a century old, yet deemed ancient enough to bear a worthy share in the observances. At this church the pastor, the Reverend Mary E. Morse, gave the welcome. Two former pastors contributed to the program, the Reverend Bernard Christopher of Hampton making remarks and the Reverend Thomas J. Cate of Meredith preaching the sermon. There were also remarks by the Reverend Chester J. Wilcomb of Riverside, California, who united with this church over thirty years ago. All three of these ministers were ordained in this church. The music was by the choir and Mrs. Myron F. Robie, organist.

A union mass meeting was held

Sunday afternoon in the anniversary tent which was erected on the Wilcomb field. There was an attendance of about a thousand. The Reverend Silas N. Adams presided, and there was music by a chorus of one hundred under the direction of Mr. Walter I. Martin. The speakers included the Reverend Charles D. Tenney of Palo Alto, California; the Reverend Henry M. Warren of New York City; the Reverend J. Wallace Chesbro of Fall River, Massachusetts; the Reverend Morris W. Morse

rather on the spur of the moment, with the Highland Band of Manchester and the Raymond Band.

A simple but handsome memorial to those who served in the Spanish and World Wars was dedicated on Monday. Those taking part in these exercises were: George E. Gillingham, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the celebration; the Honorable John C. Chase, president of the day; the Reverend Silas N. Adams, invocation; Colonel George A. Hosley, presiding officer; Albert



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, 1773.

of Moscow, Idaho; the Reverend Messrs. Wilcomb, Robertson, Christopher and Cate, and Reverend Mary E. Morse.

Monday, August 28, was designed to be the great day of the celebration, but the inclement weather forced the postponement until Tuesday of the general parade and the pageant. Nevertheless Monday was crowded. Two of the four bands engaged for the day arrived in spite of attempts to cancel them, so a short parade was picked up and run off

F. B. Edwards, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, who made the presentation to the American Legion for dedication; retiring Department Commander Robert O. Blood, of Concord, who accepted the memorial; Major Frank Knox of Manchester, who gave the dedicatory address; Governor Albert O. Brown, who extended the congratulations of the state. A message from Governor Cox of Massachusetts was read. The exercises were concluded by three volleys fired by American Legion

members and sounding of taps. Of twenty-two soldiers sent by Chester to the World War, four died in service. The town furnished also one Red Cross nurse.

by the combined bands. Mr. Hazelton was born in Chester ninety years ago and was a representative from Wisconsin in the National Legislature for several sessions. For many



JUDGE RICHARDSON HOUSE

After dinner, provided in both the Stevens Memorial Hall and the tent, the latter place was the setting for the anniversary address by the Honorable George C. Hazelton of Washington, District of Columbia. Mr. Chase presided. There was music

years he practised law in Washington. He survived the celebration less than a week, passing away suddenly at his Chester summer residence on September 4. His last address, delivered entirely without notes, was considered by all his masterpiece.

Tuesday was as ideal in weather as Monday was forbidding, and the village was crowded by thousands who came from far and near. The general parade, somewhat crippled by the postponement from the day be-

fore, was a splendid affair under the direction of Chief Marshal Herbert H. True. From Wilcomb Common to the old brick schoolhouse and back, the gay-colored precession

marched under a sunny sky. The numerous floats in beauty or ingenuity, or both, all denoted a thought and care which showed how much the citizens of Chester and her daughter towns cherish the memory of the two



OLD BRICK SCHOOLHOUSE

centuries of their civic life. In the line of march were found town officials and representatives of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the Fusilier Veterans, the

centuries of their civic life.

In the line of march were found town officials and representatives of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the Fusilier Veterans, the

Amoskeag Veterans, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Women's Relief Corps, the American Legion. Col. George A. Hosley of Chester, chief of the National Grand Army, was in line. To make clearer and more local illustration of the military history of the two hundred years, there was an inspiring group representing the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish War, the World War. Each man wore the uniform appropriate to the conflict he represented, and carried a banner on which was inscribed the number of men furnished by

industry were shown by floats carrying ancient agricultural implements and by representations of the hand processes of cooperage and blacksmithing. Still other floats represented a pioneer cabin in course of construction and the meeting house of 1773 in rather large miniature. A unique feature was a collection of equipages comprising the history of travel from horseback to motor, not forgetting the ox-cart and the stage coach, and including examples of wheeled and runnered vehicles for a period of over a century, all marked with identifying dates. Nor must



CHESTER INN—1761

Chester to that war. The range—from 254 in the Revolution to 22 in the late war—illustrated two points in the history of Chester—her ready response to every patriotic call, and the steady decline in population wrought not only by the omission of the railroads to touch such towns, but by the annexation of large parts of Chester's area to other towns.

History was further illustrated by the contrast between a tiny "hand tub" of 1842 and modern motor fire apparatus. The older methods of

illustrations of early customs, pioneer and native, be overlooked.

The school children, the Grange, various orders and individuals furnished a colorful and interesting series of floats. There were flowers, there were "Callathumpains"; there were Indians and Uncle Sams; there were hunters and hucksters. Not least in interest was a group of the oldest inhabitants: Elijah Sanborn, 103; George C. Hazelton, 90; Susan J. Webster, 88; Carlos W. Noyes (a Civil War veteran), 86; "Aunt"



Hannah (Wilcomb) Williams, aged 84; James Heath, 92; Mark Sanborn, 83, and Cyrus Hill, 87. All told there were over 500 people and 100 horses in the line. Nevers' Band of Concord and Rainey's Cadet Band of Manchester furnished the music for the parade and throughout the day.

Other events of Tuesday were a program of sports for the younger, and a very pleasant reunion of Chester Academy students for the older and more reminiscent. Dinner was again served at the Stevens Memorial, but the chief table event was the banquet at the anniversary tent in the early afternoon. Here, the Hon. John C. Chase presiding, there was speaking by Congressman Sherman E. Burroughs and others. "Aunt" Hannah Williams recited, and Miss Isabelle H. Fitz read an original poem. Those who made remarks included Rev. B. W. Lockhart, D.D., Louis Bell, Ph.D., Judge Charles U. Bell, Hon. M. A. Moore, Harris M. West, Mrs. Annabell F. Hogan, Mrs. Horace A. Hill, Rev. Chester J. Wilcomb, Thomas Rice Varick of Manchester, Eugene W. Watkins, Rev. Harry M. Warren, Dr. R. H. Barker, who spoke for Candia. Letter was read from J. Henry Townsend, Esq., of New York, in which he tendered to the Town as a gift his Chester Estate to be used as a home or for any public purpose. The gift will doubtless be appreciatively accepted at the next town meeting.

In the evening there was a display of fireworks, followed by the historical pageant written by Mrs. Mary Stuart MacMurphy of Derry. Mrs. Helen L. Kloeber of Newburyport, Massachusetts, was general director and Mrs. Walter P. Tenney local director. Nevers' Orchestra of Concord supplied the musical accompaniment. The program included a prelude, five episodes, three interludes and a postlude, and covered the history of Chester from the purchase of land from the Indians to the separation of Candia, Raymond and Au-

burn. The pageant was splendidly given, and was attended by two thousand people.

The committee responsible for the planning and execution of the celebration included: George E. Gillingham, Chairman, Edwin P. Jones, Vice-Chairman, John M. Webster, Treasurer, John C. Ramsdell. Those on the executive committee were Rev. Silas N. Adams, Augustus P. Morse, John M. Webster, Mary B. Noyes, George A. Hosley, Jennie P. Hazelton, Cyrus F. Marston, Eleanor J. Locke, Isabelle H. Fitz, Martha T. Learnard, Nathan W. Goldsmith, Arthur H. Wilcomb, Clarence O. Morse, George D. Rand, George S. West, John C. Ramsdell, William B. Underhill, Martin Mills, George E. Gillingham, Walter P. Tenney, John H. Robie, William T. Owen, Edward T. Morse, George L. Fitts, Edwin P. Jones, John D. Fisk, Edward C. Chase, William B. Wason, Roger P. Edwards, Walter W. Lane, Herber W. Ray, William C. Hall. Those on the committee representing Manchester were Dana A. Emery, Thomas R. Varick, William B. Farmer and George M. Clark; representing Candia, John H. Foster, Carrie A. Richardson, Hattie A. Hubbard and Henry A. Hubbard; representing Auburn, George E. Spofford, Edgar L. Preston and Freeman R. Davis; representing Raymond, Walter J. Dudley, T. Morrill Gould, Edward F. Cram and Joseph F. Savage.

The financing of the celebration, no small burden, was cared for with great foresight. For five years beginning with 1917 the town appropriated \$125 annually, with a final appropriation of \$1,000 this year. The daughter towns of Raymond, Candia, and Auburn added generous contributions, as did many present and former residents. In this, as in other ways, the Chester folk have illustrated the value of long and thorough preparation for an event of outstanding importance.

## HISTORICAL NOTES ON CHESTER

The Town of Chester was formally inaugurated by royal charter dated May 8, 1722. This, however, was but by way of confirmation and enlargement of rights granted by the Governor and Council as the result of transactions lasting some three years. In 1719 about one hundred Hampton and Portsmouth folk petitioned for a grant of eight miles square in the waste land which was then known, apparently interchangeably, as "the Chesnut Country" and Cheshire. The same year, pending action on the petition, a proprietors' society was organized to settle the proposed grant, and home lots were drawn.

Meanwhile a motion was made on the part of Haverhill folk to settle the same territory. Quite likely they began on the theory that the land was in the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, but in any event they joined Exeter parties in petitioning the New Hampshire authorities to be admitted with the first petitioners. At the same time (May, 1720) the first petition was withdrawn and a new one substituted for a township ten miles square. Neither was immediately acted upon. There are suggestions of litigation, but in June a compromise was apparently effected by the first petitioners voluntarily admitting as proprietors Samuel Ingalls and other Haverhill men. This was shortly followed by the granting of the substituted petition of the Hampton society. Already, however, the lay-out had been made, and now some fencing was done. It seems to have been part of the arrangement that the proprietors as a whole should make a road passable for carts from Kingston, while the Haverhill people, at their separate charge, should make a similar road from their town.

Who was the first actual settler is not known, but probably it was Captain Samuel Ingalls. There is

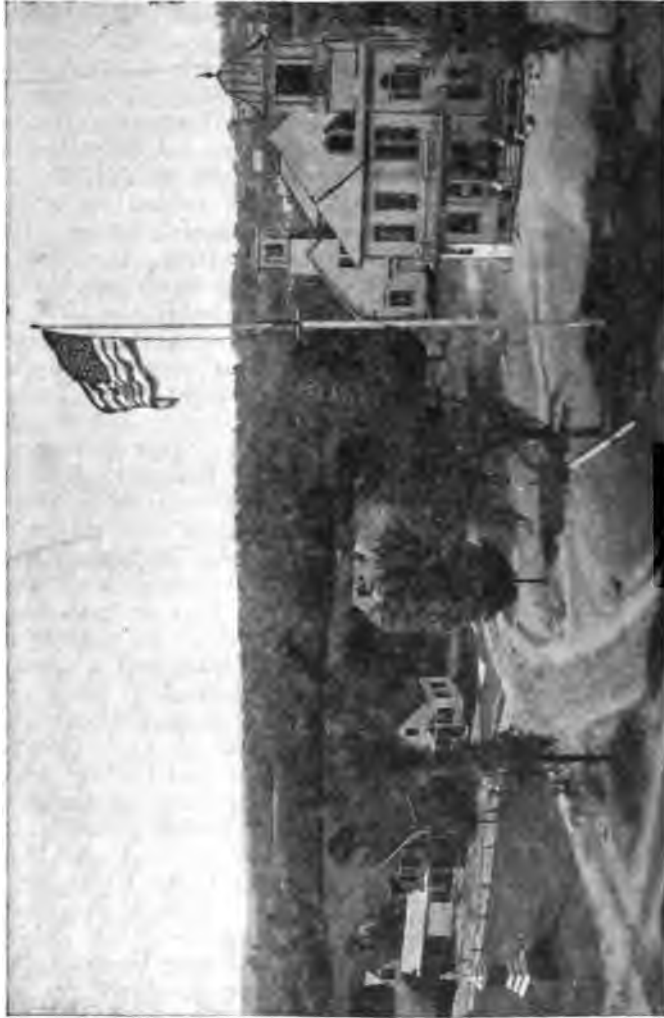
evidence that he was a resident before the date of the charter, and it is supposed he built in 1722, on the crest of Walnut Hill, the first house in Chester. Here was born, in 1723, his daughter, Mehitable, the first white native of Chester. Captain Ingalls built the first framed house about 1732. The year 1723 seems to have brought a few settlers, but probably no considerable number were there until 1727. The original settlers located principally in the southeasterly corner of the town, though from the first the center seems to have been designed for its present location.

Chester, as finally granted, covered about one hundred and twenty square miles, including, besides the present town, Auburn, Candia, Raymond and large portions of Manchester and Hooksett. The early settlers suffered their share of the anxieties which were common to all pioneers. In 1724 Lieutenant Thomas Smith and John Karr, while constructing a brush fence to protect their cattle from the Indians, were set upon by Joe English and a band of natives, and captured. Their captors took them northward, securing them at night by staking them to the roots of trees and binding them with deer sinews. During the second night, while the Indians slept, they slipped their bonds, and on the evening of the third day found their way back home. Others were not so lucky. At least one, John Robie, was slain, and his son, Ichabod, was captured but later escaped. It was such experiences as these, doubtless, that led the town in 1725 to vote to employ two soldiers to stand guard for four months. The Wilson Garrison house now occupied by Chester P. Hunt, was built in 1730, and other garri- sons were constructed from time to time as occasion required.

Road building was an early neces-

sity in frontier towns, and at the first March meeting, in 1725, the Londonderry Road was laid out. The first recorded road actually built, however, is the one to Haverhill, constructed about 1730, although before

January, 1720-21, the proprietors voted that at the expense of the whole proprietary they would maintain a minister when thirty householders were settled, and would build a meeting-house when fifty families



CHESTER SQUARE  
Soldiers' Monument, Baptist Church, Stevens Memorial Hall.

that time doubtless rough ways had been built. Mills also were a prime necessity, and one was built at Free-town in Raymond, in 1726.

The temper of the fathers was of too serious a turn to be long without settled religious instruction. In

were settled. It was voted to hire a minister in 1728, and to erect a meeting-house at the Center. The Reverend John Tuck of Hampton was called in 1729, but declined, although it appears that he preached in Chester for fourteen Sabbaths that

year. The town then called the Reverend Moses Hale, and worship was held from late 1731 under his ministry in the first meeting-house, within a few rods of the present Congregational Church. Mr. Hale, having been brought under distraction of mind, did little service. He was succeeded in 1736 by the Reverend Ebenezer Flagg, who was pastor for sixty years until his death at the age of ninety-two. During his ministry, in 1773, the present house was constructed, and some sixty-five years later remodeled.

The Presbyterians at first joined in the common worship, but when the church became disorganized by the incapacity of Mr. Hale, they hired the Reverend John Wilson to preach for them, and stubbornly objected to being taxed to support Mr. Flagg. They appealed to the Governor and Council successfully, and built on Cunningham Lane about 1740, in which year the two parishes were separated by legislative act. In 1794 they dedicated a house at the Long Meadows. Theological and slavery disputes having divided the Presbyterians, the remnant withdrew, and in 1843 formed the Second Congregational Church, which finally became the First Church of Auburn. The history of other churches in the daughter towns is omitted here.

The Baptist Society was organized in 1819, and built a house of worship in 1823. This society also became disorganized about 1845, but was re-organized and a new building erected in 1861.

In letters the town has not been backward. Before the charter was granted the proprietors voted to appropriate the first forfeited lot for a school. The first record of a money appropriation for a school master was in 1737, though doubtless there was instruction before that date. At first the master travelled from one part of the town to another, teaching in the homes, but in 1744 and 1745

"school housen" were built, probably three in number. In one respect the town was lax; after there were one hundred families settled they declined to support a grammar school according to law, whereupon the selectmen were indicted and two convicted.

The Social Library was opened in 1793, and in 1801 an academy was built by public subscription. The historic Chester Academy dated from 1854 and had many noted teachers, most distinguished of whom was Professor John K. Lord. The town now supports a high school in the brick schoolhouse.

Chester did not for many years maintain her vast area. Derryfield was incorporated in 1751, its territory being taken largely from Chester and Londonderry. Candia was set off in 1763 and Raymond two years later. Yet Chester retained, at the beginning of the Revolution, a population of practically 1,600, which increased to over 2,200 in 1820. Then in 1822, a part of century-old Chester was incorporated in Hooksett, and in 1845 came the final diminution by the set-off of Auburn. Even so, Chester had 1,351 inhabitants in 1850, since which time it has lost a little more than half in population from the economic trend of the times. But Chester has not lost, and will not soon lose, the vitality of the good blood which has persisted for the two centuries of her life.

Some of Chester's families are notable beyond the common. Daniel French came to Chester from Deerfield in 1799 and practised law as the successor of the Honorable Arthur Livermore, who had just been elevated to the bench. Mr. French was a distinguished lawyer who served as Solicitor of Rockingham County and Attorney General of New Hampshire. In his fine residence, built on the Street in 1800 and burned in 1902, were born eleven children, among whom were Benjamin Brown French, a lawyer and clerk of the National

House of Representatives, grandfather of Amos Tuck French; Henry Flagg French, also a lawyer, first president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and father of Daniel Chester French, of W. M. Henry French Hollis and Allen Hollis. Another of the eleven children was Mrs. Helen French Cochrane, well known as a writer. Both Benjamin B. and Henry F. French married daughters of William M. Richardson, Chief Justice of the Superior Court from 1816 to 1838, and

pave Chester Street if the town would call it Dexter Street. Whether the change of name appealed to the citizens as undemocratic or the paving as unnecessary, does not appear. In any event they rejected the proposition with substantial unanimity. Dexter lived in Chester but a short time, then returned to Newburyport, which was the scene of his most memorable eccentricities.

Leaving eccentrics, and coming back to a family which left a lasting impression, one must not overlook



DANIEL FRENCH HOUSE

owner from 1819 of the house formerly the property of Benjamin Brown, father of President Francis Brown of Dartmouth College and of Benjamin B. French's mother. This house is now owned by Amos Tuck French.

Adjoining the Richardson house is another historic place, which Mr. French also owns. It was built in 1787, a year before the Richardson house, and was bought in 1796 by Lord Timothy Dexter. This curious man two years later offered to

the Bells, one of New Hampshire's best strains. Their immigrant ancestor came from Ireland to Londonderry in 1719. Three of his grandsons, Jonathan, John and Samuel, lived in Chester. Jonathan was a trader. John also was a trader and acquired a considerable fortune. He was a member of the Executive Council from 1817 to 1823, then Sheriff of Rockingham County, and in 1828 was elected Governor. His oldest daughter married the Reverend Doctor Nathaniel Bouton of

Concord, the second married the Honorable John Nesmith of Lowell, Massachusetts. Other children, with the exception of Charles H. Bell, died at an early age, though several of them survived long enough to show promise of worthy careers. Charles H. Bell was a successful lawyer who practised in Chester, Somersworth and Exeter, served a few months as United States Senator

1823 to 1835. His son, Samuel Dana Bell, also practised law in Chester, was Representative, County Solicitor, Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Justice and Chief Justice of the Superior Court, and commissioner to revise the statutes in 1830, 1842 and 1867. Two of his sons, John James and Samuel N., were well known lawyers, and the latter was a member of Congress from 1871 to



LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER HOUSE

and was Governor of New Hampshire from 1881 to 1883.

Samuel Bell was a Dartmouth graduate and a lawyer, and came to Chester in 1812. His political career had already taken him into both branches of the legislature, and he had been presiding officer of both. He was a Justice of the Superior Court from 1816 to 1819, Governor of New Hampshire from 1819 to 1823, United States Senator from

1873 and from 1875 to 1877.

Another son of Governor Samuel Bell was John, a professor of anatomy at the University of Vermont. Still another, James, was a lawyer and United States Senator. A fourth, Luther V., was superintendent of the McLean Asylum and a surgeon in the Civil War, during which he died. A fifth, George, was a lawyer and served in the Civil War. John Bell and Charles Bell were the sixth and

seventh sons. Both were practising physicians, and the former served as a surgeon in the Civil War. The youngest son, Louis, was a lawyer, and was Colonel of the Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers. He was killed at Fort Fisher in 1865. His son, Dr. Louis Bell, is a well-known electrical engineer. Charles Upham Bell, son of James, for more

than 20 years a Justice of the Massachusetts Superior Court, is another prominent living representative of this great family.

Chester, however, does not live solely in her past. She is still blessed with a citizenry of the substantial old stock, awake to the modern life of the world.

## MY CHESTER!

(For the Two Hundredth Anniversary)

*By Isabelle H. Fitz.*

My Chester, oh my Chester!  
 The town that gave me birth;  
 What memories cluster round thy name!  
 The deraest spot on earth.  
 No maples wear such Autumn tints  
 As those that line our Street;  
 No sunset glows with deeper rose,  
 No birds sing half so sweet.

My Chester, oh my Chester!  
 In seventeen twenty-two,  
 Men came from far to call thee "home,"  
 Brave, loyal, staunch and true;  
 They plied the axe, they drove the plow,  
 But scorning England's thrall,  
 They signed "The Test," to give their best,  
 Their lives, their gold, their all.

Peace brought us honors:  
 Where legislators wait,  
 Came none more skilled or learned or wise  
 Throughout our Granite State;  
 For Richardson, and French, and Bell  
 Were names that won renown,  
 And Washington claimed many a son  
 From that dear, honored town.

Once more the war cloud threatened,—  
 With Sumter's booming gun,  
 They sprang to arms, to say with might,  
 "This nation shall be one!"  
 At Gettysburg, at Petersburg,  
 Our gallant boys were found,—  
 And women wept, for husbands slept  
 On many a battle ground.

Then came the Titan conflict  
 Whose war shock rent the world;  
 All life was in the maelstrom,  
 Where blood-stained waters swirled;  
 They went,—our lads of promise,—  
 Quite unafraid were they  
 To dare the curse, ay, even worse,  
 Of Teutons' tyrant sway.

I see thee still, my Chester!  
 Though through a mist of tears;  
 Thy people brave, unfaltering,  
 Throughout those bygone years;  
 Thy daughters sweet, and fair, and true,  
 And strong in freedom's fight,  
 Thy sons, no less, for righteousness,  
 For justice, truth and right.

God keep thee pure, my Chester!  
 From soil or stain of sin;  
 That selfishness and greed and hate  
 May never enter in;  
 But with a name untarnished,  
 As in the days of yore,  
 Till as a scroll the heavens roll,  
 And time endures no more.



MILESTONE, 1775



# WHO PLANTED NEW HAMPSHIRE?

*By Charles Thornton Libby*

(We are indebted to Mr. Libby, lawyer and antiquarian, of Portland, Maine, for permission to publish his address, as President of the Society of Piscataqua Pioneers, at the observance on August 10, 1922, at Portsmouth, of the three hundredth anniversary of the patent to Gorges and Mason. Mr. Libby writes that this paper includes the results of his investigations of the Hilton family in England, and also sums up the conclusions of all former investigators, making this paper, in his belief, "the most up-to-date summary of this much abused subject." We welcome so valuable an addition to the discussion of New Hampshire's beginnings which the magazine has recently been featuring, and invite further contributions on the subject. The obscurity of the early days from 1623 to 1630 calls for untiring and critical investigation.—Editor.)

In behalf of the members of the Society of Piscataqua Pioneers, it gives me pleasure to return thanks for the welcome so kindly accorded us by the mayor of Strawberry Bank. If Sir Ferdinando, at some moment of his long life of struggle and disappointment, could have looked forward and seen the Honorable Ferdinando doing his part in a three-hundredth anniversary as mayor of this fine city, his face must have brightened with the happy thought that his labors had not been in vain.

Portsmouth has always been an interesting place to visit, ever since the new comers at Little Harbor first found the strawberries up the river; and for us, whose forefathers, living on one or another of the branches of this river, had to come to "the Bank" in order to know they were living, once in so often, it is doubly pleasant.

It has been said that the patent of the Province of Maine, Aug. 10, 1622, granting all between the Merrimac and the Kennebec, was of minor consequence because nothing was done under it. Rather may we regard it as the foundation, both in legal operation and in actual carryings on, of all that came after.

By the terms of this grant, which we celebrate today, Sir Ferdinando and Captain Mason bound themselves under £100 penalty to settle one colony with a competent guard and at least ten families within three years. We must believe they did it. They two were the efficient colonizers of New England. They squandered both their own wealth and the wealth of others, but they achieved. Having agreed to settle ten families, they did it. Here was the founding of this State, and of Maine this side of the Kennebec.

It is true that the Plymouth Company in 1622 deeded this land where we now are to Gorges and Mason, and in 1623 deeded it to Mr. David Thomson, and in 1629 deeded it to Captain Mason, and in 1631 deeded it to the Laconia Company, and in 1635 gave a 999 years' lease of it to Sir John Wollaston, all covering the same land. But in dealing with these old patents we must bear three things constantly in mind, or we shall trip ourselves up. For one thing, the corporation called "the Council established at Plymouth in the County of Devon for the planting and ordering of New England," was only another name for Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Capt. John Mason. Second, when Sir Ferdinando and Capt. Mason gave deeds of parts of their land, they did it in the name of the corporation. Third, the deeds they gave were really only options, conditioned on making actual settlements. When the conditions were not performed, the lands reverted to Gorges & Mason.

Wollaston's deed back to Capt. Mason openly explains the lease, "which said indenture was made unto the said John Wollaston by and with the consent of the said Captain John Mason." Instead of Capt. Mason giving the lease himself, he gave it in the name of the Council. The grant

to Mason in 1629 is explained by the lawyers of Mr. Mason's grandson, "being a division of the lands formerly granted unto Sir Ferdinando Gorges and John Mason." Instead of Sir Ferdinando and Capt. Mason giving deeds to each other to divide their lands, they issued new grants to themselves in the name of the Council.

Mr. David Thomson, the first planter of New Hampshire, was not what the historian, Hubbard, said he was "the agent of Georges and Mason." Nor did he receive a conflicting grant of lands already granted to them. His deed, although in the name of the Council, was really from them. Some historians have failed to understand how he received a grant of 6,000 acres already granted to them, or why he did not hold it afterwards. These two questions answer each other if permitted to do so. Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Capt. John Mason in effect deeded to Mr. David Thomson six thousand acres of the best of their lands on conditions which he failed to fulfill; and so the lands reverted to them.

As the patent to Mr. Thomson is lost, we cannot know exactly what the conditions they put into it were, but we may be sure that they covered the undertaking for which they themselves were under bond, to settle in this wilderness a sufficient guard and ten families. We have from Mr. Samuel Maverick, who came to Massachusetts in 1624, some years before the Boston colony started the Year One of New England, as they reckoned it, and who soon married Mr. Thomson's young widow, a graphic account of what was done:

**Strawberry Bank, the Great House and Isle of Shoals.**

Within 2 myles of the mouth is Strawberry Bank where are many families, and a minister

and a meeting house, and to the meeting houses of Dover and Exeter most of the people resort. This Strawberry Bank is part of 6,000 acres granted by patent about the year 1620 or 1621 to Mr. David Thompson, who with the assistance of Mr. Nicholas Sherwill, Mr. Leonard Pomery and Mr. Abraham Colmer of Plymouth, merchants, went over with a considerable company of servants, and built a strong and large house, enclosed it with a large and high Palizado and mounted gunns, and being stored extraordinarily with shot and ammunition, was a terror to the Indians, who at that time were insulting over the poor, weak and unfurnished planters of Plymouth. This house and fort he built on a point of land at the very entrance of Piscataqua River and having granted by patent all the islands bordering on this land to the middle of the river, he took possession of an island commonly called the Great Island, and for the bounds of this land he went up the river to a point called Bloody Point, and by the seaside about four miles. He also had power of government within his own bounds. Notwithstanding all this, all is at this day in the power and at the disposal of the Massachusetts.

So here we see what method Sir Ferdinando and Capt. Mason took to fulfill their bond to the Council. Mr. Thomson, a cultured and traveled gentleman, whom Sir Ferdinando had employed in difficult negotiations with high officials, was to do it for them, and for this service to have 6,000 acres on one side of the river. To get the necessary capital, he contracted with three Plymouth merchants to

run the plantation five years, and then turn over to them three-fourths of the improved land and three-fourths of the profits. After three years effort, he saw fit to remove to Massachusetts Bay, where he could have all his improved lands and all of his profits. Whether he settled all the ten families within three years from August 10, 1622, or whether Gorges and Mason had to come forward to finish the task, we do not know.

Let us remember that we know very little about this dark period when the Province of Maine covered Maine and New Hampshire both. Except Mr. Thomson and the Hiltons, and perhaps Mr. Ambrose Gibbins, we have not one name to associate with this period. The arrival of the Warwick, when our written history begins, was not until the summer of 1630.

They have in Boston, not in its legal custody, a sheet of paper written on both sides, a separate document on either side, and both certified by Elisha Cooke, clerk of courts. On one side is a copy of the inventory of the Laconia Company goods, July, 1635, attested by Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of this Province in 1683, when the case of Mason versus Waldron was tried, and this is of unquestionable genuineness.

On the other side is the list of people, "sent by John Mason, Esquire," winding up, "Eight Danes, Twenty-Two Women." If this list was offered in court in 1683, it was rejected as spurious. Both from external and internal evidence, it seems a fraudulent production. Probably it was made up to use in the suit against Humphrey Spencer in 1704, as there is a check mark in the margin opposite Thomas Spencer's name, and Elisha Cooke was not appointed clerk of courts until 1702. The list omits names of some who we know were

sent over by Capt. Mason, as Thomas Crockett; and inserts names of young men who were children or unborn at the time of Capt. Mason's death, as the two younger Chadbournes, Thomas Fernald, Jeremy Walford; and includes the names of men who we know were not sent over by him, as William Seavey, who came on a fishing trip to the Isles of Shoals, John Symonds, sent over by Trelawny to Richmond's Island, Francis Norton and Sampson Lane, who came after the Captain's death, and others. The name printed as Henry Baldwin is not that name in the Boston list; evidently Clerk Cooke could not read it, but from his imitation of the writing, I judge it was Odiorne. No Henry Odiorne is known to have been here, which is true of other names in the list, which may have been invented at the same time as the Wheelwright deed, in the desperate resolve to protect the community from the loss of their homes, with various names inserted that might help different ones to claim their lands as descendants of Captain Mason's servants. Thomas Crockett's descendants were living on Kittery side, but as they claimed no lands on Portsmouth side, there was thus no occasion to include his name.

So our certain knowledge after the arrival of the Warwick is none too full, yet luminous when compared with the unwritten period preceeding, although the Isles of Shoals and the Piscataqua were the principal ports in New England in that period. If the settlement had been abandoned, Governor Bradford would surely have recorded the fact. On the contrary, in 1628 Piscataqua contributed as much as Plymouth to the expense of banishing Morton, who was selling firearms to the Indians. There must have been many people here, besides hundreds of tran-

sients here and at the Shoals; but we ask in vain who they were.

If Mr. Gibbins came over early he went back, as he came on the Warwick. Hubbard says the Hiltons were here, that they came with Thomson. Hubbard, who certainly was mistaken in part, seems to have gotten his information from young William Hilton, a boy not six years old when Mr. Thomson came over. In young Hilton's petition to the General Court in the year 1660, to confirm lands given his father and himself by the Indians, he said:

"Whereas your petitioner's father, William Hilton, came over into New England about the year Anno Dom. 1621 and your petitioner came about one year and a half after, and in a little time following settled ourselves upon the River of Piscatag with Mr. Edward Hilton, who were the first English planters there."

This reads as though Mr. Hubbard accepted Hilton's story and recorded it as history, merely inserting David Thomson's name with the Hiltons. Mr. Hubbard, who was the minister at Ipswich, was a few years younger than William Hilton, Jr., who was baptized at Witton church, in Northwich, Cheshire, June 22, 1617. Hilton's two wives belonged to prominent families of Newbury and Charlestown. Mr. Hubbard must have been well acquainted with both families. William Hilton, Jr., was a ship-master, and had had a book of soundings or charts printed before Mr. Hubbard got up the map of New England for his history of King Philip's War. About Plymouth, as well as the Piscataqua, Mr. Hubbard seems to have gotten information from Hilton. He says, what no one else does, that the first complaint against Mr. Lyford, who was brought over by Mr.

Winslow in 1624, to be minister at Plymouth, was over baptizing a child of Mr. Hilton's, although not a member of their church. Hubbard's History shows familiar knowledge of the Hiltons as accurate as a little boy might remember and tell things to a friend.

Certainly William Hilton did not come over with Thomson. He came to Plymouth in 1621, and was there with his family in 1624. It seems doubtful whether Edward Hilton did, although from April 9, 1621, when he came out of his apprenticeship in the Fishmongers' Company of London, until 1628, when he contributed to keep firearms away from the Indians, we have as yet no knowledge of his movements. But there is contemporary evidence that some Bristol merchants joined with him to settle his colony, and a young fellow just out of his apprenticeship must be allowed sufficient time in which to perfect such important connections, even if aided by Sir Ferdinando. If Edward Hilton was one of Mr. Thomson's first company, it seems that he must have gone back.

At any rate, if here early in 1624, he was with Thomson at Little Harbor, and had not yet made his settlement up the river. Capt. Christopher Levett in 1628 printed a book on his voyage of 1623-4. He stopped a month with Mr. Thomson at Little Harbor. While there he "discovered" the Piscataqua river and an Indian who came down the river told him that up the river was much good land. In this season of tercentenary good cheer, we all wish to work our believers overtime if necessary to keep everybody happy, but we must be equipped with believers as big as bushel baskets to believe that that Indian told Capt. Levett that there were good lands up the river without telling him also that there

were Englishmen living on them, if there had been such.

So in 1922 we can all join in celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the granting of the charter under which New Hampshire and Maine were colonized; and

next year we can all join in celebrating the founding of New Hampshire; and at later periods as we may learn the facts, different localities can celebrate, in a series of tercentenaries, all in our turn, and begrudging none.

## SAILS

*By Alice Leigh*

The sea must miss the bellowing sails,  
That frolicked and tossed in the roaring gales;  
That lazily flapped and the yard-arms beat,  
On the sun-baked days in the doldrums' heat—

The sails that swayed to the chanties' charms,  
Or furled to the sailors' straining arms;  
Or stood so tall against the blue  
As around the masts the sea gulls flew.

The steamship's path is an esplanade,  
And she travels it free and unafraid;  
But the whim of the wind led the bending sails  
Into reckless, wandering, gypsy trails.

The curling smoke from the engine's fire  
Has lighted the sailing vessel's pyre;  
But the steamer shall ever an alien be  
To wind and sails and the tossing sea.

## THE COLOR OF HAPPINESS

*By Louise Patterson Guyol*

It is the color of the sun  
Sifting through apple-trees in bloom.  
It is a subtle color spun  
By rain upon a silver loom.

It holds the tint of April skies  
Cupping a honey-colored moon,  
And pulsing wings of butterflies  
Adrift across the summer noon.

It is the tender opal shade  
Of hopes untold and dreams unborn,  
It is as bright as carved jade;  
Whiter than dew on tasseled corn.

Changing and glowing, jewel-fair,  
Happiness floats on rainbow wings.  
For Happiness is all things rare,  
All beautiful, all lovely things.

# NOTTINGHAM'S 200th ANNIVERSARY

*By Rev. Harold H. Niles*

Certainly a town which furnished four generals for the Revolutionary War, besides rendering other distinguished service to the State and the Nation, has a right to celebrate its two hundredth anniversary. Such a town is Nottingham, New Hampshire.

On the twentieth and twenty-first days of August, this beautiful and historic town commemorated its two hundredth birthday with suitable and appropriate exercises under the direction of a committee, appointed at the last Town Meeting and consisting of Charles Chesley, chairman; Thomas E. Fernald, Treasurer; Mrs. Fred Fernald, Mrs. John Harvey and Mr. I. A. Colby.

The celebration began with a huge bonfire on Nottingham Square on Saturday evening. This fire, to the students of history, was a symbol of those beacon-fires which once blazed on the hill-top of New Hampshire summoning the men and women of the Granite State to patriotic duty.

On Sunday morning a religious service was held in the Universalist church, which was packed to the doors with a congregation which assembled for miles around.

Music was ably rendered by a choir from Northwood consisting of Mrs. Clarence Sanborn, soprano; Mrs. Tilton, alto; Mr. Daniel Miner, bass; Mr. Raymond Bickford, tenor; and Mrs. Raymond Bickford, organist.

The service of worship was in charge of Rev. Harold H. Niles of Concord, Chaplain of the New Hampshire Legislature, assisted by the Reverends Allen Brown of Rumford, Maine, I. D. Morrison of Nottingham, and Mr. Goodwin of Northwood.

In the evening a community sing was held at the home of Dr. and Mrs.

Frederick Fernald at Nottingham Square.

Monday morning dawned bright and fair. A large crowd of people estimated from three to five thousand people, gathered to assist the townspeople in carrying out the day's program, which began with music by Nevers' Band of Concord, following which Nottingham defeated Northwood at baseball by a score of 10 to 9. After a basket picnic there was an address by Governor Albert O. Brown, and more music by the band.

In the afternoon was given the historical pageant, at the foot of Long Hill. Before describing it, a brief historical note should be quoted from the program.

The town of Nottingham was founded by royal charter on May 8, 1722. The petitioners for the charter resided in Boston and Newbury, Massachusetts, and in New Hampshire from Exeter and Portsmouth. The development of the town was hampered by Indian troubles till the conclusion of the French wars. Then followed a continued growth, a census in 1775 showing 999 inhabitants including sixteen slaves.

During the Revolution no town of its size rendered more cordial or efficient service. Nottingham furnished three colonels and one captain who later became Major Generals in the New Hampshire Militia, Joseph Cilley, Thomas Bartlett, Henry Dearborn and Henry Butler. It is stated that Captain Dearborn marched with sixty minute men from Nottingham Square to Bunker Hill in twelve hours, on April 20, 1775. In the War of 1812 the town was also ably represented by Colonel Joseph Cilley who served first as ensign and later as brevet captain. In the Civil War and in the World War the town also played its patriotic part.

Nottingham was situated on the stage route between Portsmouth and Concord, which aided its prosperity, but the introduction of the railroad, the development of the fertile lands of the Great West and, to some ex-

portrayal of the history of the town.

The program is here given:

Prologue, Mrs. Arthur McDaniels.

#### EPISODE I.

THE COMING OF THE FIRST SETTLERS



TO NOTTINGHAM'S FOUR GENERALS

tent, the effects of the Civil War, have altered local conditions and left the delightful quiet town as we know it to-day.

The pageant, written and directed by Miss Grace Wright of Boston, was well rendered and gave a vivid

The signers of the original charter of Nottingham were apparently given grants for services rendered to the crown. The tract of land petitioned for was to be called New Boston and it does not appear why this name was not given it in the charter in-

stead of Nottingham. Among the early settlers was Joseph Cilley who built a log cabin on Rattlesnake Hill about 1727. He brought with him all his worldly effects on one pack horse. The early settlers laid out a compact village with great exactness on the beautiful elevation later known as the Square. Here were the church, school house and stores. The petitioners asked for a tract of land ten miles square. The boundaries established were such that the settlement at the Square was far to the south of the center of the township and this remoteness resulted in the separation of those tracts which later became Northwood and Deerfield.

#### CAST

JOSEPH CILLEY AND WIFE.....  
MR. AND MRS. HARRY D. CILLEY  
BENJAMIN BUTLER AND WIFE.....  
DR. FRED FERNALD, MISS ELIZABETH FERNALD  
SAMUEL BARTLETT AND WIFE.....  
MR. AND MRS. I. A. COLBY  
PAUL GERRISH AND WIFE.....  
MR. AND MRS. CHARLES JONES  
ROBERT HARVEY AND WIFE.....  
MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH GLOVER  
ABNER CLOUGH.....GEORGE CARMICHAEL  
Indians and others.

#### EPISODE II

##### INDIAN MASSACRE

During the early French and Indian wars Nottingham was an outpost town and was constantly in danger of Indian raids. The Longfellow block house was established in what is now Deerfield and another near the Square. Great anxiety prevailed and large numbers of settlers removed from the town. Clearing and tilling of the soil was nearly abandoned for a time. Some help was received from the provincial government, and rangers travelled the forests between Chester and Rochester. Most of the settlers lived at the Garrison house, but in spite of all precautions Robert Beard, John Folsom and Mistress Simpson were surprised and massacred while at work at their homes.

A small band of Indians lived near

North River Pond. The chief named Swansen was disposed to be friendly to the settlers but seemed to be unable to restrain his braves.

#### CAST

ROBERT BEARD .....BRAINERD MEARS  
JOHN FOLSOM .....REV. H. H. NILES  
MISTRESS BEARD...MRS. HARRY D. CILLEY  
MISTRESS FOLSOM...MRS. JOSEPH GLOVER  
Ranger, Guards, Indians and Settlers.

#### EPISODE III

##### WITCHCRAFT PERIOD

Nottingham shared to some extent the prevalent superstition of the early times, and various stories are still handed down regarding those days. No account appears, however, that those suspected of witchcraft were ever persecuted or driven away.

#### CAST

MADAME ROWLIN .....MRS. FRED FERNALD  
OLD LET .....MRS. MARGARITE DAVIS  
MISTRESS SAWYER...MRS. EDITH GERRISH  
MADAME GOODFELLOW, MISS VIENNA SMITH  
MRS. HOPKINS...MRS. ALICE BATCHELDER  
MISTRESS PECK .....  
MISS ELIZABETH BATCHELDER  
YOUNG LET .....MRS. FRED GOVE  
REV. GOODHUE .....MR. FRANK SMITH  
JOEL .....FREDERIC FERNALD  
HIRED MAN .....JOSEPH COLBY  
Children.

#### EPISODE IV

##### REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

The unrest of this period was keenly felt in the lower towns of New Hampshire and the taverns were the scenes of many discussions regarding the oppression of the crown and the unjust taxation. The settlers of Nottingham were ardent patriots and were represented by Cilley, Dearborn and others in the raid on Fort William and Mary which resulted in the capture of powder and other munitions. This plunder was brought to Durham by General Sullivan and later sent to surrounding towns for safe keeping. A part was secreted in Nottingham subject to General Sullivan's orders. Previous to this, militia had been organized and drilled by Dearborn and when the call to action came they left their tools in



the fields, hastily forming for a forced march to Bunker Hill where many of them were in action.

### TAVERN SCENE

LANDLORD BUTLER ....MR. GEORGE WIGGIN  
THOMAS BARTLETT .....

MR. ARTHUR McDANIELS

TORY TROWBRIDGE .....MR. FRED GOVE

MADAME BUTLER .....MILLIE SMITH

And Settlers.

*Call to Arms*

CAPT. DEARBORN .....MR. CHARLES JONES

MESSANGER .....MR. DUDLEY LEAVITT

Spinners, Soldiers and Settlers

*Sending Away the Powder*

of the highway bridge at Dover Point the route was changed to what is known as the turnpike in the North Side.

### CAST

GOV. WENTWORTH .....DR. FRED FERNALD

LADY WENTWORTH..MRS. FRANK FERNALD

MRS. THOMAS BARTLETT .....

MISS ADA PERKINS

MISTRESS ARVILLA .MRS. HARRY D. CILLEY

BENJAMIN TRUE ..MR. HARRY D. CILLEY

DRIVER OF STAGE COACH.....

MR. ANDREW STEVENS

Parson, Fisherman, Maids, Coachmen and

Footmen.



HISTORIC CILLEY HOUSE

MAJOR THOMAS BARTLETT .....

MR. ARTHUR McDANIELS

COL. JOSEPH CILLEY .....

MR. BRADBURY BATCHELDER

MESSRS. HILTON AND KENDEL

MR. ELMER HOLMES AND MR. CHARLES CHESLEY

Horsemen, Guards and Settlers

### EPISODE V

#### STAGE COACH DAYS

During the colonial days Nottingham was on the direct stage coach line between Portsmouth and Concord and its taverns flourished as it was a favorite stopping place. The early route led through the Square and Deerfield but with the opening

### EPISODE VI

#### SINGING SCHOOL, A FAVORITE PASTIME

*Presented by the people of Deerfield*

### EPISODE VII

#### VIRGINIA REEL

*Representing the amusements of the times*

*Typical characters*

### EPISODE VIII

#### CIVIL WAR PERIOD

While slaves were owned in Nottingham in colonial days, that condi-

tion had long past and the people were strong abolitionists and ably supported the cause of the Union.

### CAST

Muster Drill presented by the Northwood Post of the American Legion and others.

### EPISODE IX

#### COBBLER'S DANCE

Following the Civil War the mak-



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MONUMENT.

ing of shoes was a considerable industry. Every home had its cobbler's shop.

### CAST

COBBLER .....DANIEL MINER  
Assisted by Children.

### EPISODE X

#### PAST AND PRESENT

LADY NOTTINGHAM .....

MRS. CLARENCE LAWTON  
Attendants, Mothers, Sons and concluding  
pageant procession.

*Indians*—Chief Swansen, MR. ANDREW  
J. AYERS; *Braves*, LEAVITT HARVEY, LEON  
DAME, JOHN DEMERRITT, HARRY PARKER,  
TOM STEVENS, PERRY HARVEY, WESLEY  
HARVEY, ELMER PARKER.

*Spinners*, MISS VIENNA SMITH, MISS  
ELIZABETH FERNALD, MRS. FRED FERNALD,  
MRS. GEORGE WIGGIN, MRS. WESLEY HARVEY,  
MRS. CHARLES JONES, MRS. JOSEPH  
GLOVER, MRS. MARGARITE DAVIS.

*Soldiers*, CLARENCE H. LAWTON, T. E.  
FERNALD, MR. PERLEY BATCHELDER, FRED  
GOVE, MR. GEO. WIGGIN, CHARLES CASE,  
JOSEPH GLOVER, MR. WESLEY HARVEY,  
HARRY PARKER, ELMER PARKER.

*Fishermen and Maids*, DUDLEY LEAVITT,  
GEORGE CARMICHEAL, LEAVITT HARVEY,  
LIONEL HARVEY, DORA CARMICHEAL, ELIZABETH  
BATCHELDER, MILLIE SMITH, JOSEPHINE  
FERNALD.

#### OTHERS TAKING PART IN PAGEANT

JOHN FOSS	MISS HAZEL WATSON
MISS MARY IDE	MRS. L. L. CALLAN
CLARENCE LAWTON	MISS ILA HARVEY
T. E. FERNALD	ALLEN HARVEY
PERLEY BATCHELDER	MRS. JOHN HARVEY
MRS. GEORGE WIGGIN	MISS MARIA KELSEY
MRS. WESLEY HARVEY	CHARLES KELSEY
ANDREW D. STEVENS	HENRY GOVE
THOMAS STEVENS	WILLIS FERNALD
MRS. CHARLES CASE	HARRISON CHESLEY
MRS. H. H. NILES	EDWARD FOSS
	MANSFIELD JOHNSON

SOLO DANCER .. MISS JANET SIMMONS

Those who attended this celebration have as their reward, as Lieut. Col. John Van Schaick described his visit to Nottingham Square:—

"Pictures of the pine woods, the oaks and maples, the well-tilled fields, the great New England farmhouses, the little country churches, with old friendships renewed, new friendships made; with that keenest of joys which the lover of history has, in running suddenly upon beautiful and historic things, and with lasting memories of a people who seem worthy to be the children of such heroic fathers."

# NEW ENGLAND'S INDUSTRIAL FUTURE

*By Robert P. Bass.*

(It will be the policy of the magazine to encourage discussions such as those recently begun by Dr. Hodsdon and Mr. Upham as to present-day New Hampshire problems. Approach from varying angles is desirable, so we republish here an article recently written by ex-Governor Bass for the Peterborough Transcript. We have promise of at least one other paper by another author for an early issue.—Editor.)

Numerous articles have recently appeared in the newspapers and periodicals published in New Hampshire and in other New England states discussing the future of New England industrial development.

Many of these have undertaken to point out the dangers which threaten the continued prosperity of various industries in New England. Among those most frequently mentioned, are first, the high cost of coal, which is the motive power used in most of our industries. Second, the handicap under which our manufacturers labor, in importing their raw materials from a long distance and exporting those manufactured goods which they sell outside of New England. In this connection, it is pointed out that the center of population in the United States is moving steadily westward, and that it has now reached the State of Indiana. Consequently, New England products have further to travel before they reach their ultimate consumer.

Other obstacles to industrial prosperity frequently mentioned, are high taxation and high wages.

It has seemed to me that there is much food for sober thought in these suggestions. They raise questions vital to the continued prosperity of many of those industries which have been the chief source of the wealth and growth of New England, and which have provided employment for an increasing part of the people who live in these States. There are few questions which more vitally or per-

manently affect the continued prosperity and development of this section of the Country.

In reading these various articles, I have been surprised at the absence of certain constructive remedies which I believe would be of material assistance in successfully meeting this critical business situation.

One of the chief burdens which New England manufacturers now have to contend with is the high cost of coal. It is unfortunate that we are so far removed from the deposits of coal, oil and gas. On the other hand nature has favored us with a substantial amount of water power. Much of this power is still undeveloped and going to waste, while our industries are staggering under the burden of their coal bills. It would seem that one of the first steps necessary to meet new conditions is to hasten the development of these water powers, and to do this in a way which will most benefit our industries and the public. New Hampshire, in particular, has undeveloped water power. Some of those which have been developed are of little benefit to our industries, for a large part of the power is now transmitted beyond this State and used in the operation of industries elsewhere.

The creation of storage reservoirs near the sources of our larger streams would increase the minimum flow for all those powers already developed on such streams. This would diminish or eliminate the need for auxiliary steam power now so commonly used during regular periods of low water. It would be necessary for the State to take the initiative in this matter in order to apportion the charges to the various industries which would be so largely benefited by the new power so provided. The extent of the public benefit which would be derived through the conservation of the water

which now goes to waste, can be realized when we consider that every cubic foot of water which was thereby released during periods of low water would increase the amount of power generated at every plant on the stream. The cost of large storage reservoirs, which would be prohibitive for any one plant, would become very moderate if distributed among all those who made use of the water on the stream.

This is a matter in which the State should take immediate action. The valuable information made available through Col. Leighton's recent report showing the extent and location of our water powers, could well be used as a basis for the formulation of a State policy which would encourage their development for the use of New Hampshire industries. We might even find that they could be used to reduce the cost of railroad transportation. Such a policy should have as one of its chief purposes the protection of the public and business interests by preventing monopoly and exorbitant rates for hydro-electric power. It would be disastrous for New England if the water power were exploited for the private gain of a few, as the coal mines now seem to be.

Bringing raw material for our manufacturers to New England is one of the heavy burdens now hampering our industries. There are two lines of action which will clearly help to overcome this obstacle. First, to develop and increase the supply of such raw materials which we ourselves produce. In New Hampshire, the most important raw material at our command is to be derived from our forests. At present, we are not only rapidly exhausting the supply of this valuable raw material, but much timber which is now cut in this State is being shipped beyond our borders, to be manufactured elsewhere into a finished product. Furthermore, much of our soft timber is being cut before

it is mature. Little is being done to insure a continuous supply of lumber for New Hampshire. A recent survey of the State made by the Federal Government, shows that we have over two million acres of waste land which is at present producing little or nothing of value, and which might easily be made the source of a large revenue to the State, and of a continuous supply of a valuable raw material which could profitably give employment to a large number of people in New Hampshire, were it manufactured here into finished products.

We sorely need a far-sighted and advanced State policy in regard to our forests. One of the first steps in this direction lies in the adoption of a new method of taxing growing timber. Under our present tax system, no one can afford to own and raise a crop of growing trees. The owner of young growth has a continual outlay to meet tax requirements. Each year he must pay a tax on the full value of his growing timber, and gets no income for something like fifty years. A single stand of mature timber is required to pay taxes forty or fifty times over before the crop matures. This is one reason why so much land, well adapted to growing trees, is today, lying unproductive in our state.

Under a far-sighted and progressive State policy, we could easily produce a continuous supply of timber which would place this industry at least in a position to compete successfully with any other section of the United States. This is the kind of constructive action, which will insure the continued growth and prosperity of at least one important New England industry.

New England railroads should be owned by New England people, and developed in their interests. There is now much talk of consolidating great railway systems. We should not allow our arteries of commerce to become mere adjuncts of the systems in New York and Pennsylvania. If they

do, we shall suffer in rates, in service, and in the development of our means of transportation.

The ablest observers and students of industrial affairs in this country, agree that New England's greatest industrial resource, lies in her large supply of highly skilled workmen. It is probable that our continued industrial prosperity depends in a large degree upon our ability to keep and increase this supply of skilled labor. For it is only by means of highly trained men and women that we can hope to turn out finished products of such a quality as will command the best prices. The transportation charges incurred in the distribution and selling of such goods, will be proportionately less than the transportation charges on bulky coarse products, turned out by unskilled labor, which must be sold at a much lower value in relation to their bulk or weight.

It is perhaps natural that the first tendency of manufacturers who feel the pressure of the increasingly keen competition, should be vigorously opposed to the more liberal working conditions which are being adopted in other sections of the country. The plausible argument is advanced that New England cannot afford to meet these conditions owing to its adverse situation in respect to coal and freight rates. Is it wise for New England to allow other sections of the country to maintain more favorable conditions for skilled labor? If the conditions under which employment can be obtained in New England are lower than those which prevail elsewhere, it is inevitable that the more enterprising, intelligent and skilled men and women within our borders will gradually and continually drift to those localities where conditions of work are more favorable.

Furthermore, there is a field of economy and thrift in this connection which we in New England, cannot afford to overlook. Strikes, lockouts, large groups of employees hostile or

antagonistic to their employers, are all the source of immeasurable losses, not only to the community at large, but to our industries themselves. It is of vital importance to New England business that its leaders should develop a far-sighted and resourceful policy in dealing with the labor situation.

Another serious disadvantage to New England industry lies in the fact that the cost of living is higher here than it is in some sections of the country which produce the food necessary for their population. We in New England import 75% of our food. The transportation charges on this food add substantially to its cost to the consumer. This has an injurious effect on New England business. If mill operatives, for instance, can live better on the same wages in St. Louis than they can in New England, there is bound to be a tendency for those industries which employ the best class of help, gradually to move their plants where living costs are cheapest. In such localities they will find a more abundant, more contented, and more capable supply of labor.

Industrial prosperity and agricultural development are largely interdependent. This is more true to-day than ever before, because of the increase costs of transporting food.

In the interests of the continued prosperity of New England, we need to foster and encourage our agricultural resources. We have not been doing this in the past. During the last fifty years, while our population has largely increased, products of our farms have shown a steady and alarming decline. We need to encourage better and more efficient agricultural methods, accompanied by a discriminating selection of the things to be produced on New England farms. We need more productive stock, a better selection of seed, intensive cultivation of land, more fertilizer, and a wise selection and rotation of crops.

The valuable work being done along

these lines by our State College, by the Agricultural Extension Service, and by our farm organizations, should be encouraged. They not only help the farmer, but indirectly they contribute fundamentally to the prosperity of all business in our community.

We have in our midst the best markets for farm products to be found anywhere in the world. But, unfortunately, these have not been developed in the interests of New England farmers. Others have profited by this natural advantage. We have in this country the most extravagant system of distributing food to be found anywhere in the world. Much can be done to reduce the cost of food and to increase farm profits by means of co-operative buying and selling. In New England, at least, we cannot afford longer to support a system of food distribution which charges the consumer, on an average, twice as much as it costs to produce that food on the farm. Here is a field for constructive progress which will benefit both our industries and our farmers.

Many of the policies and lines of action which I have suggested can be initiated and developed only by the business men of our community. They are broad, economic questions which must be handled as other practical problems are handled.

But there are a few things which can be done through our government. Of recent years, taxes have grown to such an extent that they are a serious burden to the farmer, to the householder, and to many business enterprises. At present, our taxes are not equally distributed. Certain classes of property bear more than their share of the cost of government. Other classes of property escape taxation either in part or in whole. This discrimination is not only unjust, but it may even threaten the continued prosperity of those interests most heavily burdened. This is a time when taxes should be distributed fair-

ly on all classes of property, in some reasonable proportion to their ability to pay.

In the last ten years the cost of running our state government has more than doubled. Much of this increase is inevitable, and due to causes we cannot control. But we should take every precaution against waste, inefficiency and the extravagant use of public moneys. Realizing the taxes are unusually high, and that the functions of Government have been enormously extended, some 25 states have been making a careful survey of all the departments of government. These surveys have for their object, increasing the efficiency, and introducing economies, in conducting the business of the state. I believe that New Hampshire could profitably order a similar investigation of its State's affairs to be made by men of experience and training in such matters.

In brief, it seems to me that the business prosperity of New England could be substantially increased; first through the wise development of our water powers to overcome the disadvantage of expensive coal and high freight rates. Secondly, by encouraging the development of our forest to provide cheap raw material, at least for one great industry. Third, by developing our agricultural resources, and a cheaper system of food distribution, in order to lower the cost of living. And finally, by a vigilant and intelligent effort to institute efficiency, thrift, and economy in all public expenditures. This to be accompanied by a wider and more equitable distribution of the cost of government, through an equalization of the tax burden.

Such action calls for the cooperation of all elements and classes, to unite in overcoming the difficulties which menace the prosperity of New England. This is a matter in which we all have the most vital interest. If all classes of people understand the

fundamental causes of the present situation, it will be possible to enlist their united cooperation in a constructive plan of action. For this purpose, a free discussion and full publicity, concerning existing conditions, and the action necessary to meet these conditions, is most desirable.

## FANTASY

*By L. Adelaide Sherman*

Drunk with the sunset's spilled red wine  
Day has swooned, and the western hills  
In dappled amethyst, mauve and gray,  
Bend and weep over prostrate Day—  
Each tear in a drop of dew distils.

Back where the sentinel fir-trees stand,  
Blackly agleam on the sky-line white,  
Hark! he has broken the holy hush;  
The seraph-throated hermit thrush  
In liquid triplets greets King Night.

I have fled from the House of Day,  
Spite of her warders, Toil and Care;  
Breathing the balsam breezes pure,  
Into the gem-shine, star-shine lure—  
Palpitant sky and dew-dipped air.

Fleeing, I laugh at the House of Day—  
Weariness, like an out-worn dress,  
Slips away on a shimmering tide,  
A sea of fancy, deep and wide,  
Soft impearled by the moon's caress.

Flash of an arrow, crystal tipped,  
Silver meshes that hold me fast;  
Song of a pixie, light of a star,  
And an elfin echo, faint and far,—  
A faery herald's bugle blast!

High I wing me with bird and song,  
With the moon and steadfast stars I shine.  
Lo! I am one with flower and tree,  
And a glory throbs in the soul of me!  
I, too, am drunk with the sunset's wine.

# THE NEW WILLEY HOUSE CABINS

*By John H. Foster, State Forester.*

The Crawford Notch, one of the most famous gateways in the White Mountains, was named for Ethan Allen Crawford, one of the first settlers in the region. It is a source of gratification to know that a tract of 6,000 acres, extending southward from the gateway for a distance of about six miles, belongs to the people of New Hampshire and is known as the Crawford Notch State Forest Reservation. This reservation occupies the northerly half of the township known as Hart's Location. On either side the boundary extends to the summits of the mountains bordering the Saco river. The purchase of this reservation was made possible by a special act of the Legislature of 1911.

To the east and west of the State Reservation lies the White Mountain National Forest which makes of the region altogether a splendid stretch of forested mountains, valleys and slopes now in public ownership. A short distance below the gateway are the Silver Cascades, well worth a stop on the part of motorists passing through the Notch, but unfortunately frequently overlooked. Mounts Avalon, Willard, Willey and Frankenstein comprise the border range on the west, while the magnificent slopes of Mt. Webster occupy much of the easterly border of the valley. The southern border of the reservation is near the crossing of Bemis Brook, where a vista has been cut through to the river and a magnificent view may be obtained of the summit of Mt. Washington.

Within the Crawford Notch reservation and some three miles below the gate of the Notch, is the site of the original Willey House, famous the country over on account of the great slide which on

August 28, 1826, came down the slope of Mt. Willey and killed the entire Willey family, who had rushed from their home upon the approach of the avalanche. It is well known that the house itself remained untouched. This house was afterwards enlarged by the addition of another building and used as a hotel. The original house was finally destroyed by fire and the hotel buildings eventually disappeared. For many years now the only suggestion of previous habitation at this famous spot has been the clearing in the otherwise unbroken forest, the remains of the cellar walls of the original Willey House and the walls of other buildings. Gravel from the great slide has been used for many years in constructing and maintaining the state highway, known as the Theodore Roosevelt Highway, which passes the spot.

One-half mile below the Willey House site is the headquarters of the State ranger or patrolman employed by the Forestry Commission as caretaker of the reservation. The ranger cabin is known as the Allen Spring Camp, where there is located one of the finest springs in the mountains, close by the highway and near the State cabin. Through the fire season the State ranger watches for fire, patrols north and south along the state highway and the railroad above, allots camping space to forest travellers and motor tourists and gives permits for building fires. He is at the service of the public and is always glad to accommodate passers-by, point out places of interest and render every service possible free of charge. The open spaces between the Allen Spring Camp and the Willey House site are used for the accommodation of



the public for 'camping purposes. Two permanent camps away from the highway and on a roadway leading to the Willey House Station on the Maine Central railroad a half mile below the Allen Spring Camp have been built by private parties under leases from the State. The station on the Maine Central railroad, known as the Willey Station, makes the Notch country accessible to parties wishing to visit the place either from the north or south by railroad.

Thousands of persons each year

Boston, who has freely given his services in the interest of this mountain country. One of the cabins is for a public rest room, with fireplace and toilets. The other cabin is a store and lunch room, where food and supplies as well as souvenirs, both for the tramp and automobile party, may be purchased at reasonable prices and under regulation by the State Forestry Commission. Smaller cabins, also of peeled spruce are placed artistically in the rear, both for service quarters and for use of over-



WILLEY HOUSE CABINS

stop at the Willey House site to see the historical spot and enjoy the unsurpassed view of the mountains afforded by the clearings made years ago. To accomodate the public and increase the recreational advantages, the forestry Commission has this present season undertaken by lease to J. F. Donahue of Bartlett to erect two peeled spruce cabins close by the site of the old Willey House. Plans for the construction have been worked out by Arthur A. Shurtleff, landscape architect of

night parties to a limited extent.

The Appalachian Mountain Club has accepted the Willey House cabins as one of the links in its system of camps east and west across the mountains. The possibilities for future development and service are very great. It is believed that this establishment may be able to render great public service and become a headquarters for camping parties and outfitters for those who wish to spend subsequent days in the woods. There is no purpose or intent to furnish hotel accomoda-

tions. Those who stop at the Willey House over night must either camp out on the public camping grounds, for which there is no charge, or pay a nominal price for the use of one of the cabins where they may have cot beds, but no luxuries.

The recreational use of forests has developed to a marked degree during the past few years. While our mountain roads and trails have long been used by trampers, the auto camping party has come into his own quite recently. It appears that camping by the roadside has been longer in vogue in the western states and has come to us from that direction. The possibility for recreation through-

out our mountain region is very great. The National Government is bending its efforts to establish public camping places, and private parties are beginning to take advantage of the opportunity to accommodate the public in this way. It is believed that the Willey House site is proper and suitable for development in this direction, always remembering that the public must be served freely with all that Nature has provided and that the traveler may pay for food supplies and comforts at reasonable prices. Already it is no uncommon thing to have forty automobile parties pass the night on the Willey House grounds.

## WHEN THE SUMMER DAYS HAVE FLED

*By Alice Sargent Krikorian*

All the sweet summer we have felt the charm  
Of her own witchery; by the changing sea  
We have found a peaceful, happy calm  
While we tried to learn its mystery;  
Shall we remember what the waves have said  
When the summer days have fled?

Or perchance, our roving feet have led  
Where the cowbell tinkles faint and low,  
Where the leafy boughs close overhead  
And the mountain shadows come and go;  
There again, in fancy, shall we tread  
When the summer days have fled?

In gardens old, beside the gray stone wall,  
We found the roses growing white and fair,  
The pure, calm lily, and the poppy tall  
Flaunting her brilliant petals in the air;  
Shall we picture yet her beauty red  
When the summer days have fled?

Now flaming woods reflect the sunsets gold,  
And fluttering earthward falls the crimson leaf;  
The flocks are coming homeward to the fold,  
The farmer binds again the golden sheaf.  
And yet, with matchless beauty we are fed  
E'en tho' the summer days have fled.

**SOUTH OF MOGADOR***By Erwin Ferdinand Keene.*

Roaring up the mango-bordered beach,  
 White-fingered waves lift high their greedy hands  
 To the green-veined, throbbing jungle, out of reach—  
 Then whisper down the seaweed-tasseled sands.

Tall palms, like troubadours, lean each to each  
 And murmur minstrelsy from many lands,  
 Or sing of voyages along thy strands  
 When men had much to learn, and more to teach.

From gold-prowed triremes to our steel-ribbed ships,  
 For thrice a thousand years, with hope unfurled,  
 No dauntless keel e'er kissed thy tide-wet lips  
 But claimed thy seizin for some new-found world.  
 Land of romance! of ivory, gold, and slaves:  
 Thy fevered breast is bosomed high with graves!

---

**THE HERMIT THRUSH***By Laura Garland Carr.*

From out the woodland's sacred hush  
 There comes a sweet, melodious gush  
 Of perfect song. It is not sad;  
 It is not gay; it is not glad.  
 It is the soulful overflow  
 Of bliss not given man to know.  
 Nor can the little singer feel  
 The mysteries his songs conceal.  
 Bird song and human heart combine—  
 Then ecstasy! O thrill divine!

---

**BABY'S PUFF***By Ruth Bassett.*

Soft as a mantle of feathery flakes,  
 Shining as pearl.  
 Fragrant as clover covering over  
 My little girl.

Silken and light as a rose-tinted cloud  
 To earth beguiled.  
 Warmly it holds in its delicate folds  
 My little child.

## A DEGENERATE OF THE PINK FAMILY

*By Mary E. Hough.*

I remember that you grew  
In the sunlight and the dew,  
Where stood an old gray farm-house, in clustering woodbine  
set—

Then you strayed down to the road-side;  
Yes, I think I see you yet.  
All your kin wore fresh, pink dresses,  
Crumpled yours, unkempt your tresses—  
Too much flouncing, but I liked you,  
Bouncing Bet.

Now you've crept into my garden  
Without saying, "By your pardon!"  
I shall root you up without the least regret,  
Lest you harm my other flowers.  
Do you blazonly forget  
That you've chummed with weed and sorrel,  
That you really aren't quite moral?  
O, I heartily dislike you,  
Bouncing Bet.

But one morning I was speeding  
In my auto—no one heeding—  
I saw a stretch of roadside all pink and dewy wet.  
You stretched miles and miles from home,  
But I knew where we had met.  
You were fluttering and graceful,  
And I picked a pretty vaseful  
Of your bloom,—for I loved you,  
Bouncing Bet.

I thought you would be cheery  
For my city-flat was dreary  
And I owed to you besides a much belated debt,  
Or the duty to reform you—  
You became my wild-flower pet.

\* \* \* \* \*

But your pale pink has grown blowsy  
And your locks are strangely frowzy—  
O, I love you and I loathe you,  
Bouncing Bet.

**A BIT OF COLOR**

*By Laura Garland Carr.*

There is mist on the mountain,  
There is dew on the vines;  
The humming birds flit  
Down the scarlet-bean lines;  
The bees in the blossoms  
With nectar are muddled—  
And still the pink moth  
In the primrose is cuddled.

The webs of the spiders—  
With jewels bedight—  
Say all will be lovely  
From morning till night.  
Don't, don't with the primrose  
Forever abide—  
Be astir—little moth—  
In this glory outside.

Adown leafy branches  
The sunbeams are sifting;  
Across grassy reaches  
Are shadow clouds drifting;  
The insect brigade is abroad  
In good numbers.  
Be a wise little moth  
And awake from your slumbers.

Did the primrose beguile  
By its hypnotic motion  
Till now you are lost  
In oblivion's ocean?  
And your dreams—are they fair—  
Like the picture you make?  
Then sleep in your primrose  
And never awake.

There's a realm of delight  
In the ether—somewhere—  
We've sensed it and glimpsed it—  
And know it is there.  
Is the little pink moth—  
This primrose marauder—  
A waif and a stray  
From over its border?

## NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

At the primary election held on September 5, there were more than 15,000 fewer votes cast than at the last primary two years ago.

Windsor H. Goodnow of Keene won the Republican nomination for Governor by a vote of more than two to one over Arthur G. Whittemore of Dover. Fred H. Brown of Somersworth, in a triangular contest, had a comfortable margin over John C. Hutchins of Stratford for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, while Albert Wellington Noone of Peterborough was far in the rear. In the first congressional district, the Republican nomination went to John Scammon of Exeter by a considerable margin over Hobart Pillsbury of Manchester. The other contestants, Fernando W. Hartford of Portsmouth and Albert E. Shute of Derry, were far behind. William N. Rogers of Wakefield received the Democratic nomination for this district without opposition.

In the second congressional district, Edward H. Wason of Nashua was renominated by the Republicans without opposition. A triangular contest for the Democratic nomination between William H. Barry of Nashua, Amos N. Blandin of Bath and George H. Whitcher of Concord resulted in the first named receiving more votes than his two competitors together.

In view of the defeat for senatorial nomination in the fifth district of Fred A. Jones, who was expected to be president of the Senate, it is understood that Benjamin H. Orr of the fifteenth district and George Allen Putnam of the sixteenth district will be candidates for that office. For the speaker of the house Harry M. Cheney of Concord has been suggested. Mr. Cheney was speaker in 1903, but is not yet a candidate.

Another suggested candidate for speaker is Charles W. Tobey of Temple who held the chair in the session of 1919. At present the indications are that the legislature will be an unusually strong one.

The eleventh annual forestry conference under the auspices of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, in co-operation with the New Hampshire Forestry Commission, was held on August 29-31, at the Keene Normal School and was largely attended. The influence of the Society, under the presidency, first of the late Governor Rollins, and more lately of Allen Hollis, Esq., and under the skillful executive guidance of Philip W. Ayres, has been of inestimable value in the way of education. To it is due in large measure the enlightened public opinion which has made our forestry laws and our state department of forestry things of real vitality.

The attendance at the conference was large, and the interest unflagging. Many came, as usual, from without the state, most prominent among whom was Colonel William B. Greeley, Chief of the United States Forestry Service. Of prime interest was the discussion on the second day of the subject of forest taxation. State Forester John H. Foster presided, and Harris A. Reynolds, Secretary of the Massachusetts Forestry Association, explained the new law which has recently gone into effect in his commonwealth. In the general discussion, Governor Brown and former Governor Bass joined, while the viewpoint of the practical lumberman was voiced by S. F. Langdell. There seemed to be a pretty general agreement that if our forests are to be maintained as a permanent valuable resource of the state, some change in taxation is

necessary. Just how this may be done is not a matter of agreement; certainly full relief is apparently impossible without constitutional amendment, and, even granted that, great care will be necessary, as Governor Brown remarked, to relieve timberlands without unduly burdening the heavily timbered towns. The problem is not beyond solution, however, once the need be clearly recognized. Such activities as the forestry conference are going to be of great value in working out an enlightened system.

The success of this year's conference was due in no small part to the cordial co-operation of Director Mason of the Normal school and of the well-known civic spirit of Keene as expressed by the Chamber of Commerce and a committee of arrangements, headed by the mayor, the Honorable Orville E. Cain.

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Another and even more important discussion of the question of state taxation was that held on September 14 by the newly organized New Hampshire Civic Association at the State College at Durham. President Hetzel presided and there was an attendance of about one hundred representative men from all parts of the state including three former governors, a justice of the Superior Court, the secretary of the Tax Commission and other public officials, representatives of the lumbermen, farmers, bankers and business men, clergymen, teachers and lawyers.

The discussion was opened by former Governor Bass and Fletcher Hale, secretary of the Tax Commission, after which the conference resolved itself into a discussion of the

specific problems represented by intangibles and growing timber.

There was practically unanimous agreement that the tax situation in New Hampshire is critical and that it is desirable to find some way to tax intangibles and so to change the system of timber taxation as to encourage growth to maturity. The need of economy and of making every dollar of revenue do the work of a dollar was also emphasized.

There was a long discussion as to the scope of constitutional amendments needed to bring about the ends desired. All shades of opinion were expressed, ranging from the view that no amendment was necessary to advocacy by a considerable number of such an amendment as would throw the whole subject of taxation wide open to the legislature, so that it might frame a taxation system which should be elastic and susceptible of prompt change to meet new conditions.

It was voted to authorize the executive committee to select two committees of five each to consider the two problems of intangibles and timber and to report to a later meeting a plan for legislative action.

On the same day of the meeting at Durham a session of no less importance was held at Manchester. This was the first of a series of hearings by the commissioners recently appointed by Governor Brown to represent New Hampshire in the New England conference relative to railroad organization. The future of the railroads in this section will hardly have less influence on the prosperity of New Hampshire than will the system of taxation.

Further hearings have been ill attended. New Hampshire's citizens should awake promptly to the seriousness of this problem.

## EDITORIAL

A friend of The Granite Monthly living in Concord offers through the Granite Monthly a prize for the best prose essay contributed by an undergraduate of any New Hampshire High School (including Junior High) before April 1, 1923.

A first prize of \$15.00 and a second prize of \$10.00 will be awarded, and the prize-winning essay will be published in the magazine. The editor of the magazine will reserve the right to publish any manuscript submitted which is considered deserving of special mention even though it does not win a prize.

The following will be the conditions of the competition:

1. All manuscripts must be received by the Granite Monthly, Concord, New Hampshire, on or before April 1, 1923.

2. No manuscript is to exceed 1,500 words in length.

3. No manuscript will be considered unless clearly written on one side only of the paper.

4. The subject of the essay may

be chosen by the writer, with the restriction that it must have to do with the author's personal observation of the men, women and things about him. Historical and biographical papers and literary criticisms will not be considered. The object of the competition is to test the ability of the High School students to observe, to think and to express their thoughts clearly in good English.

5. The essay must not be corrected or revised by any other hand than the author's. Except for this, it does not matter whether the essay is written as a part of the school work or otherwise.

6. The manuscript should not bear the name of the author. The title of the essay and the author's name should be placed upon a separate sheet of paper, to which should be appended a statement of the principal of the school that the author is an undergraduate student of his school.

The names of the judges will be announced at a later time.

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## SOLITUDE

*By Helene Mullins.*

In the cool night I wander,  
Dreaming  
Of someone who loves me.  
Someone who loves me  
More than I love white birches  
Glimmering in the moonlight,  
More than I love  
The night's naked silence.  
Someone whom I can hurt  
More than white birches  
Glimmering in the moonlight,  
Or the night's naked silence  
Can hurt me.....



## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

**POLLY THE PAGAN: HER LOST LOVE LETTERS**, by Isabel Anderson. The Page Company, \$1.90.

•Mrs. Anderson, hitherto known for *The Spell of Belgium* and similar travel books, here makes her first venture into fiction. She has, however, retained the background of travel, and often the love letters drop into vivid thumb-nail sketches of Italian scenes. Her treatment of such passages, needless to say, is charming.

Polly is a "peppy" American girl on a European tour. At Rome she flirts outrageously with an Italian officer, a Spanish marquis, an American secretary of legation and a mysterious Russian prince, thus starting a series of cross purposes which sustain interest to the end. The story is developed cleverly by means of extracts from Polly's journal and correspondence. The progress of the heroine from gay and thought-

less flirtations at hurdle-jumping carnival dances, and the like, to a settled and very sweet love is most deftly handled.

There is an appreciative foreword by Basil King. The publisher has given the book an attractive dress.

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**THE ROMANCE OF NEW ENGLAND ROOFTRESS**, by Mary Caroline Crawford. The Page Company, \$2.50.

Originally published a score of years ago, this well-written description of two dozen famous old houses is now issued in a new edition. Packed into its nearly four hundred pages is a wealth of historic interest. The tourist will find it a valuable guide-book, and to the fireside reader, it will furnish many a pleasant half hour. It is a book which will add to any library. There are more than thirty excellent illustrations.

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## A SONG TO PASS AWAY THE EVENING

*By Helene Mullins.*

Your face is old..old,  
My Beloved,  
I have known it too long....  
I would sell it, I think,  
To a peddlar,  
For a bit of a song.

And then I would lie  
In the grass,  
And..perhaps..fall asleep,  
And because of remorse  
For my folly,  
I would weep....I would weep....

## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

### HON. HOSEA W. PARKER.

Hosea Washington Parker, born in Lempster, May 30, 1833, died in Claremont, August 21, 1922.

Mr. Parker was the son of Benjamin and Olive (Nichols) Parker. The son of a farmer, he was reared to a life of industry, such as characterized the life of most New England farmers' sons of his day, and which gave him the measure of physical health and vigor essen-

profession, he pursued a partial course at Tufts College, and then entered the office of Hon. Edmund Burke of Newport, the most distinguished lawyer of his day in that part of the State as a student at law, meanwhile teaching school in the winter season, as he had done for some time previously, as a means of earning money to meet his expenses.

Retaining his legal residence in Lempster while pursuing his studies, Mr.



HOSEA W. PARKER

tial to success in any calling. At the same time he developed an ambition for service in a field of effort where the strong mental powers, with which he had been endowed, might have full play.

He made the best of such advantages for education as the brief terms of district school afforded in boyhood, and subsequently attended Tubbs Union Academy in Washington, New Hampshire, and the Green Mountain Liberal Institute at South Woodstock, Vermont. Having determined to enter the legal

Parker served that town as its Superintending School Committee in 1857-8, and was its representative in the State legislature in 1859 and 1860, being unquestionably, the oldest survivor of that body, in date of service at the time of his decease, as he was the oldest lawyer in the State.

In the autumn of 1860, having been admitted to the bar in the previous year, he opened an office and commenced the practise of law in the town of Claremont, which he continued until the

time of his death, or until failing health a few months previous, compelled retirement.

A Democrat in politics, located as he was in a strong Republican town and county, Mr. Parker enjoyed little opportunity for public political service, nor did he aspire to the same, preferring the steady pursuit of his profession, in which he soon took high rank; but he took strong interest, nevertheless, in the cause of his party, to whose principles he was devotedly attached, and served it faithfully, as opportunity offered, in its conventions, upon its state committee for many years, in no less than three National Conventions, and on the stump in many campaigns.

In 1871 he was the candidate of the Democratic party for Representative in Congress in the old Third District, the Republican candidate being that distinguished soldier, Gen. Simon G. Griffin of Keene. Although the district was normally Republican by a good majority and had never elected a Democrat since the Republican party came into existence, Mr. Parker was elected by a substantial plurality, and served so efficiently that he was re-elected in 1873, and completed the two terms then generally the extent of service accorded a New Hampshire Congressman. It was during his second term that the sewing machine monopoly, whose important patents were about expiring, put up its great fight for the extension of those patents. Mr. Parker was a member of the House Committee on Patents, and it was through his vote and influence in the Committee that an adverse report was made, and the monopoly defeated in the House.

At the close of the forty-second Congress Mr. Parker returned home, and resumed his legal practice, which had been interrupted by his absence during the several sessions, following the same closely through the balance of his long life; but never neglecting the duties of citizenship, which appealed to him no less strongly than those of his profession. He took an active interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the community, and was particularly active in furthering the cause of education. It was mainly through his efforts that the bequest of the late Paran Stevens for the establishment of a high school in Claremont was made available. He served for a long series of years as a member of the board of trustees of the school, and had been for more than a generation moderator of the school meeting, as well as town auditor, and

legal counsel. He was universally recognized as the town's "first citizen," and his judgment was ever sought, upon all measures and projects of public concern, and almost always followed.

In business affairs he was also active. He was for many years, and up to the time of his death, president of the Woodsum Steamboat Company, operating steamers on Lake Sunapee, was president of the People's National Bank of Claremont, and long a trustee of Tufts College, serving for some time as president of the board. He was also prominent in the Masonic order and had served for twenty-one years as Emment Commander of Sullivan Commandery, Knights Templar.

In religion Mr. Parker was a lifelong Universalist and had been for many years the most eminent layman of the denomination in the country. He was a lay reader in the little church at East Lempster, in youth, and for more than sixty years the leading spirit in the Universalist church at Claremont and superintendent of its Sunday School. He was for many years president of the Universalist Sunday School Convention; served for two terms as president of the General Convention of the United States and Canada, and had been for the last sixteen years president of the New Hampshire Convention of Universalist churches and, ex-officio, chairman of its Executive Board, his last service in the capacity having been at the meeting of the board in Concord last May.

Mr. Parker presided at the last great legislative reunion in New Hampshire, in connection with the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of the charter of Concord, and also served as temporary chairman of the last Constitutional Convention, in which he was a delegate and a member of the Legislative Committee. He had been for the last seventeen years president of the Sullivan County bar, by which he was honored with a complimentary dinner, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday anniversary, at the Hotel Claremont. In 1883 Tufts College conferred upon him the honorary degree of A. M., and in 1912 that of LL. D.

May 30, 1861, he was united in marriage with Caroline Louisa Southgate, of Bridgewater, Vt., who died September 14, 1904. He is survived by a daughter, Elizabeth S., wife of Rev. Lee S. McCollister, D. D., Chaplain of Tufts College and Dean of the Crane Divinity School; one grandson, Parker McCollister, assistant counsel of the New

York Central Railroad; one granddaughter, Catherine, wife of Hugh Gallaher of New York, and one brother, Hiram Parker of Penacook, now ninety-two years of age.

H. H. M.

#### DR. GEORGE COOK

Doctor George Cook, distinguished physician, surgeon, and nationally known fraternity man, and a life long resident of Concord, died there August 31 after a long and serious illness. He was born at Dover, N. H., November 16, 1848, and was the son of Solomon and Susan (Hayes) Cook. After receiving his early education at Franklin, Concord High School, University of Vermont Medical College, and Dartmouth Medical College, he commenced the practice of medicine at Henniker, and in 1875 removed to Concord, where he resided up to the time of his death.

In addition to his medical duties, Doctor Cook found time to devote considerable attention to church work, and for thirty years was vestryman in St. Paul's Church of Concord. During the early part of his career he was also superintendent of schools in Hillsborough, where he practiced medicine for a time. He was an ardent and enthusiastic Greek letter fraternity man; and in past years had made many trips over the United States for the Alpha Kappa Kappa Society, of which he was grand president. During the World War he was a member of the New Hampshire draft board.

He served as city physician of Concord from 1878 to 1884, was inspector of the State Board of Health in 1885, assistant surgeon in the New Hampshire National Guard in 1879, surgeon in 1882, medical director in 1884, and surgeon general in 1893-1894. He was United States pension examining surgeon from 1889 to 1893, a member of the Margaret Pillsbury hospital staff, president of the state medical examining and registration board since 1897, past president of the New Hampshire Medical Society, major and chief surgeon of the First Division, Second Army Corps of the United States Volunteers of the Spanish American War, a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, of the Odd Fellows and Sons of Veterans. He was also a member of the Military Surgeons of the United States, and a member of the American Medical Society.

A willing helper in the time of need, and of a lovable disposition, Doctor Cook

is mourned by a wide circle of friends. He is survived by two sisters and one brother, Mrs. John H. Currier of Concord, Mrs. W. H. Jenness of Rosendale, Mass., and William H. Cook of Cambridge, Mass.

#### GEORGE C. HAZELTON

George C. Hazelton, orator and author, was born January 3, 1833, in Chester, and died at his summer home on Walnut Hill in that town September 4. He was a graduate of Pinkerton Academy Derry of which he was one of the oldest alumni, and was also a graduate of Union College. He was a member of the Wisconsin state legislature and was president pro tem of that house. For three terms he had served as a member of Congress from Wisconsin, and had been United States district attorney. A Republican in politics, he had been on the stump for every Republican presidential candidate for the past sixty years, and was a member of the Chicago convention that nominated Lincoln for the presidency. For the past thirty years he has been a practicing attorney in Washington, D. C., where he was legal advisor for several South American countries.

Although advanced in years, Mr. Hazelton still retained those pleasing qualities which made him always much sought after as an orator, and he was the principal speaker at the exercises when the town of Chester celebrated its 200th anniversary August twenty-eighth last. Always deeply interested in the activities of his native town, where he had been an annual visitor, he had found time in the midst of a very busy career to compile and edit a history of the soldiers' monument at Chester.

He is survived by a son, John H. Hazelton, and three grandchildren.

#### JOSEPH MADDEN

Joseph Madden, prominent New Hampshire attorney, was born in Central Bridge, New York, July 1, 1866, the son of Thomas and Honora (Cain) Madden. After receiving his early education in the public schools of Keene, he studied law in the offices of Don H. Woodward of that city, and was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1889. For several years he was associated with the late Judge Parsons of Colebrook. Later he established himself in Keene, where he died Sept. 2.

An attorney of marked ability, Mr.

Madden was admitted to practice before the federal court and the United States Supreme Court, and was prominent in many important cases tried before those tribunals. He was a member of the American Bar Association, in 1921 was elected president of the New Hampshire Bar Association, and for many years was president of the Cheshire County Bar Association. In 1907 and 1911 he served as Democratic representative in the State Legislature, and this year was a Republican candidate for the same position. He served also in the Constitutional Conventions of 1901 and 1921. At the time of his death he was chairman of the divorce commission, and had only recently returned from Europe where he had gone to in-

vestigate conditions for the purpose of comparing them with those existing in this country.

Mr. Madden was affiliated with many social and fraternal organizations, being a member of the Keene Council Knights of Columbus, the Foresters, and the Keene Aerie of Eagles. From 1911 to 1915 served as captain of Company G, of the New Hampshire National Guard.

In 1894 he married Eugenie Chalis-four, who survives him, as do four brothers, Nicholas Madden of Chicago, Thomas Madden of Worcester, John Madden of Pittsburg, Mass., and Charles A. Madden of Keene, and two sisters, Mrs. Frank Burnham of Nashua and Mrs. Annie Belcher of Manchester, Mass.

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## RETROSPECTION

*By Ethel Davis Nelson.*

They were beautiful days,  
Those days of the past  
But we hurried them on,  
You and I.  
We knew not nor cared  
The pleasures they brought;  
We lived for the days  
By and by.

It was a beautiful life,  
The youth that was ours,  
But we heeded it not,  
You and I.  
We left all its sweetness,  
Its freshness and joy,  
While we sought for the days  
By and by.

'Twas a beautiful life,  
The past that was ours,  
And the wealth of its knowledge  
We've gained.  
Let us share it with those  
Who knew not its worth,  
And live in its pleasures  
Again.

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# *The* Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

**BARRINGTON AND HAMPTON FALLS 200th  
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ABBOTT H. THAYER MEMORIAL**

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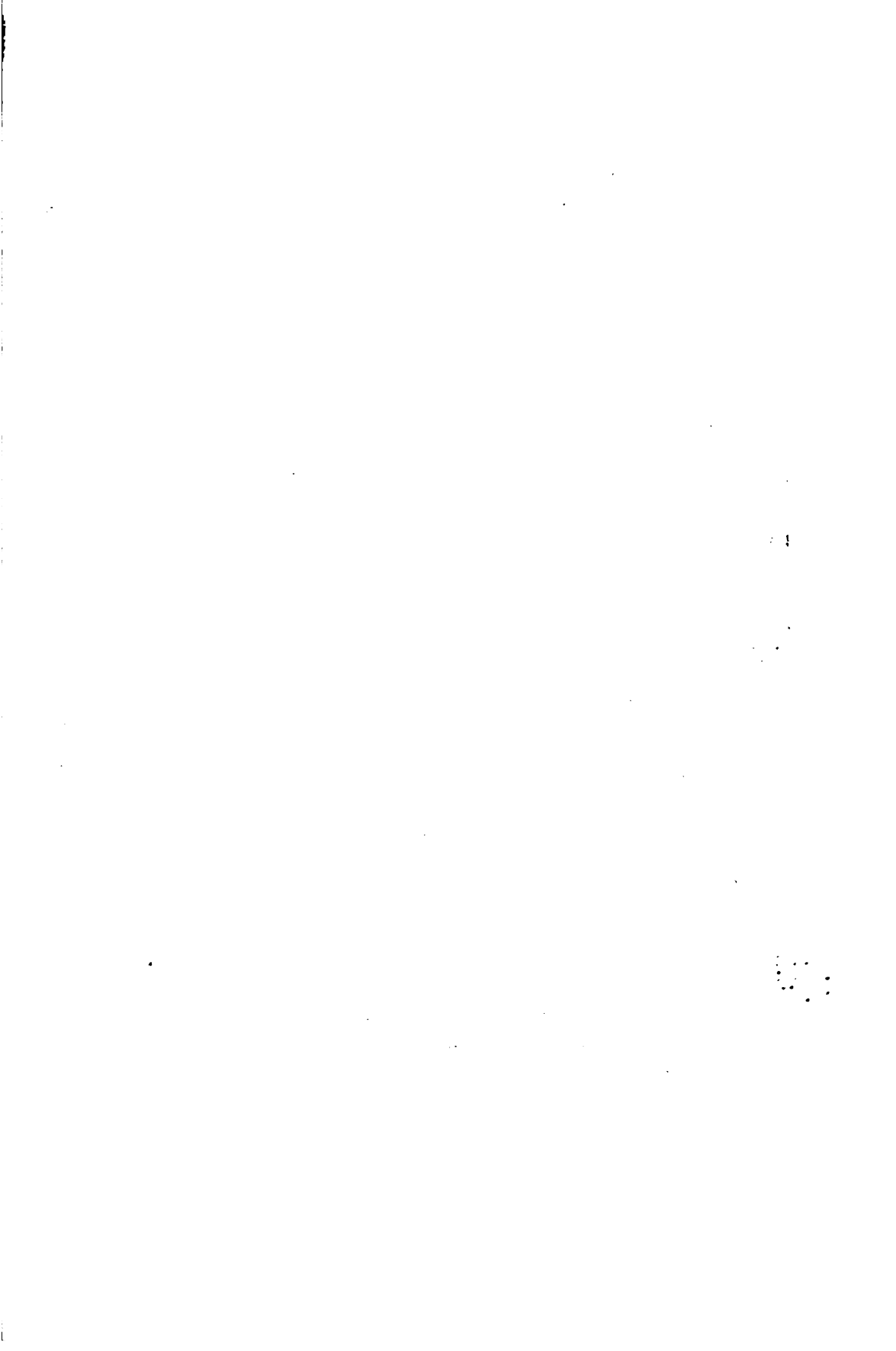
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WINTER SUNRISE ON MONADNOCK

By Abbott H. Thayer.

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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## MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

### ABBOTT H. THAYER

*By Alice Dinsmoor*

"Now, gentlemen take off your hats!" This was the introduction given by William M. Chase to a painting of Abbott H. Thayer's brought for exhibition at the Society of American Artists in New York, when really great works were hung there—when Inness, LaFarge, Vedder, Winslow Homer and their contemporaries were forming a school of distinctive American Art.

And ever since, men have kept their hats off to Thayer's work. Born in Boston in 1849, a student in New York and in Paris, resident in Peekskill and New York, his latest and most loved home was in Dublin, New Hampshire, where he died last May.

Soon after his death, a committee of artists and friends, including also his son, Gerald, were asked by the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of New York to bring together there a collection of his pictures, as a memorial exhibition. Accordingly seventy-eight paintings have been arranged in one of the galleries, and in a smaller room near some representative drawings. Thayer's intimate friend and the most discriminating art critic we have, Mr. Royal Cortissoz, has written the introduction to the catalogue.

With him as authority I am in no danger of straying from the truth in any statements I may make about the artist or his work.

As a boy and a student at the Academy in New York, Thayer painted dogs and horses and the

dwellers in the "Zoo." During his four years of study in Paris he gained in his ability to draw, but Gerome, in whose studio he worked, apparently left no impress upon him, though the discipline of his atelier was beneficial.

By 1887, Thayer began to paint flowers, landscapes and pictures, sometimes portraits of women and children. Intense lover of Nature and of beauty in the human face and form, his brush never failed to respond to their charm. It is impossible to imagine him as putting on canvas a repulsive object or scene.

Let us walk about the gallery just now sacred to Thayer's work. At the right on entering we find his "Winter Sunrise on Monodnock," owned by the Metropolitan. A purple haze lies over the mountain, its topmost ridge just touched with the rosy glow of the rising sun. Row upon row, the massive evergreens climb the side, rising from "a roughly generalized foreground" reminding one of Corot. Mr. Cortissoz says of this picture, "This is one of the greatest landscapes ever painted in America or anywhere else—a personal impression of nature."

A little beyond it, is a later picture of the same subject, which is to me yet more impressively beautiful. The sun has risen a little higher, not only lighting the topmost snowy heights but also throwing a dark, rich glow over the bare shoulder of the mountain. This

canvas, painted in 1919, belongs to the Thayer estate. I should suppose that the Corcoran or some of the other great art museums of our country would add this treasure to their collections.

With it should also go the majestic "Monadnock Angel"—his last picture and unfinished, but eloquent. The Angel, a life size woman's form with dark hair and round, girlish face, in a loose white robe such as Thayer loved to put about his figures, stands with spread wings and outstretched, half beckoning hands, on the mountain side, partly among the evergreens. It is as if Thayer had said to himself, "I will not leave my beloved mountain until I have bequeathed to her an angel form that shall ever bid nature-lovers to her shrine."

At the opposite end of the room is his "Caritas," familiar to all frequenters of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. A great pleasure indeed it is to see the majestic, statuesque figure and the lovely children beside her, here in New York. Near this hangs a three-quarters portrait of Alice Freeman Palmer, the early president of Wellesley College, lent by that institution. The shy wistfulness that those who knew that strong, noble woman never failed to find in her face, is there. Close by is one of the artist's most beautiful angels—the property of Smith College. She has laid one wing against a cloud, and resting her head upon it, has fallen asleep. The face is girlish and lovely.

For several of the pictures, his own children have served as models. Notable among them there is the

"Virgin Enthroned" one of his largest canvases and owned by his ardent admirer, Mr. John Gellatly, "The Young Woman in the Fur Coat" and "Lady in Green Velvet" have the splendid virility that we associate with Renbrandt and Leonardo. The "Boy and the Angel," painted between 1917 and 1920, Thayer himself was inclined to consider his best work. The Boy of perhaps ten years stands close in front of a strong, masterful angel, whose one hand is bent protectingly toward him, while the other, raised high above him, points forward.

The history of the "Figure half-draped" is as romantic as it is strange. "Painted in New York City in the 80's it was unearthed in some old box of canvases and forgotten sketches in the barn at the artist's home at Monadnock, New Hampshire, in the summer of 1920. No one apparently of the artist's family had remembered its existence during these thirty years or more, and it would seem that the artist himself had lost track of it." It is "lent anonymously," and I am told was sold for a higher price than had ever been paid for a painting by an American.

The woods and the flowers and the winds, especially as they are associated with his beloved Monadnock, were inseparably a part of Thayer's very being, and so it was most fitting that when "the earthly home of his tabernacle" had been reduced to ashes, they should be scattered on that mountain top to be guarded by the angels of the mountain and the clouds.

# FRANKLIN B. SANBORN

## AN APPRECIATION

*By Harold D. Corew*

Franklin B. Sanborn, last of the abolitionists, disciple of Emerson, counsellor of John Brown, friend and biographer of these two crusaders and their contemporaries, Higginson, Longfellow, Thoreau, Channing, Bronson Alcott, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker and Hawthorne, was perhaps Hampton Falls' most illustrious son; and this year, when that little New Hampshire town is celebrating its two hundredth anniversary, it is timely to record something of the man whose career as a patriot, historian, publicist, and biographer gave him world-wide distinction.

Frank Sanborn was essentially a radical, a soldier of the common good. He played many parts during his more than eighty-five years, and each part he played well. His death on February 24, 1917, marked the closing of a remarkable life such as is given to few men. It is perhaps too early to make a critical estimate of his work, although his influence on three generations was very great. It is a singularly remarkable fact and one worth recording that with his advancing years, when most men's literary output diminishes and their activity in current affairs become lessened, Sanborn maintained his voluminous production with the same vigorous buoyancy that marked his earlier years. He was a veritable storehouse of knowledge, with wide experience covering the greater part of one century and no inconsiderable part of the present one. It is unthinkable that a man who molded his opinions under the influences of such a remote period as the 1850's and who was a leading

participant in the anti-slavery movement, could have kept abreast of the times not only as a student but as a leader and a teacher of modern democratic ideals. But this he did up to yesterday, as it were, championing what he believed right and opposing what he thought wrong; writing a spirited defence of this and caustic criticism of that; supporting this movement with all the passionate fire of his forceful and attractive intellect and directing with unrestricted vigor the shafts of harsh condemnation against what he considered mistaken ideals and false standards.

Born in Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, on the last day of the year 1831, the years of his youth became intimately associated with the little town of Peterborough—an association whose spiritual influence for more than sixty years gave Peterborough the enduring dignity of a shrine. This interest was the memory of a romance shattered into tragedy under circumstances at once the most poignant and pathetic. In his "Recollections of Seventy Years," written when he was seventy-five, he chronicles the story of his meeting with Miss Ariana Smith Walker of Peterborough in the little church at Hampton Falls one Sunday morning; of his subsequent visits to the Walker home, of the courtship that followed, and of the hurried marriage that took place when her approaching end was only a matter of days. Sanborn made many pilgrimages to Peterborough during his lifetime, to "the little wood across" and to other scenes which he cherished with deep rev-

erance and which he describes with vivid, sentimental appreciation. My repeating the story here is needless when he himself has told it so much better than I could repeat it. No sympathetic insight of mine would be comparable to the tribute he weaves round the reality and the memory.

## II

As a publicist Sanborn was pre-eminently a leader, an authority who spared no one for the sake of nicety of expression. A hater of sham and hypocrisy, he had no use for the social and political demagogue. He had an almost uncanny ability to forecast political events. I recall a notable instance, in February, 1912, when Roosevelt had announced his hat was in the ring for the presidential nomination, he prophesied to me the outcome of the feud between T. R. and Taft. He likened Roosevelt to President Buchanan, who divided the Democratic party in 1860, and declared that if the Oyster Bay statesman, whose political life Sanborn considered then at stake, did not receive the Republican nomination at Chicago, he would not submit to defeat, but would straightway proceed to organize a third party. That was four months before the memorable cry of fraud went up in the convention hall. What Sanborn told me was printed as an interview in a Boston newspaper. His opinion was widely heralded throughout the country, though his dislike for Roosevelt was generally understood; and in the light of events that followed, this prophecy serves to indicate the accuracy of his political predilections.

I have said that Frank Sanborn was a radical. He was a radical in the sense of being unconventional. I have said that he was a hater of sham and hypocrisy. The very foundation of his social philosophy

precluded his being otherwise. The only aristocracy he recognized is the aristocracy of intellect. He was a keen and critical analyst, capable of understanding the motives that move men, quick to detect superficial traits and shallow pretense. Intuitively he perceived cause and effect with sweeping precision, and through his long life he never lost the spirit of radicalism born of freedom. It was the radical spirit which made him an agitator and led him into that courageous circle headed by Wendell Phillips.

The year 1835 witnessed the mobbing of William Lloyd Garrison in the streets of Boston by slavery sympathizers. Abolition was then in general disfavor except with a little knot of agitators here and there, and anyone known to be in sympathy with the movement was socially and politically ostracized. That same year, Phillips, just admitted to practice as an attorney in Massachusetts, had seen the mobbing of the friendless editor. Soon after he threw himself into the cause with all the ardor and sincerity of youthful conviction. Seventeen years later, when Sanborn arrived to participate in the struggle, Phillips and his co-workers were yet regarded as dangerous radicals.

Sanborn must have counted well the cost, but his radicalism born of freedom urged him into the work on the side of righteousness. Public opinion had not yet crystallized against slavery, and conservative business interests exercised complete mastery over the situation, giving of their time and influence and money to repel these crusaders for equal rights.

Sanborn was secretary of the Massachusetts Kansas Committee during the dark days of border ruffianism and bloodshed when Kansas Territory was the center

of the struggle between the forces of anti-slavery settlers and Southerners who wished to save the territory to slavery. To his office in the Niles Building in Boston came John Brown one day, and of this first meeting Sanborn says: "I was sitting in my office one day in 1857 when Brown entered and handed me a letter from my brother-in-law, George Walker, of Springfield. He had known Brown as a neighbor and a borrower of bank loans while carrying on a large business as a wool dealer . . . . . He (Brown) was profound in his thinking and had formed his opinions rather by observation than by reading, though well versed in a few books, chiefly the Bible." Sanborn possessed a keen insight which at once aided him in understanding Brown's motives and ideals. Of Brown he further records: "He saw with unusual clearness the mischievous relation to republican institutions of Negro slavery, and made up his fixed mind that it must be abolished not merely, or even mostly, for the relief of the slaves, but for the restoration of the Republic to its original ideal."

Brown was entertained at Sanborn's house in Concord, Massachusetts, during his visits to New England to raise money for the defense of "bleeding Kansas," and Sanborn, though having no knowledge of the old captain's plans, aided indirectly in the plans for the Harper's Ferry raid which lighted the fires of civil war. Indeed, it was the finding on Brown's person of letters written by Sanborn which caused the issuance of a summons for Sanborn to appear before the United States Senate to tell what he knew of the event which ended so disastrously for the captain. A record of this brief but loyal friendship which terminated with the execution of Brown at Charlestown, Virginia, on December 2, 1859, is

made both in his biography and in his "Recollections."

John Brown's heroic figure has taken its place in history, and time has removed him sufficiently from our day to enable us to judge his worth and influence fairly. Contemporary judgment is not usually unbiased but there are those who have the vision to determine aforesaid what the estimate of other times will be. This is particularly true in the case of John Brown.

### III

Sanborn's friendship for Brown "led to unexpected and most important results," as he himself has recorded. Those unexpected results were his complicity, indirectly, in the plans for the foray on Harper's Ferry—the event which definitely served notice on the slaveholders that slavery in free territory would be repulsed by conflict; his subsequent summons to Washington, and, later, the order that he be arrested and brought before the United States Senate to tell what he knew of "Brown's treason;" and Sanborn's sensational escape into Canada upon advice of his counsel, John A. Andrew, who later was to become the war governor of Massachusetts.

"I have met many men and women of eminent character and of various genius and talents, among whom Brown stands by himself—an occasion for dispute and blame as well as for praise and song," says Sanborn in his biography of the old captain. "I belong now to a small and fast dwindling band of men and women who fifty, sixty, and seventy years ago resolved that other persons ought to be as free as ourselves. Many of this band made sacrifices for the cause of freedom—the freedom of others, not their own. Some sacrificed their fortunes and their lives. One man, rising above the

rest by a whole head, gave his life, his small fortune, his children, his reputation—all that was naturally dear to him—under conditions which have kept him in memory, while other victims are forgotten or but dimly remembered. John Brown fastened the gaze of the whole world upon his acts and his fate; the speeding years have not lessened the interest of mankind in his life and death; and each succeeding generation inquires what sort of man he truly was . . . . What more impossible than that a village girl of France should lead the king's army to victory? —unless it were that a sheep farmer and wool merchant of Ohio should foreshow and rehearse the forcible emancipation of four millions of American slaves?"

Sanborn believed with Wendell Phillips that the recognition or permission of a wrong is "an agreement with hell;" that a nation, like an individual, cannot hope for enduring greatness if it lose its sense of moral responsibility; and that the claim set up by the slaveholding oligarchy that slavery was constitutional must be met with militant defiance, even by conflict if necessary. This was the keynote of his rebellious youth, an index of his character throughout his career. His early beginning as an apostle of freedom, a beginning which was fraught with great personal danger, made him forever a staunch defender of human rights.

Like all men with decided opinions, and unafraid to pronounce them, Sanborn was as thoroughly hated by some as he was sincerely loved by others. He never hesitated to say what he thought, was blunt and brusque at times, and, occasionally, with his peculiar gift of phrase, wielded a scathing satire almost brutal in its frankness. He never, when asked his opinion, concealed his thoughts, never equiv-

ocated for expediency's sake; and what we modernly refer to as "calling a bluff" he revelled in. A born agitator, he had no patience with vain pretension, and his condemnation of it cut like a rapier. With Voltaire he could say to an opponent: "I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it."

#### IV

Emerson chose Concord for his home because of its ancestral associations. Thoreau was born there and lived away from the town only for a few weeks at a time. Bronson Alcott went there to live in 1840, Hawthorne took up his residence in the Old Manse two years later, and the next year Ellery Channing wrote to Emerson why he had come all the way from Illinois: "I have but one reason for settling in America. It is because you are there. I not only have no preference for any place, but I do not know that I should even be able to settle upon any place if you were not living. I came to Concord attracted by you; because your mind, your talents, your cultivation, are superior to those of any man I know, living or dead. I incline to go where the man is, or where the men are, just as naturally as I should sit by the fire in winter. The men are the fire in this great winter of humanity."

In December, 1854, Sanborn was invited by Emerson to take charge of his children as pupils, and in March of the next year the young Harvard student, not yet finished with his own studies, removed to Concord and opened a school in the village. He welcomed the invitation, for it gave him a means of livelihood and an opportunity to be near the poet-philosopher and to enjoy the company of Thoreau, whom he had met that year in Cambridge. The poet-naturalist

had just published "Walden," and Sanborn, temporarily editing one of the Harvard magazines, had reviewed the book. Thoreau sought out Sanborn when he next went to Cambridge, but the young reviewer being out when his visitor called, the two did not meet until nearly a year later. From the meeting which took place at Concord came a friendship which lasted until Thoreau's death in 1862.

The golden age of Concord literary days was, in many respects, from 1878 to 1888, the decade during which the School of Philosophy was held. The school was in some measure a fulfillment of the promise of Transcendentalism, for which Margaret Fuller and Theodore Parker had labored as editors of "The Dial," the publication which was Emerson's dream of an international magazine. The school became world famous, having at one of its sessions, which were held for four weeks each summer, as many as a hundred students. Although the Concord circle had already lost Thoreau and Hawthorne, Alcott, Emerson, and Channing took active part in its formation. Emerson's death in 1882 gave the following session of the school over to studies in Emersonian philosophy.

How far reaching have been the influences of the school it is impossible to say, though certainly as a forerunner of university summer schools and the Chautauqua it served to stimulate thought on other subjects than philosophy. Sanborn's leadership in organizing the movement led the other members to choose him secretary of the association.

The first of Concord's brilliant group to lay down his pen was Thoreau. Two years later (1864) Hawthorne died in Plymouth, New Hampshire. Sanborn knew Hawthorne less intimately than he did

the others, for the author of "The Scarlet Letter," having received an appointment from his old friend and classmate, President Pierce as consul to Liverpool, had left Concord early in 1853, and did not return until late in June, 1860. Hawthorne knew little about politics and cared less. He took no more than passing interest in the social movements of the day, and the two found little in common.

## V

In his "Recollections" Sanborn tells us that one of his decisions in early life was to do his own thinking. "I saw no reason why," he wrote, "I should take my opinions from the majority or from the cultivated minority—or from any source except my much-considering mind." And he stoutly maintained this resolution to the last. That is why he would neither be gagged by convention nor stampeded into action by popular clamor. He was a liberal in politics and in religion, and his independence made him a detached observer of current events. His semi-weekly letters contributed for nearly half a century to the Springfield Republican were always written with refreshing vigor and were a source of inspiration to that journal's great army of readers interested in politics and letters.

Sanborn as a biographer of his friends flings away all bookish culture and shows the sensitive appreciation with which he noted every utterance, every incident worth remembering, during his years of friendship with the men who made New England the center of American literature. Perhaps more than anyone else he was better fitted for the work. He knew the truth, either from their own lips or from his personal knowledge of events to which he wished to give permanency. From the time of his going to Concord he kept an ex-



acting account in his journal of all meetings, conversations, and occurrences, and he placed upon these records the stamp of historical accuracy instead of leaving them to be shaped by the mere guesswork of those who were to come after him. Events in which he himself had participated are so closely interrelated to the story he tells that we find it the more interesting for the personal touch, the intimate understanding with which it is told, the authority in which it is clothed. Sanborn made his biographies more than literary reminiscences. He lifted his subjects into the realm of living memories. Under his touch they are not historical char-

acters but people very much alive to one who studies them; not authors who lived and wrote for a reading public a half century ago, but teachers imparting wisdom, apostles bearing the message of a new spiritual philosophy.

Sanborn was blessed with long life and he devoted it to great causes. He was not a great writer but he was a faithful and painstaking one. His temperament was essentially that of the biographer, and he became Concord's Boswell. Although the fame of his friends transcends his own, he earned a worthy place for his name in the Republic of Letters.

## PROMETHEUS

*By Walter B. Wolfe*

Rosy the snow lies under my ski  
And the sun bronzes my face;  
Glittering sapphires on the white slope  
Dare me to race.

Morning triumphantly rules on the crest;  
Sun in the heavens is high;  
Only the valleys are dark far below  
Where the fogs lie.

There men still sleep in darkness and dreams;  
Somberly reigns there the night;  
Here on the mountain in splendor there glows  
Celestial light.

Over the chasm! Exultant I course  
Swift as the wind, to the west;  
Aura of sunlight and streaming white gold  
Flung from my crest.

Prometheus am I! And I ski from the heights  
Down over blinding white snow,  
Bearing the torch of Apollo with me  
To world below.

# HAMPTON FALLS BICENTENNIAL

*By Frances Healey*

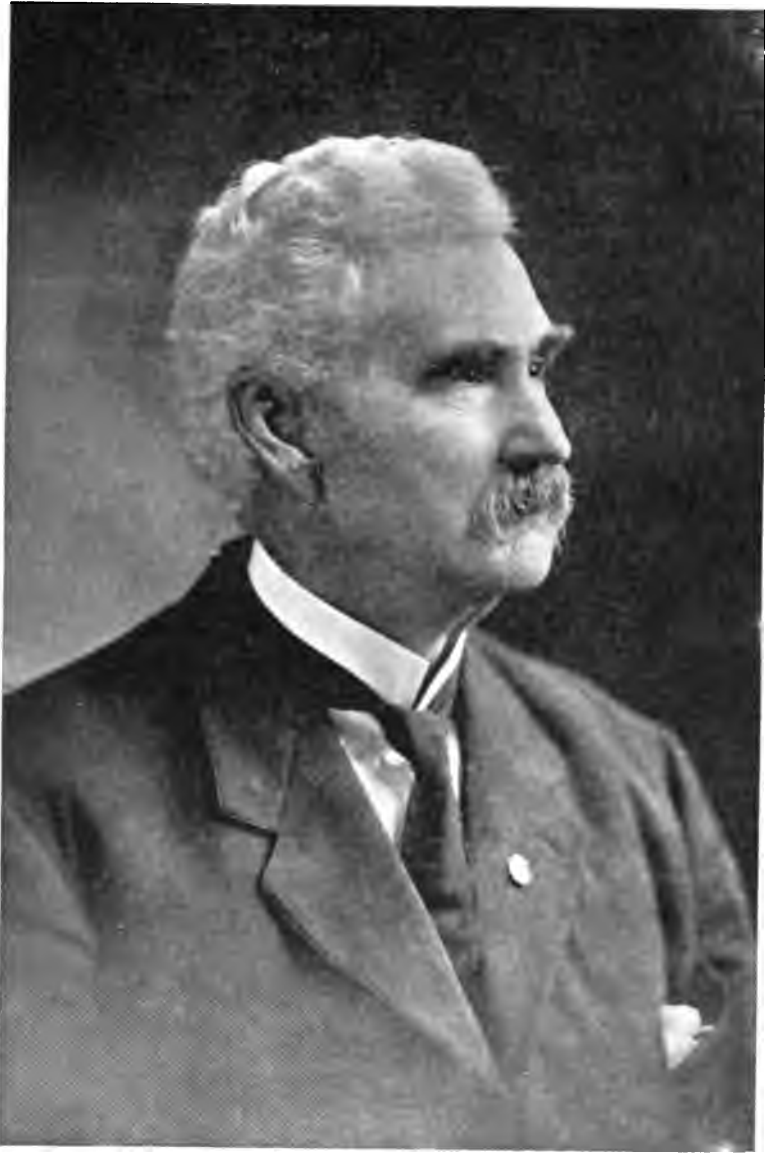
August 24, 1922 was such a day as belongs to Hampton Falls, misty and overcast, with a hint of rain that did not fall. A warm day, tempered in the afternoon by a fugitive east wind that brought into the Town Hall a breath of the sea, that sea that nearly three hundred years before, bore Stephen Bachiler and his little company from Old England to the New. On this day the town celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the separation of Hampton and Hampton Falls, and the folk of the latter town stoutly maintaining that theirs is the parent.

The town has always been proud of her sons. With the sturdy independence that is the inheritance of all New England towns, there has been a liberality of mind, a touch of statemanship in more than one, and these have given the town a certain wideness of vision. They built large, two-story houses on their well-kept farms, and the town has always expressed prosperity and thrift. The population has fluctuated very little, running between five and seven hundred in the past two hundred years. Farms have changed hands, but the owners have worked their land as a means of livelihood, which has meant that Hampton Falls has always been a town of homes, and not of "summer places," and transient visitors.

Among her famous sons was Nathaniel Weare, who was sent to London in 1682 to settle a dispute concerning land titles. His grandson, Meshech Weare, Washington's friend and the first president of New Hampshire, lived here, and his house and the monument on the Common are our most conspicuous landmarks. Frank B. Sanborn, the Sage of Concord, was born and

brought up in the town, one of a large and brilliant family. He and Warren Brown, progressive farmer and politician and author of the excellent History of the town, were own cousins. Here in the quiet beauty of Miss Sarah Abbie Gove's house, John G. Whittier visited and rested, and here he died. Of the next generation, Ralph Adams Cram and his brother, William Everett Cram, have brought honor to the town, and Alice Brown's books have immortalized the country life of forty years ago.

For this celebration, committees had been appointed and money appropriated at the Town Meeting in March. Walter B. Farmer was chairman of the General Committee, which included Mrs. Sarah Curtis Marston, Mrs. Annie Healey Dodge, Mr. George F. Merrill and Dr. Arthur M. Dodge. Invitations were sent to every man and woman who claimed residence or ancestors here. When the day came, nearly every house in town was decorated with flags. The fields were empty, the front doors locked. All had turned toward the Town Hall, where the program was to be given. Automobiles kept coming all day, in the morning for sports and visiting, for renewing old friendships. There were no outsiders. Everyone belonged here and seemed akin to all the rest. Signs urged each one to register. In the lobby, presided over by the Reception Committee, was the book, given to the town by Mrs. Berlin. Page after page was filled, over 700 names in all. Bows of tri-colored ribbon were given, these bows being the tickets of admission to the hall for the afternoon and evening sessions. With the ribbons were the programs designed by Samuel Emmons Brown.



THE LATE WARREN BROWN  
Historian of Hampton Falls.

They carried out the scheme of the day in their beautiful lettering copied from a book of 1722.

There were games and sports for those who wanted to see them, and

in two large tents pitched near the Library just across the road from the Hall, the Town served luncheon to its guests and its own people.

By half past two every seat in the

hall was taken and the Selectmen's room and the kitchen on either side of the entrance were full of standing listeners. Music of the outdoor band concert drifted in, many voices hummed, there was a homely, happy sound of low laughter. Then, escorted by members of the Reception Committee, the speakers of the afternoon climbed the steps to the platform. Talking to that audience was talking to one's own family. There was no alien there. We had met to show our pride and love for the town, and we found with a sort of happy surprise that the town had woven us into one fabric, that we who were many, were in a very deep and real sense, one. Mr. Parker, minister of the Baptist Church, offered prayer. Mr. Farmer then introduced the speakers, binding together with skill and tact, the different addresses.

Reverend Elvin J. Prescott spoke on the history of the town. He emphasized the liberality of the fathers, their hearty independence both of the Puritan colony at the south, and the commercial settlement at Strawberry Bank. He used the church records, the most trustworthy source for those early days. He was followed by Miss Mary Chase, who sang to a justly enthusiastic audience.

The next speaker was Dr. Ralph Adams Cram of Boston and Sudbury. Dr. Cram told of his pride and love for his birthplace and "fellow-citizens." He touched on the past, saying "Although I hold no brief for the unlovely qualities of the Puritans, they did develop here in New England a certain high character that has influenced and to a large extent moulded the whole country." He sketched the town life of forty or fifty years ago when all necessities were raised on local farms. Wheat and vegetables, beef, pigs, sheep for food, wool and flax for clothes, candles, soap, shoes,

dyes, all these came from the land, and the householders created from their own raw materials the finished articles. All that has changed with the development of machinery and the hordes of foreign-born, congesting our cities. Mr. Cram said a city of over 100,000 is a mistake, and a city of a million is a crime. With this increase in the size of the cities, and dilution of our racial stock, have come different morality and ideas. Along with these economic and social changes has come a political change. For one reason or another the small town has relinquished or had taken from it, its earlier powers. The town, instead of being ruled by its own people, is directed by the state or by Washington. This political situation is full of danger, and already there are signs that centralization of authority has gone as far as it can, and that a new tide of decentralization is setting in. In this new tide, Dr. Cram sees great hope for the future of the small town. With responsibility and power restored, the town can meet its own problems and develop as a unit. Transportation difficulties, manipulation of crops, all the dangers of the present intricate and perilous economic structure, vanish in a self-supporting town. Dr. Cram closed by pointing out the great opportunity that awaits such towns as Hampton Falls, where the farms are owned and managed by descendants of the early settlers, unhampered by the assimilation of an alien population.

The town showed its hearty approval and enthusiasm for its distinguished townsman by prolonged applause. He had touched a chord in all hearts, for he had said the thing we believed and had longed to hear put into words by a man of power. It was this note of hope and of faith in a living future for Hampton Falls that dominated the

entire day, and to Dr. Cram belongs the honor of putting it into words.

Mrs. Walter B. Farmer read the following poem written by another famous child of Hampton Falls—Alice Brown:

#### HAMPTON FALLS

O pleasant land of field and stream,  
Down-dropping to the sea!  
No words could weave a dearer dream  
Than your reality.

The sunbright mists bewitch the air  
Above your bowery grace.  
And fair you are,—but ten times fair  
The veil upon your face

Of spin-drift, salt, and fragrance blent,  
The ocean's benison,  
Mixed for a moment's ravishment,  
And, with the moment, gone.

And you are fair when driven snow  
Lies hollowed, darkly blue,  
And fair when winds of morning blow,  
And drink the morning dew.

And fair when orchards richly hang  
Beauty on bending trees,  
Become, where late the bluebird sang,  
A bright Hesperides.

Mirror of England's Midland bloom  
Ribbed with New England rock!  
Our sires, who framed our spacious room,  
That staunch, enduring stock,

Were not more leal to you than we  
Who love you,—nor forget  
The faiths that kept our fathers free  
Are yours and England's yet.

The final address was given by  
Rev. Charles A. Parker. He too

looked toward the future, and saw the town growing in success as the ideals of cooperation grow. Miss Frances Healey read a prophecy concerning Hampton Falls in 2122 A. D., and the afternoon meeting closed with the singing of America, led by Joseph B. Cram.

For a few hours the Town Hall was deserted as duties of farm and house and "company" called the people home. But at eight o'clock every seat was again taken, chairs and settees in every available spot giving added room. The program of the day was given by townspeople, that of the evening by distinguished guests. No one who was there will forget that he has heard Arthur Foote play, and the town will always remember that he helped make the day one that the town recalls with pride. Mr. Charles T. Grilley of Boston read and was very generous to the enthusiastic audience. Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller of Boston and Little Boar's Head sang alone and in duets with Mr. Charles Bennett of Boston and Kensington. Mr. Bennett, accompanied by Mr. Foote, sang two of Mr. Foote's own compositions. "It was a wonderful audience to play to," one of the artists said. Fittingly, the celebration closed with a dance of the young people, to whom the future belongs.

#### MISS HEALEY'S PROPHECY

The east wind blows in from the sea  
Across the town eternally.  
Two hundred years ago it passed  
Through virgin timber. And the last  
Old house it whispered over then  
Is gone. Has this new age of men  
Built more enduring homes than they,  
Our fathers of an earlier day?

What will the east wind blow across  
These coming years? There will be loss  
Of landmarks known to you and me.  
Of all these orchards, scarce a tree  
With roughened, gnarled boughs, will bear  
Apples, where once great orchards were.  
And houses, homes of joys and tears,  
Will be forgot uncounted years.

Yet dear, quaint names will last. Who can  
Forget Drinkwater Road, and Frying-Pan?  
Or Brimstone Hill, its smoking lid  
Clamped with the starry-pointing pyramid  
Of Holy Church? The Common too,  
Shaded by antic maples, through  
Whose leaves, windswept, the sun pours down  
On sons and daughters of the town.

The sons and daughters! They will bear  
Names dear to us. And they will share  
This fair town's honor and heritage  
Binding them to our earlier age.  
Sanborn and Batchelder, Prescott, Brown,  
These are the names that built our town.  
Janvrin and Farmer, Dodge and Weare,  
Cram and Moulton, Lane, Pevear,  
Healey and Merrill, Greene, all these  
Names endure in our histories.

The east wind sweeping in from the sea  
Will find strange houses where ours be.  
More and statelier, shadowed by wings  
Of swiftest airplanes. The ether sings,  
Hums and whirrs in myriad keys  
Perpetual, vibrant mysteries.  
Men will hear echoing clear and far  
Ethereal voices from some bright star.  
And shouts of heroes centuries dead  
Will be caught up and heard and read.  
Caesar, rallying legions in Gaul,  
Boadicea, the thin, shrill call  
Of Jericho trumpets,—every man,  
Every sound since the world began.

Then men will acknowledge, as men now should.  
One holy, eternal brotherhood.  
And they will look back on this age of ours  
That slowly conquers physical powers  
As an age of beginnings, of gropings blind.  
For the holier, mightier powers of mind.

Some few old fogies may care to drive  
 An automobile, though half-alive  
 The neighbors think such doddering folk;  
 For sixty miles an hour's a joke!

And railroads, antiquated long,  
 Are quaint, remembered things of song.  
 Comforts and labor-helps will then  
 Fill every house. In some dark den  
 Of ancient store-room may be hid  
 Quaint coal-hods, Grandma's dear stove-lid,  
 And some may have a whole cook-stove  
 With all attachments Treasure-trove  
 To antiquarians that will be!  
 And some new modern house that we  
 Think of as grand and up-to-date  
 Will seem to them most antique!  
 And they will shake their heads and say  
 "Men built well in that early day!  
 Those good old days of nineteen twenty  
 With lumber cheap and workmen plenty!  
 Such timbers as we never see  
 In twenty-one hundred and twenty-three!

"And they had time, our ancestors,  
 To play, to celebrate! Their doors  
 Were freely open to guests! They ate  
 Enormous piles of food! A plate  
 Was heaped! While we but swallow  
 A dinner pill! And know to-morrow  
 We'll have another. It must, I think,  
 Have been great fun to eat and drink  
 With all your folk three times a day!  
 But the modern is the easier way!"

Perhaps two hundred years from now.  
 When you and I have long been ghosts,  
 We'll visit Hampton Falls again  
 And wander through the towns with hosts  
 Of our forefathers. How we'll laugh  
 Together, we and they! And find  
 Though years and centuries pass, not half  
 The difference we thought to see. Man's mind  
 Has little change, and swept away  
 Th' inventions of our hurried day,  
 The men of seventeen twenty-two  
 Were not unlike the rest of you.  
 Nor will they centuries after me  
 Be greatly changed essentially.

# TRAGEDIES IN MY ANCESTRY

*By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer*

It's the great tragedies that grip, either in fiction, drama, or history. There is in the human mind a certain fear, dread, perhaps sad memory, which gives a psychological basis for keen response to the tragic. We read, watch or listen breathlessly: then go away to ponder and never forget. In twenty years' study of such scraps, notes, records of my ancestry as I have been able to find, it is the tragic things that stand out before me. When read and dug out from original sources, the tragic things stand before us with vividness. I see with all its surrounding pathos, the body of a seventeen year-old lad (Betfield Sawyer) dragged from Smith's River in Danbury, and taken to the rude home in Hill—then laid away in the little family yard beneath the pines.

I see time and time again, scarlet fever and diphtheria enter the overcrowded households, and I feel the wearing care, the fears, the sadness of the fathers and mothers, as perhaps one, two, or even four of the little ones are taken away to the Churchyard. I see the widow with her children clinging about her, as the broken form of the husband and father is brought home, dying or dead, from accident, drowning, or a fall. Ah! the life of our brave ancestors in harsh New England was hard and full of sorrows in those days of insufficient equipment, to withstand the climate and give comfort.

I want to speak here of three such tragedies.

First, I take up the scourge of diphtheria. More dreadful a hundred-fold than small pox ever was. It originated in 1735, in Kingston, within six miles of where I was born, and where my ancestors had lived. Tradition said it started from a sick

hog. The germ theory of the spread of disease was unknown. Sick children were hugged and kissed by weeping parents, brothers and sisters. Funerals were public. It is easy to imagine the havoc it made. Into the family of my great, great great-grand-father it came. Two years before scarlet fever had taken two small children, now diphtheria took three more; taking five of the nine children from the home. What sorrow—depressing, deadening, it must have left. (Yet even in tragedy, there comes comedy. The clergymen furnished it in this case. They held a solemn conclave of prayer throughout the New Hampshire colony, and finally put forth the solemn judgment, that the plague was a visitation from God upon the people, because they did not pay their ministers on time. And they pointed out as proof, the fact that Massachusetts had a law compelling prompt and full payment, and that hence Massachusetts had no plague.)

I pass from Kensington up into the old settlement at Hill. Here scarlet fever takes the only two children of the strong young husband and wife, one aged three, the other one. The husband is unlettered, but he is a rude philosopher, such as Soutarev and Bonderev, who had such influence on Tolstoy. He says I will not bring children into the world to die. What's the use? He leaves his wife, refuses to again co-habit and goes off and lives alone; years later he becomes a lay Universalist preacher. David Sawyer was wrestling with the world-old problems, over which every generation has labored and sobbed and sighed.

Once more I turn back south, and I stop beside "Suicide Pond," near Whittier's home; and its sad story



greatly impressed the great poet, and he wrote his poem upon it. There the quiet, beautiful and shy maiden, loved by all, drowned herself at the age of 22. One of my ancestors loved the maiden; proposed to her marriage. She, in the purity of her heart, her sweet nature and quick conscience, would not allow him to marry her, without her telling him, that years before, when a maid of

seventeen, she had once, with a hired man on the place, violated the sanctions of morality. And he, poor dupe, felt in the harsh judgment of the standards of Puritanism, that she was thus unfitted to be his wife. Clothed in the carefully ironed dress she had hoped to be her wedding garment, she threw herself into the pond: he lived to be 87, unwedded, lonely and sad. The tragedy of ignorance.

## THE BLACK ROCK OF NANTASKET

*By Alice Sargent Krikorian*

What great upheaval in the ages past  
 Raised your huge shape above the ocean bed?  
 What changes, inconceivable and vast,  
 Sent the waves tossing round your massive head?  
 The lights send signals to you through the mist  
 From far away across the hurtling sea,  
 The waves croon softly, by the moonbeams kissed,  
 And stars come out to keep you company.  
 Our lives are like the ships that pass you by  
 Drifting so swiftly to Eternity,—  
 While there, grim, fixed, immovable you lie  
 Looking with steadfast eyes out toward the sea.

## URANIA: MUSE OF ASTRONOMY

*By Louise Patterson Guyol*

Great mother to the little stars, who cry  
 And huddle close about your skirts, afraid;  
 White queen of constellation-haunted shade;  
 You walk the unknown places of the sky  
 Where foreign moons and alien planets fly.  
 In space and darkness terribly arrayed  
 Where even a sun would shudder to have strayed  
 You have your throne, with heaven and hell near by.

Goddess, your heart is gentle as Love, I know,  
 But you have eyes deeper than Death. Your hand  
 Is kind, but foolish people here below  
 Cannot believe beauty so great and grand  
 Heeds little things: they think themselves forgot.  
 Only the wise, who know you, fear you not.

# BARRINGTON CELEBRATES

*By Morton Hayes Wiggin*

The picturesque old town of Barrington, arrayed in gala attire and aided by perfect weather, indeed did itself proud in the four-day celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of its incorporation, August nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first and twenty-second. It could be said without danger of exaggeration that it, as a whole, was the grandest and most successful event taking place within its borders during its long and eventful history.

On Saturday afternoon and evening of the nineteenth, the celebration was opened by a sale and entertainment in the Congregational Church, under the auspices of the Barrington Woman's Club. The entertainment proved to be excellent. The entertainers—J. F. Hicks, solist; Miss Norma and Mr. J. L. Slack, cornetists; and Mrs. Leonard Merrill, reader—were at their best and were greatly appreciated by a large and enthusiastic audience. The proceeds of the sale netted a very considerable sum toward the new community house which is to be erected as soon as funds become available.

The Congregational Church was crowded at the eleven o'clock service Sunday morning to hear the anniversary sermon delivered by the Rev. Francis O. Tyler, pastor of the church. Rev. Mr. Tyler was assisted in the service by the Rev. Chester W. Doe of Strafford in recognition of the fact that during the first ninety-eight years of its history, Strafford was a part of Barrington.

Directly following this service the congregation went to the site of the first Meeting House of the Town. Here a tablet, placed there

by the Congregational Christian Endeavor Society, was unveiled. This service took place after the choir, accompanied by two cornets, marched to the scene singing "Come to the Church in the Wildwood." This was followed by reading of the Scripture by Rev. Mr. Tyler and prayer offered by Mr. Doe. The tablet was unveiled by little Virginia Lougee, a descendant in the seventh generation from the first deacon of the Church, Hezekiah Hayes.

Following this ceremony an address, "The History of the First Congregational Church," was delivered by Morton H. Wiggin, a descendant from Deacon Hayes in the sixth generation. Mr. Wiggin said as an introduction that full appreciation of the early New England community life and spirit could be obtained only by important co-factors, politics and religion, and of these two religion as centered about the old meeting houses was the more important. He then spoke of the derivation of the term "Barrington" as from the early English walled "Tun" or town of the clan of "Boerings" or "Barings." The speaker then laid a political foundation to the address by briefly mentioning the steps leading to the building of the First Meeting House, namely: the grant made by the General Court of Massachusetts to the town of Portsmouth in 1672, in reward for a donation made by Portsmouth to Harvard College; the failure of Portsmouth to apply for the grant and the subsequent grant by the General Court of New Hampshire in 1719 of the "Two Mile Slip" or "New Portsmouth" to a group of opulent Portsmouth merchants in-

terested in iron mining along the banks of the Lamphrey River. It was of great interest that the speaker noted that the old line marking the upper boundary of this "Slip" passed directly in front of the tablet being dedicated and that it crossed the road at a point where many of the listening audience were standing.

Because the town of Portsmouth generously voted to repair H. M. S. "Barrington," that town was given a tract of land west of the Dover line six miles wide and thirteen

in Portsmouth which appropriated two hundred pounds for a meeting house thirty-six by forty-four. This was commenced at the foot of Waldron's Hill, but not being centrally located, was removed to the site which the dedicated tablet marks, where it was completed.

Mr. Wiggin then spoke of the call given by the town to Rev. Joseph Prince, a missionary-evangelist of note, who formed the First Congregational Church, June 18, 1755, and served as its pastor for thirteen years, during which time the rec-



TABLET—SITE OF FIRST MEETING HOUSE

miles long, which now includes the towns of Barrington and Strafford. The date of the charter for the town of Barrington as well as Chester, Nottingham and Rochester, was May 8, 1722. Since there was provision that a meeting-house must be built within seven years and the support of preaching in the charter, the religious history of the town begins at that point. The speaker spoke first, in this connection, about the four parsonages which have served the Congregational Church. He then spoke about the town meeting held

ords show that he always received his salary promptly. He next spoke of the Rev. Benjamin Balch, a Harvard graduate and chaplain during the war of 1812 on the U. S. S. "Ranger," who received a princely salary, since Barrington was, during the latter part of his thirty-one year pastorate, the third largest town in the state; of the fact that he is the only pastor of the church ever buried in the town; of the memorial service in 1912 in which his remains were removed from the Old Parsonage Lot to Oak Hill Cemetery. The pastors serv-

ing the Old Church were then commented upon.

The building of the new Church in 1840 and the new Town Hall in 1854, taking away both capacities of this old building, necessitating the selling of it to be removed to another spot as a dwelling was dwelt upon. Mr. Wiggin next described the Old Church as of a plain exterior, with pitch roof and two doors in front and with no steeple. The ornate interior with its great sounding-board over the high and richly carved pulpit, the pen-like

who is a descendant of Deacon Hayes in the fifth generation, spoke of the first Deacon, Hezekiah Hayes, of his advent from Dover to Barrington, his marriage to the daughter of Captain William Cate of the Cate Garrison, his service in the Revolution and the large number of his descendants. He spoke of the long public service of Deacon Benjamin Hayes, of Deacon John Garland of Green Hill, recalling concerning the latter the story of the stern command to his son to go out into the night to get a "back-log."



THE FIRST PARSONAGE

old pews with seats completely around, the great gallery around the three sides of the room, a constant attendant in which was the old negro slave of Capt. Hunking and Rev. Mr. Balch, "Old Aggie"; of the lack of stoves and the use of "foot warmers." The speaker finished his address by a brief resume of personages and events since 1840 and an eulogy to the Old Church.

Following the singing of the hymn "How Firm a Foundation," Deacon Elmer Wiggin delivered an address, "Deacons and Leaders of the Old Church." Deacon Wiggin,

for the fireplace. The son returning with a small one was rebuked and told to go out and not return until he had a sizable back-log. The son remained away nine years but upon return brought in a huge back-log on his shoulder, saying, "Here is your back-log, Father."

Although the Garland family moved back into the wilderness in 1812, they did not get outside the bounds of their native town. The speaker next spoke of Deacon William Cate of the Cate Garrison, the leading figure in the town of his day. He mentioned public spirited Deacon Wingate of Madbury who

in 1848 moved to Weare, but never liked his new surroundings, for at home in Madbury he was "Esquire Wingate," but in Weare he was "Old Man Wingate." Mention was made of Deacon Thomas Hussey, father of Professor T. W. H. Hussey; Mrs. Judge Knapp of Somersworth, who left a fund known as the "Hussey Fund" to the Church; of Deacon Thompson, who had three sons in the Civil War, one of whom was killed in action and buried in the debris of Fort Sumter, although there is a tablet to his memory in Oak Hill Cemetery. The speaker mentioned a very interesting episode concerning James Hayes, son of Paul Hayes, one of the founders of the church, who, owning the tip top of Green Hill, raised a huge crop of corn in the famine year of 1816, when all other crops were killed by frost. Demanding a silver dollar for each peck, Hayes made a huge fortune for those days. The son of James Hayes, somewhat of a reprobate, being reprimanded at one time by the minister, entered the church, one Sunday morning, and with great noise and profanity nailed up the door of his pew. Deacon Wiggin mentioned as deacons of the new Church, Deacon Joseph Babb, Deacon J. R. Drew, Deacon Samuel C. Ham, Deacon William C. Buzzell, brother of Captain Lewis Buzzell of Company F., Thirteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, who was killed leading his men against the enemy at Suffolk, Virginia; Deacon Horace G. Carter and the deacons now serving with the speaker, William B. Swaine and George B. Haley. The address ended with a eulogy to the sacrifice made by the faithful church members of the past.

This impressive dedication ceremony was concluded by the singing of "America."

Sunday evening "Old Home

Vespers" were held with a filled church auditorium in attendance. The Vespers were opened with a song service followed by the reading of Scripture and prayer by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Tyler. Miss Hilma Anderson of Everett, Massachusetts, sang a selected solo that was much appreciated. The address of the evening was given by Mr. Thomas C. Ham of New York, who took as his subject "Where there is no vision, the people perish"—Prov. 29: 18. Mr. Ham, who is the son of the late Deacon Samuel C. Ham, began his address by a series of reminiscences of his boyhood days and the good influences which surrounded him. His main address was devoted, however, to the alarming decadence of the New England rural town, Barrington being one which is a good example. He did not confine himself, however, to a delineation of these tendencies, but came out with a straight-forward constructive program for every rural community which to his mind would strike at the root of rural New England decay. His proposals were as follows; (1) reforestation of deforested areas; (2) introduction of the graded school; (3) the utilization of the water power of the town to generate electrical power which would bring industry into the life of the town; (4) renewed interest in the Church and a careful study of its place in the community; (5) the formation of a "Vision Committee," which would hold before the community as a whole a vision of a greater future. In closing his address, Mr. Ham pleaded for the conservation of the rural youth for the rural communities, and for a vision to be always held before the community; for "Old men shall dream dreams, but young men shall see visions."

Following Mr. Ham's very able address, a mixed quartette from the

choir sang the "Vesper Hymn." The service closed with the singing of "Abide With Me" and the benediction.

On Monday at 2 p. m., there was a Play Carnival and Sports at Depot Field, under the direction of Mr. R. W. Giviens, the County Y. M. C. A. Secretary. There was a Junior and Senior 100 Yard Dash, Obstacle Race, Sack Race, Relay Race, Three-legged Race, Tug of War, Potato Race, and Group and Mass Games. This feature was greatly enjoyed by a large group of boys and young men.

The concert of the Schubert Male Quartette of Boston, assisted by Dorothy Berry Carpenter, on Monday evening was attended by an enthusiastic audience which taxed the capacity of the Congregational Church, and was generally acclaimed the treat of the anniversary. The rendering of the "Vocal March," "Arion Waltz," "Aloha" and "Songs of Home" by the quartette were enthusiastically greeted and many encores were responded to. Dr. Ames, in his rendering of the "Roses of Picardy" and the work of the bass, Mr. McGowan, were very well received. Miss Carpenter, the reader, took the audience by storm in the recital of "Daddy Long Legs," "A Model Letter" and "A Joy Ride."

Tuesday was the great day of the anniversary, beginning with a band concert at 9:30 a. m. by the Barrington-Northwood Band, E. L. Wiggin, director. At 11 a. m., without delay, the anniversary parade, one of the finest ever held in this section, started. It was headed by Chief Marshal William S. Davis and Assistant Marshal, George B. Leighton, followed by the Barrington-Northwood Band. In the rear of the Band marched the combined John P. Hale Council of Barrington and the B. W. Jenness Council of Strafford, Junior O. U.

A. M., there being about one hundred men in line, an array of thirty-three beautifully decorated floats, followed by a detachment of World War Veterans in line of march and Civil War Veterans in automobiles. Automobiles lined both sides of the line of march for nearly half a mile, the line of march being from Oak Hill Cemetery through the East Village and a counter march back through the East Village to the Congregational Church. The judges of the parade, Mr. C. C. Copeland of Boston, Mr. Newall of Boston and Mr. Thomas C. Ham of New York, awarded the prizes as follows according to (1) appropriateness, (2) detail, (3) originality: First prize, West Barrington—a log cabin, the interior decorated with old-fashioned furniture and implements, the detail complete even to a fire place. Second prize, Fred Stone—a beautifully decorated team with historic background. Third prize, John P. Hale Council, Junior O. U. A. M.—a large truck decorated with national colors with four soldiers guarding the Goddess of Liberty. Fourth prize, Madbury Industries—a decorated truck with a complete barnyard scene. Other floats deserving particular mention were the beautiful Girls' Club Car, the Congregational Church, the advertising car of A. L. Calef, the complete blacksmith shop of William Palmer and the Woman's Club. All of the floats showed originality and tasty design and were liberally applauded as they passed the waiting throng.

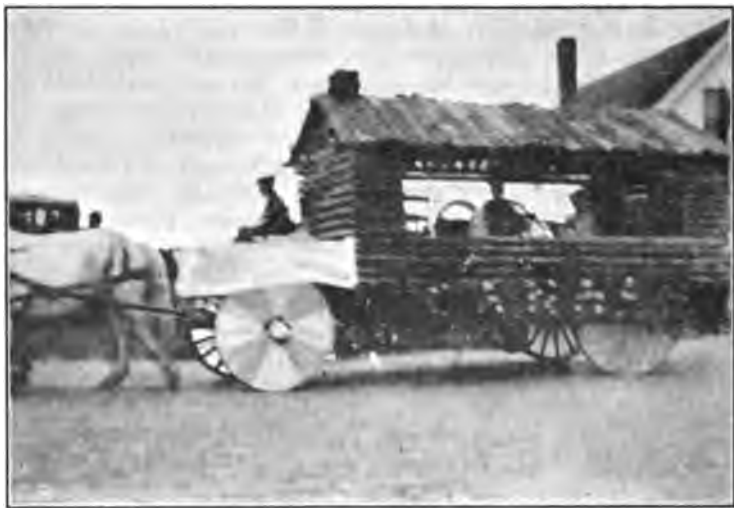
During the picnic dinner hour a most enjoyable occasion was had, especially by those renewing old acquaintances and recounting old tales.

At 1:30 p. m. the Old Home exercises took place. These were opened by a selection by the band and prayer by Rev. Francis O. Tyler. The address of welcome was delivered by Charles A. Tib-

betts, President of the Day. "The Old Garrison," a poem written by Robert Boodey Caverly, the famous local poet, about the old Cate Garrison, was recited by his grand-nephew, Master Robert Caverly of Strafford. The historic address of the day was delivered by Mr. John Scales of Dover. In his introductory remarks of twenty-five minutes, he spoke of the first impressions he received, when he came to Barrington to reside, 70 years ago, on the Judge Hale Farm.

miles to the west was the Land of Canaan.

Mr. Scales next explained why the town came to be called Barrington. The town of Portsmouth repaired the frigate of the Royal Navy, named Barrington. The tax payers got their pay from the Provincial Assembly by its making them a gift of a tract of land, six miles wide along the west line of Dover, and extending back twelve miles into the wilderness; beyond, the wilderness extended to Canada.



WEST BARRINGTON FLOAT—FIRST PRIZE

He came from his native home in Nottingham, where he was born, in a house that had been in the possession of the Scales family a hundred years. It was the first frame house built in that town, which is the same age as Barrington. Mr. Scales said that the route of removal from Nottingham to Barrington was through Ireland, France, via the Wild Cat road, to the historic Province Road, over Waldron's Hill, to the valley of the Isinglass River, and made the final stop at Mt. Misery. Two miles to the north was Sodom and three

Each tax payer, of record of 1720, '21, '22, had a number of acres in proportion to his tax. In this connection he gave an interesting account of the beginning of the settlement.

One of the early settlers was Capt. Mark Hunking, a distinguished sea captain and merchant of Portsmouth. He built a large colonial mansion near Winkley's Pond, not far from the Madbury line. Captain Hunking became one of the leading citizens, and died in that house in 1782. He owned negro slaves; one was Agnes, who

died in 1840, aged 100 years. The other was Richard, whose marriage to Julia, negro servant of Col. Stephen Evans of Dover, is on record on page 174, Vol. I, of Dover Historical Collections. The whole story of Captain Hunking was very interesting.

Mr. Scales gave an extended account of how Major Samuel Hale of Portsmouth bought 720 acres of land, in one tract, and gave it to his three sons, Samuel, Thomas Wright and William Hale. Each

where the lumber was abundant all around them. The Hale Brothers were mighty men and the story Mr. Scales told was very interesting.

Mr. Scales spoke of the men who were conspicuous in the Indian wars; also of those who have a brave record in the Revolution; also those in the War of 1812. Of those in the Civil War he gave several very fine sketches. Among the number was Col. John W. Kingman, Col. Daniel Hall, Col.



THE CATE GARRISON HOUSE

son had a third. That purchase was made near the close of the Revolution, and the sons came up there about 1780. Samuel and William had a store, where the Judge Hale house now is, which now bears the ridiculous name of Norumbega. The account books that they kept are now extant. Mr. Scales gave extracts from the pages, showing what was bought and sold. One of the never-failing articles was rum, usually bought in pint quantities. The Hale Brothers also became largely engaged in ship-building, having a ship-yard right there on the farm,

Andrew H. Young, Captain Lewis H. Buzzell. He spoke of Barrington's great scholars and college men, of whom the town has a fine record. One of these was Professor Sylvester Waterhouse, who for forty years was Professor of Greek in Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri. Probably there was no instructor in any college or university who was his superior in this department of learning. Mr. Scales closed with a very interesting story of the success and remarkable career of the late Frank Jones of Portsmouth, who was the only millionaire that Barrington



ever gave birth to. The story was amusing as well as interesting.

Following a very well-rendered duet by Mrs. Caverly and Miss Graham of Strafford, there were several short addresses given by Ex-Gov. Samuel D. Felker and prominent sons of Barrington. By a curious coincidence all of the

mistic view of rural New England, particularly emphasising what wonderful advantages came to the farmer by way of modern invention.

Mr. Austin H. Decatur, of the firm of Decatur and Hopkins of Boston, after a bit of reminiscing concerning his boyhood spent in Barrington, spoke of the great



HON. SAMUEL D. FELKER

speakers except A. L. Felker were former pupils of Mr. Scales, the previous speaker, when he was principal of the old Franklin Academy in Dover.

Ex-Governor Felker in his remarks of introduction spoke of Barrington as being the native town of his parents and of the events of his boyhood that occurred in Barrington. He then gave a very opti-

strides that business had taken during recent years. He emphasized the necessity of better education in rural districts, the value of community spirit and co-operation. He spoke very highly of the Community House project and urged that it be carried out, pledging his continued support.

Ex-Mayor Frank B. Preston of Rochester laid before his audience

an eloquent delineation of conditions which were a distinct menace to the country. He referred to conditions attending the fall of great empires of history, and compared those conditions with conditions in America today.

The State Commissioner of Agriculture, Andrew L. Felker, decried the depopulation and decline of rural New Hampshire in favor of the industrial centers. He branded this policy as short-sighted and unwise. He expressed the desire that he might some day see the farmer and all agricultural pur-

speeches, selections were rendered by Mrs. Caverly and Miss Graham. Also the Scotch song sung by Master Robert Caverly in costume was enthusiastically received.

In announcing the ball game which followed the exercise, Mr. George S. Ham of Durham exhibited the Old Garrison Bat which was won by the Old Garrison Nine, when Barrington was county champion, in 1868. He mentioned those who played on the old nine and recounted many of the anecdotes concerning them. Mr. Ham expressed the wish that the Barrington nine might win



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, EAST BARRINGTON

suits flourish as they did formerly. He praised the "old red schoolhouse" and spoke of the great men who were products of these institutions.

Professor Frank W. Preston of New Hampton spoke of the value of the practical side of education. He made particular mention of the old "Rough and Ready Debating Society" which so many years flourished at Pond Hill. He noted that four of the men on the platform with him were attendants of that old society. He recited a poem which he had composed many years before.

During the interval between

that day. Mr. A. B. Locke was the only member of the old nine present at the exercises.

The ball game at 3:30 p. m. was at Oak Hill Field between Barrington and Strafford. From the beginning it proved to be a pitchers' battle between Fisher of Barrington and Miller of Strafford. Fisher had the edge on Miller, striking out twenty-two of the batsmen facing him. His team, however, failed to bat and field properly, so Barrington lost by the score of 5-3. It was hotly contested throughout and much enjoyed by a particularly noisy group of rooters.

The anniversary ball, in the evening, was scheduled for Calef's Hall,

but the hall proved inadequate, so dancing on the lawns was enjoyed until a late hour.

It is estimated that upwards to two thousand people were in town all day Tuesday, and to a person they agreed that they had had an excellent time.

The following poem was written by Herbert D. Caverly, Clerk of the Roger Williams Baptist Church of Providence, Rhode Island, in commemoration of the occasion.

Oh! Barrington, fair Barrington,  
I am thinking of you today.  
'Twas among your hills and rocky rills  
That I was wont to play.

Two hundred years have passed away  
Since your fair name you bore,

But the name is just as dear to me  
As any gone before.

The honored ones who founded you,  
And here viewed the sunset sky,  
Have now gone to their reward  
Where sunsets never die.

They braved the hardships and the  
storms,  
Till their hair was silvery gray,  
And for the heroic deeds of yore  
We honor them today.

There's history still for you to make,  
Ye sons of noble sire.  
So keep the Barrington standard high  
And ever send it higher.

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## JUST DREAMING

*By Frederick W. Fowler.*

Just dreaming of moonlight and you,  
Of a song sweet and low stealing through,  
Of waters of calm, and the wonderful charm  
Of a dear boyhood day that I knew.

Just dreaming of woodland and dell,  
Emblazoned by youth's magic spell,  
Of meadow and hill, and the cool shaded rill  
Of a land that I once knew so well.

Just dreaming of air-castles fair,  
With a world of romance in the air,  
Of power and fame, and a world honored name,  
Of wealth and of freedom from care.

Just dreaming of servants at call,  
Of success and enjoyment to pall,  
Of great things to be that were coming to me—  
Dreaming, just dreaming, that's all.

# THE PROCESSION OF DISCONTENT

*By William M. Stuart*

"He didn't want to go, 'n' that's all there's to it. If he wanted to go, he'd go, wouldn't he?"

William Channing Lawrence spoke not as one having authority, but as one having a grouch. Nor was his caustic remark addressed to anyone in particular. As Miss Fleming would have said, he was solitary and alone—if we expect the presence of one Pete, a dog of no particular race, color or previous condition of aptitude.

It was the twelfth anniversary of William's birth and in honor of the day he had been relieved from the customary labor about the farm. But he had hoped for more—a great deal more. At the county-seat, ten miles distant, a circus was scheduled to function on this beautiful spring day and he had futilely thought to beguile his father into taking him there.

"Nothing doing, Willie," Lawrence, Sr., had said. "I'm too infernal busy to waste a whole day looking at clowns and monkeys. But I'll make you an offer. If you'll walk the straight and narrow path for the entire forenoon and stick around within hearing distance so's to help me if I need you, I'll fix it up with Brown's folks so you can go with them to the circus in the afternoon. They're going to drive the car. You won't be able to hear the calliope nor see the parade, but you'll be in at the big show."

"I'll walk that path all right, Dad. Leave it to me. Where is it? And can I take Pete with me?"

"You and Pete are a bad combination to walk any path except the one that leads to destruction. What I meant was, you must cut out all your usual stunts—behave yourself all the forenoon, if you want

to go to the circus in the afternoon."

"Oh!" breathed Willie with relief, "that's easy. Don't I always behave, Dad?"

Lawrence coughed behind his hand. "Well, holidays—too much liberty—sometimes have a bad effect on you," he answered. "You want to watch your step. Mind—no tricks or funny stunts. The penalty is—stay at home."

Although the lure of the calliope and the red-coated bandmen was strong, Willie reflected, in substance if not in the exact words, that "half a loaf is better than no bread," and accordingly tried to resign himself to the hard fate of a forenoon of inactivity.

Hence it came to pass that the joy of the lad was not unmixed with sorrow and regret as he strolled about the paternal acres seeking the wherewithal to amuse himself until such time as neighbor Brown should fare forth with his noisy four-cylindereed conveyance.

But where is the red-blooded boy of twelve who would fail to respond to the call of out-of-doors and the satisfying sense of sweet liberty? Therefore, into a face where intelligence and freckles were mingled, there gradually came a look of quasi-content.

As he passed the granary on his way to nowhere in particular, his eyes were attracted by a beautiful red window-casing that had recently been placed in the building. He was strangely fascinated by it and an irresistible urge moved him to hit it with a stone. There was no special reason why he should hit it—other than its proximity to the window. But this fact

added the zest of hazard that his soul craved. He had no desire to break the window, but thoughts of the probable attitude of his fond parent in case he unfortunately did so gave to it the lure of adventure. He felt that he must hit that casing.

Searching out a nice pebble, he drew back his arm. A thrill probably akin to that experienced by William Tell on a certain legendary occasion coursed up his spine. He fairly tingled with excitement.

The stone rebounded from the building one foot from the right of the window.

"I kin do better'n that, can't I, Pete, old stockin'?" observed Willie anxiously as he reached for more ammunition.

All further hazy plans for the forenoon's entertainment were now subordinated to the absolute necessity of hitting that casing as soon as possible. He knew the could hit it. He must.

Pete wagged the remnant of a once glorious tail and beamed with all the sympathy that a single good eye could convey. His moist, excited panting lent strength to his companion's arm.

The next stone did not rebound from the side of the building.

It crashed through the window.

A startled shout resounded from the depths of the structure and the cause of the boy's earthly pilgrimage emerged, his face flushed with passion.

"Willie!" he bellowed, "did you throw that stone?"

"Yes," replied the lad fearfully and George Washingtonally.

"At your old tricks again, eh? Don't you remember what I told you? Well, just for that you will take thirty cents out of your bank to pay for the window. It's too bad you can't have a holiday without trying to tear everything up by the roots. I'd tan your hide

if it wasn't your birthday. Now go and feed the brindle calf. Maybe a little work'll be good for your mind."

A trifle subdued, Willie filled with whey the new shiny tin bucket—purchased the day before—and slowly approached the habitat of the brindle critter aforesaid.

His calfship snorted loudly at the advance of boy and dog, blatted a couple of times, jumped into the air and half strangled himself with the restraining rope in his frantic efforts to indicate his joy beseemingly according to the calfish code.

Placing the bucket before the enthusiastic quadruped, Willie watched him plunge his head in and audibly quaff the nourishing fluid. The animal stamped his feet with bliss, blowed like a porpoise and bunted the vessel. The bail lay against his head in juxtaposition to one of his incipient horns.

The boy was curious to know what would happen if the bail were slipped over the horn.

He accordingly slipped the bail over the horn.

The calf, in order to breathe, soon attempted to withdraw his head for an instant from the bucket. That handy utensil followed even where the calf's head did lead. It stuck closer than a brother.

Instantly the erstwhile confident calf became demoralized with fear. His morale vanished. He emitted a terrified snort, flourished his tail, humped his back and charged blindly across the stable. The rope parted under the strain and he struck the wall like a shell from a French 75. The new bucket crumpled into an unrecognizable mass of tin.

But a sudden presence intervened. The father stood beside the son.

"What is the trouble?" he asked

in other than honeyed tones.

"The calf got the bail over his horn and it scairt him," answered Willie truthfully.

"Willie, didn't you put the bail over his horn on purpose?"

"Yes."

"Fifty cents more out of your bank to pay for the pail," thundered the elder Lawrence. "It's mighty queer you can't have a little liberty without abusing it. Just one more sculip and instead of spending the afternoon at the circus, you'll spend it sprouting potatoes in the cellar. Now come and help me tag the sheep."

"If we'd a gone to the cirkiss when we ought to, all this trouble wouldn't of happened," grumbled the disconsolate lad as he reluctantly followed his angry parent.

With abbreviated tail drooping in sympathy with his masters's mood, the ubiquitous Pete acted as rear guard to the procession of discontent which wended its way toward the sheep-fold.

"Your job is to catch the sheep in that pen and lead them to me as I need 'em," the father announced. "See that you hold 'em fast and don't let any get away. I don't feel like chasing sheep all over the farm."

The first sheep was promptly caught and thrown to the ground. The farmer bent over her, sheep-shears in hand and hat on the ground. His bald head glistened with perspiration. It was very hot.

A consuming curiosity to know just what the sultan of the flock in an adjoining pen would do, if released, swept over Willie. He felt that he must know. But thoughts of his rapid devolution from the heights of liberty to the depths of servitude gave him pause and somewhat cooled his ardor. The threat of the potato-bin was not pleasant, either. Then curiosity got the upper hand again. At all hazards it

must be satisfied--come what might.

He glanced at his father. That person was absorbed with his task. Willie opened the gate of the sultan's pen and the doughty animal stalked majestically forth.

For a time the lord of the flock considered the crouching attitude of Mr. Lawrence in silence. He seemed to commune with himself. Was this posture a challenge to combat? Apparently it was even so, for the man's head was thrust out belligerently and it glistened in the sunlight.

The spirit of the ram was troubled within him. Yea, as he considered, he waxed exceeding wrath. His lower lip began to twitch, he shook his head, baaed softly, stamped his feet and backed up as far as the limits of the barnyard would permit.

Then before the excited eyes of William Channing Lawrence the sheep launched himself full upon the poll of the reverend parent.

Confusion, worse confounded, reigned for a space.

A life replete with battles lost had tended to render Pete a pacifist. But now the din of conflict caused his old time spirit to flame. With fine abandon he hurled himself into the fray and was speedily engulfed in the vortex of man and beast.

Then to the fascinated eyes of Willie there appeared in rapid succession the pugnacious head of the ram, the determined face of the faithful dog and the bald head of the father. Over the swirling mass a cloud of dust mercifully settled and, though he was fain to tell how the battle fared, he could not. Torn by conflicting emotions, he could but wait and hope for the best.

There came a sudden gleam of polished steel. The warlike sultan, smitten amidship by the sheep-shears wielded by a muscular arm,

emitted a grunt of pain and detached himself from the hurly-burly.

The tumult and the shouting died, while the farmer arose from the ruck with a changed countenance.

"Will-yum," he cried in accents wild, "is my head all stove in?"

Then before the son could answer, the light of battle entered the father's eyes. He seized a club and advanced upon the sultan who had made a strategic retreat into a corner of the barnyard fence and was there waging a rear-guard action with the now thoroughly bellicose Pete. Into this carnage the farmer sprang and there proceeded to instil respect for the human species into the troubled mind of the sheep.

After this task had been suitably accomplished, Willie heard the voice of his father ask in tones wherein suspicion lurked:

"Will-yum, how did he get out?"

But William Channing Lawrence had passed around the corner of the barn. He had no curiosity to ascertain what would ensue if he remained. He knew. And, besides, he was struggling with duty and desire.

On the one hand he could hear the voice of Duty calling in clarion tones from the potato-bin; on the other was the lure of Clark's woods, where in a little brook many hungry trout lay in wait. He felt in his pocket. Yes, the line was there. Although Paradise, disguised in the habiliment of a circus, had been irretrievably lost, sanctuary from the wrath to come abode temporarily in the sylvan shades.

His hesitation was brief. Whistling to Pete, he vaulted lightly over the fence and ran across the meadow toward the mass of bright green foliage that swayed gently before the breath of the pleasant May zephyrs.

## EXTINCTUS AMABITUR IDEM

*By Helen Adams Parker*

He leaned upon his stick, and he tottered when he walked,  
And his words came slow and falteringly—the little that he  
he talked—

And when he died the minister hadn't much to say,  
And the neighbors filed out of the church the same old way.

But one of them who'd loved him, and was glad he'd gone  
to rest,

For he knew how bare his life was—just a feeble spark at  
best—

Crossed over to the empty house with nothing there for  
looks,

And saw ranged on an old brown desk, his little line of  
books.

He took a Latin Horace, all thumb-marked, worn, and thin,  
And opening, read with filling eyes, a passage marked  
within:

*Extinctus amabitur idem*—and written down below—

Though dead he shall be loved the same,—his words, a  
trembling row.

## INDIAN SUMMER

*By Laura Garland Carr*

In November Mother Nature  
Has her babies safe in bed—  
Well packed and softly covered in  
Beneath her leafy spread.

She knows they will be snug and warm—  
No need to vigil keep—  
What harm can find a way to them  
When winter's snows are deep?

And so she turns to leave them—  
Smiling backward all the while;  
And this is Indian summer—  
Nature's tender goodbye smile.

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## LATE NOVEMBER

*By George Quinter*

The oak shakes off a leaf or two  
And settles itself for the winter;  
It is eager for the snow blanket  
About its roots  
And for the north wind,  
That kindles a weird melody  
Against its widespread branches.

There are footprints in the mud  
Where November rain has beat;  
A bear has been this way,  
Seeking a den....

The hill beyond the gray wood  
Is still a rusty green....

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## SEPARATION

*By Helene Mullins*

These fields,  
The tall, dark trees,  
And restless streams  
Are poignant thoughts  
Of you  
That gnaw  
Ceaselessly  
At my heart,  
And.. bit by bit..  
Crumble it  
Away.



## NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

Another school year has begun. Both of our normal schools are overcrowded, with prospective teachers unable to find housing in dormitories and forced to get less out of their course because floating on the edge of the current of school life, rather than in the full stream. Requests for money to build new dormitories at Plymouth and Keene are likely to come before the next General Court.

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Our institutions of collegiate rank are victims of the same overcrowding, New Hampshire College, grown in plant and efficiency to proportions of which we may be proud, has over 1,000 students, more than she can care for to the best advantage. Dartmouth, after two or three decades of tremendous expansion, finds herself in a condition requiring the taking of stock.

At the opening of the Dartmouth year, President Hopkins startled the student body (and the country as well) by this statement:

"Too many men are going to college. The opportunities for securing an education by way of the college course are definitely a privilege and not at all a universal right. The funds available for appropriation to the uses of institutions of higher learning are not limitless and can not be made so, whether their origin be sought in the resources of public taxation or in the securable benefactions for the enhancing of private endowments.

"It consequently becomes essential that a working theory be sought that will co-operate with some degree of accuracy to define individuals who shall make up the group to whom, in justice to the public good, the privilege shall be extended, and to specify those from whom the privilege should be withheld.

"This is a two-fold necessity, on the one hand, that men incapable of profiting by the advantages which the college offers, or

indisposed, shall not be withdrawn from useful work to spend their time profitlessly, in idleness acquiring false standards of living, and on the other hand that the contribution which the college is capable of making to the lives of competent men and through them to society shall not be too largely lessened by the slackening of pace due to the presence of men indifferent or wanting in capacity."

In the nation-wide discussion that followed Dr. Hopkins' revolutionary statement, there was approval as well as disapproval. Some educators deny that there are too many college men, yet there are many close observers who agree that in our colleges there are a surprisingly large percentage of those who cannot, or will not, profit by an attempt to master the education provided by such institutions. The shrewdest critics of Dr. Hopkins point out the fact that, granting his premise, some test must be found satisfactorily to determine those eligible to the "aristocracy of brains" to which he would restrict the privileges of our costly higher education.

Some of the undergraduate comment upon the situation has so much common sense as to deserve mention. It is to the effect that no college should admit more students than may be given the full advantages of life in dormitories, commons and chapel, and no more than, with the existing plant, may be given instruction in groups small enough to get the maximum individual benefit with the minimum of the defects of mass education.

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The Town of Dublin celebrated on October 12, the hundredth anniversary of its library, said to be the oldest public library in the United States. Prior to 1822, there existed in many town libraries owned by private societies, but not open

free to the public. Dublin had two such, each with a few hundred volumes—one owned by a society of men, the other by a society of women. The fact that gives Dublin distinction is that in 1822 the two libraries were united as one, augmented, and made available to all of the citizens of the community. The united library was at first known as the Dublin Juvenile Library, and was intended primarily to encourage the education of children. The leading spirit in the movement was the Reverend Levi W. Leonard, who became the first volunteer librarian. Dublin and the state do well to mark this anniversary year. It is worth notice that the adjoining town of Peterborough in 1833 organized the first free public library to be maintained by taxation.

It is an encouraging sign that the people of New Hampshire are each year doing more to make the outdoor attractions of our state more available. Last month State Forester Foster told in this magazine about the new Willey House Cabins which will do much to encourage enjoyment of the grandeur of the Crawford Notch. The Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, besides opening up the Lost River to many thousands of visitors annually, has co-operated with the state in making public reserves in various beauty spots, notably the tops of Monadnock, Sunapee and Kearsarge.

Within a few weeks the state has received from Mr. Joel H. Poole, in memory of his son Arthur, the gift of a strip of land for road purposes which will make the Monadnock reservation more accessible. During Old Home Week the Tory Hill Woman's Club started an enterprise to repair the old road on the Warner side of Kearsarge. Everybody took hold with a will. Some gave money, some contributed labor,

others lent horses, teams, transportation, tools. A road-making bee was held. The result is an automobile road to the Halfway House, which will doubtless next year be continued to the "Garden," where the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests has located a log cabin. One ambitious automobile reached that spot this fall.

The year has also seen a beginning of the work on the projected trail to connect Monadnock and Sunapee Mountains by way of the state forest acquired in Washington last year. The trail will within a few years be an actuality, and may then be continued to Kearsarge, whence its next objectives should be Ragged and the state forest on Cardigan. Not many years hence the Granite State may by trail thus lure the tramp from the Massachusetts line and connect him by the White Mountain trails with the rugged north-land of New Hampshire, thence across to join the splendid Green Mountain trail of Vermont.

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Politics in New Hampshire shows signs of off-year anaemia. It seems impossible for the average voter to acquire enthusiasm about home problems, even when there is to be elected a legislature which will have to deal with rather unusual questions of taxation and budget. Both political parties, at their late September elections, adopted platforms setting forth at length their claims to the voter's confidence and their aims for the future. The Republicans cite the record of Governor Brown's administration in keeping every state department and institution within its appropriation, in carrying the new Portsmouth bridge to its present stage without issuing the bonds provided for that purpose, and in reducing the state debt by more than a million dollars.

The main line of cleavage between the parties is upon the forty-eight hour question. The Democrats declare unequivocally for the immediate enactment of a law making forty-eight hours the maximum working-week for women and children. The Republicans concede the ideality of such a law, but raise the question of its practical bearing upon local industries competing with those in which a longer week obtains in other states. They favor a national forty-eight hour law, and advocate a special legislative committee to investigate and report, during the next session of our General Court, the facts which bear upon the advisability of New Hampshire enacting a similar State law.

Both parties are making special efforts to reach and organize the new women voters. If there be any apathy among the freshly enfranchised, it will not be due to lack of encouragement. The non-partisan League of Woman Voters is working throughout the state to arouse interest and intelligence in the exercise of the franchise. The most outstanding example of their activities was a recent school of citizenship in Keene.

An interesting by-product of a sluggish campaign was the situation resulting from the defeat of Fred A. Jones by John W. Barker for the Republican nomination in the fifth senatorial district. Soon after the primary, doubt was expressed as to the eligibility of Mr. Barker to serve. The constitution of New Hampshire provides that no person shall be a senator unless he has for seven years next before his election been an inhabitant of the district.

Mr. Barker, a native of England, had been actually resident in Lebanon for more than seven years, but had completed his naturalization only two years ago. The question of

eligibility turned upon the interpretation of the word "inhabitant." Should it be defined as "resident" or "citizen"?

The Republican State Committee discussed the problem. At first the friends of Mr. Jones were inclined to press the question, but, it appearing that Mr. Barker did not doubt his eligibility and Mr. Jones having declined to make it a personal matter, the committee decided to do nothing. Upon this an individual voter in the district petitioned the Ballot Commissioners to keep the name of Mr. Barker from the ballot.

It was late October before a hearing was had and a decision reached. The Commissioners, Attorney General Oscar L. Young and Harry F. Lake, Esq., (the third member of the board, Harry J. Brown, Esq., not sitting because of illness), decided adversely to Mr. Barker.

The question was immediately taken to the Supreme Court upon a writ of certiorari. There was a hearing on October 30, and an opinion was handed down on the following day declaring Mr. Barker ineligible. Immediately upon the decision of the Ballot Commissioners, the Republican State Committee nominated Ora A. Brown of Ashland to fill the vacancy, and as a result of the Supreme Court decision his name will go before the voters of the fifth district on November 7.

The strike situation, as it affects New Hampshire is still far from clarified. Coal is being mined, but not much is yet available; so that good old-fashioned wood-smoke is seen ascending from the majority of the chimney-spouts. As the weather grows colder the pinch will become felt.

The railroad strike is not settled in New Hampshire, whatever be the situation elsewhere. The Concord engine-house and shops being the largest in the state, the capital city

has felt the effects of this strike more than any other place. Practically every Concord shopman left his work on July 1. The few who remained were generally guarded to and from the shops. Strike-breakers began to come in within a few days. As they were principally, if not wholly, housed within the railroad enclosure, there was comparatively little occasion for trouble on the streets.

Of such trouble there was, however, a little—two or three assaults in the early days. A night raid at the shops, by parties as yet unapprehended, resulted in some of the strike-breakers being driven out of town.

As a result of conferences with the Mayor of Concord, Governor Brown called out two companies of the National Guard. Whether or not they were needed, has been the subject of keen controversy. Whether the City of Concord should pay for the troops, has also given rise to contention. Up to date the city has paid tens of thousands of dollars. The troops were withdrawn late in October, after the Chamber of Commerce had urged that they were no longer necessary.

Meanwhile the same sort of talk has been going on in Concord as in other railroad centers during the strike. On the one side the railroads have claimed everything was normal. On the other the strikers have claimed impairment of rolling-stock to the point of danger to the lives of trainmen and travelers. They have published lists of late trains. They have criticized the waste of railroad money in housing, feeding, bedding and entertaining the "scabs," besides paying them overtime.

The "scabs" meanwhile have been sifted and settled, and, with the few who stuck and the few strikers who have returned, are represented by the railroad as a permanent force, whom they have allowed to organize in an independent association for the purpose of making agreements.

A peculiar situation exists here, as elsewhere; it is believed that the shop work is being done in part by men who struck on other lines and are "scabbing" here. Another interesting thing is the claim of certain artisans that their business has been seriously damaged by the the striking shopmen underbidding for work on mechanical jobs. The merchants find the strikers naturally with less than normal ability to buy, and the strike-breakers within the railroad enclosure do not find normal opportunity to spend their wages. Moreover, if the strikers are not to go back to work, the community will face the necessity of a general shaking-down—some jobless men moving out and leaving unpaid bills, new men taking their places with inevitable experimenting with credits, the sale of homesteads (perhaps at loss), the problem of housing the new-comers, the general difficulties of assimilating in bulk and immediately several hundred new families.

With these problems in mind, it is understood that some Concord business men are trying to bring the strikers and the railroad into some sort of agreement. What may be accomplished, with one group bound to win and the other confident of victory, is among the unknowable things. The situation is regarded by many people as sufficient proof, from the standpoint of community interest, of the public damage done by industrial warfare.

The textile strike goes on in New Hampshire, except at some points, as it has since last winter. Because of the longer duration of the trouble, the community losses have been more keenly felt than in the railroad contest. Due to the overshadowing size of the Amoskeag Mills, the textile strike has rather centered in Manchester. Long ago the strike, which began because the mills required a cut in wages, with the 54-hour week, became a deadlock. While the work-

ers might possibly have accepted the wage-cut with a 48-hour week, they have steadily refused to go back to a 54-hour week even with a proffered return to the old wage. The mill managers have been adamant. Various futile attempts have been made on the part of the public to accommodate the parties. The last was an abject failure. A committee under city auspices invited the two sides to send representatives to meet each other. Both agreed, but October 17, the day fixed for the meeting, the strikers' delegates declined to attend the meeting because strike-breakers were among the company's delegates. Bishop Guertin, as we go to press, is exerting his influence to get a resumption of work on the basis of 51 hours a week at the old wage until February 1, before which a permanent arrangement would be hoped for. At Somersworth agreement has been reached on a 51 1-2 hour week.

Later advices are that the Amoskeag employees accepted Bishop Guertin's proposition, but the corporation declared itself unable to adopt

the shorter work-week in view of southern Competition on the 55-and-60-hour basis.

Thus the war goes on. Both sides lose money; the community suffers; and the community has small information as to the validity of the claims and counterclaims made by the contestants in the hope of winning popular support, which in the end is recognized as a pretty valuable asset to either side.

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Representatives of fourteen Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade met at Tilton on October 18, and took steps toward the organization of a State Chamber of Commerce. One of the principal objects of the organization will be to cooperate with the New Hampshire Publicity Commission in raising \$100,000 to advertise New Hampshire. The new organization will also take up the study of traffic on the highways in the hope of working out some sensible and consistent method of handling traffic throughout the State.

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## SONNET

*By Louise P. Guyol*

I am a lover of the commonplace,  
The calm monotonous things of every day:  
The sun that sets the same red-golden way  
So many times a year; the dew-and-lace  
Of cobwebbed lawns at dawn; the silver trace  
Of the moon's high career; the flaunt and play  
In tulip-gardens each recurrent May;  
Women, and men; a child's adorable face.

I never set great store on rarity—  
However often seen, can beauty fail?  
An ordinary bluebird seems to me  
As lovely as the peacock's haughty tail.  
Not educated—well, that's no disgrace.  
It's kind to kind; I love the commonplace.

## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

**BAREFOOT. DAYS AND SUNDOWN SONGS**, by Raymond Huse. Published by the author at Concord with the Rumford Press imprint. \$1.00.

This book by a New Hampshire man, for a number of years prominent in the pulpit life of Concord, is a collection of homely and unassuming verse. The reviewer is disarmed by the opening lines of the stanzas entitled "To My Critic:"

You need not tell me, critic dear,  
Because you see I know it,  
I have too much preacher blood  
To be your kind of poet!"

The "preacher blood" courses strongly through most of the two score poems in this collection. The very first in the little book is a bit of poetry which prettily hides a lesson.

When the sun has passed the hilltops,  
And the solemn shadows creep  
Slowly down the purple mountain,  
Then from out the mystic deep  
Of the ocean of the twilight  
Notes of music float along.  
Daylight is the time for action,  
Sunset is the time for song.

But the reviewer must not quote; the reader should have the pleasure of discovering for himself the shrewdly simple way in which Mr. Huse clothes his thoughts. The preacher has not forgotten his barefoot days, or the ways in which boys react to life; he has touched them up with a bit of mature, but reminiscent philosophy. Clever indeed is the playing of experience against adolescence in "When a Youth First Takes to Rhyming."

This little volume betrays the author as an appreciative lover of Nature in her every-day moods, which are interpreted in simple and homely, but apt, phrase. In one verse he speaks of Riley as having

"heard the notes  
That rise from common sod."

It is these very notes that Mr. Huse evokes.

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**INDIAN LEGENDS IN VERSE**, by William C. T. Adams, Superintendent of Schools at Keene and formerly Professor of Education at the Plymouth Normal School.

Dr. Adams has put into metrical form about twenty Indian legends, including such of special local appeal as those of Pemigewasset, Passaconaway, Chocorua and Monadnock. For most of them he has adopted the form of verse used in "Hiawatha." Prefixed to most of the verse are prose treatments of the same legends. There is an introduction upon Indian characteristics and customs. The book is aimed to reach the child when he is at the mental age of the mature savage, when, in fact, the child, is at the primitive stage of development. There are illustrations by Beatrice B. Adams and the book is from the press of the W. B. Ranney Company of Concord.

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**NEW HAMPSHIRE IN HISTORY AND STORY FOR CHILDREN**, by Grace Edith Kingsland, Secretary, New Hampshire Public Library Commission.

Children's Book Week, which comes annually in November, is designed to interest parents and friends in making better and more books (with the emphasis on "better") easily accessible to children. This may be done both by building up the child's own library by gifts on Christmas, birthdays, and other special days, and by seeing that the local public library is well supplied with books suitable for juvenile patrons.

A magazine devoted to the state may well consider at this season what books dealing with New Hampshire in a manner likely to appeal to young

people are available. Unfortunately, these are few in number and often slight in content. Some are among the forgotten books of a previous generation, such as "A Book for New Hampshire Children, in Familiar Letters from a Father," published anonymously by Richard Grant of Exeter in 1823, later attributed to Hosea Hildreth who was for some time professor of mathematics at Phillips Exeter Academy. One paragraph runs: "Nothing indeed can be more gloomy than the State Prison. If you were to go into it, to see how it looks, it would make you shudder. There are now about fifty wicked persons in it; but I do hope that no New Hampshire child that reads this letter will ever behave so bad as to be locked up in that dreadful place."

At this time Peterborough was famous because "there are more manufactories than in any other town in the state." He also says, "We have in New Hampshire a great many saw-mills and corn-mills (commonly called grist-mills), a considerable number of manufactories for making cotton cloth and woollen cloth, and a few for making nails. We have ten, or twelve Banks, where money is kept to let out to people that wish to hire money. All New Hampshire people are generally pretty good to work, though there are some in every town that are lazy and idle, and spend their time a dram-shops (commonly called "grog-shops"). But these are considered very naughty people. Their poor little children often go ragged, and sometimes have no bread to eat."

These extracts will show that this book will appeal only to adults curious about manners and customs of early days and to the exceptional child. There is great need for a similar current book about our history and industries for use in schools. At the eleventh hour request of the editor of this magazine, I have compiled very hastily a few titles available in many libraries as well as in the State

Library, although some of them are no longer in print. It does not pretend to be a complete list and doubtless many a reader will miss his childhood favorite and exclaim, "How could she overlook that!" Such readers can help to make a more valuable future list by sending these titles to the writer. Stories with scenes laid in the state have not been included unless they had some historical or descriptive value.

ABBOTT, JACOB. Franconia stories. 10v.

Quaint stories of child life on a farm in the Franconia region in 1820. Still liked by children in spite of their avowed purpose to "develop the moral sentiments in the human heart in early youth."

ADAMS, WILLIAM C. T. Indian Legends in verse. c1922.

Several of the poems are founded on our Indian legends. See review elsewhere.

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY. Story of a Bad Boy. c1870.

Based on the boyhood life of the author in Portsmouth. "Tom" and his friends are natural fun-loving boys. Equally popular with children and adults, it is a book that will never grow old.

BREWSTER, EDITH G. Some three hundred years ago. c1922.

Pictures "what children who lived on our shores when forests were cleared for home-making . . . might have done in the midst of the true and thrilling happenings" of history. Stories center around Portsmouth and neighboring towns. Author is a resident of Portsmouth.

BROWNE, GEORGE WALDO. Hero of the hills; a tale of the Captive Ground, St. Francis, and life in the northern wilderness in the days of the pioneers. c1901.

Life in New Hampshire just before

the Revolution. John Stark and other real characters appear throughout its pages. Author claims to have kept as near actual facts as does the average historian. The scene of his *Woodranger* is also in New Hampshire at a slightly earlier period.

COFFIN, CHARLES CARLETON. Old times in the colonies. c1880.

Readable history of colonial times for children in the upper grades. Has three chapters on the settlement of New Hampshire and several pages about John Stark. Author was born in Boscawen in 1823.

CRAM, WILLIAM EVERETT. Little beasts of field and wood. c1899.

\*\*\*\*.— More little beasts of field and wood. 1912.

Delightful books about wild creatures for children of ten years and upward. Observations were made in and around the author's native region, South Hampton.

DUDLEY, ALBERTUS TRUE. Following the ball. c1903.

Scene of this book, as well as of the three other titles in the series, is laid at Phillips Exeter Academy, where the author was formerly a teacher.

FASSETT, JAMES H. Colonial life in New Hampshire. c1899.

The only history of early New Hampshire for children.

HARRIS, AMANDA B. Old time school days. c1886.

While written for adults, children of to-day will enjoy learning how very different the rural schools of the early 19th century were from those they attend. The author, a native of Warner, drew on her memory for this account of school houses, games, and pupils of former days.

JOHNSON, CLIFTON. New England; a human interest reader. 1917.

The history, industries, and nat-

ural beauties of the New England states, as well as anecdotes and brief biographies of their famous men and women, are given in a lively style. For children of 11 years and over.

ROBINSON, MRS. ANNA DOUGLAS GREEN. In the poverty year; a story of life in New Hampshire in 1816. c1901.

The true story of a year in which drouth and frost brought much suffering, woven around 12-year old Philomena and her kindly neighbors.

ROBINSON, MRS. ANNA DOUGLAS GREEN. Peter and Polly. c1876.

The 13-year old twins in the autumn of 1775 went from Massachusetts to stay with relatives in a "thrifty New Hampshire town" while their father fought for freedom. Good picture of home life, bringing in what the revolutionary war meant to our forefathers and their families.

ROLLINS, FRANK WEST. Ring in the cliff. c1888.

Scene of this story by a former governor is laid in Portsmouth and vicinity. The boy hero builds a boat in which he goes fishing at the Isles of Shoals and incidentally discovers buried treasures on Star Island.

SMITH, MRS. MARY PRUDENCE WELLS. Four on a farm. 1901.

Four New York children pass a jolly summer on a New Hampshire farm. For children of 10-12 years.

----- Their canoe trip. c1889.

The trip made by two boys began at a lake in Frankestown and continued down the Piscataquog and Merrimack Rivers on to Boston by the numerous inland rivers in Massachusetts.



## EDITORIAL

Last July, Mrs. Edith Bird Bass of Peterborough unexpectedly found herself the owner of THE GRANITE MONTHLY. Mr. Pearson, the former owner, had stipulated that he should relinquish the conduct of the magazine with the September issue. Not feeling able, on account of prior duties, to assume active editorial and business charge of the magazine immediately, Mrs. Bass prevailed upon the writer to act as editor until January, 1923. Although Mrs. Bass has, by personal letter to the patrons of the magazine, made known these facts, it may be fitting for the acting editor to make some announcement in the magazine itself.

In the last two months the writer has been impressed anew with the fact that THE GRANITE MONTHLY, in spite of its moderate circulation, has a firm hold upon its readers and contributors. This is fortunate, because the undertaking is not, in the nature of things, one which can be financially profitable, but must be viewed as a sort of co-operative undertaking in which many join for the maintenance of a magazine devoted to the past, present and future of New Hampshire.

The subscribers and advertisers

are playing an indispensable part by furnishing the funds with which to pay the printer, the engraver and the postmaster. Quite as important a role is that of the contributors, from whom comes voluntarily a stream of history, essay, fiction and verse for which no editor can fail to be thankful.

Mrs. Bass intends to maintain the general policy of the magazine and has in mind a number of features which cannot fail to interest our readers. These will be announced from time to time.

In spite of the fact that the field of the magazine is limited, there is practically no limit to the attractiveness which it can attain in both material and dress, provided only that the circulation can be so widened as to furnish the necessary funds to pay the increased production costs. Plans are already forming with a view to enlarging the circulation. This is a matter in which every reader of the magazine may be of assistance. Can you not carry your present co-operation a step further and, by suggestions to your friends and to us, help us to enlarge the public which we reach and thereby enhance the value of the magazine?

ELWIN L. PAGE.

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## SUBSTITUTE

*By Helene Mullins*

I left the gates of my heart open  
For Love to enter,  
But lo! a mountebank has strayed  
Within its portals,  
And I cannot drive him out.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## CHARLES C. BUFFUM

Charles C. Buffum, Register of Deeds for Cheshire County, died of heart failure while driving his car through the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, on October 16.

Mr. Buffum was a native of East Dorset, Vermont, the son of Parris E. and Ann R. Buffum, and was born February 4, 1849. He was educated in the schools of East Dorset, and moved to Keene at the age of twenty-two. For some time he was employed by the Cheshire Railroad, then was for seven years assistant postmaster. In April, 1883, he assumed the office of Register of Deeds. Had he lived to the end of the present term, he would have had forty years of continuous service. He was a candidate for re-election this month.

As a Register of Deeds, Mr. Buffum was painstaking and progressive. During his administration of the office he was active in re-copying and re-indexing the records and in adopting such modern methods as would make the registry of greater value to the public.

Mr. Buffum took an active part in the life of Keene. He was a member of the Unitarian Church, its treasurer for several years and interested in its activities. He was a Mason in his fraternal affiliations. He was at one time treasurer of the Union School District of Keene and for some years a member of the Board of Education. He had also been treasurer of the Elliott Hospital. From time to time he served as Special Justice of the Keene Police Court. Formerly a director of the Keene Savings Bank, he was at the time of his death a trustee of the Cheshire County Savings Bank.

In 1873, Mr. Buffum was married to Sarah, the daughter of Warren Wilson. She survives him, as do three sons; James Caleb of Webster, Massachusetts; Robert Earle of Boston; and Charles Edward of Boston.

conia, but also throughout the state. He was in constant demand as referee or umpire at games, and was at one time director of the athletics at the State College.



## JOSEPH H. KILLOURHY

On October 19, there died at Laconia, as the result of an automobile accident a few days before, Major Joseph H. Killourhy of the staff of Governor Brown. Major Killourhy was one of the most popular of the younger men in central New Hampshire. He was born in Meredith about forty-five years ago, but had lived in Laconia since early boyhood. His attractive personal qualities and his activity in sports and military affairs made him a wide circle of firm friends, not only in La-

## MAJOR J. H. KILLOURHY

He was for twenty years in the engineering department of the City of Laconia, but left his work in 1917 and enlisted in the military service as a private in the Twenty-Third Engineers. He served at St. Mihiel, and after the drive was commissioned Second Lieutenant. On March 9, 1919, he was promoted to First Lieutenant. He served in the Argonne drive to the end and was in Germany with the army of occupation.

Major Killourhy was a leading spirit in organizing Frank W. Wilkins Post, No. 1, American Legion of Laconia, and was its first commander. He was recognized as one of the most powerful Legion men in the state and was junior vice-commander of the state department. Upon the recent re-organization of the National Guard, he was commissioned Captain of Battery C, 197th Artillery, Anti-Aircraft.

He was a member of Laconia Council, Knights of Columbus, of Laconia Lodge of Elks and Interlaken Grange.

There survive his widow, Mary, and seven children, Margaret, Gladys, Frances, Dorothy, Ursula, Joseph H., Jr., and Raymond

## LIFE'S EVENTIDE

*By Alida Cogswell True*

Can it be we are nearing life's eventide?  
The day has not seemed long—  
The morning bright ne'er hinted of night,  
So glad it was with song.

At noontide we paused by the wayside,—  
Looking back o'er the winding lane—  
It's sunlit path showed no aftermath  
Of shadow, of sorrow or pain.

After the noon, more oft we have paused,  
And find we have lost on the way  
A companion—a friend—who nearing the road's end  
Disappeared—leaving shadowed the day.

Now we wonder why we hastened—  
Why stinted our word and song—  
For now when we may, they are gone away,—  
These friends for whose presence we long.

## ALONE

*By Marie Wilson*

She walked upon the shore—  
Alone!  
The gray-blue sky drew near  
the deeper waves;  
Her figure scanted, breezed—  
close. Dark hues,  
She, wave and sky—  
Alone!

The afternoon of day—  
The afternoon of life—  
Yet hours shy of close,  
Yet years to fly like this—  
Sky, wave and she—  
Alone!

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DECEMBER, 1922

No. 12

*The*  
**Granite Monthly**

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS ISSUE:

THREE NORTH COUNTRY FEATURES

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## The Granite Monthly

for January, 1923

will contain, besides the usual features, an article on Governor-Elect Brown by Robert Jackson, and an important paper by Raymond B. Stevens on "A Taxation Program for New Hampshire."

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TABLE ROCK—DIXVILLE NOTCH

Courtesy of J. J. Lannin Company

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. LIV.

DECEMBER, 1922

No. 12

## METALAK.

### A TRUE STORY.

*By Gertrude Weeks Marshall.*

Through the brilliant autumn wilderness, magnificently gay in coloring,  
Grand with mighty trees, but within its depths deadly lurking dangers,  
Once travelled a band of Indians, small remnant of a tribe once numerous.  
Their bronze and sinewy bodies swayed with the forest shadows,  
Their paint and feathery ornaments blended with the forest hues;  
To the cold north had they been driven by the encroaching Whites,  
But were seeking new homes by the sweet waters of the Umbagog.  
Long and arduous, over hills and across lakes, had been their journey,  
To avoid, in the valleys, settlements of watchful, fearless pioneers  
And still reach the Notch, where the mountains were cleft in twain,  
Giving easy passage to the region beyond, rich in game and fish.  
Metalak, once chief and bravest warrior, now with age feeble,  
But in counsel wise and able, walked in the rear with aged braves,  
Squaws and various Indian luggage queer, borne by the stoutest.  
As they neared the basin before the Notch, surrounded by mountains high,  
Where towers old Table-rock, like an altar reared by giant hands  
Nigh to Heaven, Metalak, fatigued by the day's long, tiresome journey,  
Stumbled and fell over a broken branch, that across the trail had fallen  
In such a way that the sharp end pierced his eye, its vision destroying.  
Silently he endured the agony while the squaws ran to aid him  
And with primitive but skilful surgery the torturing branch removed.  
Silent, while to a cooling spring they swiftly and smoothly carried him  
And cleansed the wound and bound it with healing herbs known to them.  
Then the tribe made night encampment and a circle of blazing fires built  
Which protected from prowling beasts, and also cooked their game;  
Afterward in council gathered, to decide if best by morning's light  
To bear Metalak with them onward, only on the way to die,  
Or tarry awhile for his death, then with loud and savage ceremony  
Bury him in the shadow of Table-rock. Then said Metalak faintly:  
"My people, delay not your journey for me; near are winter's frosts,  
You must hasten wigwams, food and clothing to prepare by the Umbagog.  
Like the tree by lightning blasted, soon will I be, stark and lifeless.  
Like a wild beast, with a deadly wound, I would die alone."  
So, at sunrise, with the stoicism of their race, alone in the wilderness,  
They left him. All day suffering he lay by the grateful spring water.  
Night came, cold and pale. Over Table-rock the silver moon rose.  
Her clear light brought into relief the black vastness of the unbroken  
forest.

Pityingly her beams seemed to shine upon the brave old warrior  
Prostrate on the frosty ground. At last, his mind by pain disordered,  
He rose, and wandered down the old trail, often in other days pursued,



Down the Mohawk Valley to the base of Mount Monadnock (Spirit Mountain),

Thence up the Connecticut. He passed, unheeded, the homes of settlers,  
Until at last, starved and exhausted, against a cabin door he fell.  
The settler's wife, just lighting candles in the early autumn twilight,  
Heard the noise at the door; there she found the poor old Indian.  
In her strong young arms she carried him to the settle by the fire,  
And of broth and liquor made him drink, which, with the warmth, revived him.

There among those strange white people, once enemies, now his friends,  
Metalak was nursed back to life, sightless, but new and pleasant.  
Many Indian ways he taught them, life in the wilds to ease,  
Indian methods of clearing land, clever snares for birds and beasts,  
Sugar to obtain from maple sap, to make the useful snowshoe,  
And the soft fringed moccasin, also the graceful swift canoe.  
Many years he lived among them, striving their kindness to repay,  
Peaceful and contented, until, gently, Manitou called him to the "Happy Hunting Ground."

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[Note: Mrs. Marshall furnishes a memorandum regarding the story of Metalak which may interest the reader unfamiliar with the local setting. The Mohawk Valley of New Hampshire extends from East Colebrook to Colebrook Village. Monadnock Mountain is across the Connecticut in Vermont. Metalak, after the accident related in the story, found his way unaided to Stewartstown, where he was found at the door of Mrs. Samuel Weeks. Later the town of Stewartstown cared for him.]

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## THE ALIEN

*By Lilian Sue Keech*

I know a lane where the sweetbrier blows,  
Clinging to the old stone wall.  
Where, in the spring, the violet grows,  
And black birds to their sweethearts call.

The trumpet vine clings to the tree,  
The dogwood wears its mantle, white.  
The butterfly flits fancy free,  
And weds the flowers in its flight.

I know a lane—'tis far away—  
Where grows the wild sweetbrier.  
And what to me are orchids gay,  
Or Jacqueminot's dull fire?

I'd rather be a milkmaid, free,  
My bare feet in the dew.  
Than wear the gold that's driven me  
Far from that lane and--you.

# THE INDIAN STREAM WAR

*By Mary R. P. Hatch*

[Mrs. Hatch, who is a novelist and playwright now living in Massachusetts, here presents in fictional form a bit of history which she first heard from the older generation when she resided many years ago in northern New Hampshire. The tale of the Indian Stream Territory reads almost like fiction even in the historical records. Mrs. Hatch gives it the reality of the personal touch.]

Mrs. Pilsbury sat knitting in her high-backed rocker. She was in her ninety-third year, but apparently as strong as ever. She had renewed her youth, or so she said, in knitting for the soldiers, a pair for every year of her age, and now that the war was over she still knit for the poor people of the desolated French countries. "Only to think on't," she said to the Irving girls, "and I didn't use to know there was sech a place as Belgium. It's live and learn, sure enough."

Judge Irving's daughters were spending a few of the summer weeks in the country to rest from arduous days in Washington. They had been in France many months, working in canteens, and one had driven her own car for the Red Cross, while the other had helped in the hospital. Both had become engaged, one to a French officer, Count Declarine, and the other to a government official high in the confidence of the President. Having done so well for themselves and their country, they felt that a rest in the place where their father first saw light would do them good. So here they were, sitting on the back porch munching winter apples and talking to Mrs. Pilsbury. Back in the kitchen they could hear Mandy stepping briskly from pantry to kitchen, occasionally calling loudly to Ephraim who was having a brief rest from the spring planting.

"I do 'no' 'bout putting the west field into oats," he said. "I'm sort-

er studying on't, Mandy," they heard him say.

"You know better'n I do 'bout that," replied Mandy.

"What say?"

"You know a sight better'n I do what to plant and what not to plant," was Mandy's reply in a high-pitched tone.

"Pity he's so deaf," said Mrs. Pilsbury, "I can hear a sight better'n I uster, seems ef."

"Father says you break every record in keeping young", said Ethel. "It's the nicest thing in the world to live so long and to pile up experiences of four or five generations and to know all about our great grandparents."

"I've lived through five wars. Less see: there was the Mexican War, the Injun Stream War, the Civil War, the Spanish War, and this War, the last that ever was."

"What about the Indian Stream War? I never heard anything about that."

"Didn't your pa ever tell you about that? Wall, it was a real, actual war and folks was killed and all that, but I guess folks don't know much about it in a gen'ral way."

"Tell us about it, dear Mrs. Pilsbury, won't you?"

"If you never heard on't it stands me in hand to tell you. But I can't understand how it is your pa never knew about it. His fathers' uncle went to it; and so did Peter Muzzy and Eli Cole, both on em neighbors of his grandsir."

"Perhaps he knows, but I never heard him speak of it."

"Wall, it happened in the Injun Stream Country, jest on the aide of Canady, 'bout thirty miles from here. I was up there at the time sewing for old Mis Peters in the line house. 'Twas right on the line betwixt Canady and the Territory,

.. and so they called it the 'line house'.

"Them Peterses was a quarrelsome set, father and sons, and it was Ephraim Peters that set the fuss a goin'. Born smugglers, the whole on 'em. In 1812 old Peters used to keep a tailor's shop in the line house, and he'd buy sights of broadcloth, pretendin' to make it up into suits of close. He did, some on't, but the most on't his boys Ephraim and Henry'd carry in packs through the woods in the night to Hoskins' hut, and some men would meet 'em there with sledges or pungs and carry the goods to Portland and Boston. It was easy, you see, bein' so fur off, and next to no houses 'round there. But the smugglin' was found out, being carried on 'round the line, and Government sent up some malishy men. There was a lot of fighting betwixt 'em and a good many men was killed, first and last, for they went armed to the teeth all the time, as the sayin' is. Henry died of a wound he got.

"About this time, Amos Bounce of Canaan, Vermont, used to git permits to take cattle into Canady. He owned a saw-mill there. But after a while folks said he fetched in as many cattle as he took over, but sold 'em to the Britishers. So the custom house officers got old Leftenant Demmit to guard the line, so he couldn't take over no more. Wall, Bounce, he come along with a yoke of cattle and persisted in goin' over. Demmit, actin' on orders, shot him down. They 'rested Demmit, the civil 'thorities did, and carried him to jail. But he got away and took to the woods and lived there all winter. The nex' summer Bounce's friends found him, in August it was, and they shot him through the back. Then they fetched him out of the woods and carried him to Guildhall in a two-horse wagon. Your pa's folks must 'a' seen him got by. Folks said he

was cheated shameful on the way; anyway he was dreadfully jolted and throwed into the cart like a log. Miss Ellis, she told me with her own lips about it, and how they stopped to her house for water and how she mentioned she would carry some to Demmit, and how they wouldn't let her. He died soon after he got to Guildhall.

"Government took it up and sent a comp'ny of regular soldiers up that put a stop to smugglin' of all sorts. Bounce's son, Henry, was took up to be tried for treason, but, bein' so young, never fetched to trial. But all this, you see, sorter set the Injun Stream folks to sword's p'int with the States and made 'em friendly to Canaday, and when the committee from the States and Canady tried to set the boundary line betwixt 'em, why they couldn't, or wouldn't, agree. The settlers all 'sposed they was in New Hampshire, but the Canadians claimed all the land west of Injun Stream, and that was jest about half of Injun Stream Territory, as it was called.

"Canady built roads and laid out a township and seemed determined to have it, hit er miss. The Peterses and Bounces, and a lot more, wanted to go with Canady. There was two hundred and eighty-five people there and they had eight hundred and forty-seven acres of land under cultivation. They claimed their deeds under Philip, a chief of the St. Francis tribe of Injuns, and the survey that was made by Jeremiah Eames. You know the Eames that are descended from old Jeremiah. I told you folks about his seein' Mis Eames, his wife, under the ellum tree when she come to him after she was killed by fallin' down the suller stairs. Wall, old Jeremiah Eames drawed up most of the old deeds of them, times, and it was him that made the

survey of the Canadian line, bein' as how he was a great surveyor, too.

"Everything got dreadful unsettled—some makin' out they was in Canady and some contendin' for the States. If a settler owed a debt and a sheriff tried to collect it, why he stood out and the neighbors took sides. Canady about this time sorter took charge and made some of the settlers do malishy duty. This was in 1831, when I was about five years old. But I rec'lec' wall hearin' folks that about it.

"Them that was for the States got scat and applied for help, but before they got it a separate government was talked of. The custom house officers taxed 'em with dooties, and this set 'em all by the ears; so what did they do on July the ninth, in the year of our Lord 1832, but set up a government of their own. I rec'lec' mother's tellin'me about it jest as plain as if it was yisterdy. She said how Miss Peters had 'em all there, and mother went up to help. She didn't set down to the table, but her and Mis Peters heerd it talked over whilst they was waitin' on the table. It was all planned then. They called the government 'The United Inhabitants of Injun Stream,' and it was to be in force till the boundary line was settled. They had an assembly and a council. Eph Peters was one of the council, and mother said she never should forgit the airs he put on, if she got to be a hundud. They had made up their minds, they said, to resist New Hampshire anyway.

"'We'll show 'em,' Eph said, 'we aint goin' to be tred on.' But land sakes alive! They didn't know what they was a doin'. When the news got to Concord in a week or two, why the Governor and his Council said right off that sech doin's wan't to be allowed. So they

sent a letter to Sheriff White—Anabel White, you think so much of is his great granddaughter—and in that letter claim was laid to Injun Stream Territory in the name of the United States, and they said they should enforce the laws there.

"There was great excitement all along the line, and to all the houses where lived the ones that wanted to go back to smugglin'. Mother said she heerd it all talked over lots of times, how if Injun Stream was nootral it would be the makin' of them all, and Ephraim Peters went a horseback up an' down the settlement tryin' for to stir 'em up to resist. Eph's wife went gaddin' about the neighbors a-tryin' to stir up the women folks, and the council met that night and voted to abide by their laws instid of the United States, and so it went on all winter. The United States must 'a' ben turrible shiftless to 'low it, but the snow was deep and the stages coundn't run, so mebbe the Governor and Council didn't really know how the Injun Stream folks was cuttin' up.

"Anyway, smugglin' was took up agin, that I know, for one day I peeked into a closet that happened to be unlocked—mother had sent me to borry some seleratus—and I see stacks and stacks of broadcloth and silks and velvets; and that very night Nickleson Bennett, the chore boy to the Peterses, was woke up in the night by strange sounds, so he told father. He got up and peeked out his winder and he see Peters and his wife jest as plain as day, and he said they was a handin' out them goods to two men in a long pung sleigh. He told father he stood at the head of the ladder he clumb up by, and the end on't almost teched Mis Peters, so you see they wan't fur apart, and he couldn't ben mistook. But they never spoke, none on 'em, not one word, leaswhile he stood there, so

he told father. Livin' as the Peterses did, with one side in Canady and t'other in the States made smugglin' dreadful easy.

"One of the Peterses' great friends was Justice Ellinwood of Hereford. He lived next house to the Peterses on the Canady side, and most folks 'spicioned he had a hand in the smugglin' business. Justice Ellinwood was allowed to serve writs in the Territory, but the Coos county sheriff was forbid, and Ellinwood made speeches time and agin urgin' the people to resist if he ever tried. So when the sheriffs, there was three on 'em, come to serve a writ on Ephraim Peters, why he swore he wouldn't turn out no property to be 'tached, and so the sheriffs 'rested him and was takin' him away when the Bounces come up and rescued 'him from their hands. It was right in the door yard; I see it all from our back door. Mis Peters happened to see me, so she sent me over to Ellinwood's to tell him about it, and he set right down and drawed up a warrent in the name of Great Britain against the sheriffs.

"Bein' that Blanchard was the only one that lived to Injun Stream, the others comin' from Canaan and Stewartown, jest Blanchard was 'rested by a force of about fifteen men and took to Canady for trial. But Mr. Haynes, Blanchard's neighbor, as soon as he was told, got on his hoss and started for Colebrook, notifyin' the men folks all along the way that Blanchard was took by the Britishers. The men all armed, and in a little while three hundud men 'sembled at Canaan and they was sent out different ways to find and rescue Blanchard.

"Mis Peters was turrible excited, and she ast me to stay and run ar-rands for her. First she sent me over to Mis Haynes' to borry some yeast, jest as if nothin' had hap-

pened, and she told me to stay and find out what I could. Bein' a child so, of course I didn't know nothin' about law and justice, and I liked to know things. Mis Haynes was second cousin to Mis Peters on the father's side, and they neighbored considerable, though they wan't no great friends, and the menfolks scerce ever spoke to each other when they could help it. I was glad to go, for I thought it a good chance, and I staid most all day. Mother said I might when I dodged in through the back way to ask her. I was there when Blanchard come back with Mr. Haynes, and I heard all about the rescue.

"Blanchard was within a mild of Ellinwood's house, where they was takin' him, when they was met by eight men on horseback, all of 'em armed, that had come to find him. They ordered that Blanchard be give up, but no, they refused. They all talked and parleyed, telling them of the three hundud men up Canaan way, and finally they give up Blanchard. Not a blow was struck and not a shot fired. But a reward of five dollars was offered for the capture of Peters, bein' as how he was an old offender, and two officers, Aldrich and Hurlbert, started right off to find him, but as soon as they crossed the line, Ellinwood with a dozen men at his heels, met them and ordered them back off his grounds. He ordered his men to 'rest Aldrich and Hurlbert, but Hurlbert drawed a pistol and Aldrich advised Ellinwood not to go nigh Hurlbert for he might git shot. Then Ellinwood told one of his men to take Aldrich's horse by the bridle and he tried for to 'rest him, but Aldrich fit him off with his sword, and then Ellinwood and his men begun to throw stones. Two stones hit Hurlbert, and upon that he fired and hit one of the men. Up come thirty or forty men from Canaan, and Ellinwood got scat and run in-

to the woods, Aldrich after him. After they had quite a squirmish, they took Ellinwood and fetched him to Colebrook, but in a few hours they let him go. Edgar Aldrich is the son of the one that took Ellinwood.

"Wall, Canady took it up, and so did the States, and there was great excitement all round. The Adjutant General, he ordered into service, to help the sheriff of Coos County, a captain, lieutenant, one ensign, one sergeant, two musicians and forty-two privates for three months, if they was needed. I've seen the list many a time. I can name mor'n half on 'em now. The order was give at six o'clock to the colonel and at three o'clock next mornin' twenty men had come, some on 'em travelin' nineteen miles afoot. This was in November, 1835. I saw 'em march by and they looked grand, I tell ye. The officers had a sword and belt, with a plume on their caps. The uniform was blue trimmed with red. Some of the men had on malishy suits, and the horses was dressed out as gay as the men.

"There was some fightin' and some was 'rested. Canady 'thorities threatened, and Governor Badger said he would order out more troops if they was needed; but after awhile the troubles sorter died out, some movin' across the line into Canady and the rest thinkin' it best to submit. The line house was shet up. Some of the settlers made claims that wan't fixed up till 1840, when Webster settled with Great Britian. Less see, it was called the Webster-Ash-

burton Treaty, and in it the line was laid down as the States claimed. And now here I been knittin' for the allies over there, and the French and Injuns and Britishers and Canadians all fightin' together. My land, how things do change, don't they?"

"How can you remember so much?" asked one of the girls.

"Why, I hain't nothin' to do but remember nowadays. I set and set, and things come back jest as clear as when they happened, a sight clearer than what happened last week. When you are children the things you see and hear make a great impression, and I was allers a great hand to ask questions, and father and mother wan't seldom ever too much in a hurry to tell me. I'll tell you sometime some stories that father used to tell us childun settin' round the fireplace, mother spinning on the big wheel and father whittlin' out axehandles or sugar taps or hoe handles. He was jest as busy evenin's as mother was."

Mrs. Pillsbury finished her sock and tale together, both yarns proving of long duration, saying with true authors' egotism, "I call that story a good deal better than some you read nowadays, for it's true. I wonder if Mandy don't want me to help her with the ironin'. She is stepping considerable fine and makin' some noise, so I guess I'd better go."

"You promised to tell us about an old-fashioned dance sometime."

"You mean a junket. Yes, I'll tell you about one we had when I was a girl at Square Doolittle's."

## MEMORIES

*By Katharine Sawin Oakes*

Meadow-set among the hills,  
Pine-screened from the river,  
Lulled at dusk by whippoorwills  
And the veeries' silver thrills  
Of swinging song a-quiver,—

Century-old, the farmhouse lifts  
Ripened planks and spaces;  
Smokes from ancient chimney rifts;—  
Scorns the winter's savage drifts;—  
Summer's sun outfaces.

At one corner stands a shrub  
Lilac-sweet in Junetime,  
And the garden is a club  
Where the bumblebees all rub  
Shoulders in the noontime.

Phlox is there and mignonette,  
Balsam, purple pansy,  
Larkspur, lilies, Bouncing Bet,  
Peonies and,—backward set,—  
Hollyhocks and tansy.

Often, summer afternoons,  
By the damask roses,  
Grandma sews and hums old tunes,  
Sometimes knitting as she croons,—  
Grandpa reads and dozes.

All within the house is neat,—  
Front hall to back entry,—  
Clean and cool and country-sweet,  
Shaded from the sun and heat.—  
Silence for a sentry.

Spacious rooms, low-ceiled and dim,  
Painted floors, broad-boarded,  
Chairs and tables old and trim,  
Little woodstoves squatting grim,—  
'Gainst the winter hoarded.

Landscaped walls their scenes repeat  
Up the slim-railed stairway  
To slant roofs where raindrops beat,—  
Summer evenings,—quick retreat  
To slumber's pleasant fairway.

From the ell the steep back stairs  
 Toward the kitchen stumble,—  
 Fragrant from its morning cares,  
 It leisurely for tea prepares  
 With the kettle's grumble.

In the milk room, pans are set,  
 Shining cool and dimly;—  
 Ranged in creamy silhouette,  
 Big and little crocks beset  
 Shadowed shelves so primly.

Just inside the woodshed door,  
 The dinner bell hangs,—teeming  
 With summons for an eager corps  
 From mowing field or threshing floor  
 To hearty dishes steaming.

Where the barn casts ample shade,  
 Leo lies a-panting,  
 Resting from a far crusade,  
 Heedless of the hens' parade,—  
 The swallow's squeaky chanting.

High within, sweet-smeling mows  
 With clovered hay are drifted;—  
 The linter mute, until the cows,  
 Herded home at evening, drowse  
 Above milk streams down sifted.

Mossy-rimmed, the old trough stands  
 With icy water streaming,—  
 Brown depths shot with silvery bands  
 Of minnows caught by childish hands,—  
 A-dart and thinly gleaming.

Ah! that brook, that, alder-grown,  
 Through the pasture wandered,  
 Murmuring in undertone  
 As it slipped o'er sand and stone,  
 Wise thoughts, gayly pondered.

\* \* \* \*

*They are distant many a day,—  
 All these scenes and faces,—  
 Time has swept them far away,  
 Love will cherish them alway  
 In the heart's high places.*



# THE OLD DOVER LANDING

*By John B. Stevens.*

We shall be able to see ancient Dover as a whole, when Mr. Scales' history is published. But writers of newspaper sandwiches, magazine tales, sketches and gropings, may still be expected to find something new and interesting.

The popular history of an old New England town has a large element of anecdote, plainness and coarseness in it. Stray waifs—straws in the intellectual atmosphere—not infrequently afford material for the most efficacious treatment.

Always there will be occupation for the tradition hunter's leisure hours and lighter moods. For years to come the Water Side and Tuttle Square are likely to yield traces of color and suggestion.

The stories will not smell of the lamp. They are likely to address the sensibilities rather than the intellect of readers. One hundred years ago, neither the Landing nor Tuttle Square was a literary center. With few exceptions, the people did not apprehend books. From generation to generation every son was a chip of the old block. They were plodders, and it was not difficult to manage them. Common opinion only nibbled at the rights of labor, leaving many things to the minister.

The Old Landing has more human interest than any other part of Dover. From the sea to the great north country, the best route was through the ancient town. For purpose of trade everything wanted in the lonely region was unloaded on the Landing wharves. The people of the riverside realized this advantage. They built schooners and gondolas and established a line of communication throughout the state.

The alternate bustle and languor of the Landing streets and stores

and open places, the old-fashioned taverns and underground bars—cool in summer and aflame with comfort in winter, sailors from Boston and Portsmouth, all furnish material for the sketch-writer. And we may rest assured that the primitive yarns told before yawning fireplaces, piled high with timber from dismantled ships, have not wholly passed into oblivion. However, it must be admitted, that much lies buried under new crusts and may never be discovered.

From the town pump to where John Williams' store stood, Main street reeks with memories of the olden times. Even so far down as the closely packed lane, later known as Linton's, the interest extends.

Agent Williams, Superintendent Paul, Editor Bragg, Captain Rogers, Dr. Joseph H. Smith, John P. Hale, B. P. Shillaber and Charles Gordon Ames, with others of note, lived at different times in the neighborhood. Matters are different now. But all has not been said. It is far from easy to overstate the rudeness of the old days. But the buildings they set up must be allowed to redound to the honesty of the period. Grim and grimed to-day, an air of permanence still remains.

The painter, Gookin, turned many a dollar down there. He sketched everybody; crumbling warehouses, boat shelters, schooners, gondolas, the ripples, reflections and gleams of the river. Thanks to his brush we know just how the leading inhabitants looked. But there was a finer mind at work. At the highest pitch of the locality's activity, the peering eyes and listening ears of the boy Quint were busy. And to him we are indebted for what we really know about the

dateless head of Dover tide-water.

A very old man, whose people lived close to this river long before our second war with Great Britain, gave us much information regarding the Landing. We have not been so fortunate as to Tuttle Square. But when the Tufts memorabilia becomes available, doubtless some wonderful stories will come to light. The old man spoken of said the ancient people, up and down Main street, went to extremes. They were either excessively well-to-do or extremely poor. There was no middle class, so no general sense of propriety existed. The butchers often slaughtered hogs on the Square. The auctioneer stood on the watering trough. Frequently a battle-royal at fisticuffs delayed proper use of the street. And between whiles terriers killed rats, and there were cock-fights in the vicinity.

But patience measurably brought about better conditions. Time takes hold of human nature as no man has yet. As years went on, and when their daughters found employment in the mills, the people became more refined, dressed their meat at proper places, and conducted their pugilistic combats on the wharves. And now the raw hand of improvement is spreading its rule over all the locality. This will

cost something. The point of many an old story will be blunted. The prosy cotton mills are helping out the spoliation. The whirl of a spindle cramps the antiquary's hand.

The demon rum has been exercised without bill or book. This is not all. The old buildings must go. Though strong enough to sustain themselves for a thousand years to come, within another generation very few will be in existence. The original inhabitants died out, and one at a time three nationalities have come in. There is some danger of tameness and dulness, but the language of the ballfield and fistic arena may offer restraint.

At any rate the Landing is a notable melting pot. Moreover, the impression is gaining, that some day we shall be proud of the ancient Landing. There Dover's battle for better living began. There it started on a plane low enough for us to see the stages of advancement. Landing hearts were easily exalted. They instinctively throbbed and burned in hours of national danger. Their tough thews and sinews filled uniforms in every great struggle. The wine of their lives has been spilt on all of our tented fields. And the sea has had no braver sailors. All this it may be well to remember.

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## IN THE GARDEN

*By Alice Leigh*

Strange comfort I have drawn from these:  
Gypsy colors on swaying trees;  
The fall of crisped leaves on the grass,  
The touch of tendrils as I pass;  
The scattered flame of asters, tall  
Against a somber graying wall;  
The way of wind with roses—  
Swiftly their wonder about me closes,  
As if a sudden, deep belief  
Had laid cool fingers on my grief.

# OUTDOOR SPORTS IN COLONIAL TIMES

*By Samuel Copp Worthen*

[Mr. Worthen, of New Hampshire family connections, is a resident of New Jersey and practises law in New York City. He kindly allows us the use of this paper, which was prepared for a meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution, of which he is the genealogist in his home state.]

A devotee of our woods and streams has remarked that many astonishing cures have been made by "that most effective of surgical instruments, the gun"; and that the fishing-pole has cheated death of more victims than the apothecary's pestle and pill-box. Though exaggerated, this statement contains a germ of truth. Outdoor sports strengthen the muscles, soothe the nerves, accelerate the circulation of the blood and produce a subtle impression upon mind and character. They have always been justly regarded as an important factor in the development of national virility. Hence a brief glance at the favorite sports of the colonists prior to the struggle for independence may not be without interest.

A pessimistic Englishman, writing soon after the war, reported that there was plenty of shooting in the United States, but little that could be called hunting. There were (he said) no greyhounds, no hares with the manners and habits of the home-grown product, and scarcely a pack of hounds in America! He complained that hunters did not follow deer but shot them from ambush like Indians. He evidently thought all was wrong which did not conform exactly to the rules prescribed in the tight little Isle of Britain. The colonists for the most part preferred to abandon stereotyped traditions and to act in a manner suited to the new conditions by which they were surrounded.

Deer were hunted in a variety of ways. Sometimes the hunters posted themselves on knolls or other

commanding positions and waited for the deer to pass within shooting distance of their "stations," after they had been driven from cover by men and dogs. Others sought their haunts by the shores of lakes and rivers; or in Indian fashion attracted them by moving to and fro in the tall grass, alternately imitating the cry of the male and raising into view the head and horns of a full-grown buck. This sport was not devoid of danger, for deer will fight desperately when wounded or at bay, leaping up and striking with their sharp-edged hoofs. The numbers killed will be indicated by the fact that in 1764 over 25,000 deer skins were shipped from New York and Philadelphia.

The critic above quoted might have felt more at home if he had witnessed a fox hunt in Virginia. This was a favorite sport from Maryland southward, but little practiced elsewhere. Gay parties rode to the hounds over hill and dale, through swamp and thicket, in the approved English fashion, all striving to be in at the death of their cunning and resourceful, if not very ferocious, prey. No doubt Washington frequently took part in this invigorating pastime. Other typical sports in the south were cock-fighting and horse-racing. The races were regarded as the great events of the year. Planters came in from all parts of the country to enter their horses in the "quarter-races" or to contest for a purse in three-mile heats. Shops were closed and streets deserted, and for hours the roads leading to the race-course were choked with horses, vehicles and pedestrians. Then as in later days, however, gatherings for the enjoyment of this fine sport were too often marred by an excessive manifestation of the gambling

spirit, and by drunkenness and fighting among the lower elements of the population.

In the North hunting and fishing, target shooting, snowshoeing and field sports, such as running and jumping, were popular diversions. It is not easy to draw a dividing line between sports and useful activities, as the two were often combined. For example, a "raising," when the whole countryside turned out to help a neighbor put up a house or barn, was made a highly festive occasion. Joy was added to the proceedings by copious drafts of cider or New England rum. Shouts of mirth arose as the canteen was passed from mouth to mouth, and when the building was completed one of the party would dedicate or christen it by climbing to the top, repeating some rude couplet and breaking a bottle or attaching a branch of a tree to the gable.

Trips through the frozen wilderness on snowshoes were not always made purely for sport, though constituting the best of outdoor exercise. The snowshoe men of early days were the main defense of the settlements against marauding savages. On snowshoes the backwoodsmen of the north sallied forth to track the lordly moose to his lair and engage him in single combat. Thus equipped they pushed across the icy wastes with trap and gun in quest of the fur-bearing animals.

Sometimes expeditions were directed against wolves and bears, and were almost as much in the nature of defensive warfare as sport. Wolves came down in famished packs from Canada, killing sheep and pigs and other domestic animals and rendering it unsafe for children to go to school unattended. Bears were also regarded as troublesome enemies, and bounties were paid for their destruction.

The best time to hunt bears was

in the early part of the winter, after the snow had come, but while they could still find nuts for food and had not yet sought their dens for the remainder of the cold season. Dogs were trained to track them down, snap at their heels and dodge back in time to avoid their teeth and claws. Thus they were held until the hunters came up. Sometimes a bear would take refuge in a tree. When besieged there he would not try to escape by sliding down the trunk, but would roll up, precipitate himself suddenly from some high branch to the ground and trundle away like a hoop into the woods. If cornered or wounded these animals would fight savagely and were capable of making things lively for their human as well as their canine opponents.

The men and boys of our Northern climes also delighted in such minor sports as angling for trout and pickerel; spearing "suckers" as they swarmed up the brooks and streams in the springtime, or the flashing salmon as they strove to leap obstructing water-falls; and thoroughly enjoyed creeping through rain and freezing cold in quest of the much prized canvas-back.

A volume would be required to do justice to my subject. This very incomplete account may, however, convey some idea of the part played by open-air sports in moulding the minds and bodies of our colonial ancestors. Much stress has been laid upon the lessons which they learned during their long conflicts with the French and Indians and the discipline which they derived from the hardships and privations incident to frontier life but outdoor sports, such as those above described, no doubt aided materially in building up a race of strong, resourceful men fit to cope with the trained armies of Britain on the field of battle.

## A BROOK IN THE WOODS

(Late Afternoon in Autumn)

*By Charles Wharton Stork*

Smoothly, swiftly the brook swirls by,  
And through the tree-tops the paling sky  
Wistfully smiles and watches it go,—  
Wonders why it must always flow:  
Joy lies in seeing, and joy in loving;  
Joy is in being, not in moving,—  
So broods the sky. The stout old trees  
Wonder too as they stand at ease,  
Stare at the shadowy surface black  
That goes and goes and never comes back,  
Or in some pool where the light falls through  
See themselves and the filmy blue  
Of the sky. "Whirl on!" the trees then scoff,  
"You can't even whirl our image off."  
But bluff and staunch as the great trees stand,  
They drop through many a listless hand,  
Bit by bit and fold upon fold,  
Their raiment of crimson and cloth- of-gold.  
And this is the song that the brook bears deep  
In its liquid heart, while it seems asleep:

I can not tell why I have to run,  
When the pausing-time of the year has begun,  
When the winds are drowsing and birds are few,  
When all is strange, but nothing new,  
When Death is more tender than ever Life was;  
And yet I may never take breath, because—  
Because, because—shall I never know why,  
When Nature's footsteps are lingering, I  
Must hurry, must hurry, and never be still?  
The little fish in my depths are chill;  
They go to hide in the good brown mud,  
And my water-plants droop with the sinking flood  
Of the vital warmth from the world and me.  
But I do not pause, though more stealthily  
I seem to go; I am hushed to hear  
The last half-sigh of the failing year.

# BATH--A TOWN THAT WAS

*By Kate J. Kimball*

"Bath? Where is Bath?" The question was asked a few years ago, by the head of a New Hampshire school for boys—a school of national fame.

Bath is in Grafton county forty-one miles from Dartmouth College, eighty-two from Concord, thirty from Mount Washington, and one hundred fifty from Boston. (These are not the numbers used by conductors that take up mileage on the trains of the Boston and Maine.)

The town is pleasantly located in the valley of the Connecticut. The Ammonoosuc River enters its borders near the northeast corner; and, after pursuing a circuitous course and receiving the waters of the Wild Ammonoosuc four miles from its mouth, flows into the Connecticut at the southwest angle of the town. Near the confluence of these rivers Mount Gardner rises with a bold ascent, and extends in a northeasterly direction, nearly parallel with the Connecticut River, the whole length of the town.

Bath was first surveyed in 1760 by marking its corners and designating it as Number 10. In 1761 a charter was granted to sixty-two men. One of the provisions of the charter was that every grantee should plant and cultivate within the term of five years, five acres for every fifty acres of his grant. This provision not having been complied with, the original charter was forfeited, and a second one granted in 1769. This priceless document is said to be still in existence.

The first Town Meeting was held in 1784. In 1785 delegates from twelve towns met at the house of William Eastman in Bath and chose Major John Young as a member of the General Court to be convened at Portsmouth, Meshech

Weare, then being president, as the executive head of the state was styled under the Constitution of 1784. This William Eastman was the son of Hannah Eastman who was taken captive by Indians at the same time Hannah Dustin was captured. Mrs. Eastman was taken to Canada, where her husband found her after a search of three years. The Indians rarely killed white women on account of their superiority to squaws in the noble art of cooking.

In 1793, three towns, Bath, Lisbon and Lincoln, united in choosing a Representative, and these three towns continued to form one Representative District until 1800 when Bath alone sent a Representative.

Champlain, the noted French explorer, is said to have been the first white man to set foot upon the soil of what is now New Hampshire. This occurred in July, 1605, but the first settlement was not made until 1623. The North Country, or Cohos, as this part of the state was called in early times, was settled late on account of fear of depredations by the French and Indians, coming down from Canada. Daniel Webster once said in a public speech, "My elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, reared among the snow drifts of New Hampshire at so early a period (1761) that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada."

The first settler in Bath was Andrew Gardner who came in 1765, and for him Mount Gardner was named. At one time there were no less than nine families living on the

mountain. The first settler in the village was Jaaziel Harriman. He was the first man that brought his family with him. The Harrimans were the first settlers that came to the North Country by the way of Salisbury, where the Websters lived. The pioneers employed an old hunter to guide them through the wilderness, and they were four days performing the journey from Concord.

The first vegetables raised in town were planted by Mercy Harriman, then nine years of age, who carried the soil in her apron to the top of the rock, and there made her garden. Wolves, bear, deer and moose were prevalent in considerable numbers, and the spot for the garden was chosen on account of its elevation in preference to the fertile land near the brook, later called Payson Brook which flows through



UP THE RIVER—BATH

A pitch of 500 acres was voted in 1767 to Harriman, and he owned all the land on which the village now stands. The abstract of title to all village property goes back to him, and the falls were long known as Harriman Falls. The first birth in town was that of his daughter, Mary; and the first death, that of his little son, two years of age, by accident. This little fellow was the first person buried in the village cemetery. The Harrimans camped near the two rivers; and there were four wigwams, occupied by red people, between their cabin and the Wild Ammonoosuc.

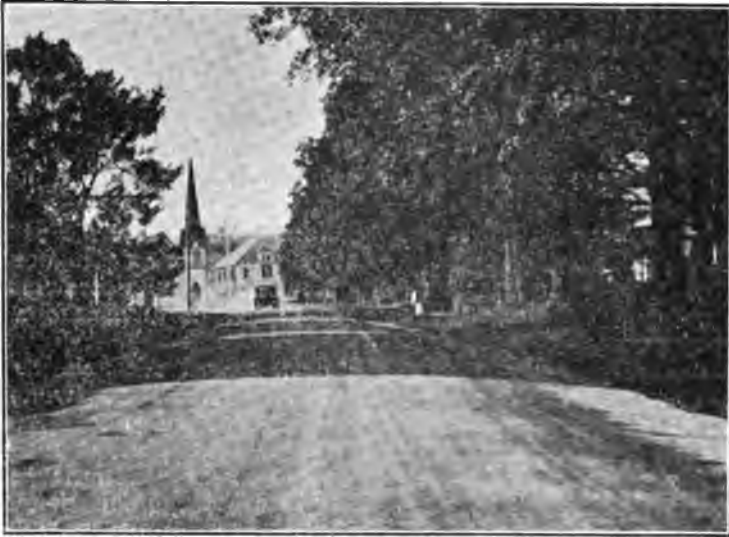
the meadow. Mercy later married a man by the name of Carr, and died at Corinth, Vermont in 1847 at the age of eighty-nine. Eighty-nine! Another link in the chain of evidence that gardening is conducive to longevity.

The Harrimans lived in Bath but two years, when they removed to Chester, New Hampshire. The removal was due to Mrs. Harriman's dread of Indians. She was a brave woman; but when, in the absence of her husband who had gone to procure provisions, four savages, decorated with paint, invaded the privacy of her bedroom where she was

sleeping with her young children; and when she was obliged to rise from her couch at night to hurl torches of blazing pine knots among the wolves to drive them from her cabin, she decided that she preferred to live where there were more white people.

Mercy was as courageous as her mother. Seeing some Indians approaching, both parents being absent, she hastened the younger

Bath has not always been the quiet little hamlet it now is. In its period of greatest prosperity, from 1820 to 1850, it was the most important town in the North Country. Its prosperity was due to its fertile soil (it being one of the best agricultural towns in the state), its water power, central location, the integrity and energy of its inhabitants, and the large proportion of wealthy men. In 1830 its popula-



THE STREET—BATH

children into a kind of closet that was partitioned off by a blanket in one corner of the room, hid one of them in a barrel of feathers, another under a washtub, and herself retired under the bed with the baby—feeding it sugar and water to keep it quiet. The Indians came in, looked around; and, perceiving no one, took some tallow, and went off. Mrs. Harriman sometimes helped her husband in securing provisions. A young moose, swimming across the river, no sooner reached the shore than she seized it, cut its throat with a knife, and added meat to her larder.

tion was 1,626, nearly three times what it is now. In 1844 there were 380 names on the check list—not including women!

The first appropriation for a public school was in 1786, when it was voted to raise sixty bushels of wheat for the support of a teacher. In 1830 there were in all the public schools of the town 531 pupils. There are now 163.

For many years an academy was in a flourishing condition, which, in 1852, gave employment to nine instructors, and numbered one hundred students.

The three villages of the town—



the Upper, the Lower, and Swift-water—were centers of trade and business for miles around. Nor was activity wanting in other parts of the town. There were ten saw-mills, a brick yard, many starch factories, clothing, grist and clap-board mills; nail, whetstone, woolen and bedstead factories; and—*mirabile dictu*—two whiskey distilleries.

Money was not in early times plentiful. It was difficult for a small farmer to get hold of enough coin to pay his "rates"—the word he used for taxes. A system of barter was employed in ordinary business. It is related that a man once took an egg to a store to exchange for a darning needle for his good wife. As was customary at that time when a trade had been consummated, the customer was invited by the merchant to take a drink. The usual three fingers of whiskey were poured into a glass, but the customer did not immediately drink it. He finally said, "I usually take an egg in my whiskey." Whereupon the merchant gave him the identical egg he had brought to pay for the darning needle. When broken, it transpired that the egg held two yolks. Whereupon the customer said, "I think I ought to have two darning needles." Yankee acquisitiveness!

When the Revolutionary War broke out not less than forty-six men of the not yet organized township enlisted, while the whole population was less than seventy families. In the military history of the town, the family of Bedel is most conspicuous, no less than eight of that name having entered the Revolutionary War; and three—father, son and grandson—were generals in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, and the Civil War, respectively; and they were all men of extraordinary fidelity and bravery. Timothy, the eldest, raised four regiments for the Revolutionary

War, two of which he commanded and led to Canada; his son, Moody, accompanied his father in both expeditions to Canada, and later distinguished himself in the brilliant sortie at Fort Erie in the War of 1812; and the grandson, John, when a young man of twenty-five enlisted in the Mexican War. The last command of his mother to him as he bade her farewell was "not to return home shot in the back." John also served valiantly in the Civil War, and a bronze monument in the cemetery to his memory bears the inscription: "Erected by his surviving comrades of the 3rd N. H. Volunteers for his sterling integrity, undaunted courage, and heroic devotion to his country." Bath furnished her quota for the Mexican War; more than her quota for the War between the States; and, though greatly depleted in population, a round dozen for the World War, who fought bravely on land and sea, some of whom enlisted, and one of whom fell in battle.

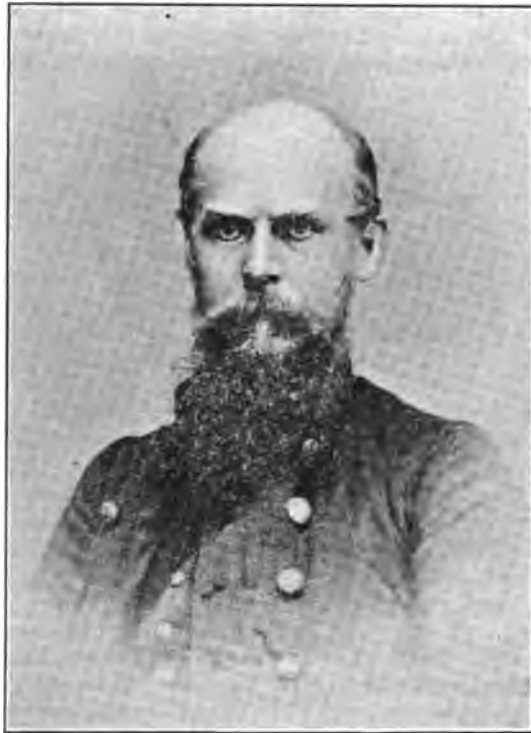
In early years Bath always had one or two good hotels; and the large brick hotel, built and owned by the Carletons, was long known as the best between Boston and Canada. In the hall connected with this hotel, were held long ago many refined dances, for which the musicians came from Boston in horse-drawn stage coaches, the journey occupying three days, and the price of a ticket to a dance was five dollars!

Less than three weeks after Bath was organized the town voted that four bushels of wheat a day be allowed a clergyman for his services. The first building for religious services was a shanty-like affair, which later burned down. The first meeting house was erected at West Bath, and completed in 1805. The site is now marked by a cairn of stones. The first sermon was

preached in this church by Rev. erend David Sutherland. Mr. Sutherland ministered to the church and people thirty-eight years, and resided here until his death in 1855.

Father Sutherland, as he was endearingly called, was a remarkable man. Though living in Puritan times, religion as exemplified by him, was never sad. He was a

State Legislature; before a small collection of rural people on a hillside; or in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia churches, where he sometimes preached, and to one of which he was earnestly entreated to minister permanently. He once preached before an audience of ten thousand people assembled to witness a hanging.



GENERAL JOHN BEBEL

man of winning personality. He had a kind heart and the charity that thinketh no evil. The prominent traits of his character were humility, benevolence and sympathy. His sermons, though extemporaneous, were adapted to an audience which greatly varied. He acquitted himself equally well before his own church people; before the General Association; before the

In New Hampshire imprisonment for debt was not abolished until 1841. In 1805 Russell Freeman who had been a Councilor in the state and speaker of the House of Representatives, was imprisoned in the Haverhill jail for debt. Two other men were confined in the same room for the same cause. Josiah Burnham, one of the debtors, a quarrelsome and brutal fellow,

enraged at the complaints made of his ravenous appetite and ungovernable passions, fell upon Mr. Freeman and his companion and murdered them both. He was tried, and hanged for the crime the following year. It was upon this occasion that Mr. Sutherland's services were sought.

At the time of Mr. Sutherland's ministry in Bath, the support of the church was part of the business of the town. Of the salary voted him in Town Meeting he never received more than three-fourths of the stipulated sum, as he declined to take anything from those who favored other denominations than the Congregational, and from those who were unwilling or unable to pay. Indeed if it came to his ears that any had paid grudgingly, he actually returned to them the sums they had paid. If it had not been for a small property brought to him by his wife, he declared he would have been reduced to absolute poverty. Yet when he had ministered in the town twenty years, he went into Town Meeting and asked to have his salary reduced, giving as his reason that as produce had fallen in value, it might not be convenient for many to pay the sums assessed upon them.

From 1833 to 1843 there were in Bath four churches, and all were well filled on Sundays. Christmas was ignored as a relic of Popery, but on Fast Days and Thanksgivings every human being went to church. This deep interest in religion had not wholly passed in my own childhood. It seems to me now that the atmosphere at that time was composed of three elements—religion, education, and oxygen with an immense difference in stress—ponderously on the first; a little less on the second; and none at all on the third, which was furnished by nature, and to which no thought was given.

The highest civil office held by an

inhabitant of Bath was that of Member of Congress, two men having served in the House of Representatives—Mr. James H. Johnson, two terms, and Mr. Harry Hibbard, three terms. Mr. Hibbard was a lawyer prominent in his profession, and an intimate friend of Franklin Pierce. Upon the accession of Pierce to the Presidency, Mr. Hibbard was tendered several positions, including a seat on the Supreme Bench of the State—all of which he refused on account of ill health.

I well remember the visit paid to Mr. Hibbard by the ex-President. The great man attended church and bowed his head in prayer. A Puritan stands upright when he prays. Few, if any, in the little church had ever seen a head bowed, and the matter was discussed. Some were of the opinion that reverence held no part in the inclination, and that the visitor was simply overcome by a slight faintness from which he soon recovered.

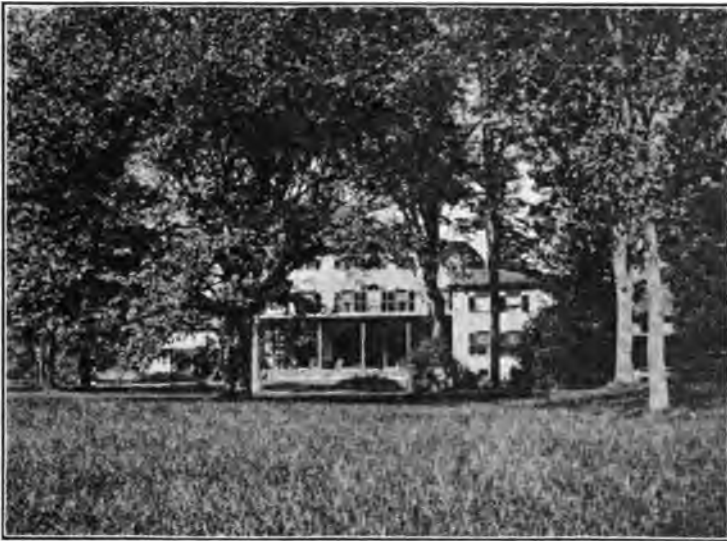
The highest judicial office ever held by an inhabitant of Bath was that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State—an honor conferred upon Andrew Salter Woods, the first native of Bath to practice law.

The first physician came to Bath in 1790—Doctor Isaac Moore. Many others practised in the town for longer or shorter periods. Though all were successful, the most beloved and those who remained longest were Doctor John French, who came from Landaff in 1822; and William Child, a native of the town who died in 1918, aged eighty-four. Doctor Child served as surgeon in the Civil War, and witnessed the assassination of President Lincoln. Bath for many years was noted for the ability and number of its lawyers, at one time no less than thirteen dwelling within its limits.

The most prominent family in the village was that of Moses Paul

Payson. He came in 1798 and soon acquired a large and successful practice. Mr. Payson was polished, graceful, easy yet dignified in manner, a perfect presiding officer. He took great interest in town affairs and filled many offices—both low and high. His means were ample and he built first a large frame house for his dwelling, and later in 1810 the spacious brick house still known as the Payson Place. He

ous Judge Livermore of Holderness. Arthur came to Bath about 1840, lived in the town seventeen years, and afterward went to Ireland as consul. After the Livermores left the house was rented in sections to various people, and in the sixties it was bought by D. K. Jackman who occupied it as his home until his death in 1877. Mr. Jackman added greatly to the comfort and beauty of the house by putting in



THE PAYSON PLACE

was a classical scholar, and familiar with the buildings of antiquity. He knew the Parthenon, every line in which, by actual measurement, is a curve. The expression of his taste is seen in the beautiful arched doors and central windows, the curves in the facade, the stairway, and interior partitions. Mrs. Payson was a woman of great personal beauty, charming in manner, and a gracious hostess. Of their five children only one reached middle life, and no lineal descendants are now living.

After the Paysons the next owner and occupant of the house was Arthur Livermore, son of the fam-

modern appliances, and building a porch around it. For nearly forty years after his family left it, the house was unoccupied. It has now been restored, and is used as a hotel.

Other interesting old buildings in Bath are the Brick Store, symmetrical in construction and formerly lighted by large windows, each containing sixty-four small square panes of glass, and the brick houses at The Upper Village in the English style of architecture. Two families prominent at The Upper Village for many years were the Hutchins and Goodall families. Of the former, Arthur Hutchins was conspicuous

in ability and character, beloved of all who knew him, and, when the news came that he had fallen in the Battle of the Wilderness, a young man with life all before him, it seemed as if the whole town went into mourning. Of the Goodall family, a son Francis Henry, received the rare Congressional medal

in whom all had unbounded confidence. Many had placed their entire accumulations in his hands, as Savings Banks had not been established. Thousands of dollars were thus lost directly, and thousands more indirectly, by diverting trade to other towns. Another cause of the deterioration of the town was the de-



ARTHUR HUTCHINS

of Honor for his bravery in carrying under fire from the field of battle at Fredericksburg, to a place of safety, a wounded comrade.\*

Bath has been visited by many serious floods and fires, but the decadence of the town was due in great part to the financial failure of a business man in the village

population of the farms. The building of the railways made the fertile prairie land of the interior of our country easy of access, and family after family left their homes in Bath never to return. More than half a century ago, a party was held in Grinnell, Iowa, to which all the people that had once lived in Bath were invited. Over sixty individuals were present.

That business in Bath will ever

\*Mr. Goodall's career is described in the Granite Monthly for November, 1912.

revive is not to be expected. But the beautiful sites for cottages on all the roads leading out from the village, the lovely views, the springs of pure water on almost every hillside, the easy accessibility of all points of interest in the White

Mountains, and the hospitality of the inhabitants, lead to a not unreasonable expectation that the township in the near future will be the summer home of many people of moderate means.

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## MONADNOCK

*By J. L. McLane, Jr.*

(Charles MacVeagh Jr. was lost in a snow-storm on the slopes of the Mountain, February Fourteenth, 1920.)

Oh brooding presence of unchanging rest,  
 Broad-shouldered Titan of primordial age,  
 With thrushes singing at your leafy breast  
 And hills and hamlets clustered at your knees—  
 Slow-sloping summit cloaked about with trees,  
 What portion have you in Time's heritage?  
 What fetters bind your giant limbs of stone,  
 Sinister Shadow, that you brood alone,  
 All unattended in your lonely state—  
 Sentinel of a realm inviolate?  
 Was it because he loved you that you drew  
 His spirit to you? Was it jealous pride  
 Of his fleet-footed beauty as he grew  
 Sweeter and stronger, that you called him hence,  
 Wounding our hearts with wonder when he died  
 In your unyielding snows dumb innocence?  
 I cannot think that it was otherwise  
 Than that you knew he loved you! Did you know  
 That he was wearied of life's gilded lies—  
 Earth's promises that cheat us as the dew  
 Gathered from cobwebs by the hands of Day?  
 Surely for this you called his heart away  
 Up to the slopes he loved, the heights he knew  
 Could bring him healing!— For his hurt heart found  
 In that last silence, that white hush of snow,  
 A way to further, finer life. . . . . Profound,  
 Dark to my searching eyes your shadows grow:  
 An ultimate enigma that will stay  
 Sure with his love, until Death calls away  
 A heart less noble and a soul less clear  
 Into those starry, pathless realms he entered without fear.

# SNOW

*By Charles Nevers Holmes*

[Mr. Holmes, a Massachusetts man of New Hampshire ancestry, is a long-time contributor whose reading has led him into unusual by-ways whence he has extracted much of the curious interest which this paper reflects. His allusion to the great storm of 1717 reminds us that it suggested to Cotton Mather the thought of the thaw which must follow. There resulted a lecture on the text, "He sendeth forth His Word, and melteth them." Mather noted a heavy snowfall on February 24 as well as on the earlier date. Even as late as March 7, Mather entered in his diary that business still had "an uncommon Stop upon it." Editor.]

A large part of the 1,700,000,000 people dwelling upon this little planet, which we call Earth, have never seen any snow; but a large part of the citizens dwelling in the United States have beheld snow, more or less of it. Indeed, winter's white mantle covers only about one-third of the 58,000,000 square miles of our world's land surface, varying greatly, of course, according to the seasons. In continental United States, snow sometimes falls in regions where it is unexpected, and the amount of snow-fall is different from year to year. Recently nature has been most prolific in snow storms, but we should remember that there is a record of a snow-fall during February 19 to 24, 1717, which had a depth of five to six feet.

Within the United States, the average annual fall of snow varies from ten to thirty feet in the West, and from eight feet in the East to no snow in the farthest South. However, even in tropical regions snow may exist upon high mountains; for example, not far from the equator, there is perpetual snow at a height of about 18,000 feet (about three, and four tenth miles). In the Himalaya Mountains this snow-line approximates, on the north side, 20,000 feet, whereas in the Rocky Mountains it approximates 11,000 feet. In Iceland,

near the Arctic Circle, the mountains are covered with perpetual snow at a height of about 3,000 feet, while, further north, the snow-line starts at about sea-level. In the northern hemisphere, snow has been seen to fall as far south as Canton, China (latitude 23°), whereas, in the southern hemisphere, it has fallen as far north as Sydney, Australia (latitude 34°).

As we well know, a cubic foot of snow will not yield, when melted, a cubic foot of water. Water, when frozen, expands in volume; for example, an iceberg is larger than an equal amount of water. Snow owing to the lightness of its structure, contains much less water than is contained by an equal amount of ice. As an illustration, seven or eight inches of very wet snow are equal to about an inch of rain, but it would require two or three feet of very dry snow to equal an inch of rain-fall. However, the average snow storm consists of about one-tenth water. That is to say, a snowfall of two feet is equal to a rainfall of about two and four-tenths inches. In other words, under usual conditions, a snow fall of two feet over the whole of continental United States, excluding Alaska and including southern regions where such a snow-fall is impossible, or an area of about three million square miles, would approximate a snow volume of 169 trillion cubic feet. That is, a snowfall of two feet would be equal to a cubical block ten miles in each dimension. If this huge cubical block could be placed beside Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world, it would loom more than four miles above Mt. Everest's summit.

Respecting the extraordinary snow storm of 1717, to which reference has already been made, the *Boston News Letter* (February 25th) published the following: "Besides sever-

al snows we had a great one on Monday the 18th current and on Wednesday the 20th it began to snow about noon and continued snowing till Friday the 22d, so that the snow lies in some parts of the streets about six foot high." With regard to this storm the Rev. John Cotton wrote to his father (February 27), "I went to Boston, & by reason of the late great & very deep snow I was detained there till yesterday. I got with difficulty to the ferry on Friday, but couldn't get over: went back to Mr. Belcher's where I lodged. Tried again the next day. Many of us went over the ferry, & held a council at Charlestown, & having heard of the great difficulty of a butcher, who was foundered, dug out, &c., we were quite discouraged: went back & lodged with abundance of heartiness at Mr. Belcher's. Mr. White & I trudged thro' up to the South, where I knew Mr. Colman was to preach in the forenoon, when he designed to give the separate character of Mr. Pemberton (who died February 13th). I ordered my horse over the ferry to Boston yesterday, designing to try Roxbury way—but was so discouraged by gentlemen in town, especially by the Governor, with whom I dined, that I was going to put up my horse and tarry till Thursday, and as I was going to do it I met Capt. Prentice, Stowell, &c., come down on purpose to break the way & conduct me home—which they kindly did and safely, last night."

This snowfall of six feet was indeed extraordinary, but it should be compared with the depth of snow that overtook Mr. and Mrs. Donner, who endeavored to reach California, in 1846. They had journeyed as far as the Sierra Nevada Mountains when a heavy snow storm descended upon them. Their fate is thus described by an old-time guide-book, Crofutt's Trans-continental Tourist: "During the night, the threatened storm burst over them in all its

fury. The old pines swayed and bent before the blast, bearing destruction and death on its snow-laden wings. The snow fell heavily and fast, as it can fall in those mountains. In the morning the terror-stricken emigrants beheld one vast expanse of snow, and the large white flakes falling thick and fast. Still there was hope. Some of the cattle and their horses remained. They could leave the wagons, and with the horses they might possibly cross the mountains.

"The balance of the party placed the children on the horses, and bade Mr. and Mrs. Donner a last good-by; and, after a long and perilous battle with the storm, they succeeded in crossing the mountains and reaching the valleys, where the danger was at an end. The storm continued, almost without intermission, for several weeks, and those who had crossed the Summit knew that an attempt to reach the imprisoned party would be futile, until the spring sun should melt away the icy barrier.

"Early in the spring a party of brave men started from the valley to bring out the prisoners, expecting to find them alive and well, for it was supposed that they had provisions enough to last them through the winter. After a desperate effort, which required weeks of toil and exposure, the party succeeded in scaling the mountains, and came to the camp of the Donners." However, this rescue party arrived too late. Both Mr. and Mrs. Donner had perished. There is one very interesting fact concerning this early tragedy of the West. The Donners had cut down some trees near their camp, and, of course, the heights of the resulting tree stumps indicated the depth of snow when these trees were cut. "Some of them are twenty feet in height."

In Dr. Hartwig's "The Polar World," published long ago, there is considerable information respecting snow. He writes, "Snow protects in an admirable manner the vegetation



of the higher latitudes against the cold of the long winter season. For snow is so bad a conductor of heat, that in mid-winter in the high latitude of 50° 50' (Rensselaer Bay), while the surface temperature was as low as -30°, Kane found at two feet deep a temperature of -8°, at four feet +2°, and at eight feet +26°, or no more than six degrees below the freezing-point of water. Thus covered by a warm crystal snow-mantle, the northern plants pass the long winter in a comparatively mild temperature, high enough to maintain their life, while, without, icy blasts—capable of converting mercury into a solid body—howl over the naked wilderness; and as the first snow-falls are more cellular and less condensed than the nearly impalpable powder of winter, Kane justly observes that no 'eider-down in the cradle of an infant is tucked in more kindly than the sleeping dress of winter about the feeble plant-life of the Arctic zone.' Thanks to this protection, and to the influence of a sun which for months circles above the horizon, even Washington, Grinnell Land and Spitzbergen are able to boast of flowers.

"It is impossible to form any thing like a correct estimate of the quantity of snow which annually falls in the highest latitudes. So much is certain that it can not be small, to judge by the violence and swelling of the rivers in spring. The summits of the hills, and the declivities exposed to the reigning winds, are constantly deprived of snow, which, however, fills up the bottom of the valleys to a considerable height. Great was Midden-

dorff's astonishment, while travelling over the tundra at the end of winter, to find it covered with no more than two inches, or at the very utmost half a foot, of snow; the dried stems of the Arctic plants everywhere peeping forth above its surface. This was the natural consequence of the northeasterly storms, which, sweeping over the naked plain, carry the snow along with them, and form the snow-waves, the compass of the northern namads.

"It is extremely probable that, on advancing towards the pole, the fall of snow gradually diminishes, as in the Alps, where its quantity likewise decreases on ascending above a certain height."

Not only scientists but also poets have described the snow. In conclusion, it seems fitting to quote from Whittier's "Snow-bound."

"Unwarmed by any sunset light  
The gray day darkened into night,  
A night made hoary with the swarm  
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,  
As zigzag wavering to and fro  
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:  
And ere the early bed-time came  
The white drift piled the window-frame,  
And through the glass the clothes-line  
posts  
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:  
The morning broke without a sun;  
In tiny spherule traced with lines  
Of Nature's geometric signs,  
In starry flake, and pellicle,  
All day the hoary meteor fell;  
And, when the second morning shone,  
We looked upon a world unknown,  
On nothing we could call our own.  
Around the glistening wonder bent  
The blue walls of the firmament,  
No cloud above, no earth below,—  
A universe of sky and snow!"

# A GASOLINE TAX FOR NEW HAMPSHIRE

*By Winthrop Wadleigh*

[This voluntary contribution from a Dartmouth undergraduate is welcomed as showing that some of our students take an interest in current problems.—Editor.]

The present tax system in New Hampshire is being subjected to a great deal of investigation and criticism. The tax situation, to the minds of many, seems to be unjust in many respects, and agitation for a change will be in order when the State Legislature convenes at Concord in January.

A tax committee of three members was appointed by the Farm Bureau last spring to investigate the situation. Recently the committee reported on its findings. Among the many practical suggestions they made, a tax on gasoline seemed the most acceptable and the most likely to be favored by the legislature.

According to this plan, a tax of probably one or two cents would be levied on each gallon of gasoline sold to motorists in New Hampshire. The revenue thus obtained would go into the coffers of the State for the maintenance of highways. On account of this increased revenue the cost of registration could be lowered. This plan, I think, has three definite advantages.

In the first place, the foreign cars would pay something toward the maintenance of the highways. During the summer, the roads of New Hampshire are crowded with tourists travelling in the state. They wear out the roads to a marked degree, yet contribute little to their upkeep. Such a condition is obviously unjust to the tax payers who are forced to

pay for the roads the tourists wear out. A gasoline tax would render the situation much more equitable.

The second advantage is that the owner of a heavy car or truck would contribute much more than the owner of a light one. The heavy cars wear the roads out more, burn more gas, and this will force the habitual driver taxes. The heavy trucks to a large extent are responsible for the poor condition of the roads and a gasoline tax would force their owners to contribute their share towards the repairing of the damage they do.

The third advantage is that car owners who only drive a comparatively few miles in a season will not have to contribute more than their due share of taxes. As it is now, they pay just as much as though they drive every day in the year. With the registration fee reduced, they will pay more nearly in proportion to the distance they drive and this will force the habitual driver to pay his share toward the maintenance of highways. At the present-time, it costs more to put a car on the road in New Hampshire than any other state, and the reduction of the registration fee will make it cheaper for the occasional driver, but more expensive for the habitual driver. This obviously renders the situation much more just.

A gasoline tax has been tried out in other states, Connecticut for example. It has worked successfully there. No reason can be given why it will not work successfully in New Hampshire also. A high degree of probability exists that it will. It certainly should be given a trial.

# THE SPENCE HOUSE

## PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

*By Joseph Foster, Rear Admiral (S. C.), U. S. Navy*

*(Retired)*

In view of the coming tercentenary it would seem well that the recent erroneous identification of the "Joseph Whipple House" as the "Spence House," Portsmouth (a house of special historic note), which was printed and widely circulated, should be corrected for the general information of our present and absent sons and daughters.

Lot No. 30, "Lower Glebe Lands," at the N. E. corner of State and Chestnut streets, Portsmouth, N. H., is marked on the ancient "Glebe" record:

"M. Nelson, 1709."

"J. Whipple, 1788 and 1823."

Lot No. 39, "Lower Glebe Lands," Portsmouth, N. H., at the S. W. corner of State and Fleet streets, is marked on the same ancient record:

"J. Booth, 1709."

"J. Sherburne, 1730."

"Robt. Trail, 1799."

"Keith Spence (Spence), 1788."

"Mrs. Spence (Spence), 1823."

(Gurney's "Portsmouth Historic and Picturesque," Portsmouth, 1902, page 150. Also "Historical Calendar of Portsmouth, published by the Box Club of the North church, Portsmouth, N. H., Miss Frances A. Mathes and Mr. Charles A. Haslett, editors," Portsmouth, 1907, page 20.)

Mary Whipple, daughter of Captain William Whipple, senior, and his wife, Mary Cutt, and sister of General William Whipple, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born in 1730, married Robert Trail, born in the Orkney Islands, a distinguished merchant of Portsmouth, Comptroller of the Port until the Revolution, and afterward Collector of the island of Bermuda; and resided in this house then and

now standing at the southwest corner of State and Fleet Streets, old No. 82, new No. 340 State Street. She survived her husband and died 3d October, 1791, age 61 years.

Robert and Mary (Whipple) Trail had three children, Robert, William and Mary. Robert and William went to Europe where they settled, and Mary married Keith Spence, Esquire, a merchant from Scotland who settled in Portsmouth—parents of Captain Robert Trail Spence, United States Navy, and grandparents of the late Commodore Charles Whipple Pickering, United States Navy of Portsmouth, and of James Russell Lowell, the distinguished essayist and poet, United States Minister to Spain and England.

Keith Spence of Portsmouth, N. H., purser, U. S. Navy, 1800-1805, "a gentleman justly held in high estimation for his probity, intelligence, and nice sense of honor," "was the bosom friend and mentor of Decatur ("Goldsborough's Chronicle," Vol. 1, page 228.) He was Purser of the frigate Philadelphia, when that vessel was captured by the Tripolitans, 31st October, 1803 (Cooper, Vol. 1, page 225,) and was a prisoner in Tripoli during the attack of 7th August, 1804, in which his son distinguished himself. He died suddenly at New Orleans, and was buried there. Mrs. Spence survived her husband and died January 10, 1824, aged 69.

The stones of Mrs. Mary (Cutt) Whipple, Mrs. Trail and Mrs. Spence are in the North cemetery, Portsmouth, near that of their distinguished son, brother and uncle, General William Whipple, on the

rising ground near the center of the cemetery.

Robert Trail Spence, appointed Midshipman, United States Navy, 15th May, 1800, who distinguished himself in the attack on Tripoli, 7th August, 1804, as related in "Cooper's Naval History" died a Captain, United States Navy, 26th September, 1826. He took part in the defence of Baltimore, when attacked by the British in 1814, and was in command of the naval es-

tablishment at Baltimore for several years before his death, and is buried in Loudon Park cemetery, near that city.

Much additional information as to the Whipple and related families will be found in the "Presentation of Flags" and "Presentation of Portraits of Whipple and Farragut," included in the "Soldiers Memorial," Portsmouth, N. H., 1893-1921."

## WILLOW TREE

*By Alice Leigh*

Willows, slender fingers swaying,  
Tenuous, cleave the amber light;  
Willows, long green fingers playing,  
Tune phantom notes to wind-swept night.

Rippling, skipping, softly dipping,  
Rhythmic, pulsing, dulcet, fond—  
(Where the singers? Who the singers,  
To her witching notes respond?)

Willows, slender fingers weaving  
Tapestry with cunning skill;  
Willows, long green fingers tracing,  
Leave strange patterns, weird and chill;

Warp of silken green and amber  
Shot with dusky shadows blue;  
Woof of silver bird-notes lacing  
In and out through and through.

(Where shall hang her mystic carpet  
When her weaving task is through?)  
Willows, slender fingers weaving  
Secret carpets for the dew.

Willows, slender fingers closing  
Tighter, tighter round my heart;  
Twining, twisting, turning, thrusting  
Our two worlds so far apart—

(Are you near me? Can you hear me?  
Can you see the willow spread  
Silken shadows for the dancers,  
Can you hear their spectral tread?)

## NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

The New Hampshire College last month offered fifteen reading courses by mail to those interested in agriculture and home economics. Any resident of New Hampshire may have this Extension Service free, either singly or as a member of a group study class. The courses offered are: Soils and Fertilizers; Farm Crops; Farm Stock; Orchard Management; Dairy Farming; Poultry Husbandry; Swine Husbandry; The Farm Wood Lot; Vegetable Gardening; Bee Keeping; Small Fruits; Farm Management; Feeding the Family; Clothing the Family; Household Management. Each course is based upon a simple, practicable textbook, supplemented by federal and state bulletins. Mr. J. C. Kendall of Durham is the director of the Extension Service.

Dartmouth College also is following up last year's extension course plans and has already engaged for a course in English literature for teachers and townspeople in Keene and in Brattleboro, Vermont. The system will probably be carried into other towns of New Hampshire and Vermont.

The election on November 7 developed into the most pronounced political overturn New Hampshire has seen in about half a century. Ten years ago Democratic success was due to a split in the Republican party. This year the Republicans were not disunited, nevertheless the Democrats elected the governor, one congressman and a clear majority in the lower branch of the Legislature. The Council remains Republican by four to one and the Senate by sixteen to eight. A peculiar situation, due to the constitutional rule that districts shall be divided in effect according

to wealth, gave the Democrats a majority of all the votes cast for councilors and senators, and allowed the Republicans to win a large majority of the seats.

The total vote for governor was: Fred H. Brown of Somersworth, Democrat, 72,834; Windsor H. Goodnow of Keene, Republican, 61,528. A Republican majority of over 31,000 two years ago was thus turned into a Democratic majority of over 11,000. There are several causes assigned for the turnover—the issue as to the forty-eight hour work-week for women and children (which was not met by Mr. Goodnow's eleventh-hour declaration that he would approve a forty-eight-hour bill if passed by the Legislature), the unpopular poll tax for women, which the Democrats promised to abolish, the discontent in the cities affected by the textile, railroad and paper strikes (all those cities went Democratic without reference to their prior partisan leanings), the general apathy of the confident Republicans, coupled with the effective work of the not-too-hopeful Democrats, the agreement of the two debt-burdened state committees not to use money for advertising.

In the First Congressional District, William N. Rogers, Democrat, of Wakefield, won by over 6,000 from John Scammon, Republican, of Exeter. In the Second District, Edward H. Wason, Republican, of Nashua, retained his seat by some over 3,500 majority over his fellow-townsmen, William H. Barry.

The defeat of G. Allen Putnam of Manchester leaves Benjamin H. Orr of Concord as the only avowed candidate for President of the Senate who escaped the Democratic landslide.

In view of the Democratic con-

trol of the House, all pre-election candidacies for Speaker and committee chairmanships pass by the board. Various suggestions have since election been made as to the speakership—William J. Ahern, for many years Democratic floor-leader and a skilled parliamentarian, former Senator Nathaniel E. Martin, former Congressman Raymond B. Stevens. There are those, however, who would keep Mr. Ahern for the floor leadership and the head of the Appropriations Committee, Mr. Martin for the Judiciary and Mr. Stevens for Ways and Means—places for which these gentlemen have special aptitude—and give the speakership to one of several other possibilities.

The situation resulting from divided control of the executive and legislative departments is likely to result in the inability of the Democrats to assume full responsibility. It is doubtful whether Governor Fred H. Brown will be able to affix his signature to a forty-eight-hour law, not because he lacks the will to do so, but because the Legislature may not give him the opportunity to. It is surmised that some Democrats from the farming districts may decline to vote for such a bill. On the other hand, some Republicans are personally favorable to such legislation and find nothing in their party platform to forbid them following their bent. Possibly the Legislature may adopt the Republican platform suggestion and appoint a special committee to investigate the whole subject.

With four Republican Councilors to check him, the incoming Governor will find it difficult to make the customary partisan appointments to various state offices and commissions. This may result, in the opinion of some observers, in the avoidance of "trading" and the appointment of officials on the basis

of proved worth. Perhaps most important of all the appointments will be that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to succeed the Honorable Frank N. Parsons, whose term expires by age limitation in 1924.

As the Democrats will have a majority in joint convention, the legislative election of Secretary of State and State Treasurer may result in the retirement of Messrs. Bean and Plummer. Enos K. Sawyer, President of the Senate in 1913 and a defeated candidate for the Council this year, is the most prominent candidate for Secretary of State, while George E. Farrand, State Treasurer during the Felker administration and just retired from the postmastership of Concord, is mentioned for return to his former place in the State House.

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A well-attended meeting of the New Hampshire Civic Association in Manchester, on November 17, listened to an interesting discussion of the problem of New England railroad consolidation. Governor Albert O. Brown spoke briefly of the magnitude and seriousness of the question, but without committing himself to either suggestion that has been made—(1) the consolidation of all New England roads into one system and (2) the union of the northern and southern lines, respectively, with two of the great railways west of the Hudson. Prof. Cunningham of Harvard advocated the latter in an able speech. President Hustis of the Boston and Maine Railroad made some suggestions, and, while expressing the thought that consolidation was inevitable under the Transportation Act, doubted that now is the time for it. Professor William Z. Ripley sent an illuminating memorandum inclining to the all-New England group consolidation. A letter from President Todd of the Bangor

and Aroostook emphasized his well-known opposition to any consolidation. Altogether the meeting was most successful in getting before the Association the conflicting views and arguments bearing on what is perhaps the most vexed and momentous problem which New Hampshire faces.

Students of the vexing taxation problems of New Hampshire find little ground for hoping to redistribute the incidence of public burdens, or to bring under just taxation the intangibles which are now largely escaping, without constitutional amendment. It had been thought by most people impossible to alter the constitution without the delay of calling and holding a new convention. Governor Brown, the president of the 1918-1921 convention, has recently pointed out, however, that that convention adjourned last year to meet again at the call of the president. As president the Governor intimates that he would not assume, unadvised, the responsibility of reassembling that body, but apparently a request by the Legislature would have the effect of giving him warrant for doing so. Such a call, followed by prompt submission of an amendment to the people, might enable the voters to act upon the amendment next March, and thus open the way for legislation at the coming session of the General Court. Would the voters ratify an amendment? Citing their failure to do so twice in the last three years, some observers say "no." The more optimistic point out that much water has passed under the bridge during the last eighteen months, and place some reliance upon good organization to reverse former votes.

The strike situation, which we discussed last month, has cleared in part. The railroad shopmen are

still out, but President Hustis stated in mid-November that, as far as the railroad was concerned, it was already a closed book. Attempts, official and unofficial, to bring about a conference between the managers and the men have been so far fruitless. On the part of the managers the "everything normal" statement is said to have been used. The men, however, still claim that rolling-stock is not in condition to meet traffic demands and assert that the railroad has places for several hundred men which the strikers might fill. The attitude of the managers seems to be that, were this true (and they do not admit it), the return of strikers in considerable numbers would result in the new employees leaving—with the result that the strikers would win.

In the textile mills the last few weeks have apparently seen increasing activity, with more operatives at work and more looms running. After many rumors and denials of an impending breaking of the strike at Manchester, the most important happening for some time came with the statement on November 25 by Vice President Starr of the United Textile Workers that, with the Democratic victory at the polls, the forty-eight hour is assured. He then added to the strikers:

"With a full realization that my motives will be impugned by some, but with a deep and abiding conviction that I am doing what is right, I want to say further that I cannot find it in my heart to ask your devoted ranks to make further sacrifice and endure more suffering, more particularly as I know that the real and permanent victory for the 48-hour week is not to be won in the offices of the textile corporations but in the legislative halls of the state house."

Whether the strike, unwon in

forty-odd weeks by the customary tactics, has been won at the ballot-box, the early months of 1923 will determine. If so, a new strategy in industrial warfare will disclose possibilities. Following the state-

ment by Mr. Starr, the Amoskeag employes took a ballot and voted overwhelmingly to return to work. As fast as production can be resumed, the various departments of the mills are reopening.

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## A SONG OF HOPE

*By Lyman S. Herrick*

Each sunset has a sunrise,  
Each midnight has a morn;  
The day that April dieth,  
That day the May is born.  
The acorn in the darkness  
Molds so that the oak may rise;  
And by and by the worms that creep  
Will all be butterflies.  
There's no life lacks a love time,  
No year's without a spring.  
Every bird that builds a nest  
Well knows a song to sing  
That's full of hope, and takes life at it's best.

---

## MARY, MOTHER

*By Helen Adams Parker*

Mary, Mother, smiling sweetly,  
On your baby looking down;  
Is your heart at rest completely,  
Like the smooth fold of your gown?

Or does a dim foreboding  
Of some trouble lurking near,  
Press upon your mind, corroding—  
Turning gladness into fear?

Mother Mary, keep on smiling;  
The sad hour has not begun,  
With a traitor's dark beguiling,  
Which awaits your little son.



## EDITORIAL

What is poetry? We do not attempt to say. Fundamentally we agree with the donor of the Brookes More prize, who stipulated that the prize should not be awarded for free verse. Sometimes we fall into the drift of the times, and publish contributions by the modernists. That is our journalistic sense—we reflect the days doings.

Last month one of our most valued contributors, now serenely contemplating the future, sent us "one more bit of verse." With it was a note. "I'm afraid I am too antiquated for the new order of things," she wrote, "but I am looking to it with much interest."

Free verse is an experiment. Youth likes to experiment, and the youngsters are trying the new form. They cannot be denied their fling, but will they succeed in making poetry? Like our old friend, we are interested to see. Meanwhile, with Mr. More, we confess to liking the old

form better—even though we be deemed fogies.

There is a beauty in form; there is a beauty in thought. To both beauties claim can be made by much of the "old" poetry—but not all of it. While some of the "new" poetry has beauty of form and some has beauty of thought, only a little escapes a strain of ugliness in both. Our layman's advice to the experimenters is, not to give over the experiment, but not to continue it unless they sweat, as the old school sweated, to make their verse yield beauty of both form and thought. One or two modernists have so far measureably done it, but the school as a whole has not yet succeeded. The modernist challenges the reader, but the reader is not yet won.

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Mr. William Stanley Braitwaite this year names in his list of magazine verse "The Poet," by John Rollin Stuart, published by us in the April, 1922, number.

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## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

NEW HAMPSHIRE IN HISTORY, by Henry Harrison Metcalf. Published by the author at Concord, New Hampshire. \$1.00.

In this little volume of a few over one hundred pages, Mr. Metcalf seeks primarily to suggest what the Granite State has contributed to the development of the nation. While the aim is not to give the history of the state, the first quarter of the book is devoted to an outline of the principal events of our first century and a half. Then follows in brief compass, for the book is an evening's lecture somewhat amplified, a resume by states and professions of the activities of New Hampshire natives who have migrated to other states and there left an impress.

Inevitably the work is hardly more than a catalogue of the names of such sons and daughters of New Hampshire, with brief allusions to their principal claims to distinction. But it is a rather amazing catalogue which everybody interested in the state should read and keep for reference. New Hampshire's contribution has been larger and worthier than most of us imagine.

One cannot but admire the curiosity and industry which, in a long life of service to the state, Mr. Metcalf has exercised to catch and preserve this remarkable collection of names and facts. He has once more made us his debtor. Probably he alone had the equipment of knowledge and patience to do a work of

such untiring research and toil.

There are fourteen portraits of eminent natives of the state.

A. E.

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THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH, by Samuel S. Drury. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25

A title which might better define the book would be "Thoughtful Advice for Youth"; but this advice is given kindly, always with due regard for the opinions of the reader; and while not entirely free from preaching, it is preaching by one who understands the viewpoint of youth and is strongly sympathetic with it. The volume could be used to advantage as a text book by parents, teachers and big brothers and sisters, and will surely be welcomed by this class. One can readily understand, too, how such a book might be immensely popular with youth itself wherever Dr. Drury's own strong personality is recognized and felt. The chapter on "My Manners" might well be published in pamphlet form and thus made available for larger distribution to the youth of this generation.

ERNEST P. CONLON

LEGENDS AND DEEDS OF YESTERDAY, G. Waldo Browne. Manchester, Standard Book Company. \$1.

Eighteen short tales, legendary and historical, are gathered in this little book. They belong to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and nearly all are of especial New Hampshire interest. Some are well-known, others are more obscure but of hardly less interest. They are good stories for any New Hampshire boy to know.

A. E.

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INDIAN STORY HOUR, Rilma Marion Browne. Manchester, Standard Book Company. \$1.

First published two years ago, this book is now being given a new and somewhat enlarged edition with over twenty illustrations. Intended primarily for supplementary reading by children of the third to fifth grades, it includes some over twenty-five fables based upon Indian ideas. "How the Rabbit Lost His Tail" and other stories in which animals talk and act like human beings will interest and amuse the children.

Special prices are offered to schools.

A. E.

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## TO THOSE WHO COME AFTER

By A. A. D.

Love the house!  
Mellow and old,  
Shelter her from hurt and cold.  
Love the house.

Careful hands made every part  
From hand wrought lock with craftman's art  
To adz-hewn beams and massive frame,  
Panelled wall and shuttered pane.  
Built by love in years long past,  
It withstood time and flood and blast  
For it was founded on a rock—  
Love the house.

Those who lived here bravely bore  
 Sorrow when it crossed the door.  
 Generously they shared  
 All their laughter and their joys,  
 Tenderly they cared  
 For those who felt misfortune's shocks—  
 Till an aroma sweet and fine,  
 Like that of precious golden wine  
 Stored for years in ancient crocks,  
 Lingers round the house.

Love the garden!  
 Love the peonies and phlox,  
 Love the pinks and hollyhocks,  
 Oh, love the garden!  
 Bleeding-heart, youth-and-old-age,  
 Lilacs, larkspur, mint and sage—  
 Love the garden.  
 Wormwood, bittersweet and rue,  
 But heartsease, balsams grew here, too,  
 So love the garden.

Love the fields!  
 Sloping and broad  
 With damp brown earth  
 And sharp green grass,  
 Oh, love them well until you know  
 Where even weeds and wild fruits grow.  
 They will yield  
 More than grass and fruit and grain;  
 A deeper wisdom you will gain  
 Of frost and hail, vapours and snow,  
 Blossoming trees, all things that grow.  
 Cattle, beasts and creeping things,  
 Flying clouds and stormy winds,  
 All their secrets have to tell,  
 So love the fields and love them well.

---

## ANODYNE

*By Francis Wayne MacVeagh*

Over the curve of the world  
 Day's galleon sails away.  
 The sunset's banners are furled,  
 The Twilight gray  
 Walks in the blossoming orchards  
 That crown the cliffs of the bay.

Gulls in the upper air  
 Gleam and wheel as the stars;  
 Waves breathe a drowsy prayer  
 For ease of earth's aching scars.  
 Down in the harbor the moon  
 Stands mazed 'mid a thousand spars.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## HENRY COLE QUINBY

Henry Cole Quinby, son of Henry B. Quinby, former governor of New Hampshire, died on October 23, at his home in New York City, where he was one of the best known of the younger members of the bar. He was born at Lakeport on July 9, 1872, prepared for college at Chauncey Hall School, Boston, was graduated from Harvard in 1894 and then took the course at the Harvard Law School. He was given the master's degree by Bowdoin College in 1916.

Soon after the completion of his law course, he entered upon practice in New York, and was for a number of years associated with the late Joseph H. Choate. During the war he was an active member of the American Defense Society. For six years he was secretary of the Union League Club, and was one of its vice-presidents when he died.

Mr. Quinby was of literary tastes, a collector of rare books and manuscripts, and the compiler of his family genealogy. He was governor of the Society of Mayflower Descendants of New York State; president of the New Hampshire Society, secretary of the Grant Monument Association, and a member of the Harvard and Amateur Comedy Clubs and of the city and state bar associations.

The funeral services were held at St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church and were in charge of the rector, the Reverend Leighton Parks. Large delegations attended from all of the organizations with which Mr. Quinby was associated, and they included many of the most prominent men in public and professional life.

Mr. Quinby leaves a wife, who, before her marriage, was Miss Florence Cole.

## WALTER IRVING BLANCHARD

Dr. Walter Irving Blanchard, widely known physician, died at his Farmington home on October 31, his sixtieth birthday. He was the son of Amos and Frances Adelaide (Morse) Blanchard and was born in Concord, where he was educated in the public schools and prepared for college. After graduation from Dartmouth in 1884, he studied at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City.

Following his medical training, Dr. Blanchard was for six years an interne at Bellevue Hospital in New York. He practised for twenty-one years in Boston, but had been back in his native state for some time. He was a member of the Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachu-

setts Medical Societies and of the American Medical Association. As a physician and citizen he was much loved.

Any notice of Dr. Blanchard would be incomplete without reference to his patriotic record during the World War. He early volunteered for the Red Cross medical service, in which he held a responsible position at Newport News. During the last of the "war drives" he performed excellent service as a speaker, in New Hampshire, where the fervor of his utterance commanded a warm response from his audiences.

Dr. Blanchard is survived by a widow, by one son, Agnew Blanchard of Washington, District of Columbia, and a brother, Mark Blanchard of Holbrook, Massachusetts.

## DR. EDWIN G. ANNABLE

The death occurred on Nov. 11, 1922, at his home in Concord of Dr. Edwin Guilford Annable, for twenty-eight years in medical practice in the Capital City and the oldest of Concord's active practitioners. He continued his work in his profession up to the day before he was seized by the illness that ended his life after a duration of a week.

Edwin G. Annable was born on a farm in Newport, Province of Quebec, Dec. 2, 1840, but his father, Jacob Merrill Annable, and his mother, Eunice (Dean) Annable, were both New Englanders by birth who had moved into Canada to take up agricultural work. At the age of twenty, Edwin Annable returned to the country of his ancestors and established himself in Concord, where he was employed for some years by the old Prescott Organ Company and attained great skill as a cabinet worker. In 1877, he began to read medicine in the Concord office of the late Dr. George Cook, pursuing his studies at Dartmouth Medical College and the University of Vermont. He received his degree from the latter institution in June, 1880, and began the practice of medicine at Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire, as a partner of Dr. Silas Cummings. This partnership continued three years until the death of Doctor Cummings and the practice was maintained by Dr. Annable two years longer, when he removed to Norwich, Vermont. Here, he ministered to the population of a wide territory in Vermont and New Hampshire, but in 1894 he came back to Concord, where he maintained his medical practice to the last, serving patients not only in the city but in all the nearby towns and some who came to him from places forty and fifty miles away.

On June 9, 1863, he married Louisa Maria Farwell, daughter of Hon. William Farwell, long crown land agent at Robinson, P. Q. Had he lived until next June, their sixtieth wedding anniversary would have been observed. Besides his wife, Dr. Annable's survivors are his son, Rev. Edwin W. Annable of Worthington, Minnesota, three daughters, Mrs. Henry E. Roberts of Winchester, Massachusetts, Mrs. Curtis A. Chamberlin of East Concord, Mrs. Edward J. Parshley of Concord, two sisters, who live in California, twelve grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

He was a member of the South Congregational Church and Rumford Lodge of Odd Fellows of Concord, besides city and state medical societies.

E. J. P.

#### CHARLES UPHAM BELL

Charles Upham Bell died suddenly at his home in Andover, Massachusetts, on November 11. Judge Bell was born in Exeter February 24, 1843, the son of James and Judith A. (Upham) Bell. His ancestry, both paternal and maternal, was of great distinction. A note on the Bell family will be found in the October number of this magazine.

After studying at Kimball Union and Phillips Exeter Academies, Judge Bell attended Bowdoin College, whence he was graduated in 1863 and from which he was in later years the recipient of the honorary master's and doctor's degrees. His legal studies were pursued in the office of his cousin, the Honorable Charles H. Bell, at Exeter and at the Harvard Law School.

Admitted to the bar in 1866, he practised in Exeter until 1871, when he removed to Lawrence, where he was a member successively of the firms of White and Bell, Bell and Sherman and Bell and Eaton. He was elevated to the Massachusetts Superior Court by Governor Wolcott in 1898 and remained on the bench until his resignation in 1917. Since then he has from time to time presided over sessions in Essex County and was expecting to do so again during the week following his death.

Judge Bell, while in Lawrence, served as a member of the Common Council, and was City Solicitor from 1892 to 1898. In 1888, he was a presidential elector. For many years he was actively associated with the business of the Exeter Machine Works.

Judge Bell served in the Forty-second Massachusetts Volunteers near the close of the Civil War. He was a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, of the Sons of the American Revolution, of the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati and of the Grand Army of the Republic. He had been an overseer of Bowdoin College.

Judge Bell was twice married—first in 1872 to Helen M. Pitman of Laconia, who died in 1888 leaving four children, second to Elizabeth W. Pitman of Laconia who died six years ago.

He is survived by one son, Joseph P. Bell, a lawyer of Boston, and by three daughters, Mrs. George H. Driver of Lansford, Pennsylvania, and the Misses Alice L. and Mary W. Bell of Andover.

#### WILLIAM A. WHITNEY

There died at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston, on November 13, William A. Whitney. Although born in Boston fifty-nine years ago, the son of Justin and Jane (Taylor) Whitney, Mr. Whitney was essentially a New Hampshire man. After his education in the Boston public schools and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (1887) and one year spent in water works construction in Maine, Mr. Whitney joined his uncle, John T. Emerson of Claremont, in the formation of the Emerson Paper Company. After supervising the construction of the company's mills at Sunapee, he was connected with their management until the sale of the plant a few years ago.

In 1891, he married Miss Shirley L. Robertson, daughter of John E. Robertson of Concord. Until his removal to Sunapee seven years ago, Mr. Whitney resided in Claremont, where he was for many years vestryman and warden of Trinity Church. At Sunapee he was active in the work of St. James's Church in the summer and of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the winter. He was president of the Sunapee Board of Trade, secretary and treasurer of the Lake Sunapee Yacht Club, trustee of the Sunapee Library and a member of the building committee for the new library. He was one of the most interested and active members of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests. Mr. Whitney is survived by his widow and by one son, John Robertson Whitney of Boston.

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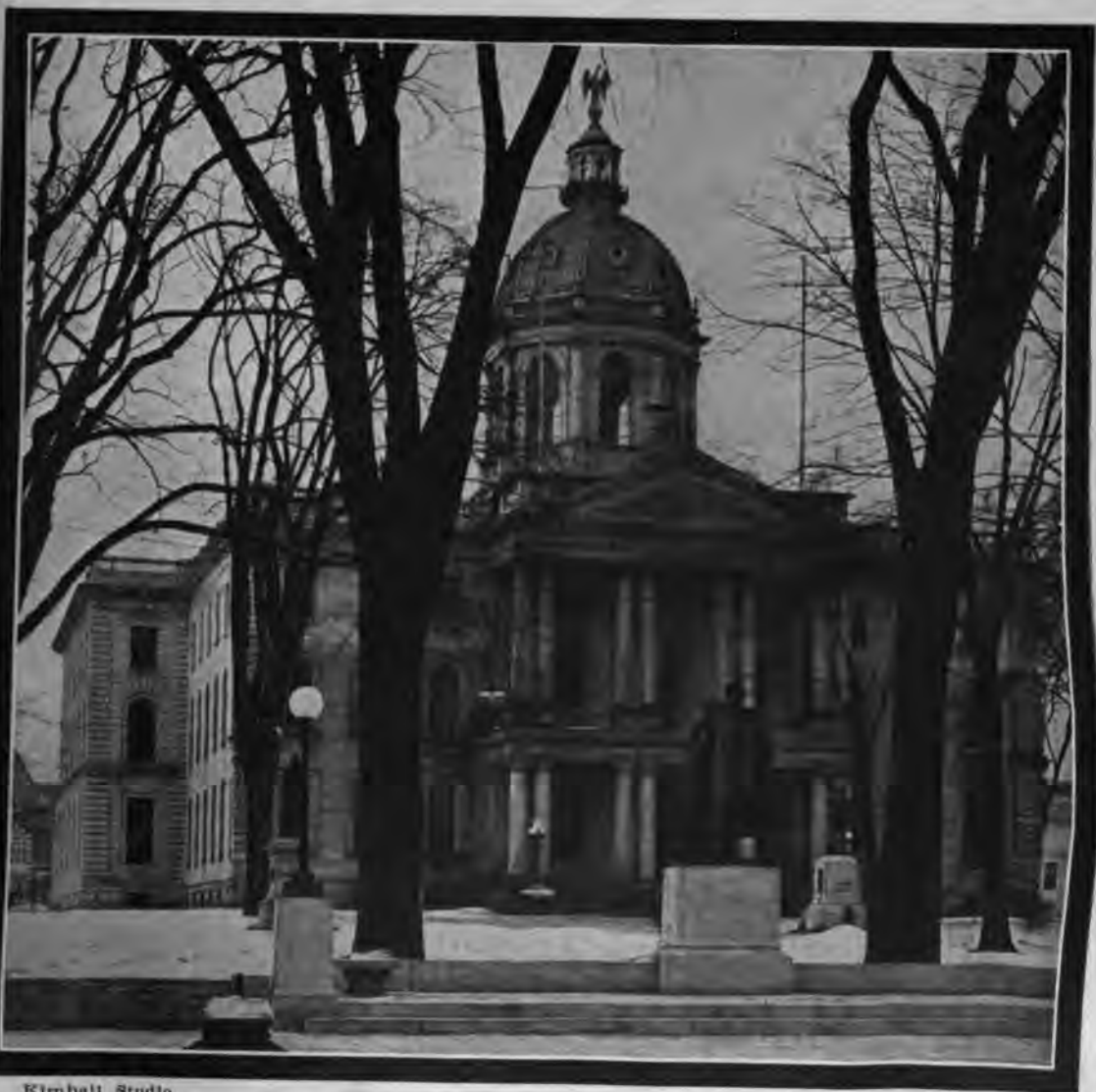
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THE

# GRANITE MONTHLY



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FRED H. BROWN

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LV.

JANUARY, 1923

No. 1

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

**I**F you should walk down Main Street, Concord, you would probably see from time to time little groups of men gathered together in heated conversation. If you are curious and should want to know what they are talking about you don't need to inquire. It is about the forty-eight hour law. For there is no public question that has called forth more discussion, none over which opinions have varied more radically and none which more intimately touches the welfare and prosperity of the state.

We in New Hampshire have a law limiting women to fifty-four hours per week and ten and one-fourth hours per day. In comparing this law with those of some other states we find that five states: California, Massachusetts, Utah, North Dakota and Oregon, have forty-eight hour weeks for women in industry, while Ohio has a fifty hour week. Nine states limit the work of women to eight hours per day, ten to nine hours per day. All the government employees are on an eight hour day. On the other side of the water we find that France and Belgium have universal forty-eight hour weeks. Germany has a universal eight hour day, while in England the cotton spinning and manufacturing industry is on a forty-eight hour week by agreement between the employers and employees. On the other hand, the great cotton-growing states, those states which are the main competitors of our principal industry, the textile, permit their women to work from

fifty-six to sixty hours per week and from ten to twelve hours per day.

When the nine months' strike in the textile industry ended last month, the principal point at issue, the forty-eight hour week for women and children versus the fifty-four hour week, was not settled. The workers, to be sure, went back on a fifty-four hour schedule, with, however, the public announcement that as far as they were concerned it was but a temporary truce, pending the decision of the legislature.

What will the legislature do?

417 men sit in the House of Representatives. Of these 221 are Democrats pledged to the immediate enactment of a forty-eight hour law, 196 are Republicans who, while pledging themselves to a national forty-eight hour law and expressing sympathy "for all those who would put an end to all forms of child labor and who work to abridge the hours of women employed in industry," demand, before any action be taken in regard to a state forty-eight hour law, an investigation of the possible effects on New Hampshire industry of the passage of such a law with a report to be made to this legislature before adjournment. In the Senate we find a Republican majority. The Governor's Council, too, is Republican, while the Governor is a Democrat and a very keen and ardent believer in the forty-eight hour week.

It is probable that most of the Democrats will support with vigor the forty-eight hour law. It was in



their platform, and on this issue they largely made and won their campaign.

Just what the Republicans will do is not so certain. Senator Moses, on being asked this question, said, "The Republican members of the New Hampshire Legislature should attend to their duties in man fashion and on the forty-eight hour law should abide by the platform adopted by the Republican State Convention." The Manchester Union speaks in even stronger terms. "Sight should never be lost by Republicans," it declares, "of the fact that the Republican party of this state is definitely and unequivocally on record in favor of the principle of the forty-eight hour working week for women engaged in industry—it is also on record in favor of a most searching, impartial and candid examination of some of the probable effects of the enactment of the forty-eight hour law in this state.... Under this pledge and taking into consideration the proportion of the vote on November 7th which may be properly interpreted as an assumption on the part of the public that such a law should be passed unless it can be definitely and clearly shown that enforcement of such a statute would be disastrous to manufacturing industries, the Republican party which is in clear control of the Senate can do no other than promptly and without hesitation to set up the machinery to get.....the facts before the public—and let the issue of the forty-eight hour law proposal stand or fall on this showing."

**T**HERE are, however, powerful interests opposing the forty-eight hour week, interests whose views and wishes, in spite of party platforms, cannot help but have a profound influence on many. The New Hamp-

shire State Grange for instance, has gone on record as against the forty-eight hour week. At their convention last month a resolution condemning the principle of the forty-eight hour law was unanimously adopted and farmers for the most part are undoubtedly opposed to this law. They say that it is well nigh impossible to keep help on the farm at sixty hours per week when occupation can be found in the city at a living wage of a forty-eight hour week and that during the war when industry operated largely on a forty-eight hour schedule, there was an acute and actual shortage of farm help. The farmer, they believe, labors under a great financial disadvantage when he has to produce his goods on a week of sixty hours while he buys goods produced on a forty-eight hour week.

The manufacturing and business interests of New Hampshire are also in general most vigorously opposed to this measure. Eaton D. Sargent, president of the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association, which represent three hundred thirty New Hampshire industries, writes that the forty-eight hour week is "distinctly an economic issue.....I believe that I voice not only my own but also the opinion of the great body of manufacturers large and small when I express my belief that a maximum forty-eight hours for women and minors should not be fixed by legislative enactment."

The principal organizations and groups of people who are fighting for the forty-eight hour week are the Labor Unions and the Industrial Workers. They have, however, a strong ally in public opinion, which in the state and nationally is becoming increasingly sympathetic to the principle of the forty-eight hour week. The recent and rather

dramatic Democratic victory is an indication of the public sentiment.

The Paris Peace Conference in 1919 recommended "the adoption of an eight hour day and a forty-eight hour week as a standard to be aimed at where it has not already been attained." And the Congress of the United States "has established the eight hour day as the standard in government service for workers in profitable employment engaged on government contracts." Among the prominent men who have come out for the forty-eight hour law is John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who says: "Subject only to the demands of national emergency, modern industry is justified in accepting the eight hour day and the six day week. While the adoption of these standards may and doubtless will at first entail increased costs of production, I am confident that in the long run, greater efficiency and economy will result."

Another rather striking indication of the growth of the forty-eight hour week is shown in a recent announcement of the Department of Commerce which states that "the returns of the 1919 census of manufacturers indicates a general and marked decrease in the prevailing hours of labor. Of the 9,096,372 wage earners reported.....48.6 per cent. were employed in establishments where the prevailing hours of labor per week were forty-eight or under, while in .....the year 1914, the number employed in this class of establishment was.....11.8 per cent. of the total number of wage earners."

AND so the legislator, whose duty it is to represent the public and who desires to help pass those measures which may do the greatest good to the greatest number, finds himself face to face with a problem which at

every step seems to become more and more perplexing and more and more difficult to solve.

On the one hand, he is told that while mills in a cotton state increased two and one-half times in twenty years, textile mills in New England only increased one-third and that New Hampshire industries on a forty-eight hour schedule cannot continue to survive in competition with the southern textile mills with their advantage in cheaper cost of living, cheaper power and raw material, their cheaper labor and a fifty-six to sixty hour schedule. President J. H. Hustis, of the Boston & Maine Railroad writes: "There are constantly coming to our attention cases of industries seeking locations, many of which fail to locate within New England because of what are regarded as certain already severe restrictive laws." And the president of the New Hampshire Manufacturing Association makes the statement that "New Hampshire cannot enjoy a reasonable prosperity unless her manufacturing industries are prosperous. It is for the best interests of the state to encourage manufacturing rather than to discourage it by the enactment of any law which will make successful enterprises more difficult if not impossible."

On the other hand, the supporters of the forty-eight hour schedule flatly deny most of these contentions. They deny that southern competition necessitates an increase in hours beyond the forty-eight hour week. They cite figures showing a steady and remarkable increase in the earnings and profits of the Amoskeag Corporation during the last twenty years, the last three years operated on a forty-eight hour schedule being the most profitable of all. They point to Massachusetts which,



with a forty-eight hour schedule for the last four years, has been able to compete very successfully with the south.

They also argue that from the sociological point of view women should not be permitted to work more than forty-eight hours per week. "We must concede" says Mrs. Arnold Yantis, Republican member of the House from Manchester "that eight hours is a long enough time for a woman or child to toil at hard labor. When anyone works to the point of fatigue, the quality of the work suffers and the health of the worker is injured. Women and children are not machines..... Our high infant mortality in Manchester is due in part to our present industrial conditions, according to the report of the Children's Bureau in the Department of Labor." And Dr. George W. Webster of the Illinois Industrial Survey, appointed by Governor Lowden in 1918, says: "Surely it is not enough that a woman is able to endure the hardships and fatigue of a ten hour day and not die—women should and do mean more to our country than mere machines. The science of physiology and psychology, the law, the decisions of the courts, the example of Congress, the Peace Conference, the joint interests of both employer and employee, the right of society expressed in the voice of an enlightened social conscience all unite in favoring the establishment of the eight hour day as the maximum which should be required of women in industry. For upon women depends the vigor of the race, and the vigor of the race must not be exploited for present day purposes instead of for racial conversation."

Among the supporters of the principle of the forty-eight hour week

for women are those who believe that if the forty-eight hour schedule will be, under present conditions, a handicap to New England industry, then our industries must change these conditions. They believe the forty-eight hour schedule from a sociological point of view must come and they believe that New England industry, through increased efficiency, through that initiative and resource heretofore characteristic of our business men, must and can overcome any economic handicap which may at present exist.

IT is easy to imagine, with all these radical difference of opinion, how difficult will be the task of the legislature in trying to make a wise decision and one which will be for the best interests of New Hampshire as a whole.

One grave menace to the public welfare, according to Ex-Gov. Bass is the danger that the next legislature may become involved in an disastrous class struggle with the workers aligned against the farmers, the city against the country. Powerful interests he believes, will bitterly oppose not only the forty-eight hour law but also the tax reform that the farmer so vigorously advocates. There is no way he says, "that these interests could so effectively accomplish their purpose as to align the farmer against the industrial worker, hoping thereby to create a deadlock and prevent any action on either issue."

That such an alignment may possibly develop is clearly indicated by a recent statement of Horace A. Riviere, organizer for the United Textile Workers of America, who says: "The labor interest, in the next legislature are going to stage the bitterest fight ever made in this state for

the reduction of working hours, and if they do not gain their point, and the farm district members are responsible for the reverse, then I predict there will be few if any bills passed in the legislature which will aid the agriculturists."

"Such a class alignment," declares Ex-Gov. Bass, "would have a most harmful and far-reaching effect. Measures would then be acted upon not on merits but as a solution of the blind opposition of one class of people to another..... To dispose of legislative measures by this device is to sacrifice public interests for private personal advantage. I feel sure that the mature judgment and hard common sense of our people of New Hampshire will not sanction such a procedure. Neither do I believe that the rank and file of legislators will approve of it. They will approach these important matters in an open-minded attitude, securing fullest information....before they make up their minds and then take such action as is for the best interests of the state as a whole. Above all, we should not support or countenance any class alignment or any trading of support or opposition to important measures. As a member of the legislature, I shall consider each question separately on its merits after weighing all the evidence. I shall act as a representative of no one class, but will try to give fair and unprejudiced consideration to all elements and support such bills as will

promote the best interests of the average man and woman throughout the state."

After reviewing all these conflicting arguments and statements it is not hard to prophesy that the next session of the legislature will be one of the liveliest and most agitating in many a year. A wise decision in this matter is so vital to the welfare of so many people and so important to the prosperity of the state, that feeling is bound to run high with many becoming extremely bitter. Very timely indeed is the meeting in Concord on January 11 of the New Hampshire Civic Organization to discuss the forty-eight hour law for women and children engaged in industry. Henry Dennison of Dennison Manufacturing Co. will give a talk on the problem of the forty-eight hour law. Representatives of organized labor and of the manufacturing association will discuss their points of view, while agricultural interests will be represented by Richard Pattee, Director of the New England Milk Producers' Association and once Master of the New Hampshire State Grange. It is expected that this meeting will be largely attended and it is hoped the discussions will help clear up some of the more radical differences of opinion and be a means of bringing people nearer to a better and more enlightened understanding of the problem as a whole.

# FRED H. BROWN

By ROBERT JACKSON

IN keeping with the general dislocation wrought by war, political majorities the world over have become astonishingly unstable. In New Hampshire it has been evident for some years past that the centre of political gravity has not rested in either of the great parties but was rather to be sought in a steadily increasing body of independent opinion not definitely inclined toward either Democratic or Republican tenets, which has been swinging from one side to the other, little influenced by partisan considerations. Notwithstanding general recognition of this development, there was something cataclysmic in the effect of the tremendous reversal of public sentiment at the last election. In a brief two years a Republican plurality of 31,000 was converted into a Democratic plurality of 11,000 although the total vote cast but slightly exceeded 131,000. Taking percentages into account, New Hampshire registered the greatest political overturn recorded in the country.

Like the great convulsions of nature, the event broke without warning. There was no Cassandra seeking to arouse overconfident Republicans against impending danger. No Democratic Isaiah foretold a Babylon fallen. It was indeed a tide too full for sound or foam and it swept out of the gray mist of that November morning and passed on, leaving victor and vanquished alike lost in amaze. Political observers and analysts have been busy assigning responsibility to one cause or another. Worldwide economic forces played their part and general dissatisfaction and industrial unrest, especially acute in the state's

manufacturing communities, were indubitable agencies in the Republican defeat. But whatever reasons may be assigned for the recent *debacle*, the victory of the Democratic candidate for governor was too overwhelming not to be construed as a personal triumph and it is clear that his salient and attractive personality supplied the final element essential to so decisive a result.

The orthodox biographical sketch is fashioned to a rigid formula which leaves much to be desired. It recites the date and place of its subject's birth, the names of his father and mother—her maiden name scrupulously enclosed in parenthesis, the schools and colleges he attended. It records the titles and dignities he has acquired, not omitting corporation directorates, club memberships and fraternal affiliations. It affirms his unswerving allegiance to the principles of this religious faith and that political party, and usually concludes with a defiant declaration, carrying somehow a hint of the "Believe it or Not" cartoons, that he is a well beloved and highly respected member of his community. All of which is about as valuable for the purpose of gaining knowledge of the individual as would be a description of the clothes he wears.

It is a simple enough matter to say of Fred Brown that he was born in Ossipee in 1879, that his father is Dana J. Brown (who, by the way, looks no older than his son), and that his mother's name is Nellie Allen Brown; that he was educated at Dow Academy in Franconia, Dartmouth College and Boston University Law School. At Dartmouth he was a

member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. It may also be noted in passing that he was a freshman in the Class of 1903 when Channing Cox, governor of Massachusetts, was a junior in the Class of 1901. There was a transparency in the parade at the Somersworth celebration proclaiming that "he rode the goat and got the vote" so it is probably safe to add that



FRED H. BROWN  
IN UNIFORM

he is a Mason. In religion he is a Congregationalist. That he is a Democrat has recently been widely advertised. He is unmarried and has been mayor of Somersworth so long that almost the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. A Wilson and Marshall elector in 1912, he was appointed United States District Attorney in 1914 and served until 1922. Adhering to our formula, it may be added that he is apparently well thought of in his home town.

But after these items, all and singular, have been duly recorded, you still have left the man himself untouched. The recital throws no light on a personality which has made him so formidable a political champion. Let it not be forgotten that he has never been defeated in a contest for public office and this notwithstanding his party has been a minority party. What is the secret of his remarkable vote-getting power? There isn't any secret about it. If you knew a man of agreeable manner, who was straightforward, easy to know and understand, courageous, square, a good story teller himself and an appreciative listener to your stories, and in addition he possessed a great fund of common sense, you would think he was a pretty good man to vote for, even if he were the candidate of the opposing party. Well, Fred Brown has all these attributes. Moreover, he has certain special characteristics that add materially to his strength as a popular leader.

First, he is thoroughly a New Hampshire product. He was born here, spent his youth here, was educated here, and has lived his life here. He thinks and feels and acts just as a great majority of his fellow New Hampshire men think and feel and act. He understands them and they understand him. If an expert psychologist could measure his impulses and reactions and compare them with the impulses and reactions of a thousand New Hampshire men chosen at random for the purpose, it would probably appear that his line on the chart diverged but slightly from the average. Such a man enjoys a tremendous advantage in the field of politics. It is unnecessary for him to speculate on the attitude of the electorate. He knows and sympathizes with that attitude instinctively.

His own reactions will inevitably and unconsciously be the reactions of a majority. Thus he advocates his views with all the sincerity and force that spring from profound conviction, while a less fortunate opponent must resort to the faltering gestures of expediency.

In spite of the occasional ascendancy of gentlemen who, in the incisive words of a North Country patriarch, deal mainly in "hokum, bunk and plain damn lies," true simplicity is never a handicap to the man who goes before the people as a political candidate. Craft, like wrong, occasionally gazes smugly from the throne at simplicity upon the scaffold. But never for long. The new governor is simple and he is modest to a fault. But his modesty has nothing of timidity in it, and his simplicity is the simplicity of strength. Consider for a moment the large photograph which illustrates this article. It is the face of a man you can trust. Likewise, it is the face of a hard man to frighten and, it might be added, a hard man to fool.

Then, too, supreme gift of the gods, he is endowed with a keen sense of humor. You may rely upon his instant appreciation of the comic under any circumstances. At Somersworth, when they celebrated his election, speaker after speaker nominated him for future honors, beginning with a second term as governor and reaching a climax when the presiding officer introduced him as a potential occupant of the White House. You could see the incipient smile grow upon the face of the governor-elect until it burst into a hearty, spontaneous, full-sized laugh. "If there had been any more speakers here tonight," he said "I guess I'd have been nominated for ruler of the world." No need to worry lest

such a man be spoiled by praise too fulsome.

Fred Brown was for a time a professional baseball player. He played on several teams, the best of which was the Boston Nationals. Before that he played at Dartmouth. It is no exaggeration to say that he was the best all-round ball player who has matriculated at Hanover in the last thirty years. Very few catchers in the history of the game can have excelled him in throwing to bases. The ball travelled like a bullet and always true to the mark.

Those of you who are versed in the technique of baseball, ponder these facts. At Williamstown, Williams base runners three times attempted to steal second. Each time the runner was caught so far off the bag that instead of continuing and taking a chance on sliding, he turned back and attempted to regain the base he had just left. And these men were the fastest and most skillful base runners on the Williams team. I doubt if so prodigious a feat has been surpassed in a game between teams of this class. In a game between Somersworth and Dover, the Dover management had rounded up a group of professionals from the New England, Eastern and National Leagues, including Hugh Duffy, for several years the heaviest hitter in the National League, and George Mahoney of the St. Louis Cardinals. Pitching for Somersworth, Fred Brown struck out fifteen men, Duffy being a victim twice and Mahoney three times. His team was victorious by a score of 4 to 0 and he drove in two of those runs with a terrific three base hit, scoring himself immediately afterward. While at Dartmouth his batting average exceeded .400. Above all, he was a great competitor and rose to his

greatest heights under the extreme pressure of emergencies. Such infrequent mistakes as he made came when they cost the least and in a crisis, when the result of a game hung in the balance, he was supreme.

He gained his preparatory education at Dow Academy in Franconia. This school, less known than its merit deserves, is set in a physical environment of incomparable beauty. Dominating the eastern horizon rises the mighty summit of Mt. Lafayette where morning and evening the slanting rays of the sun kindle into white flame the cross high on its upthrust shoulder. To the southward dreams the exquisite Landaff Valley, its more distant meadows half lost under the shadowy charm of Moosilauke. Close at hand a little river, the south branch of the Ammonoosuc, hurries noisily over its shallows. A typical New England village of white houses with green blinds straggles along a mile or so of the main street. It was in this setting, on an afternoon in May of the early nineties, that I first saw the boy who is now to be Governor. It was at a time in my life when I labored under the delusion that I was a pitcher of promise. The innocent victims of my ambition were my fellow players from the Littleton High School. The game with Dow Academy had assumed an importance in our young lives such as no world's series has ever yet attained. There was a chubby, blond boy about fourteen catching on the academy team. Nothing much had happened until about the middle of the game when this boy came to bat with two on bases and two out. Some misguided philosopher says the mind automatically rejects unpleasant memories. It is not true. As I write, nearly thirty years after,

I recall vividly my efforts to keep the ball on the inside corner. I can hear the crack of that bat and see the low trajectory of the ball as it sped over the centrefielder's head and into the river for a home run. I conceived an instant respect for the prowess of that chubby, blond lad which has never diminished in the years that have since elapsed.

Later at Hanover, in a game against Brown University, I saw him at a crucial moment score the present vice president of the Western Electric Company and a prospective Vermont bank president with a smoking single over short, while he who is now president of Dartmouth and another who is now Governor of Massachusetts howled their heads off as undergraduate rooters in the stands. And then he saved the game he had already won by digging a low throw out of the dirt and, utterly reckless of plunging spikes, putting the ball unfalteringly on the runner as he came crashing into the plate. There is the acid test of courage and poise. Let him who doubts try the experiment. These two incidents are perhaps of trivial importance in themselves but they serve to illustrate a habit Fred Brown has. He can be depended upon in emergencies and he will do fearlessly whatever is necessary be done.

In the recent primary campaign he was waited upon by a delegation who took exception to the manner in which he had maintained order on a certain occasion of industrial trouble in Somersworth. They received short shrift. After stating that if the same circumstances arose again, he would follow the same course, he added "I don't want votes on conditions. But here is something for you gentlemen to think over. You need me more than I need you." To

their credit let it be said that they supported him.

The campaign was remarkably free from personalities and from the abuse and vilification which too frequently have stained political contests of other years. Almost at its very close, however, one Republican speaker made a bitter personal attack upon the Democratic candidate which was given a conspicuous display upon the front page of the leading daily newspaper of the state. Fred Brown read it carefully—and laughed. "In his first paragraph he has only made three misstatements of fact," he said, "but this outburst reminds me that this gentleman one time aspired to be a prizefighter. He came to Somersworth to fight Arthur Cote. Cote was too fast for him and jabbed him into a state of exasperation with a fast left hand. So at the beginning of the third round, our orator rushed from his corner, threw both arms about his opponent's neck and bit him in the ear. He's trying similar tactics on me. Let it go without comment." There you have the saving grace of a sense of humor and common sense. And in mentioning the latter quality, it may be said that if the School of Life conferred degrees, it would proclaim Fred Brown Master of Common Sense.

No recital of anecdotes connected with the governor-elect would be complete without including one of a distinctly humorous character which concerns Hanover in the winter of 1900. Dartmouth men of that day will remember the "Golden Corner" where now the ample porch of College Hall lifts its slender columns and the youth of this academic generation gather to while away their hours of ease in speculation on the

prospects of the team and leisurely observation of the passing throng. There then stood on this site a huge mansion of amorphous architecture which once had been the residence of a citizen of affluence and importance, but now, long since subjected to the democratizing influences of time, served the unromantic but utilitarian purpose of housing Lew Mead's drug store and Davidson's dry goods emporium. In Lew Mead's, men gathered between classes to "cut the book" for drinks and cigarettes, occasionally varying the monotony by indulgence in a particularly vicious pastime which consisted in casually lifting an egg from the cut glass bowl which rested upon the soda fountain bar and surreptitiously placing it in the coat pocket of some unsuspecting customer whose attention was concentrated for the moment upon other affairs. The climax came when the egg was scrambled by a sudden blow upon the outside of the pocket. The surprise and horror of the victim as he drew exploring fingers dripping yellow albuminoids from the pocket's dreadful depths were only exceeded by the spontaneous and lurid warmth of his vocabulary, while the perpetrator of the outrage sought sanctuary in parts remote and more secure. A contemporaneous practice which, after the fashion of so many of the exotic conceits of a college community, attained a considerable vogue only to lapse into desuetude, was usually reserved for the early hours of the tranquil Hanover evenings. A window would be raised in Reed or Sanborn or Crosby as youthful impulse prompted and exuberant spirits would find expression in a prolonged, stentorian howl of no significance whatever. Immediately other windows would go up and an-

swering voices give tongue until the swelling clamor filled the night with bedlam. When the group urge for vocal expression had been satisfied, the tumult would subside and the dark resume its wonted calm.

Fred Brown roomed on the top floor of Davidson's Block above Mead's drug store. One February night he had been visiting in Thornton Hall and about midnight started to return home across the campus. Half way to his destination his attention was arrested by what he thought was smoke issuing from the roof of the Davidson building. After a moment he concluded it was some illusion of frost and continued on his way. But when he reached the sidewalk in front of the block it was all too clear that it was smoke and more; sparks and flame were distinctly visible. He looked about. No living thing was in sight. The silence and solitude were complete. He filled his lungs, threw back his head, and at the top of his voice shouted "Fire!" Again and again the cry rang through the astringent winter air. For a moment or two there was no response. Then a window flew up and an angry voice bellowed, "Go to bed, you drunken fool!" Other windows were raised and other voices joined the chorus, "Shut up, you're drunk!" "Go to sleep!" "Lock him up!" and advice of a similar tenor shattered the night air until the entire campus resounded with the hubbub. Meanwhile, the discoverer of danger, indifferent to satire and deaf to taunts, continued his endeavors to lift his own voice above the din and to arouse a stubbornly incredulous community to its peril. His frantic efforts only served to stimulate his detractors to new invention of epithet and more blatant shouts. His alarm increased.

The flames were rapidly approaching the room which sheltered his own lares and penates, such as they were, for it cannot truthfully be said that he ever devoted much attention to making his apartment other than an abode of Spartan simplicity. The situation rapidly became hopeless. The Dartmouth motto "*Vox clamantis in deserto*," adopted by Eleazer Wheelock when the greater part of New Hampshire and Vermont was shrouded in lonely leagues of green forest, was justifying a modern application; but the unheeded voice was crying not in a wilderness of silence, but in a wilderness of sound. At last, after ten minutes of uproar, someone divined that it was not all a joke and turned in an alarm. But the damage had been done. The building burned to the ground. More of the contents might have been salvaged had not those engaged in the work of rescue suddenly developed a refinement of taste hitherto unsuspected and paused overlong in Davidson's store making choice of articles of clothing of their own sizes and favorite designs before proceeding with their task. Legend has it that one deliberately tried on four pairs of rubber boots and six Mackinaws before finding the proper sizes while the flames consumed the flooring at his very feet. To add to the excitement, two others, reported to be Ernest Martin Hopkins and Guy Ham, with great exertion and meticulous attempts to avoid scratches, dragged an upright piano to a third floor window and then dropped it crashing to the ground. In justice to the gentlemen named, it should be said that the report of their identity has never been confirmed. And it is probably safe to say that when Fred Brown again has a communication to make to the



citizens of Hanover, his words will be accorded a different reception than they received on that frosty midnight twenty-two years ago.

Doubtless it would be easy to justify the assertion that no New Hampshire chief executive has concluded his term of office without having errors of omission or commission justly charged against him. Some bold statistician has figured that if you are right three times out of five in solving the ordinary problems of life you are entitled to a place in the ranks of the truly great. How should we rate a governor then who maintains this average the while he grapples with questions infinitely more perplexing and about which too frequently the blind, unreasoning, relentless partisans are ranged in two great hordes? And yet how often that average is exceeded. The new governor will not prove infallible. Certain it is to those who know him that he would be the last to claim infallibility. But it is equally sure that the sanity of mind which enables him to see things in their true perspective will not permit him to go far astray.

Already the misanthropes are crying trouble because it happens that a majority of the governor's council which, under our constitution, forms an integral part of the executive branch of the government are of Republican faith. May I be pardoned for venturing into the field of pro-

phesy. The Jeremiahs will be disappointed. The members of the council are not unknown quantities. They are all men of ability who have had wide experience in public affairs and who enjoy the confidence of their fellow citizens to an unusual degree. There has never been a circumstance in their public careers which would justify the inference that they would resort to narrowly partisan or obstructive tactics in an effort to gain some petty personal or political advantage. Differences of opinion will undoubtedly arise; but they will be honest differences of opinion which will be composed on both sides in a spirit of mutual toleration and co-operation. They will be confronted by difficult and urgent problems. Instead of wasting time and effort in dissension, there will be a concerted effort to give to New Hampshire the best administration of which they are capable.

And now one suggestion to the councilors. Some day when you are gathered in the high-vaulted council chamber under the benign gaze of those old governors who look down upon you from its walls, and the pressure of business relaxes so that you have an idle hour upon your hands, persuade this new governor to tell you tales drawn from his experiences on the diamond, in the courts and the political arena. For he is a *raconteur* of parts.

# A PROGRAM FOR TAXATION

BY RAYMOND B. STEVENS.

THE most important and difficult question before the coming legislature is the question of taxation. Taxation has always been and always will be a continual problem, but in New Hampshire today it is particularly acute. All students of our state tax system have long realized that our system of taxation is antiquated, and entirely inadequate for modern conditions. Moreover, the tremendous increase in recent years in the amount of money raised for public purposes has made the inequalities of that system especially burdensome. The causes of the inequalities are two. First, the unequal assessment of property subject to taxation. Second, the large amount of wealth which escapes any contribution to the public expenditures. Of these two causes, the second is by far the more important. Eighty per cent. of all the taxes in the state are raised from real estate which includes, of course, buildings and improvements. The balance of twenty per cent. is largely covered by taxes on live stock, stock in trade, automobiles, and savings bank tax.

The wealth of the state represented by investments in securities, stocks, bonds, and notes contributes practically nothing. This amount of wealth has been estimated at anywhere from \$500,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000. It undoubtedly exceeds the total amount of all taxable wealth, which is between \$500,000,000 and \$600,000,000. Stock with the exception of that of national banks is not taxable at all in any form. Bonds and notes are taxed as property at the going rate of

taxation and at their full face value. This method of taxation is clearly confiscatory. A thousand dollar railroad bond paying five per cent. interest or fifty dollars per year is assessed for one thousand dollars, and at the average rate of taxation for the state of \$2.50 per hundred would pay a tax of \$25 per year, or fifty per cent. of the income. The result of this method of taxation is to force people to sell their bonds or evade the tax.

The only class of investments which make substantial contribution are savings bank deposits. Savings banks pay annually three quarters of one per cent. on the amounts of all deposits, excluding the amount loaned out on New Hampshire real estate at five per cent. or less. This in effect is a tax upon depositors, since all savings banks by law are mutual companies not operating for profit. The state tax merely reduces by that amount the interest payable to depositors. This tax is equal to fifteen per cent. of the income from savings bank depositors. This is a very burdensome unjust tax levied upon a class of people least able to pay.

It will be obvious that this system of taxation is particularly burdensome to real estate, and especially to certain forms of real estate, farms, and small homes, and city and village property. Moreover such property is generally more highly assessed than any other class of property, because it is held in small units, frequently changes hands, its market value is easily ascertained.

Briefly stated, the problem is to find new sources of revenue. Such

increased revenue, of course, must be used to afford relief from the unjust burden now laid upon real estate, live stock and other forms of tangible property, and not merely to encourage increased expenditures. This is a difficult problem under any circumstances. In New Hampshire it is further complicated by the restrictions laid upon the legislature by the Supreme Court in its construction of the taxing power given the legislature in our constitution. Some brief statement of the history of our taxation and the interpretation of the constitution is necessary to an understanding of the difficulties of the problem.

In the main, our system of taxation is that adopted when the state was founded more than one hundred and twenty-five years ago. In those primitive times real estate, live stock and stock in trade covered practically all the wealth of the state, and that system was just, adequate, and a fairly accurate measure of the ability of men to pay. In the grant of power to the legislature to levy taxes, the constitution provides that the "taxes must be reasonable and proportional." In its earliest decisions, the Supreme Court took the position that "proportional" required all property to be treated alike. Any property or class of property might be exempted entirely from taxation, but if taxed, must be taxed by the same uniform method. This rule of uniformity of treatment was a sound rule applied to primitive conditions when property was more or less uniform. Under our modern developments of property such a rule is senseless and is entirely responsible for our present unjust, unreasonable distribution of the tax burdens.

Under these limitations imposed

by the Court there is no way by which the class of wealth represented by investments, salaries, professional earnings can be reached. The only method of dealing with this kind of property or income is on the basis of an income tax. Such a tax has generally been supposed to be contrary to the constitution, although the Supreme Court in its last opinion, indicated that it might be still an open question. The constitutional convention of 1912 and the last constitutional convention both submitted to the people amendments giving power to the legislature to impose income taxes. Both times these amendments failed to receive the necessary two-thirds majority.

Consequently there will be two different questions before the coming legislature. First, what action can it take under the constitution as it is to-day? Second, what steps can be taken to secure the necessary changes in the constitution?

Unfortunately, there is little that the legislature can do under the present constitution, and even some of these proposals are subject to constitutional doubt.

There are three changes in our present tax law which have been suggested. First, a different distribution of the railroad tax. At present one fourth of the railroad tax is distributed to towns and cities where railroad property is located. The remaining three fourths is distributed first to the communities in which stockholders reside, the balance, representing foreign stockholders and stocks held by trustees or institutions, is retained by the state. Since railroad stock is not taxed nor taxable, there is neither logic nor justice in distributing part of this tax to communities where stockholders reside. This

distribution is a benefit to a few cities and towns and is unjust to the rest of the state. It is proposed that hereafter the three fourths of the railroad tax should be entirely retained by the state. This will increase the state revenue by about \$125,000 a year, and will make possible a corresponding reduction in the direct state tax.

It is also proposed to increase substantially the rates of taxation upon collateral and direct inheritances. The rates in New Hampshire are lower than those in other states and the amount of revenue derived by the state could be about doubled without hardship and without making our rates out of line with other eastern states. Here again, though, there is a constitutional question involved. While the constitution expressly gives the legislature power to levy inheritance taxes, it is held by some lawyers that this general power does not include power to levy graded taxes, with higher rates upon the larger estates. Our direct inheritance tax has exemptions and is graded. So far the question has not been tried out as to whether or not this present graded tax is constitutional. Undoubtedly an increase in the rates would bring about a trial on this question.

A large part of the increase in taxation is due to the maintenance of our highways. We now secure from automobiles a larger revenue per automobile than any other state in the Union. It is proposed to reduce somewhat the present tax on automobiles and levy a tax upon gasoline. This tax would be levied upon the wholesale companies selling gasoline in New Hampshire, and eventually, of course, would be borne by the users of gasoline. Many states have adopt-

ed a gasoline tax. Obviously it is a much fairer way of distributing part of the burden of the maintenance of the highways. Moreover it would secure a much larger contribution from out-of-the-state cars, which use our highways. This proposal has received general public approval. However, here again, a constitutional question is involved. Undoubtedly, such a law, if passed, would be questioned, and carried to the Supreme Court. In view of some of the decisions of the Court in the past, it is extremely doubtful what the action of the Court would be.

These three measures, if adopted and upheld by the Court, would probably add to the state revenue in the vicinity of \$1,000,000. While it is desirable to secure this additional revenue if possible, it would go but a small way towards giving the necessary relief to real estate and other tangible property. Obviously, no substantial relief can be afforded except by securing a reasonable contribution from the owners of securities, stocks, bonds, and so-called intangibles. It has been suggested that even without constitutional amendments some revenue could be derived from this class of wealth. In Governor Spaulding's administration, the Supreme Court handed down an opinion stating that the income from stocks, bonds, and money at interest might be taxed as local property and at the local rate. Such a tax would be entirely inadequate from the point of view of revenue, and it is extremely doubtful if it is worth the attempt.

What can the coming legislature do to bring about the removal of the constitutional limitations which now prevent the adoption of just and reasonable tax laws? There

are two courses open. First, the legislature could vote to submit to the people at the next election the question of whether a convention should be called to amend the constitution. If such a resolution were passed, the people at the next election would vote upon the question. If the vote was in the affirmative the next legislature would provide for calling a constitutional convention. The amendments proposed by such a convention would have to be submitted at the next general election or special election. Such amendments, of course, would have to receive a two-thirds majority. Under this method, if every step succeeded, it would be at least five years before legislation granting relief could be passed. Five years is a long time to wait, and yet the delay would give ample time for a campaign of public education, which would be sure to result in the adoption by the people of the necessary amendments.

Another method offering much more immediate action has been suggested. Governor Brown has pointed out that the last constitutional convention is still in existence, and could be recalled by the chairman, and he has further stated, that if the coming legislature should pass a resolution requesting him so to do, he would, being chairman of the constitutional convention, immediately re-convene the convention. It is supposed the convention would immediately vote to re-submit the same amendments which have already twice been submitted to the people. These amendments could be voted on at the regular March Town Meetings, and at a special election for the cities called at the same time. If adopted in this third attempt, the coming legislature would be in a

position to exercise the power granted in the proposed amendments. Now, there are two objections to this proposal. First, it is not at all certain that the people, having twice turned down the proposals, will now adopt them. It seems unwise to make the attempt, unless there is an excellent chance of adoption. Opinions vary widely on this point. There has been in the last year considerable agitation and public discussion of taxation, and the need of constitutional changes. Personally, I am inclined to believe that the work already done, supplemented by intense work in the next few months would result in the adoption of the proposed amendments.

There is another objection more serious, and that is, that the amendments proposed by the last constitutional convention are limited in their scope, and would leave unsettled many constitutional difficulties regarding taxation. The amendments, if adopted, would permit the imposition of graded income taxes, and would settle the question of the constitutionality of a graded inheritance tax, but it would still leave open the question of taxing timber lands, and also the question involved in levying of such taxes as the one proposed on gasoline. If the convention, when assembled, would adopt one simple amendment, in effect removing the word "proportional" from the constitution, and giving the legislature general power to pass any reasonable tax laws and to classify property for the purpose of taxation, it would, in my judgment, be well worth trying. Such a general amendment would be more certain of adoption than the limited piecemeal proposals submitted by the last convention and also that of 1912.

# LAST YEAR OF THE OLD REGIME

BY H. H. METCALF

IN these "latter days" party ascendancy veers suddenly from one side to the other, in state and nation, on the waves of popular discontent, with little regard to party policy or political principle. In the earlier days the situation was entirely different. For more than a generation, previous to 1855, the Democratic-Republican party, founded by Jefferson, whose leading disciple in New Hampshire was John Langdon, first president of the United States Senate, held power in New Hampshire, and the country at large, with one or two brief interregnums occasioned by factional divisions, through the fixed adherence of a majority of the people to its proclaimed principles; but went out of power in the state in the year named, and in the nation a few years later, through the growth of the anti-slavery sentiment.

The election of 1854 was the last in New Hampshire at which a clear majority of all the votes cast were for the Democratic ticket, until that of November last. At that election there were 122 scattering votes; Jared Perkins, the Free Soil candidate, received 11,080 votes; James Bell, Whig, 16,941, and Nathaniel B. Baker, Democrat, 29,788, a clear majority of 1,605 for Baker, above all others. Since that time no Democratic candidate for Governor has been accorded a majority of the popular vote, until at the last election, Fred H. Brown, the Democratic nominee, was elected by a majority of more than 11,000. It is true that in four different years, in the long period from 1855 to 1922, the gubernatorial chair of the State was

occupied by Democrats—in 1871 and 1874 by James A. Weston, and in 1913-14 by Samuel D. Felker; but in neither case was the Governor elected by a majority in the popular vote; but by the legislature, through a combination of Democrats and Labor Reformers, in the first instance, and of Democrats and Progressive Republicans in the last.

Nathaniel B. Baker, who was the last of the old time Democrats to hold the chief magistracy of the State, into which he was inducted in June, 1854—the state election occurring on the second Tuesday in March, and the legislature convening on the first Wednesday in June in those days—was a native of the town of Hillsborough, born September 29, 1818, and was, consequently, but 35 years of age at the time of his election—one of the youngest men ever elected to the position. He had been educated for the bar but took a deep interest in politics, as a Champion of Democratic principles; was for a time editor of the *New Hampshire Patriot*, served as a member of the House of Representatives from Concord in 1851 and 1852, in which latter year he was also one of the presidential electors who cast the vote of the State for Pierce and King. He held the office of Clerk of the Common Pleas and Superior Courts for Merrimack County at the time of his election. He was re-nominated for Governor by the Democratic State Convention, then held during the legislative session, but as the party went to defeat in the following election, his tenure of office was for a single year only, and he terminated his residence in

the State the year after his term expired, removing to Clinton, Iowa, in 1856, where he served in the State legislature, and as Adjutant General of the State from 1861 till his decease—September 11, 1876, at the age of 53.

There was a clear Democratic majority in both branches of the legislature, in this year of Gov. Baker's administration, the Senate—then composed of twelve members—having ten Democratic members and the Whigs but two, those last being William Haile of Hinsdale and Nathan Parker of Manchester. Jonathan E. Sargent of Wentworth was elected president of the Senate; George C. Williams of Lancaster, Clerk, and Charles Doe of Rollinsford, Assistant Clerk. It is not a little significant that Messrs. Sargent and Doe later became ardent Republicans, and not long after landed upon the bench of the Supreme Court, where each was for some time Chief Justice.

In the House of Representatives, which was Democratic by a small majority, Francis R. Chase, then of Conway, but later of Northfield, was chosen Speaker, receiving 156 votes to 153 for Mason W. Tappan of Bradford, the candidate of the Whig and Free Soil combination. Ellery A. Hibbard of Laconia was chosen Clerk, receiving 157 votes to 149 for James O. Adams of Manchester, while Anson S. Marshall of Concord was made Assistant Clerk.

It may be interesting to note the names of some of the members of the House, on both sides, who subsequently became prominent in public life in various official capacities. Among them were such men as Ichabod Goodwin, James W. Emery and Daniel Marcy of Portsmouth; John D. Lyman, then of Milton but

later of Exeter; Mason W. Tappan of Bradford; George W. Nesmith of Franklin; Daniel Clark of Manchester; Aaron P. Hughes and Aaron F. Stevens of Nashua; Person C. Cheney of Peterboro; Josiah G. Dearborn of Weare; Jonathan H. Dickey of Acworth; John G. Sinclair of Bethlehem; William P. Weeks of Canaan; John L. Rix of Haverhill; Aaron H. Cragin of Lebanon; Samuel Herbert of Rumney and Jacob Benton of Lancaster. Two of these men subsequently became Governors of the State, three United States Senators, five Representatives in Congress, one a Justice of the Supreme Court, one a Judge of the United States District Court, one a Secretary of State and one Speaker of the House.

Very little in the line of actual legislation was accomplished at this session of the Legislature, though it extended into the second week of July, making it a long session for those days. The time was largely occupied by partisan wrangling and debate, a protracted debate being carried on over a certain resolution denouncing the Kansas-Nebraska bill, enacted by Congress, repealing the Missouri Compromise, so-called, and permitting the people of territories, themselves, to determine whether slavery should or should not be allowed within their limits. The resolution failed of adoption; but a great deal of bitterness was engendered by the discussion.

Another cause of the failure to do much real business was a long contest over the choice of a United States Senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Charles G. Atherton, which had been temporarily filled, by the appointment by the Governor of Jared W. Williams of Lancaster. Many balloting were

had but no choice was effected. John S. Wells of Exeter was the Democratic nominee, and came within a narrow margin of election each time, but failed through the defection of a few Democratic members who were close friends of Franklin Pierce, then President, who had taken a strong personal dislike to

ed by this legislature, the first being a bill requiring notice of marriage intentions to be filed with the town clerk. Among others were those empowering married women to make wills; dividing the town of Lyman and creating the town of Monroe, and changing the name of Poplin to Fremont. There were,



Courtesy, The Kimball Studio, Concord, N. H.

#### NATHANIEL B. BAKER

Mr. Wells, on account of something said or done by the latter, who was, nevertheless, one of the ablest lawyers and most brilliant orators in the State, and who, after the failure to elect, was appointed by Governor Baker, and held the office until the election the following year of John P. Hale.

Only eighteen public acts were pass-

however, quite a number of private acts, mostly of incorporation or increasing the capital stock of existing corporations. Many new state banks were incorporated; also the Manchester Locomotive Works, the Claremont, Keene and Exeter Gas Light Companies, the Claremont Railroad Company, the Abbot Coach Company of Concord, the Webster



Mills of Franklin and the New Hampshire State Teachers' Association.

The legislature elected John L. Hadley of Weare, who had served for four years previously, Secretary of State. He was the last Democrat holding that office until 1874, the year of Governor Weston's second administration, when Josiah G. Dearborn, of the same town, was chosen. In 1871, when Weston was first chosen Governor, John H. Goodale of Nashua, Labor Reformer, was Secretary of State and Leander W. Cogswell of Henniker, Treasurer, these offices being accorded the Labor Reformers for their few votes for Weston for Governor. Walter Harriman of Warner was chosen State Treasurer. He had served the previous year in the same capacity, and his annual report, filed for that year, showed the entire receipts into the treasury, from all sources, to have been \$138,751.11; while the total expenditures of the state government for the year were \$110,614.38—a remarkable contrast with present time figures.

The Governor's salary at this time was \$1,000 per year, that of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, \$1,400, while the three associate justices and the three judges of the Court of Common Pleas—the trial court of those days—received \$1,200 each. John J. Gilchrist of Charlestown, who was soon after made Chief Justice of the United States

Court of Claims at Washington, was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and Andrew S. Woods of Bath, Ira A. Eastman of Gilmanton and Samuel D. Bell of Manchester were the Associate Justices; while the Common Pleas judges were Charles R. Morrison of Haverhill, George G. Sawyer of Nashua, and Josiah Minot of Concord.

The probate judges, at that time, as now, were appointed by the Governor and Council; but their compensation was very different, and consisted of certain fees, which amounted, during the previous year, to \$546.52 for the Rockingham County judge, and ranged all the way down to \$93.17 for the Coos County judge.

All the department reports for the year including those of the trustees, superintendent and treasurer of the Hospital for the Insane, the Bank Commissioner, Insurance Commissioner, Railroad Commissioner, Adjutant General, State Librarian, Warden, Physician and Chaplain of the State Prison, etc., were printed and bound in the same volume with the journals of the Senate and House, the whole for the year 1854 included in 960 pages—another sharp contrast with the present day output in this line. Many other contrasts between present day and earlier time operations and expenditures might be presented, but are uncalled by the scope of this article.

# A MYSTERY OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY GEORGE WILSON JENNINGS.

ONE of our famous authors once said, "there is a profound charm in mystery—every grain of sand is a mystery; so is every one of the flowers in summer, and so is every snowflake in winter. Both upwards and downwards, and all around us, science and speculation pass in mystery at last."

In 1768 an event occurred at the home of the writer's maternal great grandparent, Jacob Sheafe of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. This event has puzzled the descendants of this once-renowned family for many generations. Whether or no a man is to be classed as peculiar who vanishes without rhyme or reason on his wedding night is a question left to the reader's decision.

Mr. James McDonough was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was richly endowed in this world's goods and was the fortunate suitor of Margaret Sheafe, who was the youngest daughter of Jacob Sheafe, a well-known merchant of his day. Mr. Sheafe was a man of affluence and known as one of the richest men in the Colonies. The Sheafe and McDonough families had been close personal friends and neighbors for many years. Margaret Sheafe and James McDonough were playmates in their childhood. This friendship culminated in this young couple's engagement.

Miss Sheafe at this time was twenty-three years of age. She possessed a great charm of personality, combined with rare talents which gave her an enviable place in the most exclusive and aristocratic circles of society in that city. Her wedding day was set for

June first, 1768. On that evening the spacious mansion in State Street, the home of the intended bride, was resplendent in floral decorations and was brilliantly lighted for the nuptials. A host of friends of both the bride and groom elect assembled at this hospitable home to wish the happy couple godspeed and witness the launching of their ship on the "matrimonial sea," (the groom having remarked the evening previous to a friend, "I chose my wife, as she did her wedding gown, for qualities that will wear well.") In one of the upper rooms were displayed the wedding gifts which were rare and very beautiful, many from foreign countries; many were considered priceless. Among them was a mantel mirror having a Parian marble frame combined with silver, this having come from Balboa, Spain. In the lower main hall were stationed the artists who were to render the music on the harp, mandolin and spinet.

The banquet table in the great dining room was a delight to look upon with its rich damask linen, the old family silver and imported china, here and there a shaded candelabrum which cast a sheen of great beauty over this important feature of the occasion. The minister in his robe stood in the drawing room near the magnificent carved mantel-piece, book in hand, and waited. Then followed an awkward silence during this interval. A strange quiet fell upon this gay company and soon the laughing groups became more serious; the very air grew tense with expecta-

tion. In the butler's pantry, Amos Boggs, the butler, in his agitation spilled a bottle of old burgundy over his new cinnamon-colored short clothes.

Then a whisper, a whisper suppressed for over half an hour, seemed to pervade the home. "The bridegroom has not come!"

What had happened to James McDonough? He never came. His disappearance on that night remains a mystery after a lapse of many generations. What had become of James McDonough? The assassination of so notable a person in a community where every strange face was challenged, where every man's antecedents were known, could not have been accomplished without leaving some trace. Not a shadow of foul play was ever discovered. That James McDonough had been murdered or had committed suicide were theories accepted at first by few, and then by no one. On the other hand he was truly in love with his fiancée, the gracious and charming Margaret Sheafe.

James McDonough had wealth and power as well as position. Why had he fled? He was seen on one of the public streets of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the afternoon of his wedding day, and then was never seen again. It was as if he had turned into air.

Meanwhile the bewilderment of the bride-elect was dramatically painful to behold. If James McDonough had been waylaid and killed she could mourn for him. If he had deserted her, she would wrap herself in her pride. But neither course lay open to her, then or afterward. In the King's Chapel Burying Ground, south of the Chapel, Tremont Street, Boston, is the tomb of Jacob Sheafe. On a tablet is found this simple inscription, "Margaret Sheafe, Daughter of Jacob Sheafe of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Died September 1, 1768, Aged 23 years." Mystery hovers over all things here below.

An outline of this event was published many years ago. The writer, being a descendant of Jacob Sheafe, has in his possession the details of the account of this event in the year 1768.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE'S WOMEN LEGISLATORS

BY LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH

MUCH has been said in the last few years regarding the benefits that would be likely to result from the introduction of the "Mother element" into the civic life of municipalities, states and the nation. New Hampshire will perhaps feel the effect of this element in the coming session of the Great and General Court.

The three women who have been elected to the House of Representatives are all of mature age. They have reached the calm waters beyond the turbulent tide of youth. All have borne children, and thereby experienced the finest of human emotions, mother love. In conversation with them one is impressed with the fact that they have a common desire—to work for measures aimed at social betterment, raising the standard of health and morals in the state and the bringing about of certain reforms with as little hardship as possible to all concerned.

Of the three women Mrs. Emma L. Bartlett of Raymond is the oldest. She is sixty-four years of age, has four children and seven grandchildren. She is alert, well informed, a rapid-fire speaker and her middle name is "Justice." "I just love the people," she says, "and I am keenly interested in all measures which affect their welfare. I do not wish to see any injustice wrought in working out certain measures which are to come before the next session of the legislature."

Mrs. Effie E. Yantis of Manchester is ten years younger than Mrs. Bartlett. She is the wife of a clergyman, and has a married daughter. She is a woman of broad education, is exceptionally talented, is fair-

minded and has some very determined views regarding certain things which she believes should be accomplished in the state and nation.

Mrs. Gertrude Moran Caldwell is the youngest of the trio. She is forty years of age and has four children. She is extremely interested



Photograph by Leslie's Studio.

MRS. EMMA L. BARTLETT

in politics and believes that women can be of great service in this field. She says that service faithfully rendered in the political field is fundamental and imperative in the life of the government.

While Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. Yantis do not claim to strict partisanship, Mrs. Caldwell is of the opinion that it is very important that women consider carefully the political parties they may wish to join. "A country the size of America," says Mrs. Caldwell, "must have party government. No large organization

can exist without organization, and, of course, the largest business concern in the world to-day is the American government. The best way for the individual woman to make her influence felt is through the medium of a political party and, for this reason, each woman should be absolutely sure to which party she wishes to pledge herself."

While the three women do not belong to the same political party (Mrs. Yantis is Republican and the other two were elected on the Democratic ticket), all are in favor of the 48-hour law and will work for its passage. On this subject Mrs. Yantis says:

"Eight hours is a long enough working day for any woman. There are two reasons for this. First, most employed women are trying to do their own housework, and second, they are nearly all of mother age.

"I think," says Mrs. Yantis, "that when we do frame up the 48-hour bill we must be careful and not make one mistake that was made in the Massachusetts bill. This bill specifies that women shall not be employed more than eight hours a day or 48 hours a week. Sometimes there is a pressure of work on a rush order and sometimes women would prefer to work nine hours a day and make up for the time in some other part of the week. The bill should provide for not more than nine hours a day for two consecutive days."

Mrs. Yantis calls attention to the fact that while nine states have a 48-hour law, all but Massachusetts are Western agricultural states. Massachusetts is the only industrial state having such a law. In five states there is no limitation of working hours. A fact-finding commission is favored by Mrs. Yantis in the matter of the 48-hour law, and she believes that nothing was ever lost

by a careful investigation of facts.

Of the 48-hour law Mrs. Bartlett says: "I believe in the eight-hour day for women and children. In regard to the labor question, both sides have my sympathy. It is only through co-operation and education that we can come to a fair settlement of the problem. I do not believe in vio-



MRS. EFFIE E. YANTIS

lence in any department of our civic life, in the home, in the schools or in our industries. I consider the plan of a fact-finding commission good, as suggested by Mrs. Yantis."

Mrs. Caldwell will stand by her party platform, and the 48-hour law will consequently receive her strong support.

Mrs. Yantis is strong in her belief that a reform is needed in New Hampshire's marriage laws and will probably introduce a bill in the coming legislature calculated to accomplish this. She says: "I have found upon looking up data regarding our marriage laws that girls of 13 and boys of 14 can marry with the consent of their parents. I think this

should be raised to 16 and 18. Without parents' consent the ages are 16 for girls and 18 for boys. This, I think, should be raised to 19 for girls and 21 for boys. I believe the age of consent should be raised so that girls under 19 and boys under 21 cannot marry without the consent of parents or guardians."

Both Mrs. Yantis and Mrs. Bartlett are avowedly against war. The former says: "We (the women voters) are interested in bringing about a permanent peace through such conferences as the Washington peace parley, through reduction of armaments by international agreements and by the establishment of an international court of arbitration."

Mrs. Bartlett says on this subject: "There are only two things I am radical about, capital punishment and war. War weakens the moral fibre and we get an aftermath of crime. Capital punishment is legalized crime."

"The great subject that is confronting us is war," says Mrs. Bartlett, "and I feel that this country ought to encourage every move toward international good will and mutual aid. These are the only things that will produce permanent peace."

Mrs. Yantis claims one real hobby. It is getting rid of tubercular cattle in the state. She thinks there should be a much larger appropriation for this work and that it should be worked out by the area method; that is, clean up one area at one time and work as little financial hardship as possible on the farmer.

With this movement Mrs. Bartlett professes entire sympathy. She says: "I have been looking rather carefully into the laws governing the elimination of tuberculous cattle from our state. I find that when the state voluntarily tests and condemns an animal the owner receives one-half

its value (previous valuation). When the farmer asks the state to test, if the animal is condemned the total loss is the owner's. It is clear that this law defeats its own successful operation in so far as spontaneous action on the farmer's part is concerned. With laws protecting the owners of cattle from loss, it would be possible, I believe, to enlist the farmers and secure their whole-hearted co-operation in the movement."

In matters pertaining to public health all three women will work unitedly. In this regard Mrs. Yantis asserts that New Hampshire needs better laws. She says that the state is among the highest in its death rate and that one-third of the children in the schools throughout the state are suffering from malnutrition. She believes in more physical education in the schools and in more public health clinics.

Mrs. Caldwell, in her pre-election campaign, took a decided stand upon the abolition of the five-dollar poll tax for women and will probably introduce the bill in the coming session of the legislature to abolish it. In this she is likely to meet with opposition from at least one member of her sex. Mrs. Bartlett says that in her opinion women, having entered into full citizenship, should pay a poll tax. "It preserves their self respect," she declares. "But five dollars is too much. The tax should be so small that it would not be a hardship for any working woman to pay it."

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Mrs. Bartlett was born in Deerfield, January 15, 1859, in the old homestead settled by her paternal ancestors. Her parents were Charles Clinton and Hannah (Lake) Tucker. She attended Coe's Academy at Northwood and, in 1878, graduated from the Plymouth Normal school.

She taught in the public schools of the state for ten years, during four of which she taught in the graded school in Raymond. Mrs. Bartlett, who is the widow of Judge John T. Bartlett, has two sons and two daughters. John T. Bartlett, Jr., of Boulder, Colo., the older son, is a well known magazine writer on economic and industrial subjects. His wife is also a writer. Robert L., a Dartmouth graduate, is with the Western Electric company. Ada Louise is the wife of Ralph Sanborn, station agent at Sanborn, and the younger daughter, Bessie, is the wife of L. D. Dickinson, superintendent of the Faulkner factory in Raymond.

Mrs. Bartlett is deeply interested in the activities of the Women's Civic Club of Raymond, which has one of the finest club houses in the state. She conducts a successful insurance business. She knows every family in Raymond and is known and esteemed by them all. She is "Mother Bartlett" to the young people of the town and says she "just loves young folks."

Effie Earll Yantis was born in Skaneateles, New York, June 28, 1869. She graduated from Skaneateles Academy and in 1888 from the Clinton Liberal Institute. In 1893 she was graduated from Cornell University.

Before her marriage to Mr. Yantis she did illustrating for scientific magazines and made lantern slides for colleges and institutes. She organized the Home-Makers' Club of Manchester, is a member of the New Hampshire Sunday School Association, the Elliott Hospital Associates and the Federation of Women's Clubs. Her husband, Rev. Arnold S. Yantis, is pastor of the First Universalist church of Manchester.

Mrs. Gertrude M. Caldwell, wife

of William W. Caldwell of 190 Deer Street, Portsmouth, is a native of that city. She was born June 2, 1882, the daughter of Stacy G. and Adalaide F. Moran. She graduated from Portsmouth High School in 1901. For the next year she pursued a post graduate course, at the end of which her marriage to Mr. Caldwell took place. She is a member of the Woman's City Club



MRS. GERTRUDE M. CALDWELL

and is a member of the executive board of the Farragut School Parent-Teachers' Association.

Since her high school days Mrs. Caldwell has followed with considerable enthusiasm the political happenings in the country. Her interest deepened with the granting of suffrage to women. She says she believes it the duty of every woman to exercise the privilege of suffrage.

Mrs. Caldwell is pleased with her victory in the recent election and attributes it partly to her stand upon the abolition of the \$5.00 poll tax for women. For several years her ward has gone Republican by a considerable margin.

## MOLE

J. L. McLANE, JR.

Shy mole that in the unseeing dark  
Feeds on the root of flower and weed,  
Beauty has nourished with her spark  
Your body's love and hunger, lust and greed.

Her hand has plumped with grub and root  
Your silvery sleekness, silked your fur:  
Night with her heavenly star-strung lute  
Has claimed you for her lowly worshiper.

Blind little creature, when you push  
Your soft snout through the yielding loam,  
Do you then, even as the lyric thrush,  
Also serve God in your dark-tunneled home?

For we, too, push adventurous snouts  
Into the dark—and yet we find  
That truth is sucked from gnarled and  
    knotty doubts  
And God lights spectral candles for the blind.

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## DREAMLIGHT

BY ALICE SARGENT KRIKORIAN.

The moon—a broken silver ring,—makes way  
Through thick opposing clouds, to lie  
Upon the far horizon's rim,  
The stars are blown like blossoms in the sky.

Now, from the river, boughs of rosy mist  
Trail over tops of trees, whose branches sway  
Singing their endless songs,—the folded rose  
Lies with her upturned lips across the way.

Shining like stars of glowing brilliancy,  
They light the path of dreams,—those eyes!  
    those eyes!  
The rising wind is sounding like the sea,  
As with the dawn the dreamlight pales—and  
    dies.

Calm Night, your great white blossoms close  
    not yet!  
Day, with your roses passion-red, begone!  
Moon, stars, dreamlight, and happiness have  
    met!  
Oh, would that nevermore might come the  
    morn!



## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

**A SCHOOL IN ACTION. DATA ON CHILDREN, ARTISTS, AND TEACHERS: A Symposium.** With Introduction by F. M. McMurry, Professor of Elementary Education, Teachers College, Columbia University. Published by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

This book spreads before the teacher, in a peculiarly interesting way, the activities of the Bird School, Peterborough, founded in 1917 by Mrs. Arthur Johnson (Joanne Bird Shaw) for the summer instruction of her own children, for those of her neighbors, and for a small group of children from Peterborough village. The book is not the work of any single observer, but is, as its sub-title states, a "symposium": that is to say, a book written by those immediately concerned,—the teachers and pupils themselves. From the beginning of the school, Mrs. Johnson wished to have a complete record of each class, and to this end a stenographer was always in attendance, jotting down verbatim whatever teachers and pupils said to each other day by day in working out their tasks together, their questions, their answers, their unstudied observations and reactions: in short, the whole "conduct" of the education that was under way. From these typewritten stenographic reports a wholly unedited selection has been made and published, giving us a volume of some three hundred pages that are curiously real and vital. These reports are unedited in the sense that they are not "smoothed out" or revised for the sake of attaining some ideal literary standard; they are given frankly and precisely as

the stenographer jotted them down. But the book is very carefully and intelligently selected and arranged so that the reader may get without undue tedium a complete and clear cross-section of the school as a whole and observe it, as it were, in full operation. In this respect the book is a unique experiment in the literature of pedagogy, and a highly successful one.

There are three factors in such a work that are bound to impress the interested observer. First, the head of the school: for a school inevitably takes its tone from its founder or head, derives its programme from its founder's initiative, and depends for its successful conduct upon its founder's enthusiasm and intelligent guidance. The second factor is the teachers, and the third the pupils; and we shall deal with these last two in detail in a moment.

Little or nothing is said in the book of Mrs. Johnson, the school's founder, and yet the school itself and, consequently, the whole book are a permanent memorial to her constructive imagination and executive ability; after reading "A School in Action," a discerning reader will come to the conclusion that both are of an exceptionally high order. She was led to found the school, the Foreword explains, by the conviction "that during the long summer school vacation, often from June to October, the hiatus in the systematic mental training of young children was a very serious handicap to them and entailed much loss of effectiveness in the autumn resumption of school work when several weeks are annually spent in the painful effort to re-

connect with long dropped work and to re-establish habits of attention and application."

She built the school "on a height beside the mountains, on her own estate of some six hundred acres—a charming stone building, with, in addition, open-air pavilions and class room, a laboratory, a workshop for carpentry, and a completely equipped playground. From the very beginning she secured the services of some of the most accomplished teachers of America, teachers of a rank in the academic world of higher education which would preclude their devoting their time to a school for young children did not the experiment occur in summer and did it not also offer possibilities of exceptional interest to them."

So far we have a summer school on a very sound but not altogether unusual basis. But to this Mrs. Johnson, with the bravery of her youth, presently added a touch of genius, by deciding to take on her staff of teachers a small group of creative artists of acknowledged eminence. It was her belief that no one else could give the children the same interest in Music as a composer, in Literature as a writer, in Art as a painter or sculptor; and with the courage of this conviction she managed to give her little school of very young youngsters the high privilege of being taught modelling by Mr. Howard Coluzzi, sculptor, of acquiring some knowledge and love of English prose and verse from Mr. Padraic Colum, the Irish poet and dramatist, of studying the rudiments of music under the direction of Mr. Ernest Bloch, the eminent Swiss composer. To initiate such an experiment requires imagination, and to carry it through requires a tact and executive ability

beyond the average. The book frankly spreads the accomplishment of the problem before one, and when the end is reached and the reader gauges the measure of its success, he can see how much credit is due to the guiding spirit of the founder—whose name is so modestly suppressed throughout the book.

The first group of reports concern themselves with the classes in "Literature" under two successive teachers, Mr. John Merrill and Mr. Colum. Mr. Merrill is a very well known specialist of the Francis Parker School, Chicago, and it is extremely interesting to note his method with the children, for it is probably the perfection of modern scientific pedagogical theory. At each session of his classes he has a definite end in view and, if possible, an even more definite programme of the means to achieve that end. If the poem to be read is, say, "There was a crooked man who went a crooked mile," every possible kind of acting on the part of the class, mental and physical, is brought into play. One child at once becomes a crooked man, another becomes a crooked mouse, and, I daresay, a third becomes a crooked sixpence, and so on. Nothing is allowed to escape. And the guiding principle seems to be Iteration. The reviewer is lost in admiration of Mr. Merrill's patience and thoroughness, and the precision of his predetermined procedure. The verses are acted and discussed to a standstill. But the old-fashioned reader who was not subjected to this form of torture in his childhood is bound to wonder if it is really worth while. It seems to one such, at least, that what happens under such a system is this—the children come to be considered

primarily as the factors in the working out of a theory,—the theory is very fine, the working out is extraordinarily skilful, and the success is a definite contribution to pedagogy. But throughout there has been a subtle and perhaps unconscious transferral of values: in the old days teaching was a means whereby we strove to develop and make happier the pupil; now it seems a bit as if the pupils are the means, the instrument by which one strives to develop and make more perfect the science of teaching. To be sure, the children must acquire something by such a process (human nature, fortunately, is such that children will acquire something under *any* system). One cannot imagine a child under Mr. Merrill failing to understand well nigh exhaustively any bit of literature which Mr. Merrill has determined shall be elucidated; but an understanding of letters is one thing, and a love of letters is quite another. If the reviewer had been brought to an understanding of Shakespeare by such a process, he feels sure that his favorite set of that author's works would long since have come to repose in a convenient ash barrel. He would certainly love him less—and very probably know him better.

With the reports of Mr. Colum's classes we come into a region of more spontaneity: both teacher and pupils seem constantly to take refuge in improvisation, very obviously to their mutual profit and satisfaction. It would be unfair to say that Mr. Colum has no daily "plan" in the sense that Mr. Merrill certainly has. But Mr. Colum's plan is more subtle—and probably less well considered. It leaves room for inspiration, and achieves an im-

mediate *rapproch* between himself and his little flock with a minimum of apparent apparatus. "I am not at all in favour," he writes, "of children being taught poetry by acting it." And an illuminating foot note here adds: "It is interesting to note here the differing opinions of Mr. Merrill, a professional teacher, and Mr. Colum, a professional poet." Mr. Colum gives his reasons: "In the first place it is often putting to a wrong end poetry that should have the child quiet and reflective. Again, the action, the pitch of the voice tends to formalize the poem in their minds, taking away from it the movement that it might have for them, besides associating it with too much agitation."

The stenographic records of Mr. Colum's classes are full of charm, and contain very quaint specimens of the children's essays in verse and prose. One little poem still haunts the reviewer.

"There was a King  
Who had a chariot,  
And also a daughter  
Whose name was Harriet."

Mr. Colum carries his pupils with a wide catholic sweep from Homer to Vachell Lindsay. He is always the poet and story-teller teaching others to love his art, with a delicacy of insight into the temperaments of his young hearers that is as rare as it is delightful. As for the reactions of the children themselves, so spontaneous, so quaintly frank, so humanly delightful, one would like to quote at length did space permit. But the book itself may be bought, and the reviewer urges its purchase by anyone who loves to study children.

After the reports on Literature, follow the reports on the Music classes. Those of Mr. Bloch abound

in wit and wisdom, and are a revelation of what a great musician, through sympathetic understanding, can do with even very young children. Then come the reports of the Psychological Laboratory, in which Dr. Florence Mateer, among other matters, gives in detail the psychological and the Stanford-Binet examination of a typical pupil. One begins reading this section with reluctance, and ends with enthusiasm, for out of the wealth of detail, skilfully and unerringly marshalled there emerges the personality of the boy in his examination in a rounded portait of such an authenticity and such engaging appeal that one is grateful for such a complete and human document.

And this is the most of the book as a whole, that while giving to the professional student of education the detailed record of a really valuable experiment, it gives to the unprofessional reader a bit of real life, and vivid self-portrayal of a group of children, as well as of a group of teachers, in a way that is at once fresh, ingenuous, and engaging. If one had such a detailed document as this from any past age, it would be considered priceless. And this itself must have a permanent value because of its sincerity and fundamental soundness.

PIERRE La ROSE.

ROADS OF ADVENTURE, by Ralph D. Paine. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin. \$5.

Here is a book! A book to stir the blood of youth and to revitalize the circulation of middle age. A book to charm by its style as well as by its stories.

The adventures set forth are those of the author. All of them are interesting; most of them are entrancing. Some of them have such a

"bite" that one would guess them tainted with fiction did not Ralph Paine vouch for their truth on his honor as a New Hampshire gentleman farmer, law-maker and guardian of juvenile morals.

Autobiography is the most charming of arts when the author can maintain the right balance between himself and the rest of the world. Most autobiographers who succeed do so by stressing their reaction to others rather than the reaction of the world to them. Mr. Paine, in these sketches, has done something of this, but has succeeded even more by the delightful humor with which he treats himself and not a few of his "busted" schemes. He is unsparing in the detection of himself in frequent spasms of what he terms *damfoolitis*.

The book may be divided roughly into four parts. First come a half dozen chapters covering rowing days at Yale in the nineties. Nobody can do this better than Paine. The sketches are equally good reading for the youngster and the oldster. Both will enjoy the spice of excitement. The youngster, at least, may profit by the red-blooded philosophy that underlies them; the oldster, at least, will appreciate the manner in which Paine matches this philosophy against the postures of the Young Intellectuals.

There follow a dozen sketches of filibustering days during the Cuban insurrection, full of swing and color of the most fascinating sort. Then come ten equally stirring chapters on the Spanish War, catching the adventurous atmosphere of the days when war gave comparatively free vent to individual action. These are done with an admirable dash. There are incidental appreciations of some of

especially of Stephen Crane—which add the flavor of literary reminiscence.

The scene then shifts, for a half dozen chapters, to the other side of the world, with vivid pictures of the aftermath of the Boxer uprisings. Then follow random incidents in a newspaperman's career, and finally some of Paine's experiences with the American and British fleets during the World War.

This fat volume of four hundred and fifty pages hardly gives the reader a feeling of satiety. One wonders if the advice of the author's eleven-year-old son to write "The End" was well taken. The titles of the possible additional chapters appeal to the imagination. Perhaps there is more like this splendid book to follow. The reviewer will live in hope.

E. L. P.

## TO R. B.

(A love-lyric after the manner of an earlier age)

By R. W. B.

How dare I dream, dear love,  
     Thou can'st be mine?  
 Too beautiful thy face  
 To share my humble place,  
 Such radiance from above  
     Doth through thee shine.

Thine eyes of deepest blue  
     Do light my way,  
 And scatter wide the gloom  
 That oft would fill my room,  
 And give the world the hue  
     Of brightest day.

The shimmer of thy hair  
     Is more than gold.  
 With dainty ribbon bound,  
 And daisies all around,  
     It doth my heart ensnare,  
     Yea, e'en enfold.

Thy lips are like the dream  
     Of sweetest rose.  
 I crave the vantage rare  
 To taste the nectar there,  
 How heavenly that would seem  
     My heart well knows.

Thy cheeks of softest pink  
     Are like the west  
 When touched by parting ray,  
 As with the dying day  
 The sun doth slowly sink  
     To nightly rest.

In every waking thought  
     I see thy face;  
 And when the darkness falls  
 Within my shadowed walls,  
 Thy spirit fills each spot  
     So full of grace.

Thy love doth make me bold  
     To try my lance.  
 Let me thy champion be!  
 If there be aught in me,  
 For thee it would unfold!  
     Bid me advance!

God, who created me,  
     And her so fair,  
 Make me to rise above  
 Low things, and so to move  
 That I may worthy be.  
     Hear this my prayer.

## BALLAD

BY LOUISE PATTERSON GUYOL.

There was a Jester loved a Queen.  
He pranked about the court  
Gaudy in crimson; and his pride  
He pawned to made her sport.

Painted he was, and hung with bells  
That tinkled like his tongue,  
And for his paint and bitter wit  
None guessed that he was young.

The Queen had hair of curled gold  
And a face like a white flower.  
(The King was old.) To make her smile  
Only the Fool had power.

The Queen walked in the garden-ways;  
The moon was marvellous fair,  
Silverly shining. Mad, the Fool  
Begged one bright lock of hair.

The King was old, the Fool was young,  
The Queen had lips of rose.  
(Behind a twisted yew, the King  
Stood in the garden-close.)

\* \* \* \*

The King is old. About the court,  
Chattering all the while,  
Gambols a Fool in gold. The Queen  
Doth never smile.

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## DAWN

BY LILIAN SUE KEECH.

Black is the night, and hot the stirless air.  
Black as a thought that savors of despair.  
Even the silent trees, against the sky,  
In gruesome and distorted shadows lie.

The crazy screech owl's weird and laughing cry,  
Within the formless space, sounds somewhere nigh.  
All is a black abyss, where Hell may be,  
Where man may hear, but only devils see.

A flapping bat flits, like a banshee, by  
 And from the unseen graveyard, comes a sigh,  
 From those who fain would rise, but must lie still.  
 Afar off mourns the foolish whip-poor-will.

But presently a hesitating breeze  
 Begins to tremble in the maple trees.  
 A faint light tinges all the murky dark,  
 A few soft notes come from the wakening lark.

Grey breaks the dawn on hill tops fresh and green.  
 A thousand diamonds on the grass are seen,  
 Aurora trails her pink robe in the east,  
 And beauty calls her lover to the feast.

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### In This Issue

MR. HENRY H. METCALF is a life-long Democrat and his pleasure at the recent turn in state politics has prompted a reminiscence of the last democratic regime. THE GRANITE MONTHLY considers that it is especially auspicious to have an article by Mr. Metcalf in this issue, which is in a sense the first issue under the new board, for Mr. Metcalf is the founder of THE GRANITE MONTHLY and during the course of its history has edited it many years.

MRS. LILIAN M. AINSWORTH is a newspaperwoman of long experience in Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. For about seven years she has been on the staff of the MANCHESTER DAILY MIRROR, and will this year be legislative correspondent for that paper. She is the first woman to have a regular assignment of that sort.

MR. ROBERT JACKSON, who writes so understandingly of the new governor, is chairman of the Democratic

State Committee. The picture Mr. Jackson draws has an undeniable appeal and will be interesting to many, as one of the first personal sketches to appear of the second Democratic Governor since the Civil War.

MR. RAYMOND B. STEVENS was member of Congress from the second New Hampshire district in 1913-1915, member of the Constitutional Convention in 1912. He is well fitted to write on tax reform, a subject to which he has given years of careful study. The constitutional amendment which he advocates in this article is the same which he upheld in the Convention of 1912. The Convention did not see fit to submit that amendment at that time, but Mr. Stevens feels that public sentiment in the last ten years has tended to strengthen his argument. Around the suggestion outlined in this article is sure to center much discussion in the next few weeks.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## ALVAH H. MORRILL

The Reverend Alvah H. Morrill, D. D., died at his home in Newton in October. He was born at Grafton in 1848, the son of the Reverend W. S. Morrill. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1872 and entered the ministry of the Christian Church and was for many years prominent in his denomination. He held pastorates at Haverhill, Massachusetts, at Laconia and Franklin, at Woodstock, Vermont, at Providence, Rhode Island, and finally at Newton. Much of his life was spent in the teaching profession. For thirteen years he was Professor of New Testament Greek at the Christian Biblical Institute at Stanfordville, New York, and was also the head of Starkey Seminary at Eddytown, New York.

## WILLIAM D. SAWYER

William D. Sawyer died November 12, at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York, as the result of apoplexy. Born in Dover, November 22, 1866, the son of the late Governor Charles H. Sawyer and Susan E. (Cowan) Sawyer, he was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and at Yale University. For more than ten years he was treasurer of the Sawyer Woolen mill. He then studied law and practised in New York City.

Mr. Sawyer was quartermaster general on the staff of Governor John B. Smith, a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1896 and a member of the committee that notified Mr. McKinley of his nomination. He was a Mason and a member of the Amoskeag Veterans and of many clubs. He was formerly president of the New Hampshire Society of the Cincinnati.

General Sawyer is survived by his widow, Gertrude, a daughter of former Congressman Joshua G. Hall of Dover, a son, Johathan, and a daughter, Elizabeth.

## JAMES BARTLETT EDGERLY

On November 1 there passed away in Farmington, after a brief illness, James Bartlett Edgerly, one of the town's most useful citizens. Mr. Edgerly was born at Farmington on January 29, 1834, and was the son of Joseph Bartlett and Cordelia (Waldron) Edgerly. His education was obtained in the schools of his native town and at Gilmanton Academy.

His early life was occupied at the shoemaker's bench. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the regimental band of the Fifth New Hampshire Volunteers, and served until 1862, when he

was honorably discharged and returned to the manufacture of shoes in Farmington, a business which he successfully followed until 1879. He then became cashier of the Farmington National Bank, and filled that position with ability until, with advancing years, he retired.

But he continued to enjoy life largely until within a few days of his death.

Mr. Edgerly married in 1863 Maria T. Fernald, who died in 1877. They had two daughters, Agnes A., deceased, and Annie M. (Mrs. Elmer F. Thayer). He married second Martha E. Dodge, who died some years ago.

Mr. Edgerly was always actively identified with the life of the community. Ardently devoted to the Congregational Church, he contributed a substantial sum to its permanent funds some years ago. To the town he gave the Edgerly Park as a memorial to his Civil War comrades.

At the time of his death Mr. Edgerly was a trustee of the Farmington Savings Bank, a director of the Farmington National Bank, a member of the Carlton Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of the New Hampshire Society of the Sons of the American Revolution and the oldest member of Fraternal Lodge of Masons.

Besides his daughter, Mrs. Thayer, he is survived by a grandson, James Edgerly Thayer, by a sister, Mrs. C. A. Cooke of Los Angeles, California, and by two brothers, Brigadier General Winfield Scott Edgerly of Cooperstown, New York, and Henry I. Edgerly of Dover.

At the funeral the Reverend J. G. Haigh said: "For physical and mental traits men may be admired, they can be loved only for qualities of the heart. Here was a citizen who in an unusual degree combined all those qualities in sterling fashion. His personal appearance was striking, and easily impressed one even at first meeting with the thought that here was no ordinary man. His carriage and bearing, his affable courtesy and dignified speech betokened at once a gentleman of the old school, a typical New Englander of old, untainted stock. Wherever you met him, in whatever circle, he was always just that; and in the various relationships of business and civic affairs as well as in social, fraternal and religious connections his clear insight, good judgment, his wise counsels, his friendly spirit, his skill and efficiency marked him a man of unusual attributes, and for all these his fellow-citizens welcomed him, admired him, honored and trusted him; but most of all it was the heart-quality that added love to admiration."

Judge Wells paid tribute in the Somersworth Free Press in these words:





JAMES BARTLETT EDGERLY

"And this good man, representing, as he did, the highest type of American citizenship, has passed on in the community where practically his entire life was spent. His was a kindly heart and his ear was attuned to sympathy. A generous supporter of worthy movements, he took a deep interest in the welfare of his town. He was clean in his life and in his expressions. There was a vein of quiet humor in his talk that made him a delightful conversationalist. The writer, who has known Mr. Edgerly intimately for many years, has had many a chat with him and was always greatly entertained by his unflinching fund of reminiscence and his broad, intelligent views. Modest and self-effacing, caring nothing for display or show, the most devoted of husbands and fathers, Mr. Edgerly needs no monument to keep alive the memory of his character and service. His greatest memorial is to be found in the esteem and love of his fellow-townsmen, the noblest memorial a man can have. Ripe in years and rich in the honors that are the proper rewards of a life of fruitful service, Mr. Edgerly's book of life, on which there is not one unworthy page, is finally closed."

#### CHARLES E. HARRINGTON

On November 18 there died at St. Petersburg, Florida, the Reverend Charles E. Harrington, D. D., who was born in Concord, October 5, 1846. He was educated at the New London Literary and Scientific Institution and was for some time a teacher, serving as principal of Henniker Academy and of Farmington High School.

Mr. Harrington was ordained in 1874 and settled over the Lancaster Congregational Church. Four years later went to Concord and for a number of years was pastor of the South Congregational Church. During his pastorate here he was also chaplain of the Third Regiment of the National Guard. Dartmouth College gave him the master's degree.

From Concord Dr. Harrington went to Dubuque, Iowa, where he preached with great success. Then followed a ministry in Keene until 1893, in which year he was legislative chaplain.

After a European trip for his health in 1893, Dr. Harrington served the First Congregational Church in Waltham, Massachusetts. Illness forced his resignation, but he recovered sufficiently to preach again at Holliston, Massachusetts. Since 1913 he had lived in Florida, whither he went for his health, but was able to accept a St. Petersburg pastorate and preached for five years more.

His first marriage was to Miss Sarah

Howard Russell, daughter of the Reverend Carey Russell of Norwich, Vermont. They had two children, who both survive: Harriet R., a teacher in the Cambridge schools and Dr. C. W. Harrington of Peterborough. He is also survived by his second wife, Mrs. Ella Leland Harrington.

#### CHARLES HENRY KNIGHT

Charles H. Knight, for more than twenty-five years clerk of the Superior Court for Rockingham County, died November 21, at Exeter.

Mr. Knight was born in Hatfield, Massachusetts, April 26, 1848, the elder of two sons of Joseph H. and Diana (Belden) Knight. In 1868 he was graduated in the classical course of Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, expecting to enter Yale, but this circumstance prevented. From October, 1869, until April, 1875, he was in Kansas and Texas, variously employed, in part as a teacher, a profession for which he had aptitude and to which at various times he devoted about five years. On January 12, 1878, he entered the law office of the late Judge Thomas Leavitt in Exeter and in March, 1880, he was admitted to the bar. For about five years Mr. Knight was the partner of Judge Leavitt, for a year or more the firm having also a Newmarket office, mainly in charge of Mr. Knight. Upon the dissolution of this firm Mr. Knight formed a connection with the late Hon. Joseph F. Wiggin, and thereafter continued in Exeter practice.

On January 20, 1896, Mr. Knight was appointed clerk of the Supreme, later the Superior Court for Rockingham County, an office he filled until his death. For this post, Mr. Knight was exceptionally well qualified. He gave much time to the rearrangement and re-indexing of the vast accumulation of office records, now easily consulted.

In 1865 Mr. Knight joined the Congregational Church in Hatfield and early transferred his membership to Exeter. He had served the former First Parish as assessor and clerk and had been superintendent of its Sunday School. He had been a member of the Public Library Committee. He was a 32nd degree Mason, a former member of the American Bar Association, a member of the First Nationalist Club of Boston, while it existed, and he was affiliated with Gilman and East Rockingham Pomona Granges. By wide reading and reflection, Mr. Knight had made himself an exceptionally well informed man. His individuality was marked and his attractive qualities many.

He has left his devoted wife, a daughter, Miss Ruth E. Knight, and a son,

Charles H., Jr. There is also a son by the first marriage. He was the last of his own family.

#### FRANK W. MAYNARD

Frank W. Maynard, well-known business man and politician, died at his home in Nashua on November 24. He was born at Bow on April 2, 1853, and was educated in Goffstown, at Pembroke Academy and at the Canton, Massachusetts, High School.

When he came to majority he located in Nashua, served as an apprentice at tailoring, six years later became a partner, and continued in the business until his death. Active in the interests of the Republican party, he was on both the city and state committees, and served as both representative and state senator. He was alternate to the national convention of 1908. He was one of the prime movers in the organization of the short-lived New Hampshire Republican. He was an aide, with the rank of Colonel, on Governor Tuttle's staff.

Col. Maynard was active in all community affairs and had served as president of the Nashua Memorial Hospital Association and of the Nashua Board of Trade. For thirty years he was the leading spirit in the Hunt Free Lecture Fund, of which he was the first trustee. He was a leader in the Universalist Church, and a member of various Masonic bodies, of the Odd Fellows, the Elks, the Moose, the Fortnightly Club, the Country Club and the Rotary Club.

Col. Maynard made a collection of tailors' print covering nearly a century, which is considered one of the most complete and valuable in existence.

#### CHARLES F. EMERSON

Emeritus Dean Emerson, beloved by several generations of Dartmouth men, died at his Hanover home on December 1. Prior his retirement nine years ago at the age of seventy, Dean Emerson had given the college forty-five years of unbroken service.

Charles F. Emerson was born at Chelmsford, Massachusetts, on September 28, 1843, son of Owen and Louisa (Butterfield) Emerson. After attending the Westford (Massachusetts) Academy and Appleton Academy at New Ipswich, and engaging in part time teaching in his native state for three years, he entered Dartmouth, whence he graduated in 1868 with Phi Beta Kappa rank.

Following his graduation Mr. Emerson became instructor in gymnastics at the college, instructor in mathematics at the College of Agriculture and tutor

in mathematics at Dartmouth. From 1872 to 1878 he was associate professor of natural philosophy and mathematics, then for twenty-one years Appleton Professor of natural philosophy, and dean of the college from 1893 to 1913, when he retired after the longest service in the history of Dartmouth.



CHARLES F. EMERSON

After his retirement Dean Emerson continued his lively interest in the college and in affairs. He served in the House of Representatives for the terms of 1915 and 1917, taking a prominent part, especially in educational legislation. He was actively identified with the Church of Christ at Hanover, a life member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

He married January 20, 1875, Caroline Flagg and had two daughters, Martha Flagg, of the Dartmouth College Library, and Emily Sophia, wife of Professor Edmund E. Day of Harvard University. All of them survive him.

#### JEFFREY G. HAIGH

The Reverend Jeffrey G. Haigh, pastor of the First Congregational Church at Farmington, died on December 16. He had been stricken with apoplexy while working in his study the previous Sunday. Mr. Haigh was born sixty-seven years ago at Canterbury, England, and came to this country at the age of twenty. He had served at Farmington for six years.

Mr. Haigh is survived by a widow, a son, George, who is at Yale, and a daughter, Denna, at Wheaton College.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE GOVERNMENT

## 1923

### GOVERNOR

FRED H. BROWN, Somersworth, d.

### COUNCILLORS.

- Dist. No. 1—Oscar P. Cole, Berlin, r.  
 Dist. No. 2—Stephen A. Frost, Fremont, r.  
 Dist. No. 3—Thomas J. Conway, Manchester, d.  
 Dist. No. 4—Philip H. Faulkner, Keene, r.  
 Dist. No. 5—Arthur P. Morrill, Concord, r.

### SENATORS

- Dist. No. 1—Ovide J. Coulombe, Berlin, d.  
 Dist. No. 2—Leon D. Ripley, Colebrook, r.  
 Dist. No. 3—Dick E. Burns, Haverhill, r.  
 Dist. No. 4—Sewall W. Abbott, Wolfboro, r.  
 Dist. No. 5—Ora A. Brown, Ashland, r.  
 Dist. No. 6—John A. Hammond, Gilford, r.  
 Dist. No. 7—John A. Jaquith, Northfield, r.  
 Dist. No. 8—Ralph E. Lufkin, Unity, r.  
 Dist. No. 9—Harry L. Holmes, Henniker, r.  
 Dist. No. 10—Herman C. Rice, Keene, r.  
 Dist. No. 11—Chester L. Lane, Swansey, r.  
 Dist. No. 12—James H. Hunt, Nashua, r.  
 Dist. No. 13—Daniel J. Hagerty, Nashua, d.  
 Dist. No. 14—Walter H. Tripp, Epsom, d.  
 Dist. No. 15—Benjamin H. Orr, Concord, r.  
 Dist. No. 16—Frederick W. Branch, Manchester, d.  
 Dist. No. 17—Clinton S. Osgood, Manchester, d.  
 Dist. No. 18—John S. Hurley, Manchester, r. and d.  
 Dist. No. 19—Omer Janelle, Manchester, d.  
 Dist. No. 20—Edgar J. Ham, Rochester, d.

- Dist. No. 21—Homer Foster Elder, Dover, r.  
 Dist. No. 22—Wesley Adams, Londonderry, r.  
 Dist. No. 23—John F. Swasey, Brentwood, r.  
 Dist. No. 24—William A. Hodgdon, Portsmouth, r.

### REPRESENTATIVES

#### ROCKINGHAM COUNTY.

- Atkinson—Stephen M. Wheeler, r.  
 Auburn—John P. Griffin, r. and d.  
 Brentwood—Ray Pike, r.  
 Candia—George H. McDuffee, r.  
 Chester—Walter P. Tenney, r.  
 Danville—Charles H. Johnson, r.  
 Deerfield—Wilbur H. White, r.  
 Derry—George W. Benson, d; Jesse G. MacMurphy, d; Alexander J. Senecal, d; John A. Taylor, d.  
 East Kingston—Charles F. Knights, r.  
 Epping—Louis P. Ladd, r. and d.  
 Exeter—Frank A. Batchelder, r; Charles Curtis Field, r; Harry Merrill, r; Howard E. Swain, r.  
 Greenland—Eugene S. Daniell, r.  
 Hampstead—Isaac Randall, r.  
 Hampton—Warren H. Hobbs, r.  
 Hampton Falls—Walter B. Farmer, r.  
 Kensington—Horace P. Blodgett, r.  
 Kingston—Levi S. Bartlett, r.  
 Londonderry—Edward E. Kent, r.  
 Newcastle—Elmer S. Pridham, r. and d.  
 Newfields—Alfred Connor, r.  
 Newmarket—Philip Labranche, Jr., d; Adelard Rousseau, d; John Wardman, d.  
 Newton—Andrew G. Littlefield, r.  
 North Hampton—Samuel A. Dow, r.  
 Northwood—Joel W. Steward, r.  
 Plaistow—Joseph S. Hills, r.  
 Portsmouth—Ward 1—Gertrude Caldwell, d; Harry L. Dowdell, d; Edward B. Weeks, d.  
 Ward 2—Leon E. Scruton, r; Harold M. Smith, r; Stanley P. Trafton, r; George A. Wood, r.  
 Ward 3—William Casey, d; John F. Cronin, d.  
 Ward 4—George E. Cox, r.  
 Ward 5—Patrick E. Kane, d.  
 Raymond—Emma L. Bartlett, d.  
 Rye—Irving W. Rand, r.  
 Salem—James S. Coles, r; Amos J. Cowan, r.  
 Sandown—George Bassett, r.  
 Seabrook—Myron B. Felch, r.  
 Windham—Charles A. Dow, Jr., r.

r stands for Republican; d for democrat;  
 r and d indicates a nomination by both parties.

**STRAFFORD COUNTY.**

**Barrington**—Irving M. Locke, d.  
**Dover**—Ward 1—Charles A. Cloutman, r; Hubert K. Reynolds, r.  
 Ward 2—Patrick J. Durkin, d; William F. Howard, d; Felix E. O'Neill, Jr., d.  
 Ward 3—Frank E. Fernald, r; Thomas Webb, r.  
 Ward 4—Ferdinand Jenelle, d; Stephen W. Roberts, r; Charles T. Ryan, d.  
 Ward 5—Edward Durnin, d.  
**Durham**—Sherburne H. Fogg, r.  
**Farmington**—Ulysses S. Knox, r; Frank J. Smith, r.  
**Lee**—Fred P. Comings, d.  
**Middleton**—Samuel Abbott Lawrence, d.  
**Milton**—Frank D. Stevens, r.  
**Rochester**—Ward 1—Thomas H. Gotts, d.  
 Ward 2—Claudis E. Edgerly, d.  
 Ward 3—Harry H. Meader, r.  
 Ward 4—Adelard Gaspard Gelinis, d.  
 Ward 5—Edmond J. Marcoux, d; Louis H. McDuffee, r.  
 Ward 6—Guy E. Chesley, r; Charles W. Lowe, r.  
**Rollinsford**—Henry B. Davis, d.  
**Somersworth**—Ward 1—Honore Girard, d.  
 Ward 2—Louis P. Cote, d.  
 Ward 3—Peter M. Gagne, d.  
 Ward 4—Walter A. Hanagan, d; Fred L. Houle, d.  
 Ward 5—George Heon, d.  
**Strafford**—Adrian B. Preston, r.

**BELKNAP COUNTY.**

**Alton**—Harry E. Jones, d.  
**Barnstead**—Frank J. Holmes, d.  
**Belmont**—Albert A. Smith, r.  
**Center Harbor**—Loui L. Sanborn, r. and d.  
**Gilford**—Fred R. Weeks, r.  
**Gilmanton**—Ernest H. Goodwin, d.  
**Laconia**—Ward 1—Walter E. Dunlap, d.  
 Ward 2—William D. Kempton, r. and d; Fortunat E. Normandin, r. and d.  
 Ward 3—Charles M. Avery, r.  
 Ward 4—Theo S. Jewett, r; John H. Merrill, r.  
 Ward 5—Truman S. French, d; tie vote  
 Ward 6—Edwin A. Badger, r; Laurence B. Holt, r.  
**Meredith**—Charles N. Roberts, d.  
**New Hampton**—Adelbert M. Gordon, r.  
**Sanbornton**—Robert M. Wright, r.  
**Tilton**—Everett W. Sanborn, d; Osborn J. Smith, d.

**CARROLL COUNTY**

**Bartlett**—Lucius Hamlin, r.  
**Brookfield**—Charles Willey, r. and d.

**Conway**—Arthur W. Chandler, d; William A. Currier, r; Clarence Ela, r.  
**Effingham**—Robert M. Fulton, d.  
**Freedom**—Tie vote  
**Madison**—John F. Chick, r.  
**Moultonborough**—George A. Blanchard, r. and d.  
**Ossipee**—Harry P. Smart, r.  
**Sandwich**—Charles B. Hoyt, r.  
**Tamworth**—Arthur S. Fall, d.  
**Tuftonboro**—Willie W. Thomas, d.  
**Wakefield**—Isaac L. Lord, d.  
**Wolfeboro**—Stephen W. Clow, r; Frank W. Hale, r.

**MERRIMACK COUNTY**

**Allenstown**—George H. Desroche, d.  
**Andover**—Arthur H. Rollins, d.  
**Boscawen**—Cecil P. Grimes, r.  
**Bow**—George Albee, d.  
**Bradford**—Joseph W. Sanborn, d.  
**Canterbury**—William C. Tallman, d.  
**Concord**—Ward 1—Fred M. Dodge, d; John H. Rolfe, d.  
 Ward 2—George O. Robinson, d.  
 Ward 3—George W. Phillips, d.  
 Ward 4—Harry M. Cheney, r; William P. Danforth, r; James O. Lyford, r.  
 Ward 5—Earl F. Newton, r; William W. Thayer, r.  
 Ward 6—Harry R. Cressy, r; Hamilton A. Kendall, r; Nathaniel E. Martin, d; Charles G. Roby, r.  
 Ward 7—Bert J. Carleton, d; Peter J. King, r; John G. Winant, r.  
 Ward 8—William A. Lee, r. and d.  
 Ward 9—William J. Ahern, d; James J. Gannon, d.  
**Danbury**—Noah E. Lund, d.  
**Epsom**—Blanchard H. Fowler, r. and d.  
**Franklin**—Ward 1—Herrick Aiken, r.  
 Ward 2—Edmund J. Judkins, d; Joseph Newton, d.  
**Henniker**—Ralph H. Gilchrist, r.  
**Hill**—Joseph B. Murdock, r. and d.  
**Hooksett**—Edgar Ray Chaney, d; Benjamin J. LaSalle, d.  
**Hopkinton**—Milton J. Walker, d.  
**Loudon**—Archie L. Hill, r. and d.  
**Newbury**—James C. Farmer, r.  
**New London**—Joseph Cutting, r.  
**Northfield**—Charles S. Carter, r.  
**Pembroke**—John O. Bellerose, d; Llewellyn S. Martin, d.  
**Pittsfield**—Albert E. Cheney, d; David F. Jackson, d.  
**Salisbury**—George B. Sanborn, d.  
**Sutton**—Harrington C. Wells, r.  
**Warner**—Charles P. Johnson, d.  
**Webster**—Joseph Wheelwright, r.  
**Wilmot**—Arthur C. Seavey, d.

**HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY**

**Amherst**—Robert J. Ford, r.  
**Antrim**—Wyman K. Flint, r.

- Bedford**—Charles H. Clark, r. and d.  
**Bennington**—James H. Balch, r.  
**Brookline**—George M. Rockwood, d.  
**Fracestown**—Leon E. Hoyt, d.  
**Goffstown**—Charles L. Davis, r; Asa Spaulding, d.  
**Greenfield**—Frank E. Russell, d.  
**Greenville**—Louis O. Boisvert, d.  
**Hancock**—Ephriam Weston, r.  
**Hillsborough**—Charles F. Butler, r; John S. Childs, r.  
**Hollis**—Charles E. Hardy, d.  
**Hudson**—Karl E. Merrill, r. and d; Edward A. Spaulding, r.  
**Lyndeborough**—Algernon W. Putnam, r.  
**Manchester**—Ward 1—Harry B. Cilley, r; John P. Cronan, r; James E. Dodge, r.  
Ward 2—Oscar F. Bartlett, r; Isaac N. Cox, r; Arthur W. DeMoulpied, r; Harry T. Lord, r; Effie E. Yantis, r.  
Ward 3—Harold E. Hartford, d; Charles O. Johnson, d; Alfred Moquin, d; Denis A. Murphy, d; Harry E. Nyberg, d.  
Ward 4—George D. Burns, d; Charles A. Grant, d; John F. Kelley, d; Maurice F. Fitzgerald, d.  
Ward 5—Patrick J. Clancy, d; Martin Connor, d; John Coyne, d; Patrick Creighton, d; Dennis M. Flemming, d; John F. Kelley, d; Joseph P. Kenney, d; Frank P. Laughlin, d; Michael McNulty, d; Jeremiah J. Tobin, d.  
Ward 6—Leonard E. Barry, d; Michael T. Burke, d; Charles C. Currier, d; Robert J. Murphy, d; George L. Sibley, d; Frederick M. Smith, d.  
Ward 7—Thomas A. Carr, d; Francis A. Foye, d; Emile J. Godbout, d; Jeremiah B. Healey, Jr., d; John J. Quinn, d; Denis Sullivan, d.  
Ward 8—Damis Bouchard, d; Joseph Chevette, d; Michael S. Donnelly, d; William Leonard, d; John McLaughlin, Jr., d; Charles H. Morin, d.  
Ward 9—John W. Conboy, d; Valentine McBride, d; Joseph E. Riley, Jr., d; Thomas Rourke, d.  
Ward 10—Oscar E. Getz, d; Sylvio LeClerc, d; Mortimer B. Ploss, d.  
Ward 11—Henry R. Blais, d; Ora W. Craig, d; George W. Gowitzke, d; Alex J. McDonnell, d; George E. Roukey, d.  
Ward 12—Louis E. Gauthier, r. and d; Wilfred A. Lamy, d; Alfred F. Maynard, r. and d; Charles A. Pecor, d; Edward E. Rajotte, d; Arthur H. St. Germain, r. and d.  
Ward 13—Joseph A. Dionne, d; Adolphe Duval, d; Horace Gagnon, d; Pierre Gauthier, d; Joseph W. Remillard, d.  
**Merrimack**—Arthur G. Gordon, r.
- Milford**—Samuel A. Lovejoy, r; Frank W. Ordway, r; Charles W. Robinson, r.  
**Nashua**—Ward 1—Gerald F. Cobleigh, r; Elbert Wheeler, r; Ovid F. Winslow, r.  
Ward 2—Ivory C. Eaton, r; Thomas E. Pentland, r.  
Ward 3—Joseph Boilard, Jr., d; Thomas E. Dube, d; William B. Trombly, d.  
Ward 4—John L. Spillane, d; David F. Sullivan, d.  
Ward 5—Edward Sullivan, d.  
Ward 6—Henry M. Burns, d.  
Ward 7—Raymond S. Cotton, d; Robert J. Doyle, d; John J. Lyons, d.  
Ward 8—William H. Barry, r. and d; James B. Hallisey, d; Charles B. Rigney, d; Romuald A. Sylvestre, d.  
Ward 9—Arthur Bilodeau, d; Alfred F. Girouard, r. and d; Arthur Papachristos, r. and d; Arthur A. Pelletier, d.  
**New Boston**—Herbert M. Christie, r.  
**New Ipswich**—Robert B. Walker, r. and d.  
**Pelham**—Asa A. Carleton, r.  
**Peterborough**—Robert P. Bass, r; Ezra M. Smith, r.  
**Temple**—Charles W. Tobey, r.  
**Weare**—Charles F. Eastman, d.  
**Wilton**—William E. Hickey, d.

## CHESHIRE COUNTY

- Alstead**—Frank Dewing, r.  
**Chesterfield**—Angelo M. Spring, r.  
**Dublin**—Archie R. Garfield, r. and d.  
**Fitzwilliam**—Julius H. Firmin, r.  
**Gilsum**—Charles H. Blake, r.  
**Harrisville**—George F. Bemis, d.  
**Hinsdale**—Patrick L. O'Connor, d.  
**Jaffrey**—George H. Duncan, d; Peter E. Hogan, d.  
**Keene**—Ward 1—William J. Callahan, r. Harry D. Hopkins, r; Ora C. Mason, r.  
Ward 2—Robert C. Jones, r; Austin H. Reed, r.  
Ward 3—Leston M. Barrett, r; Cameron M. Empey, r.  
Ward 4—Wilder F. Gates, r.  
Ward 5—Lewis S. King, d; John J. Landers, d.  
**Marlborough**—John D. Tuttle, d.  
**Marlow**—Fred G. Huntley, r.  
**Rindge**—Oren F. Sawtelle, r. and d.  
**Stoddard**—Edward T. Davis, r. and d.  
**Surry**—Samuel Ball, r.  
**Swanzy**—Milan A. Dickinson, d.  
**Troy**—Charles L. McGinness, d.  
**Walpole**—William J. King, r; Arthur E. Wells, d.  
**Westmoreland**—Perry W. Burt, r. and d.  
**Winchester**—Franklin P. Kellom, Sr. d; Edward F. Qualters, r. and d.

**SULLIVAN COUNTY**

**Acworth**—Almon E. Clark, d.  
**Charlestown**—Leon H. Barry, d.  
**Claremont**—Charles W. Barney, r; Hartley L. Brooks, r; Clarence B. Etsler, r; Adelbert M. Nichols, r; Alfred T. Pierce, r; Ray E. Tenney, r; Arthur S. Wolcott, r; Edward J. Rossiter, r.  
**Cornish**—Frederick J. Franklyn, r.  
**Croydon**—Herbert D. Barton, d.  
**Grantham**—Dellivan D. Thornton, r. and d.  
**Lempster**—Thomas F. Bluitte, r.  
**Newport**—John H. Glynn, r; George E. Lewis, r; Ernest A. Robinson, r.  
**Plainfield**—Earle W. Colby, d.  
**Springfield**—William P. Gardner, r.  
**Sunapee**—Leo L. Osborne, r. and d.  
**Unity**—Willard H. Walker, d.  
**Washington**—Elgin G. Farnsworth, Ind.

**GRAFTON COUNTY**

**Ashland**—Willis F. Hardy, d.  
**Bath**—Timothy B. Southard, r.  
**Benton**—Lebina H. Parker, r.  
**Bethlehem**—Henry C. Barrett, r. and d.  
**Bristol**—Charles S. Collins, r. and d.  
**Campton**—Willard C. Pulsifer, r.  
**Canaan**—Lynn S. Webster, d.  
**Dorchester**—Herbert H. Ashley, r.  
**Enfield**—Loring C. Hill, d.  
**Franconia**—William D. Rudd, r.  
**Grafton**—Herman G. Chellis, d.  
**Groton**—No representative chosen  
**Hanover**—Don S. Bridgman, r; Ransom S. Cross, r.  
**Haverhill**—Harold K. Davison, r; Olin A. Lang, d; Charles P. Page, r.  
**Holderness**—Joseph W. Pulsifer, r.  
**Landaff**—Raymond B. Stevens, d.  
**Lebanon**—Floyd E. Eastman, d; Leon M. Howard, d; Thomas J. McNamara, d; Charles B. Ross, r; Thomas P. Waterman, r.  
**Lincoln**—Alfred Stanley, r.  
**Lisbon**—Ernest H. Hallett, r; William E. Price, r.  
**Littleton**—George Houle, d; James C.

MacLeod, r; Ora A. Mooney, d;  
 Fred O. Nourse, d.  
**Lyman**—George O. Elms, d.  
**Lyme**—Sidney A. Converse, r.  
**Monroe**—Oscar A. Frazer, r. and d.  
**Orford**—Willard R. Harris, r.  
**Piermont**—William B. Deal, r.  
**Plymouth**—Ezra C. Chase, r; Lyman R. Sherwood, r.  
**Rumney**—George D. Kidder, d.  
**Thornton**—George W. Fadden, d.  
**Warren**—Norris H. Cotton, r.  
**Woodstock**—Harry D. Sawyer, r. and d.

**COOS COUNTY**

**Berlin**—Ward 1—John A. Hayward, d; John E. Keleher, r. and d; Achille H. Larue, r. and d; Elden E. Pierce, r. and d.  
 Ward 2—Walter L. Griffin, r. and d; George O. Laroche, r. and d; Hugh Kelsea Moore, r. and d; Moses E. Young, r. and d.  
 Ward 3—Joseph G. Blais, r. and d; Homer H. Marks, r. and d; John J. Smith, r. and d.  
 Ward 4—George V. Hopkins, r. and d; George E. Hutchins, r. and d; John A. Labrie, r. and d.  
**Carroll**—Leon G. Hunt, r.  
**Colebrook**—George B. Frizzell, d; Ellsworth D. Young, d.  
**Columbia**—Ernest N. Sims, r.  
**Errol**—Clinton S. Ferren, Ind.  
**Gorham**—Bartholomew F. McHugh, d; Alfred O. Mortenson, d.  
**Jefferson**—Frank B. Pottle, d.  
**Lancaster**—Bernard Jacobs, r; John B. McIntire, d.  
**Milan**—John B. Nay, r.  
**Northumberland**—William F. Rowden, r; Harry B. Smith, r.  
**Pittsburg**—Willie J. Nutting, d.  
**Randolph**—Laban M. Watson, r. and d.  
**Shelburne**—No representative elected  
**Stewartstown**—George L. Wood, r.  
**Stratford**—Ralph M. Hutchins, d.  
**Whitefield**—Joseph W. Brown, r; Ebridge W. Snow, r.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY



Boston & Maine

In This Issue—NEW HAMPSHIRE'S EDUCATIONAL PLANT



**Edson C. Eastman Co.**

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**\$15,000.00, death from certain specified accidents.**

**\$50.00 per week for total disability resulting from accident.**

Every dollar of the policyholder's interest as represented by the reserves calculated by the Insurance Department, on deposit with the State of New Hampshire.

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**UNITED LIFE BUILDING, CONCORD, N. H.**





Boston & Maine

### Snow Morning

*Morning is a picture again  
With snow-puffed branches  
Out of the wind—  
With the sky caught like a  
blue feather  
In the butternut tree.*

*—Hilda Conkling*

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY



FEBRUARY 1923

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### The Governor's Inaugural

A thunder of applause, clapping hands, stamping feet, and cheers that split the roof, greeted the new governor, Fred H. Brown, when he stood in the Hall of Representatives to deliver his inaugural speech before the first Democratic house in sixty-eight years. In a manner quiet and serious, for the better part of an hour, he read from manuscript his message to the legislature and the people of his state. Forceful and to the point, his address left no room for misunderstandings. Ten principal measures were recommended: the passage of a home rule measure for cities; the passage of a bill to tax gasoline for motors; the return to fixed interest rate on loans; to free women from paying poll taxes; the reduction and revision of taxation; the prompt presentation of constitutional changes; the necessity for economy in state expenditures; immediate funds needed to fight bovine tuberculosis; and finally the passage of the 48-hour law for women and children in industry. On this last recommendation the Governor laid special emphasis. Declaring that the state had given a clear mandate for its

passage, he recommended "without qualification" that it be enacted at this session and "put into effect without delay."

In marked contrast to the inaugural messages in many of the states this year, Governor Brown made no mention of prohibition or the Volstead act. The new governor of New Jersey, for instance, has pledged himself to do what he can to make his state wet, while his neighbor, Gifford Pinchot, governor of Pennsylvania, in a remarkably able and brief inaugural speech, promises to do all in his power to drive every saloon out of Pennsylvania. "I regard," he declares, "the present flagrant failure to enforce the Volstead law as a blot on the good name of Pennsylvania and the United States. . . . . I propose not only to press with all my power for the abolition of the saloon, but also to make sure that the government of this state takes a full and effective part in such an effort. . . . . This administration will be dry. The executive mansion will be dry. And the personal practice of the governor and his family will continue to be dry in conformity to the spirit and letter of the 18th amendment."

## **Civic Association Discusses 48-Hour Week**

The question of the 48-hour week still holds the center of the stage in Concord. One of the very interesting occasions during the first week of the legislative session was a meeting called by the New Hampshire Civic Association to discuss this problem. This meeting was held in the Hall of Representatives. Over five hundred people crowded the floor and galleries, taking part in what was probably one of the biggest forums of discussion ever held in New England. Among the speakers were Henry W. Dennison, President of Dennison Manufacturing Co., who spoke in favor of a thorough investigation before legislating on the 48-hour week; Prof. Malcolm Keir of Dartmouth, who spoke for the manufacturers; Edwin Nudick of Boston, representing the labor point of view; and Richard Pattee, Secretary of the New England Milk Producers Association, who spoke for the agricultural interests. Another important meeting held during the first week of the legislative session was the annual convention of the N. H. Farm Bureau. Two hundred delegates were present representing a membership of about 8,000 families. On the recommendation of George M. Putnam, who was re-elected President, the convention unanimously endorsed the fact-finding commission plan as proposed by the Republican Platform.

## **House Defeats Fact-Finding Resolutions**

The first three measures to be introduced in the house concerned the 48-hour law. Mr. Barry of Nashua introduced the administration bill calling for the immediate

passage of the 48-hour week law. Mr. Bass of Peterborough and Mr. Lyford of Concord both introduced bills calling for a searching investigation of facts concerning the possible effects of the passage of the 48-hour law to be made by an impartial fact-finding commission, the report of which should precede legislation. These two fact-finding resolutions, however, differed radically in their make-up. Mr. Bass's called for a legislative joint committee with two appointed by the house, two by the senate, and one by the governor, while Mr. Lyford's provided for a commission made up of representatives of the employers, employees, the farmers, and the public.

Both of these bills were referred to the committee on labor, where Mr. Lyford's met defeat, while Mr. Bass's was returned to the house for final vote with a majority of eight against it and a minority of seven favoring it. The debate which followed and which resulted in the defeat of Mr. Bass's resolution was one of the most acrimonious and bitter since the legislative session of ten years ago. The vote divided practically on party lines, 174 democrats and 10 republicans voting against the resolution, and 113 republicans and 16 democrats, led by Raymond Stevens and including Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. Caldwell, favoring it.

"I cheerfully accept the verdict of the house," declared Ex-Gov. Bass, in speaking of the defeat of his fact-finding resolution, "I was sorry, however, that the question was made a partisan political issue, for this will make it more difficult to have the measure considered on its merits. Furthermore the responsibility for precipitating a deadlock with the Senate, if one occurs, will now rest on the shoulders of

the majority leaders of the house. ....I am still of the opinion that a thorough inquiry by a broadly representative commission..... would have carried more weight with New Hampshire people than any other procedure. However, this method of procedure has been rejected, and I shall be glad to co-operate heartily with any other procedure which aims to bring out all the facts which bear on the 48-hour legislation for woman and children, and which will lead to the consideration of this important question on its own merits rather than to have it used for the political advantage of any party or individual."

### Was It a Democratic Victory?

Though the defeat of the fact-finding commission has been hailed as a Democratic victory, it is the general opinion in Concord that this action on the part of the democrats in the house will result in the ultimate defeat at this session of the administration bill calling for the immediate enactment of the 48-hour week. "The democratic leaders who control the house," says the *Manchester Union*, "have no real expectation that the 48-hour bill will pass the Senate.....It is fair to say that there is just one absolutely necessary condition upon which the eight-hour legislation can be enacted this year. That, of course, is by co-operation by the Democratic House and the Republican Senate.....By refusing point blank to co-operate with the Senate in the only practicable way possible the house majority killed whatever chance existed for an eight-hour legislation this year."

"The whole situation affecting the 48-hour proposal," according to the *Milford Cabinet*, "is a matter of politics and has been from the hour the legislature convened."

And the *Manchester Union*, in an editorial entitled "Eight-Hour Politics," says, "It appears that the eight-hour bill is being killed in the house of its friends with the purpose of having this issue with which to fight the important campaign of 1924 when a U. S. Senator is to be elected."

The House Labor Committee is now holding daily hearings on the 48-hour law. It is expected they will report favorably on the administration bill calling for the immediate enactment of the 48 hour law, and that it will pass the house with a good majority. Its fate in the Senate however is more problematical.

### Other Measures Pending

In the turmoil and controversy of the 48-hour law measure it is sometimes forgotten that over 300 bills have been presented, and of these many are of vital importance to the state. Probably the most talked of bill is a measure providing for the recall of the Constitutional Convention and asking that it submit to the people one single resolution which will remove those limitations which now prevent the Legislature from taking the action necessary to equalize taxes. If this Constitutional Convention is not recalled it will probably be five years before any adequate relief can be secured from the present tax situation, a situation which both parties have pledged themselves to remedy. Another bill of great interest provides that the Public Service Commission shall construct one or more storage reservoirs on streams which have power plants. The state is to advance the money which is to be paid back little by little by the users of the water through contracts made previous to construction between the state and

the plants on the stream. The purpose of this bill is to make a beginning toward providing our manufacturers new power at a low cost, and will thus help to make them independent of coal. This would be done without adding anything to our public expenditures and without increasing our taxes.

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## THE OWL

BY GEORGE QUINTER.

On an autumn night  
When the crescent moon  
Gleamed haggard white  
In the dark of the sky,  
The owl  
Flew to the branch of an oak,  
Ruffled his feathers,  
And made wail.

Far off in his little tunnel  
The mole stopped to listen,  
Then with impatient squeaking  
Buried his nose in the moist earth.  
The dormouse hurried along  
A furrow, to his corn shock,—  
The owl's cry is the curfew  
For mice.  
But the frogs,  
Secure in the dark, rippling lake,  
Answered in a shrill chorus.  
The blue heron,  
Asleep in the vine-clad sycamore  
That gently rocked in the night breeze,  
Opened an eye,  
Gave a low "quawk,"  
And slept again.

A thick blanket  
Of dark fleecy clouds came stealing,  
Effaced the rickety moon,  
And the owl  
Departed silently across the meadows.

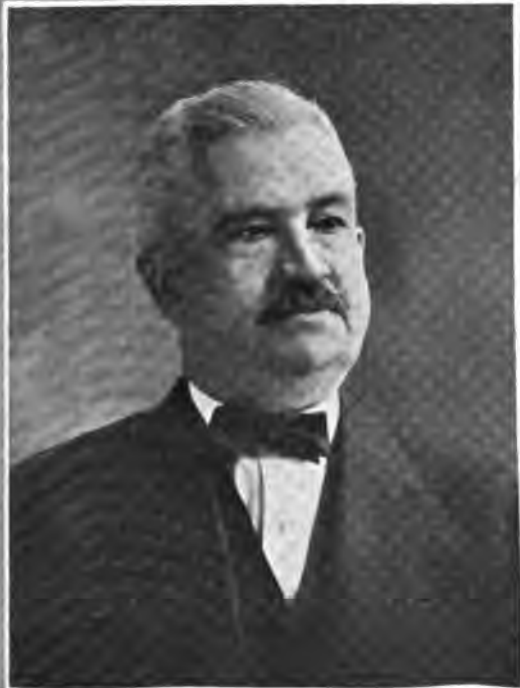
## PROMINENT NEW HAMPSHIRE LEGISLATORS

WESLEY ADAMS (R)

LONDONDERRY

President of the Senate

**T**O make one's first appearance in the Legislature as President of the Senate is an achievement worthy of note. But in Mr. Adams' case the explanation is readily found for his two sessions as Chairman of the Grange Legislative Committee gave him as much knowledge of the Legislature and its proceedings as any member. Mr. Adams was Master of the Grange from 1913-1917 and is now a member of its executive committee.



WILLIAM J. AHERN (D)

CONCORD

Speaker of the House

**T**HE House will be in Order!" He handles the gavel as to the manner born. Which is not strange since he has been attending Legislature sessions regularly for fourteen years—a longer term than that of any other man now living. Either because of or in spite of this experience he has great faith in New Hampshire's representative body. "I've never seen a man succeed in fooling them yet;" he says with a twinkle in his eyes.





JAMES O. LYFORD (R)

CONCORD

Committee on Judiciary

ONE man told us he was the "Republican whip"; another described him as "the brainiest man in the Legislature." We heard other opinions also, but they all contributed to one central idea—that James O. Lyford is, and has been for many years, a leader to be reckoned with in state affairs. He is a lawyer, editor, statesman, author, scholar, and—a circumstance which may help to explain the foregoing—he was born in Boston.

Kimball Studio

NATHANIEL E. MARTIN (D)

CONCORD

Committee on Judiciary

Committee on Rules

A man of few words and strong convictions, there is something about his bearing which makes one think of that old revolutionary hero, James Martin of Pembroke, his grandfather. But Nathaniel Martin uses his gun for birds instead of Britishers. He is an ex-mayor of Concord and his record of public service is one of which any man might well be proud.



WILLIAM H. BARRY (D)

NASHUA

Committee on Judiciary

Committee on Appropriations

ONE campaign at a time is enough for most men, but Mr. Barry is a real political enthusiast. He tried for the United States House of Representatives and for the New Hampshire House at the same time last fall, carried off the New Hampshire office easily and badly damaged his opponent's lead for the national office. He has the honor of having thrown into the present session its chief bone of contention—House Bill, No. 1, the 48-hour law, and he led the forces which slew the fact-finding resolution.



CHARLES W. TOBEY (R)

TEMPLE

Committee on Claims

Committee on Ways and Means

AS a boy he stood by a Massachusetts roadside and wistfully watched New Hampshire bound trains. In 1914 the citizens of Temple sent him to the Legislature—regardless of the fact that he was the sole Progressive in the town—and this year they even nominated him without his knowledge. Which shows how his personality has won friends for him in his adopted state. As for efficiency—ask those who know his Liberty Loan work or his achievements when Speaker of the House,

SENATOR  
BENJAMIN H. ORR (R)  
CONCORD

TALL men, sun-crowned, that  
stand above the crowd  
In public duty and in private  
thinking..."

Into the halls of the legislature he carries the spacious manner of one who knows and loves life in the open. Whether this is a heritage from his Canadian birth-place or a later acquisition from adventurings in Texas oil fields is difficult for a stranger to say. But it convinces one immediately of the truth of the remark: "Ben Orr would get up at midnight to help out a friend."



REV. ORA W. CRAIG (D)  
MANCHESTER

Committee on Labor

Committee on Agricultural College

PSYCHOLOGY and chickens" are Mr. Craig's hobbies, but he doesn't mix them. He applies psychology to the management of the diverse elements of the Manchester Delegation of which he is leader. He claims the study is useful in politics as throwing some light on the way in which a man with a fixed idea can be brought to see the other fellow's point of view. His chickens, we suppose, furnish refreshing examples of docility after a legislature session.



HARRY M. CHENEY (R)

CONCORD

Committee on Appropriations

Committee on Rules

**B**ORN and bred in a printing office," is Mr. Cheney's description of himself, and although he is no longer engaged in the active production of literature, he finds his greatest pleasure in the pursuit of books to complete his already enviable reference library.

His red necktie is known from coast to coast. Indeed they say he was once almost forced to abandon a western trip because a benighted village could not produce a necktie of the proper hue.

Kimball Studio

SAMUEL A. LOVEJOY (R)

MILFORD

Committee on Appropriations

**H**IS quarries produced granite for the columns of the Treasury Building at Washington. His herd of Aberdeen Angus cattle is one of the finest in the state. Of both these facts Mr. Lovejoy is justly proud. But neither quarry nor farm prevents his being a regular visitor at Concord when the Legislature convenes. This is his third consecutive term—but then his farm has been in the family for nearly one hundred years, which shows the staying power of the Lovejoys.



TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

# BUYING BABIES WITH MONEY

## An Appeal from Women to Women

**A**BOUT twenty years ago a small group of Cornell University faculty wives persuaded President Schurmann to open a department of Home Economics in the College of Agriculture. One of our first acts was to get ready a bulletin on "The Care and Feeding of Children." We had to send it to the office of the college for approval before it could be printed. It came back with these words, "We can't print this. It isn't Agriculture."

History repeats itself, and the bill introduced in the New Hampshire Legislature which would secure for New Hampshire a federal appropriation provided by the Sheppard Towner bill has met the reply from one faction in the house, "We can't pass this. It isn't state's rights."

It is difficult for mere women to understand why state's rights should be an argument against the saving of the lives of mothers and babies, whereas it is not the argument when gypsy moths or corn borers are involved, but the history of the Sheppard Towner bill in various states shows almost without exception that the states refusing the federal appropriation are accepting money to protect their crops, their forests, and their cattle. Possibly the reason for this distinction is the same which led to the founding of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals many years before there was any organization for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Every year in the United States we are losing 250,000 babies, and between 15,000 and 16,000 mothers die in childbirth. Most of these deaths are from preventable causes. This deathrate has not decreased in twenty years, until the past year when the

Sheppard Towner Act went into effect. One half the deaths of mothers are from child-bed fever which we have known how to prevent for thirty years. Until the Sheppard Towner money became available this country had spent no federal money on maternal and infant aid. It is safer to be a mother in Sweden, Norway, Italy, France, Prussia, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, New Zealand, Hungary, Japan, Australia and Belgium, than in the United States of America.

The Sheppard Towner Act was devised in an effort to remedy this situation. It provides that a sum of money shall be given by the federal government under certain conditions to each state to be used under the direction of the State Board of Health in co-operation with the Children's Bureau, to be at the disposal of every woman who desires instruction in maternal and infant hygiene, and to provide public health nurses, health centers, prenatal clinics, infant clinics, and medical and nursing care in hospital or home. Nothing is compulsory. Aid is given only on request. The bill further provides that if a state will appropriate dollar for dollar an equal amount a further sum of money will be given for the work. Forty-two state have accepted the provisions of this act.

If New Hampshire adopts the provisions of the Sheppard Towner bill and makes the appropriation provided for in the bill under consideration in the house, there will be about \$20,000 available for use in New Hampshire in furthering this great work, and this with an expense to the state itself of only \$7,988.31. The opposition which we have already referred to provides simply for the re-

fusing of the federal funds, but this seemingly slight amendment would undoubtedly mean the total inability of New Hampshire to undertake the work.

The situation is serious, and it is time for every woman in New Hampshire to make her voice unmistakably heard in favor of the legislature's im-

mediate adoption of the provisions of the Sheppard Towner bill.

EFFIE E. YANTIS,  
EMMA L. BARTLETT,  
GERTRUDE M. CALDWELL,

Members of the House of  
Representatives.

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## IMPRESSIONS OF A NEWCOMER

### First Glimpses of Law-making

**N**EW Hampshire has the largest legislative body of any state in the Union," ....

We are keeping a record of the number of times that information is given us. And to give zest to the research we are running a competition between this remark and "What do you think of this for winter weather?"

Up to the end of last week the weather was ahead—the record standing about like the vote on the Bass fact-finding resolution. Then we went to Boston. New Hampshire natives who live in the Hub have had their impression of New Hampshire weather dulled by comparison with weathers more recently encountered, but they still retain their sense of pride in the legislature. Now the record is slightly in favor of the legislature—but the weather is a close runner-up.

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One thing we notice about New Hampshire weather is that it shares the fine democracy of the state. It is no respecter of persons.

In the Hall of Representatives the other day it was our good fortune to behold His Excellency the Governor of New Hampshire in close conference with one of the members of the

Honorable Senate. We aren't used to Governors—or even Senators—yet, and it gave us quite a thrill. We wondered what weighty affair of state was being settled in that informal tete-a-tete. We edged a little closer and caught His Excellency's words—"But I took two aspirin tablets and it didn't do any good!"

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And the Governor is not the only one.

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It takes a lot of weather to knock out the New Hampshire Legislature, however. In spite of sneezes the game of lawmaking goes on. In our opinion it ranks high among New Hampshire's justly famous winter sports. Even skiing—which we tried ourself the other evening with more or less distinguished success—pales in comparison. Which does not mean that we belittle the sport of skiing. Far from it. It didn't take us long to come to the conclusion in regard to it which Darius Greene reached as a result of his flying-machine experiences. Skiing is wonderful—so long as one keeps skiing; it's only when one stops skiing in the middle of a hill that the sun and stars begin to reel. A day in the Legislature

when the game is really on has all the thrill of a ski jump and is less dangerous.

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We still have an uncertain feeling in the House, similar to our emotions at football games. We are afraid of cheering at the wrong times, but in a general way we know when one side or the other scores a touchdown.

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We are in complete sympathy with the Gentleman from Berlin who made the laconic speech destined to live long in New Hampshire history—"Mr. Speaker, I am a young man. I never was in a place like this before." Neither were we. But we like it. No doubt the gentleman from Berlin does, too.

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Even when we get a bit tangled up about the main trend of affairs we can enjoy the side skirmishes—those times for instance when a player gets his signals mixed and makes an ill-timed motion. Watch the old guard slide from its seats and swoop down upon the offender. There is a hasty whispered conversation. The motion is withdrawn. The wheels of government move smoothly once more.

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We are apt to be pretty serious-minded and the educational aspects of our new association with the big men of the state loom large in our thoughts. Every day and in every way we are getting wiser and wiser. For instance, we had always thought that the Lewandos Cleansing Company's trade mark, with its clothesline full of freshly laundered chicks, was allegorical or symbolic or something until a Reverend Gentleman from Manchester discoursed to us at length

one day on the technique of washing White Wyandotte roosters. Now we are wondering whether running a chicken laundry would pay better than editing. Of course we'd expect the Gentleman from Manchester to act on our board of directors.

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So far our biggest thrill in the session came from a speech by the Honorable James O. Lyford. We've forgotten his subject, but it was masterly oratory and—which is the point—he used a copy of the GRANITE MONTHLY to punctuate and accentuate his remarks. Only an editor—and a green, young one at that—can fully realize the effect produced upon us by the incident. In editorial conference afterwards the GRANITE MONTHLY gave Mr. Lyford an unanimous vote of thanks for his help in making the magazine a power in state affairs.

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That speech of Mr. Lyford's must have been on the 48-hour law, that being the chief source of oratory these days. Being a strictly non-partisan publication we mustn't make remarks on this controversial issue. But we may so far overstep the bounds of non-partisanship as to say that the GRANITE MONTHLY pledges its full support to the movement, briefly mentioned in the heat of argument by one gentleman whose name has slipped our memory—the movement in favor of a 48-hour DAY. It is a measure for which humanity has long waited in vain. We believe it would solve labor troubles and insure everlasting peace and happiness—even to editors. In comparison to it even the bill to increase the bounty on hedgehogs seems trivial.

H. F. M.



THE SAW MILL IN THE COLLEGE WOODS

## NEW HAMPSHIRE'S EDUCATIONAL PLANT

### Where New Hampshire Brain Power Is Generated

BY HENRY BAILEY STEVENS

**I**T is a strange experience on a moonless evening to walk along the country road that leads into Durham village from the west. The occasional tall elm tree that looms like a great umbrella above, the stone-walls whose outlines can be just distinguished at each side, even the ruts and stones of the highway itself, suggest only the peace and quiet of the open country. Ahead one would expect to find a grocery store, a church or two, a few vine-covered houses, and nothing else. Suddenly a turn in the road brings one into the electric glare of the hundred lighted windows of several dormitories. A great blaze they make into the night, while over at the left, like a tall sentinel, stands the clock-tower of Thompson Hall, and beyond it the power-house chimney shoots up sparks impudently toward the hidden stars.

As I viewed this scene one evening last November, the thought came to me insistently that I was looking at a large modern factory. Behind those lighted windows some process

was going on that was intimately geared into the high-powered machinery of current life. Something was being manufactured here.

"Why not?" I asked myself, and was at once amused with the thought that evidently there was a night shift on the job.

After all, is not this institution of New Hampshire College a great Knowledge Factory, receiving yearly its unfinished products in the shape of human minds and turning out a yearly grist of trained young men and women to do a better duty in the world? Putting a point to raw ambition? Giving the edge to unshaped creative force? Yes, and more than this; for, at least so far as agriculture is concerned, its dynamos have been hitched up with the people throughout the whole state. Here, in the research laboratories of the State Experiment station, new combinations of facts are being evolved to improve New Hampshire's 2,600,000 farm acres, while a force of extension agents, like a body of commercial salesmen, is carrying the



idea of better farm and home conditions into 93 per cent of the communities of the state. The commonwealth has set up here at Durham a power-producing plant, whose current generated is felt from Rye on the coast to Pittsburg at the Canadian line.

In order to observe the process of "manufacture" more closely, it may be worth while to follow one of the products of the main plant through the course of a day. As soon as one does so, however, the metaphor falls flat. This rumpled hair and freckled face which have just had their morning pull through an elastic blue jersey defy the conception of a machine-made product. Those firm muscles and tingling nerve-cells do not run along oiled trackways like the assembling parts of a Ford car. We must be more careful now in our language.

It is seven o'clock in the morning, and the young man who has pulled on the jersey has recently taken his turn under the common shower-bath of his "floor." The looking-glass before which he combs his moist hair reflects part of a blue banner with "New Hampshire" in large white letters on it, the corner of a desk with an array of text-books, and the white end of a small iron bed in an alcove. In fact, there is a second bed which does not show in the glass and which is occupied by our friend's room-mate. On the chiffonier which holds the glass are three or four photographs, one of the boy's mother and others of younger ladies—girl friends. There is nothing luxurious about the room; it is a place to study in and to sleep in; that is all, and that is enough. There are about 250 rooms like this in the various college dormitories, accommodating nearly 500 students, and rented by the college at a price sufficiently low to pay only a nominal interest on the investment.

With a call to his room-mate, the boy takes text-books, a note-book and cap, and leaves his room for the morning. In a few minutes he is in a line with several others before the blackboards of the cafeteria in the Commons building, selecting his morning meal. Probably he has a "regular," collecting it on his tray and having it punched on his weekly meal ticket. The self-service plan and the fact that a large number of persons can be accommodated make it possible for the dining-hall management to serve food at low prices. There is no attempt to make a profit, but it is insisted that the food should be of good quality and that the entire establishment be kept clean and wholesome.

The boy carries his tray of steaming oatmeal, eggs, muffins and coffee to one of the long tables where several fellow students are seated; they talk earnestly, between bites, of studies, of basketball, of girls, of professors, of whatnot.

There is time for a few minutes' study before recitations begin at eight o'clock; but as the clock in the Thompson Hall tower strikes, long lines of students from various parts of the campus start for their appointed classes. There are three divisions, into which all of the students fall, according to their choice,—those of Agriculture, Engineering, and Arts and Science. It is nearly an even chance as to which of the three will have been selected by our friend, the boy. If he is specializing in agriculture, his choicest courses will be found to lie in the following lines: general agriculture, animal husbandry, dairy husbandry, forestry, horticulture, poultry husbandry, or teacher training; but he must also, in order to have a well-rounded education, include other subjects, such as English, economics, chemistry, mathematics. If he is training to be an engineer, he may



ONE HUNDRED AND SIX MEN LIVE IN FAIRCHILD HALL

specialize in chemistry, electrical or mechanical engineering, architectural construction, industrial engineering, or teacher training. If his interest is in arts and science, the general course, the arts course in chemistry and the teacher training work are open, while the girls find in this division the opportunities of home economics. In any case, in accordance with the origin and function of the college, the courses are designed to be essentially practical, leading directly to the student's preparation for a successful livelihood.

The morning is filled with recitations, lectures, laboratory work, perhaps an hour of reference reading in the library with its classical columns at the entrance and 44,000 volumes inside. The boy has to take notes quickly in his note-book; he has to be on the alert for recitations or a possible "quiz"; he has to be nimble with tools at the shops, or accurate with test-tubes at the chemical laboratory; he has to have his eye well cocked to judge animals, or to note the details of an architectural design; he has to use the card-index,

readers' guides, encyclopedias, etc. at the library; he has to have his brain open for knowledge at all times. After the noon-hour he usually goes back to the laboratories, or takes his bit of physical training and military drill.

At four o'clock he is free for recreation; and the chances are that after the long mental grind of the class-rooms and laboratories, it is a relief to get his muscles into action. This is probably the main reason why athletics forms such a popular part of the rounds at all colleges. To boot a football, follow a basketball madly about the gymnasium floor, race at a track meet, or chase over the countryside in running trousers on a cross-country run:—these may not be such mad pursuits after all. Physical education is required of all women students as well as men; and hockey, basketball and volley ball are perhaps more popular than dances.

Aside from recreation, there are other activities of a socially educational nature: student publications, dramatic club, debating society, glee

club, outing club, Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s, scientific societies, and Greek letter fraternities. There is nothing obligatory about these extra-curriculum enterprises, but a great deal of knowledge in the form of experience is absorbed by means of them. Take the student weekly, for example. The members of the staff learn to write news stories, editorials, headlines, etc., and to manage the business side of a publication. The members of the glee club and band improve their musical training. The Cercle Francais conversations are as valuable as classroom recitations. The debaters and actors acquire the ability to speak clearly on their feet.

After our friend, the boy, has taken his part in these various recreational, and social activities, has had his supper, studied his lessons for the next day and perhaps done some more reading at the library, he is ready to "call it a day," and to put out one of the lights which has helped to give his dormitory the appearance of a factory on the night shift.

This is an ordinary day at New Hampshire College. Once a week there are chapel exercises in the gymnasium which has to serve as the main auditorium; and on these occasions the student body is usually addressed by some well known speaker from the outside world. On Saturday afternoon there may be a 'varsity game, when half of the student's loyalty to his "alma mater" is expressed in resounding cheers for the team, and half of it remains as

an aching hope in his heart that Old New Hampshire shall not fail in her contests with the other colleges. There is a deep pride in the ability of the teams that represent the institution; and a dogged tenacity to win that has brought New Hampshire athletics into the sporting pages in recent years as never before.

On Sundays an influence which bears upon the character of the student all week is given full play; it is a surprising fact that 63 percent of the students are members of some church, while 76 percent of the remainder have consid-



THE LIBRARY WITH ITS CLASSICAL COLUMNS  
AT THE ENTRANCE AND 44,000 VOLUMES WITHIN

ered joining seriously enough to have formed a preference for certain denominations. Among the churches represented are the Advent, Baptist, Catholic, Christian Science, Christian, Congregational, Friends, Greek Orthodox, Jewish, Lutheran, Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, Protestant, Protestant Episcopal, Union, United Brethren, Unitarian and Universalist. The Community Church at Durham welcomes all denominations; a student pastor conducts religious services during the week and keeps a friendly eye and ear open for opportunity to give assistance and counsel; a Catholic priest from a neighboring town performs the rites of the mass for the members of his faith; and the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are rallying centers for all.

Then there are the special days of the year: New Hampshire Day when the students take pick and shovel, paint brush, saw and hammer, dump

cart, stone boat and truck, and do manual labor in the interest of a better looking campus, while the girls serve every one with a great noon-day meal; Spring Festival, when nymphs in brilliant colors dance classically on the green lawn, finishing with the Maypole ribbon-weaving rites of old; Home-Coming Day, when all doors are opened for the returning alumni; Junior Prom, when Society with its capital S reigns all over the campus and the girls we left behind us come to town; and finally Commencement, with its dignified caps and gowns, and its sadness of farewell.

So the days pass—the ordinary days and the extraordinary ones, each of them dripping slowly but forcefully like water forming a channel in the clay. What four years of this sort of life mean to a New Hampshire boy or girl may hardly be estimated; and what they mean to the state may not be guessed when it is considered that there are now 1055 students registered at the institution.

So far, much of what has been said would apply to most of the other colleges in the East besides New Hampshire; but there are several respects in which this is peculiarly an institution of the state. In the first place, about 80 per cent of the student body are New Hampshire residents, and the great majority of these were actually born here. In the old days before it became a national institution, this was true of Dartmouth; and I think that every loyal citizen of the state cherishes as a New Hampshire product, the "College on the Hill," and is as proud of it as are its graduates who sing of

"the granite of New Hampshire

In our muscles and our brains."

Of recent years, however, Dartmouth has been pressed into the service of the entire nation; and the State College, born and nourished at Hanover under the wing of its older sister, is continuing the traditions that it learned there.



PART OF HIS FORESTRY COURSE

Six hundred and thirty young men and women of the state, representing 145 New Hampshire towns, are now enrolled at Durham. They come from 80 of the 84 approved high schools of the state. More than this, they are from the rank and file of the people. Sixty per cent come from the families of farmers, tradesmen and laborers; twenty-five per cent from those of business and pro-

fessional men. Only seven per cent of their fathers are college graduates, and only one per cent of their mothers.

The great majority of these students help in some way to put themselves through college. Many of them work all of their spare time for board or room or both. Serving meals, washing dishes, helping with house-work, doing farm chores, these are popular tasks; and the doing of them wins respect from fellow students. The captain of last fall's football team and president of his class not only has worked his entire way through college, but won the prize for scholarship ranking among students who earn at least half of their expenses. The two oldest girls from a family of eight, whose father is dead and whose mother is struggling to get a living for her other children, told me recently that they earned their board and room and



"ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON THERE MAY BE A 'VARSITY GAME'"

practically all of their other expenses. "We want to earn more for our family," said one, "and we know we can do so better with the aid of a college education."

"Running through the first five letters of the alphabet in the enrollment of boys," says the College Registrar, "one can pick out casually over 100 who earned more than half of their expenses and 43 per cent of these state that they have earned every penny they spent. Most of them are sons of farmers, small tradesmen, laborers, railroad men, bricklayers, salesmen—not the "privileged classes" but the hard-working people who are the foundation and support of the democracy. It is their sons who have given the State College the reputation for thorough democracy of spirit. Student after student, in stating on his admission registration blanks the reason he chose New Hampshire as his college, has said: 'Democratic atmosphere,' 'Financial reasons, and N. H. C.'s growing reputation'; 'Reasonable expenses and courses offered'; 'Reputation of the college, personal knowledge of it, and fact that it is my own state'; 'Nearness, small expense and growing reputation'; 'Good chances for help in a financial way, together with the fine courses offered', etc.

"One of the young men who earned his entire expenses recently, except for his Grange scholarship, was the son of a cook in a timber town in the north of the state," continues the Registrar. "He did not allow the heavy burden of combined study and self-support either to deprive him of the advantages of association with other youths, of athletic sports or of special activity in the department of military training. He was a member of a fraternity, played on his class baseball team two years and in basketball also; won a sergeant's stripes in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps; and was an active member of the Economics Club which studies and discusses the political and social problems of the day. Add to this that he was on the honor roll for high standing in his studies and it is easy to see why the college is proud of its men.

"One recent girl graduate with an honor record was born in Vilna, Russia, daughter of a Jewish junk-dealer. She earned 90 per cent of her expenses, and specialized in sociology and economics with a view to the alleviation of the lot of the poor among her own people.

"For three years another girl walked six miles in all sorts of weather in order to be able to take the home

economics course at the college. She earned half her money herself, getting up at four o'clock to milk twenty cows, and on Saturdays added to this labor the distribution of the milk in the nearest city.

"A returned soldier, sent to the college by the Federal Board, had a wife and little baby girl to care for. When he went into the army, his brave wife took charge of the garage which had been their support. His return with serious wounds brought him the opportunity for rehabilitation training at the college. They had been separated so long that his wife decided to sell their small business and take 'roomers' in order to be with him. He has done good work in the mechanical engineering department, and is a good influence among the less mature men he comes in contact with."

The names of these and a multitude of other students who work hard for the education which they desire so earnestly are on file at the Registrar's office, and their records tell dramatically the price that hundreds of young men and women are willing to pay for the opportunities furnished by the state. For the convenience of students who may find it more economical to borrow a small amount of money rather than devote such a large part of their time to outside work, gifts from various sources have enabled the Student Loan Committee of the College to assist a large number in their Junior and Senior years. For the most part the loans are small, but they are usually necessary in order that studies may be kept up satisfactorily. They are made on strictly business principles, going on interest at the close of the course.

The institution is a people's college in more than the sense that the sons and daughters of the rank and file come to it for a higher education,

however; for the college is now being carried to the homes of the people themselves outside its walls. No proper estimate of the service rendered by it can be made without considering most carefully the leadership in community development which has been taken by the Extension Service and the far-reaching investigations in the interests of better farm conditions made by the Agricultural Experiment Station.

Founded in 1887 as a result of Federal legislation, the Experiment Station has gradually acquired facts in regard to the agricultural problems of the state which have already in important instances shaped a better farming policy. For detailed information as to what this work has meant the reader may be referred to a recent bulletin, published by the Station, entitled "Digging Up Facts for New Hampshire Farms." This bulletin shows graphically how the research investigations have answered such fundamental questions as: "Can we afford to buy fertilizer?" "How can we cut our grain bill?" "How can we grow better crops?" "How can we raise livestock more profitably?" and "How can we reduce the taxes paid to pests and disease?"

The fund of information acquired by the Experiment Station has constantly been spread, through bulletins, through lectures, through correspondence, and through press articles, among the people of the state. During the past decade, however, both the investigations and the teachings of the college in agriculture and home economics have been through the medium of a new agency written with amazing rapidity into farm politics. This agency is the Extension Service. Built up from the beginning under the direction of the head of the Experiment Station, Director J. C. Kendall, the extension work is combined with the research

investigations and more comprehensively than in most other states of the union. It has now reached a point, to quote a recent report, "where over 8000 of the more active farmers of the state have solidly aligned themselves behind it; where over 1000 persons are serving on committees to promote definite extension projects; where nearly half of the funds in support of the work is raised in the counties themselves; and where it is clear that the farm and home practices of the state are being momentarily affected."

It is worth while considering that the welfare of the state is bound up inevitably with the problem of rehabilitating its agriculture. Unless farming can be made more profitable, the drift away from the country, which was clearly shown by the 1920 census, will continue; and unless more of New Hampshire's food can be raised economically within her own borders, her manufacturing concerns will find themselves more and more unable to hold their own with the competition of the South and Middle West. To produce more at less cost per unit, to market more efficiently, to improve farm home conditions, these are the slogans to which the Extension Service has rallied the bulk of the farming population.

Among the far-sighted plans of President Hetzel none has been developed with greater determination than to make the institution a great educational forum, at which all interested state organizations and individuals might confer on methods of state progress. Boiled down to its essence, it is only good "factory management;" the state's educational plant should be kept busy in its off-seasons. Hence various civic, social, religious, official, agricultural and home organizations are welcomed to the campus during the vacation periods. The buildings are thrown wide

open; and the people who attend are treated not so much as visitors as the rightful heirs of a public institution.

For four summers practically all of the state-wide agricultural and home organizations have united in the Farmers' and Home-Makers' Conferences. The streets of Durham are lined on both sides with parked automobiles; the lecture-rooms are filled with intensely interested men and women; and from five to six thousand people in one week have enjoyed the facilities of the college. Last summer for the first time a summer school was also started, with a view to giving six weeks' instruction to teachers, students needing extra credits, graduate scholars, and others.

Still another service to the state has been rendered through the Smith-Hughes teacher-training work. Sixteen high schools where agriculture is taught now receive the benefit of supervision from the college, while students at the college are trained in all of the divisions along pedagogical lines, and students in the home economics courses are assisted for eight weeks in the year in actually giving instruction in this subject in various centers of the state.

Perhaps nothing has been more phenomenal in regard to New Hampshire College than its rapid growth during the last decade. Legislators have been alarmed by it. Alumni have viewed it with swelling pride. Faculty members have scratched their heads to find ways to accommodate it. Executives have even raised tuition and fees to check it. Yet the enrollment and demands upon the institution have kept mounting. Something in the state has reached out to Durham as a plant gropes instinctively towards the light; and this desire, in the breasts of multitudes of people, for a higher education is one of the most hopeful and significant signs of the times.



THE COLLEGE GREENHOUSES ARE USED BOTH FOR INSTRUCTION  
AND EXPERIMENT WORK

Ten years ago the complete registration at the college amounted to only 336; to-day it is 1055. This tells the story of the series of crises which in the past few years have had to be faced by these who have had charge of steering the institution's course.

More students have meant more teachers. The faculty to-day numbers nearly one hundred, and, together with the members of the extension and research staff, is now as large as the entire student body was at the beginning of the century. Class rooms, laboratories, dormitories, auditorium, faculty offices, library, heating plant, all of the resources of the institution have been strained to the utmost to respond to this urge on the part of the people of the state for greater knowledge and better training.

"We have been in the position of a growing family," says President Hetzel. "There have been each year more mouths to feed, new calls for room and accommodations. The need for economy has been constant—we have had to measure carefully each expenditure, and yet the necessity for expenditure has been more and more urgent."

Yet during the past five years, in spite of the fact that the institution has more than doubled in size, the state has not been asked to provide more buildings! This fact, amazing on the face of it, can only be accounted for in three ways: (1) the generosity of a true friend of the college, Mrs. Alice Hamilton Smith, in providing a girls' dormitory caring for more than 100 young women; (2) the foresightedness of the college executives in making a permanent use of the buildings, labor and funds provided by the Federal government during the emergency period; and (3) a most careful expenditure of all moneys.

A great part of the increase in enrollment has been due to the growing demand on the part of young women for an education on a par with that given by the state to young men; and the gift of Mrs. Smith was an inestimable aid in making it possible to fill this need. No less valuable was the construction work done during the war when the college was a military training camp. In a great many institutions the buildings erected at that time have been considered only of temporary value and have been scrapped. Not so at New



Hampshire. The buildings have been carefully adjusted to future requirements with practically no cost to the state. The barracks have been converted into dormitories that house 160 men. The wing to Smith Hall has been utilized to double the capacity of that girls' dormitory. The capacity of the shops has been tripled. The piggery and poultry plant and cement walks are a lasting memorial to the practice labor of the construction units. The "Y" hut has been made into a combination of recitation room and faculty headquarters.

The important agricultural investigations of the Experiment Station have been made almost entirely with federal funds; in fact, New Hampshire was one out of only three states in the Union until the last biennium not to provide state appropriations for this purpose. The far-reaching development of extension work, in similar fashion, has been conducted with a minimum of requests upon the state. And the expenditure of all funds is planned carefully by a budget system and scrupulously carried out with rigid economy by the Business Office, which, at the entrance to Thompson Hall, guards the institution like an impartial watch-dog.

One other source of aid to the institution should be mentioned, and that is the loyal body of alumni. Hardly greater in numbers than the present student body itself, these men and women have recently met the crying need for greater recreational space by contributing over \$25,000 for the construction of a Memorial Athletic Field with a grandstand that

seats 3500 and a carefully drained football gridiron circled by one of the best quarter-mile tracks in the country.

In some respects economy at the institution has been carried to the point where it is not truly economical.

For instance, the congestion in the class-rooms has made it absolutely necessary to curtail the laboratory instruction and to turn students into large lecture quarters, an inefficient procedure and one that must be only temporary.

"Aside from a slightly increased maintenance appropriation," says President Hetzel, "we have only one plea to make to the present legislature; and that is to make possible the construction of a new class room building which will put a stop to this congestion which is so damaging to our educational work. We cannot afford to lower our standards of instruction even temporarily; and the need for action to prevent this cannot longer be staved off."

As soon as one compares the expense of New Hampshire's state college with the educational plants of the other states of the Union, the magnitude of the accomplishments at Durham may be better realized. The average part played by public funds in the support of all of the state colleges of the country is 72.8 per cent, whereas in New Hampshire the public funds amount to only 54.7 per cent. With the exception of one or two very heavily endowed institutions, this is the lowest in the country. On the other hand, New Hampshire exacts a larger tuition and fee charge for out-of-state students than



NOT ALL THE COLLEGE WORK  
IS DONE IN CLASSROOMS

any other state college, while its charge to state students is only exceeded by one. In the majority of state colleges no tuition fee at all is required of residents.

In the face of these facts, the increasing demand on the part of New Hampshire's young men and women to share in the opportunities of a state educational plant can well be considered anew. New Hampshire College is not so much of a problem to the tax-payer as it is to the prospective student. Viewed in the

light of the popular response of other states to the movement for a higher education, the state has been asked for an absolute minimum of support. It is a conservative and safe statement that in no other commonwealth has the state received as much for the amount which it has put in. If state appropriations were bonds and increased education were dividends, then would the brokerage columns of our newspapers quote "N. H. C." at the highest point above par.

## NEW ENGLAND DISCOVERS WINTER

NEW England's discovery of winter is to be ranked as one of the most beneficial discoveries of the last decade. Ten years ago one put away sleds and skates with other childish things and spent the months from November until March hibernating either in some warmer clime or huddled close beside the fire at home. Today there are not a few of us who get more real outdoor sport in January than in June.

On our desk as we write is a partial list of Winter Carnivals which have been held or which will be held in New England this winter. The list includes twenty-five events and is incomplete and tentative at

that. It is interesting to notice that of the twenty-five nearly one-half are in New Hampshire.

During January perhaps the most unique event was Manchester's carnival. This month all eyes are turned upon Dartmouth, whose celebration February 8-10 promises to be even better than in years past. Immediately following the sports at Dartmouth, Laconia will be the scene of the races of the New England Skating Association. Concord and Berlin are having their carnivals early in the month and undoubtedly other towns and cities will follow suit, either formally or informally, before the snow begins to melt.

## NOTE

The editors regret that it has been necessary to postpone publication of the article on Manchester's growth by Miss Savacool, which was an-

nounced for this issue. It will appear in the March issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY—and it's worth waiting for.

# THE BENT TWIG

## A Story of a Victory

BY WILLIAM M. STUART

WITH a sudden premonitory whir, the sitting room clock struck nine. Bob Brownell started in his chair by the fire and arose, exhaling his breath sharply as he did so. He glanced around the room and a sly look came into his eyes.

"Why not help myself to a part of it before Mike comes?" he murmured. "He'll think Joshua sent it away at the last minute."

He pondered the matter awhile, breathing deeply. His eyes narrowed as he asked himself another question: "Why not all of it? I might as well be a whole hog as part."

Carefully he considered the proposition, glancing uneasily around the room as though he half-expected some eye was upon him. Finally he tiptoed across the room, took a box from the mantel-shelf, and opened it. He fumbled for a moment, then brought forth a key. Laying this on the table, he drew out a shapeless object which gleamed redly in the light of the kerosene lamp. At first he stared at this curiously, then as if fascinated. His breathing became audible and he ran his fingers through his hair with a nervous gesture. For perhaps ten minutes he stood there and stared at the shapeless object which lay in the palm of his trembling hand. At last, as if awaking from a trance, he replaced the article in the box, threw the key in after and put the receptacle back on the mantel.

"No," he ejaculated, "I'll not double-cross Mike. I hope I've got a little honor left. 'Honor among thieves.'" he soliloquized.

"Well, that's better than no honor at all. If it wasn't for Mike I'd give it up. Joshua's been good to me. And then that little—. I wonder why he kept it? Did he—?"

He broke off suddenly and strode across the room to the front door. Placing two fingers in his mouth, he sounded a piercing whistle. A moment of waiting and an answering call came from somewhere in the darkness outside.

Bob stood in the doorway waiting. Although it was October, the night was not cold; yet he shivered. He shivered until his teeth clicked together as he stood in the doorway waiting. A full moon spread its light over the landscape and rendered far distant objects visible. Bob could plainly see the hay barn in the south meadow one-half mile away. There was a shadow on the north side as though the sun were shining.

Somehow the moon affected Bob curiously. He did not feel at all comfortable. A vague fear oppressed him. He tried to assume a blasé manner, but many disturbing thoughts came into his mind. One thought that persisted was of the shapeless object that he had just held in his hand and that had gleamed redly in the light of the kerosene lamp. He laughed nervously as he rolled a cigarette.

"Must be I'm moonstruck," he murmured. "I've heard of such things."

A shadow, which had detached itself from the woods below the garden, was coming up the road. The shadow speedily resolved itself into a man and entered the dooryard.

"All to the mustard, Bob?"

"Yep, the coast is clear. Come along in."

The man entered the room and gazed about curiously. "Great night for our getaway," he growled harshly. "Where does the old boy keep his kale?"

The newcomer differed materially in appearance from the one who had admitted him. His red face, bull neck, projecting chin and shifty eyes indicated as plainly as his words that he was of the criminal type. A striped sweater and a cap added to the effect.

On the other hand, Bob presented the appearance of one who was a novice in crime. His meager seventeen years was evident, and the awe and admiration with which he regarded his companion could not be suppressed.

"They haven't been gone an hour," he said tremulously, "but I guess it's safe. They won't be back until midnight. Big supper with speaking and all that. It's our chance."

He tried to talk big, but his manner was not as confident as his words would indicate. "Do you suppose they can trail us, Mike?"

"Trail nothin'. These rubes around here don't know they're alive. Lead me to the filthy lucre."

"I'll get the key to his box. We don't want to take the box, do we, Mike?"

"Naw, we don't want the box, but we want the long green, pronto. Get the key."

"It's in the little wooden box on the mantel. He keeps all his keys there."

The youth crossed the room, took the key from the shelf and opened it. He picked out a key, then hesitated as his eyes were attracted by the other object within the receptacle. A strange look came into

his eyes as he drew forth again a little red woolen mitten.

Bob Brownell stared at the mitten. It was old, frayed, and faded, but it fascinated him. Many thoughts coursed through his mind and the scroll of the last nine years of his life, which had started to unfold before the entrance of Mike, resumed the presentation of memory's pictures to his mental gaze. Mike coughed and shuffled his feet impatiently, but still the boy stood and looked at the little mitten while the dreamy look deepened in his eyes and his lip trembled.

Like lightning his mind ran back over the years that were gone. Vividly he recalled that bitter winter's day in wind-swept City Hall Park when Joshua Brownell had stopped to speak to him and then had offered him a home.

He recollected the long ride home from the station, over the squeaking snow and with now and then a rabbit darting from a bush and hopping away through the moonlight.

But mostly he remembered that first night around the comfortable kitchen fire after such a supper as he had never dreamed of before. His new friends had brought forth gifts: and greatest among them was a pair of gorgeous little red mittens. Before their beauty he had succumbed, and when he went to bed he wore them. He had slept with them on his hands. And during the years that followed, he had never forgotten them.

Also his active mind recalled an overheard conversation of recent date that had both alarmed him and given rise to disturbing thoughts. This had transpired but the day before when Mrs. Brownell had held converse with her husband at

the breakfast table. The lad was supposed to have gone to the field, but in reality he lingered in the kitchen and heard all.

"Joshua, I don't like the way Bobby is acting lately," Mrs. Brownell had announced. "He's getting to be tough. He swears at the team dreadful and he associates with that Mike McGee, who was once in the reformatory. He seems to take to such company. I think he crawls out the window nights and goes away with Mike. And this morning I found a revolver under the straw-tick of his bed."

"What did you do with the gun, Martha?"

"Left it alone, of course. I dasn't touch it. What does he have it for—and keep it hidden that way?"

"I'll have to look into the matter, Martha."

"I should say it's about time. I'm afraid you made a mistake in picking him up the way you did—slam-bang, without any investigation. He's got bad blood in him, I'll bet. And the Bible says 'blood will tell.' He's older now than he was and it's beginning to crop out."

"No, Martha, the Bible doesn't say that. It says, however, that 'the way a twig is bent so will the tree be inclined.' I know I took a big chance, picking him up that way, but he looked so much like our Bobby used to that I was just drawn to him. Maybe he's got bad blood—wouldn't wonder 'n he had—but we caught him young and have tried to train him right. He'll get sick of the company of Mike after a while."

"It's risky, Joshua. I'm getting afraid of him. We hadn't ought to keep him any longer. I'm glad we didn't adopt him."

"Maybe you've been reading the same magazine article that I have,

Martha. The one by the eugenic chap. He said that no matter what the environment, bad blood would show itself—that a boy with bad blood would be a bad man. Now that don't seem fair. A boy can't help how he is born. I'd just like to prove by Bobby that the writer chap is wrong; sometimes at least."

"I tell you it's risky, Joshua—keeping him any longer. That pesky Mike ain't putting any good ideas into his head."

"As for Mike," Joshua had resumed, "he's sort of a hero to Bobby. Boys naturally take to older boys who can tell big stories of what they've done. I happened on 'em—on Mike and Bobby—one day when they were fishing and Mike was telling the most gosh-awful story of how he made a monkey out of a constable on a certain occasion. It's hero worship, Martha. But let's give the boy another chance and make environment win this time."

And the next day—this day—at the dinner table, Joshua had announced: "Bobby, Mother and I are going to the Grange supper tonight and won't be back until about midnight. I wish you'd stay home. I've got that six hundred dollars of hay money in the house yet and I'm a little nervous about it; although I guess there's no danger. You won't be afraid to stay alone, will you?"

"Oh, no," he had promptly answered, "I'll be all right. Go ahead. I'll watch the house. I wasn't going out tonight anyhow."

And now here he was at the parting of the ways.

"Well, fer de love of Pete!" growled Mike, "wot's der matter wid yer? Wotayer standin' there lookin' at dat old mitten fer? Froze to it? Throw me der key if yer can't move. I want ter git me hands on dem shekels."

Slowly the lad drew in his breath as he turned and faced his companion, the little red mitten still in his hand. He stood very straight and there was a look in his eye that Mike had never seen before.

"Thank you, Mike," he said in a queer voice. "You just woke me up. I've decided we won't rob Mr. Brownell tonight—or any other night."

"We won't, hey?" shouted Mike. "Goin' ter double-cross me, hey? Well, dat won't woik, me laddy-buck. I's Mike McGee, I is, an' nobody can't put no hook inter me. Does yer git me, Bo?"

"You'd better be going, Mike. Good night."

"Good night, is it? I'd jist like ter know wot's to hinder me knock-in' you out, you yearlin' calf, and walkin' off wid all der sou-mark-ees."

He started toward the boy, chin thrust out aggressively.

"Oh, merely this," answered Bobby easily as a revolver gleamed in his hand. "Just turn around, Mike, and vanish through that door. Then keep on going. I'm a little nervous and this thing is liable to go off."

Mike swore fluently and with emphasis, but finally turned and bolted through the doorway.

"I'll git you fer dis, you half-baked gutter-snipe," he bellowed.

"Don't come around this way again, Mike," called Bobby from the doorstep. "I've decided to weed out some of my associates and I guess I'll begin with you."

He watched his erstwhile crony until he had vanished around the bend in the road, then gazed about the moon-lit landscape with a strange glow in his breast. "Just

like it was the night I came," he murmured as he re-entered the house.

He started violently, for there sitting easily in a rocking chair, with his double-barrelled shotgun across his knees, was Joshua Brownell.

"Why," began the youth, "I—I thought you was at—."

"Yes, I suppose you did, and so did Mike. As a matter of fact, I was. I took Martha over, then I came back. I saw your struggle, Bobby, and I saw you win. I felt sure you would, but I took no chances. There's an old adage, Bobby, 'Trust in God and keep the powder dry.' 'Tis a good motto—for some occasions.

"I had you covered all the time from the dark—in the parlor. The door was open a crack. If you had unlocked the box in my room, you would have died that instant—and Mike the next. You know what a shotgun will do at close range."

"But I didn't do it," said Bobby tremulously, "and I didn't know you were here."

"No, my boy, you won the fight alone. I was confident you would see where you were headed if something would wake you up and set you to thinking. I thought the little mitten would do it. That's why I put it there. You see, I always kept one of 'em just to—just to—."

He broke off suddenly, placed his gun in a corner, arose and put on his hat. "Bobby," he resumed, "'tain't necessary for Martha to know anything about this. It's just between us men. And now to prove that I trust you, I'm going right back to the grange hall. You've won, Bobby."



Photo by M. S. Lamprey

THE JUNCTION OF THE CONTOOCOOK AND THE MERRIMACK DURING THE FLOOD OF 1895

## **“THE WATER THAT GOES OVER THE DAM DOES NO WORK”**

### **Why Not Make It Turn Our Mill Wheels?**

BY GEORGE B. LEIGHTON

**A**NY one observing a flow of water over a mill dam will realize on a moment's reflection that the mill gets no power from such water. Do we recognize that if this waste water was impounded it could be used to keep the stream fuller in the dry seasons of the year? In a word, that is the conservation problem of water in New Hampshire. Many thousand of tons of coal could be saved, at a saving of five dollars or more per ton, because most of the mills are forced to have auxiliary steam power on account of lack of storage of flood waters. This problem has interested the writer for a number of years. Before one can suggest solutions of problems of the kind, it is necessary to have accurate information. The water powers of the state have been built by private corporations which only studied the particular location. That was often done in a crude way com-

pared to modern methods. Some storage was created, particularly that on Lake Winnepesaukee. Reliable information as to rainfall and run-off was unobtainable.

During the Legislative Session of 1917 there was sufficient recognition of the importance of water power to the industries of the state and of the absence of comprehensive knowledge of what were the resources of the state to make a survey of the problem. A short bill was passed (No. 256) providing for the appointment of a commission to investigate the natural condition, providing for co-operation in the work with the United States Geological Survey, and appropriating \$3000 for expenses. The writer was appointed Commissioner and arrangements were made with the Geological Survey to do the field work. Mr. C. H. Pierce, the District Engineer for New England had charge of this work, and both he and his assist-

ants were eminently qualified to perform the task. The Survey expended federal money to about the amount expended by the State. The result was the report submitted to the Legislature, January 1919.

Finding it impossible to make a comprehensive report both on storage and undeveloped water powers, the question of storage was considered chiefly.

The salient points covered and set forth were:—First, that every lake or pond of any moment in the state was visited and an estimate made of its storage capacity. Could a considerable amount of storage be effected at reasonable cost? This necessitated a general knowledge of the area from which it received the run-off from snows and rain and of approximating the cost of a dam to hold this water. These ponds were then grouped into smaller river systems as the Ashuelot and Contoocook, and then all these into the large river storage as that of the Merrimack and Connecticut. Secondly, the report suggested a plan for establishing such storage. A subsequent act in 1919 enabled a study to be made of undeveloped powers. This was done in much the same way. In both cases the work was performed considerably within the appropriation, so that today New Hampshire has accurate and reasonably complete information as to its water power resources. It is directly a problem now as to whether the people of the state desire to avail themselves of this natural resource to benefit the industries and themselves in these days of high cost of coal and of manufacture. The storage report showed that there were 101 ponds and lakes capable of conservation of flood waters: 56 in the Connecticut,

54 in the Merrimack; and one on the Androscoggin. There seemed to be none on the costal streams like the Cocheco worthy of further storage development. Eleven stream-gauging stations were established so that accurate data might be obtained of actual river flow. These have been maintained to date and the information they give is of highest value to water-power study.

The largest body of lake water in the state is Winnepesaukee, having a drainage area of 360 square miles or 230,000 acres. There has been a dam at Lakeport for many years and records are available for some fifty years. The dam is not sufficient to hold water from a year or more of heavy rainfall to a subsequent period. It would be a matter of small expense to raise the dam six inches or a foot but the land damages might be considerable if raised more than a foot. If one foot more could be put on the dam, it would, we estimate, develop 10,000,000 horse-power hours down the Winnepesaukee River to its confluence with the Pesnigervasset and of course considerably more on down the Merrimack.

In just such a way were all of the one hundred places studied. There is a possibility near Keene, Tenant Swamp, of making a dam 25 feet high and 1500 feet long which would make a reservoir five miles long and enable all the mills in the Ashuelot Valley to dispense with coal for power—almost if not entirely. The Suncook Ponds afford a similar storage possibility. The dams of each of these places would cost about \$300,000. Assume cost of operation—amortization and all that — at 10%, which would be \$30,000. It would in each case require only the saving of 5000 tons of coal at \$6.00 to make





Photo by C. S. Pierce, U. S. Geological Survey

ORDINARILY THE CONNECTICUT AT BELLOWS FALLS LOOKS LIKE THIS—

them worth while, while the actual saving would be far greater, possibly four or five times that amount. Why not do it and do it now?

The two principal rivers of our state reach the sea through Massachusetts. There are important power plants in that state on both the Connecticut and Merrimack and if water is stored in New Hampshire, considerable benefits will be assured to these mills. As yet there is no legal method to compel them to join in the cost of storage or pay for its benefits, but a number of them are ready and anxious to do their part—particularly is this true of the Locks and Canals at Lowell and the company at Turner Falls, so a reasonable assistance can no doubt be assured when New Hampshire has something to offer.

The study of our undeveloped water powers has shown that there are approximately 375,000,000 horse-power hours on the Connecticut and its tributaries and 144,000,000 on the Merrimack. These figures are large and to a

layman convey little, but it may be put in other words by saying that this represents an increase of about 100% over what is now in use. What an undeveloped resource!

Five hundred million horse-power hours annually, equal approximately to one million and a half horse-power hours a day—or three million horse-power hours for ten hours of the day, or, to consider it as one unit of power, it means a plant of about two hundred and fifty thousand horse-power added to the state's resources!

Water powers are located in particular places and for specific uses and markets. Therefore, it seems better to leave their development to private capital. Water storage is of general benefit and quite properly is a matter the state should establish; and water storage if privately owned by certain mills may be released only as they may desire, whereas it should be released for the benefit of all the mills on the stream.

With the absence of storage of flood waters and of stream control



Photo by F. J. Blake

—BUT THIS SHOWS ITS APPEARANCE DURING THE FLOOD OF 1913

as it is today, there is less inducement to the establishment of power plants. A considerable time each year flood waters pass down stream doing no work and at other times the streams are so low that auxiliary steam power is needed.

Water storage on a considerable scale has been established at several places in New England—one on the Androscoggin near the New Hampshire line and another on the headwaters of the Deerfield River in Southern Vermont. The storage of the Aziscoos dam on the Androscoggin has been developed by joint action of the large power interests on the river at Berlin, Rumford Falls, and Lewiston; that on the Deerfield by the Connecticut River Power Company for its several plants on the Deerfield. Owing to the local conditions, a small mileage of the river within the confines of the state and the mutual organization of the large mills, little

mention is made of the Androscoggin in the reports. That river is not a New Hampshire problem. Neither is the Saco. Its storage reservoirs, developed and undeveloped, lie principally in Maine. Maine has a law, the constitutionality of which has not been passed upon as yet, that electric power cannot be transmitted beyond the state line. It is theoretically possible to take Maine power to Massachusetts, and Maine has enormous power resources, but such a power must needs pass through our state. This is a question which sooner or later must be adjudicated.

The recent decision of the United States Supreme Court holding that the Pennsylvania anthracite tax is constitutional may have a bearing on the question, but, of kindred nature, the question arises if New Hampshire may not tax users in Vermont for Connecticut River

water power, for the river to its west bank belongs to New Hampshire. In the report on Water Storage rendered to the Legislature of 1919, the water power and storage on the Androscoggin is fully reported by Walter H. Sawyer, the consulting Engi-



THE DAM AT CONTOOCCOOK RIVER PARK

neer in charge of the work, showing how that problem was analyzed and handled in practice. In addition plans and policies under consideration and in effect particularly in Wisconsin are touched upon in this report.

The New Hampshire problem seems to call for a different method on account of the importance of the smaller rivers in the aggregate and of the large number of comparatively small mills. It would be difficult to get all interested to unite in policy or share the financial requirements on a theoretical basis. Therefore, some state policy must be resorted to. The plan laid down in the report and which has as yet, after four years of publicity, not been objected to except as to some detail, which was to be expected and desired, has these recommendations:

1. That water storage should be developed by state authority.

2. That the state should lend its credit by the issuance of bonds, but that no work should be undertaken until long time contracts for the payment of stored water should be made by responsible power plants.

3. That such payments must include the full interest paid by the state on the bonds, plus a sinking fund and plus cost of operation

and upkeep. All this should not amount to over ten per cent—or, for example, the construction of dams costing \$1,000,000, at least \$100,000 a year would have to be shown in contracts for water.

4. That the value of stored water be translated into coal saved.

I quote from the report as follows:

"In conference with power companies it is gratifying to learn that they are willing to pay liberally for water power as a substitute for coal. Several have said they would pay for coal saved by water, for example, at \$3 per ton when coal costs \$4. In this report Mr. Pierce has worked out the Suncook Conservation in order to indicate how an analysis should be made. If, for example, it is found that ten thousand tons of coal can be saved in a certain river basin if the flow is more equal, the mills should be willing to pay at least thirty thousand dollars per year, which would be ten per cent on a cost of three hundred thousand dollars. Coal must be provided at each of the mills on the river during the dry season, whereas if storage is provided at the head waters the power can be used at the successive dams the year round, and as these mills are located one below the other, the same storage development applies to all of them. The relation of cost of construction, rainfall, area affected and benefits must be studied in each case. Each project should be at least self-sustaining. This ten per cent above referred to may be approximated as consisting of five per cent for the use of the money, two and a half per cent, for amortization, and two and a half per cent for costs of operation and control. By the issuance of long term bonds the amortization of two and a half per cent per annum will pay the original cost in forty years. Some developments will undoubtedly prove to be the means of adding to the state treasury. How will the money be secured? Unquestionably the cheapest way is for the state to lend its credit by the issuance of bonds. These may be issued in small or large amounts depending on work; to be undertaken annually. The

people of the state would have no added burden and benefits of the improvements would be secured at a minimum cost. In normal times the state can secure money at less than five per cent, the cost of operation may not be as much as two and a half per cent, so the total cost may be nearer eight per cent than ten per cent.

Coal is materially higher than when the report was written, so the problem is more important today. Coal may decline but it now seems improbable that it will get down to \$4, delivered at New Hampshire mills, for a long time. Several hundred thousand tons of coal can be saved yearly. If twenty-five to thirty per cent is taken off the average coal price as a basis of water value the mills have saved that to start with which would mean a million or more di-

rectly saved to them, and the figure might be twice as much.

In course of time when the bonds are amortized the state will have a very considerable source of income from such a storage development and meantime cannot lose unless certain dams are washed away, which is hardly worth considering even as a possibility.

5. The work ought to be placed in the hands of the Public Service Commission, who can do it with little increase of organization and minimum of expense.

If a beginning is made by creating some storage at one or two important places, the plan can be tested and it can be quickly ascertained if the benefits prove what it is believed they will be.

## A SIMILAR PLEA

### From Another Source

**A**S the magazine goes to press there comes to us a newspaper clipping which has a definite bearing on the subject of which Mr. Leighton writes. It includes a statement by an engineer interested in the plans for the development of the Blackwater valley proposed by a firm in Massachusetts. We quote only a few paragraphs from the statement which appeared in the Boston Herald of Sunday, January 28:

"The importance of the development of the water power resources of New England, if its mills are to survive in competition with the South, has become pretty clearly recognized.

"As New England has no supply of coal within its borders it must rely upon the coal hauled in from outside states or else make use of the

water power resources which nature has provided within its boundaries. The importance of this is particularly clear in the case of the New Hampshire textile mills which are not located on tidewater and which must therefore depend on expensive railroad coal.

"The South with its coal mines close to its mills has a great advantage over New Hampshire and New England in this respect. It is a crying shame to have any part of the rainfall which falls in the upper regions of the great river systems of New England go by water power plants without adding its quota to the power developed there.

"The value of the water of the Blackwater river to the Merrimack river plants is in the ratio of two to one—that is to say, for every kilowatt of electrical energy that can be

developed on the Blackwater, two kilowatts will be developed in the plants already existing on the Merimack.

"The importance, therefore, of making the river do all the work of which it is capable cannot be overestimated. If the Blackwater

river can be conserved for use during dry periods of the year, it will assist already existing textile mills at Penacook and Manchester, public utilities at Sewall's Falls, Garvin's Falls and Hooksett, as well as the textile mills at Lowell and Lawrence."

## GRIEVE NO MORE

BY MIRIAM VEDDER

Grieve no more that love should fly  
Swiftly at it came to bless,  
Hearts enough love passes by—  
Here it paused with gentleness.

Does the rose tree's scarlet head  
Move less sweetly to the air  
That a butterfly, now sped,  
Rested for a moment there?

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## LONELINESS

BY DOROTHY E. COLLINS

I am not much afraid to be alone  
Though darkness settle with the winter rain.  
I poke my merry little fire again  
And laugh to hear the cracked old stairway groan.  
But there's a horror in the sense of eyes  
At gaze upon one through the window-glass,  
And I abhor the terrible winds that pass,  
Wailing their sorrow to the empty skies.  
Although I love what makes this house a home—  
Warm rugs, deep chairs, low windows, heavy books,  
And I've no wish for travel, but to roam  
The valley and the hill on which it looks,  
How warm my heart and still my hands would be  
Were you beside my little fire with me.

# PETER LIVIUS, TROUBLE MAKER

## Newly Found Facts About Governor Wentworth's Old Enemy

BY LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO

**H**E is an artful, sensible, industrious, dangerous man, and I most certainly would have bought him had I not too unwisely relied on my integrity for defense and support." This was Governor John Wentworth's opinion of Peter Livius, his one-time enemy, almost twenty years after Livius's attempt to oust him from the governorship of New Hampshire. Wentworth was writing to Jeremy Belknap, the historian, and it is reasonable to suppose that the many adjectives he used to describe the man's character were carefully chosen. If Belknap had not thought it necessary to tell the story of that pre-revolutionary controversy, the name of Peter Livius would have passed into oblivion as it deserved to do. But since the historian has preserved his unpleasant memory, it may be worth while to collect and recite the few known facts of his career.

In those delightful volumes of Portsmouth tradition familiarly known as "*Brewster's Rambles*," the date and place of Peter Livius's birth were set down about seventy-five years ago; and whatever biographical dictionaries mention Livius at all seem to have taken over this data without question. Presumably Brewster possessed evidence that Peter Livius was born in 1727 at Bedford, England; but conclusive proof of a different time and place has, recently come to light. Among the "Langdon Manuscripts," preserved in the library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, are some family notes written in the well-formed hand of Peter Lewis Levius, the father of Peter Livius, the Trouble-Maker. From this reliable contemporary ac-

count we learn that Peter Livius was born July 12, 1739, at Lisbon, Portugal. His father was a German, nay more—he was a Prussian from Hamburg. And as he tells us that his ancestors lived in or near Hamburg, one is inclined to doubt Brewster's statement that he was "of a Saxon family of distinction." However that may have been, young Peter's mother was neither Prussian nor Saxon, but either English or Irish. Susanna Humphry she was, and her birthplace was Waterford in the south of Ireland. The elder Levius (for so he spelled his name) tells us that he was born in Hamburg—or, as he writes it, "Hambro"—August 18, 1688, and that he took up his abode in Lisbon, November 9, 1709. He is reticent as to the cause of his migration, but there are records indicating that he became a merchant there. And though he does not state how or where he became acquainted with Miss Humphry, he seems to have been in no doubt regarding the date of their marriage, June 15, 1728.

Young Peter was the sixth child of this couple. Like most eighteenth century children he had smallpox at a very early age. Happily for himself and for his family he survived. Then, when he was hardly old enough to be out of the nursery, his mother took him to England and "put him to school at Mr. Sheron-del's at Chelsea." The father gives us the date for this, too—February 10, 1745. Peter was not yet six years old. Apparently he withstood homesickness as well as he had passed through smallpox, for a year later his father records that he is still at Chelsea and in good health. The next we hear of him is in April

1754, when he returned to Lisbon. At fourteen, therefore, Peter Livius seems to have terminated his schooling. Yet according to Adams's *Annals of Portsmouth* he became a man of "liberal education;" and it is reasonable to suppose that the honorary degree of Master of Arts which Harvard College conferred upon him in 1767 was based upon something more substantial than his apparent wealth. At all events, in the autumn of 1754 he entered upon his apprenticeship with Messrs. Dea and Company in Lisbon. His term was to be five years, but it suffered a rude interruption. On November 1, 1755, occurred the Lisbon earthquake. The offices of Messrs. Dea and Company were destroyed by fire in that catastrophe, and it was five months before they resumed business—Peter Livius with them—"at Alcantara, near Lisbon." Here, on April 4, 1756, the elder Livius's record of his son Peter's progress ends.

Seven years later, in the summer of 1763, Peter Livius turns up in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, having married in the meantime Miss Anna Tufton Mason. According to local tradition young Mr. Livius cut quite a figure in the provincial capital. He rode in a coach, resided in a painted house, owned a country-seat on the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee,\* and otherwise gave the impression of affluence. Although he was still a young man, being less than twenty-five years old when he came to New Hampshire, he may have possessed a good deal of property. Yet he does not appear among the principal tax-payers of Portsmouth in 1770. And from the fact that his finances were reported to be "in a disordered state" in 1771, it is not unlikely that his earlier apparent opulence consisted largely of

his wife's prospects. She was one of the daughters of Colonel John Tufton Mason, the gentleman who had sold his ancient and dubious claim to much New Hampshire territory for a substantial sum in the 1740's.

Having obtained from the town of Portsmouth the exclusive right to do so, Mr. Livius dammed up the water course in Islington Creek and erected at least two grist-mills on it. In exchange for this privilege, he built a toll-free drawbridge across the creek and agreed to maintain it at his own expense. All this was very well, but some other activities of Mr. Livius were not so commendable. There was, for instance, his peculiar altercation with Mr. Thomas Martin in regard to the ownership of a negro boy named Duke. In the spring of 1764 Mr. Martin was about to depart for England, taking with him, for one reason or another, £40 or £50 which belonged to his ward, an orphan relative who was also related to Mrs. Livius. Being a conscientious guardian, he took care to insure his ward against loss, if an accident should happen to himself, by making a conditional bill of sale of his negro boy to Mr. Livius. If Mr. Martin were prevented from returning to New Hampshire, the bill of sale was to become effective and the orphan reimbursed. Having made this arrangement, he sailed for London, with a clear conscience and plenty of ready money.

Upon his return from England he naturally asked Livius to give back the bill of sale, as he had promised to do in the receipt he had given at the time of the transaction. In fact, according to Mr. Martin's deposition, he "often asked him for it, but always had for answer that he had mislaid and could not find it." The years went by. Then one day a law-

\*For accounts of Livius's Tuftonboro residence, see *Granite Monthly*, V. 194, and X. 218.

yer's clerk appeared and informed Mr. Martin that Mr. Livius had presented the bill of sale and had asked for a writ to demand the surrender of the negro boy. Before issuing the writ, the clerk's chief had thought he would ascertain whether Mr. Martin "had any objection to his doing it." Not unnaturally Martin flared up. "I returned for answer," his deposition tells us, "that I had none; that if Mr. Livius chose to do a thing that would make him more infamous (or to that purpose) than he at present was, I had no objection." Although he spoke in heat, Mr. Martin meant just what he said; for at the time of the original transaction he had taken care to take a receipt for the bill of sale from Livius, and in that receipt, which happily he still retained, was an explicit statement of the terms of the deal. When the lawyer learned this, he advised Mr. Livius accordingly and "dissuaded him from his designs." This episode did not lead to Mr. Martin's recovery of the menacing bill of sale, but being a true Yankee he found another method of spiking his adversary's guns. To use his own words, he "recorded the Receipt in a Notary Public's office to hinder any evil Consequence that might happen by my Loseing the receipt and Expose me to the Mercy of said Livius's honour."

Not so businesslike nor so fortunate was another Portsmouth gentleman. This was Samuel Moffatt, who was the husband of Mrs. Livius's sister. Like almost every one else in town Moffatt was at first dazzled by the free-spending newcomer who had married Anna Mason. In fact it was indirectly through Moffatt, and directly through a friend of Moffatt's in Bristol, England, that Peter Livius procured his appointment to the Council that surrounded Governor Benning Wentworth. But that is another story. Well would it

have been for Samuel Moffatt if his dealings with Mr. Livius had ended there. However, it was not to be so. Soon after Livius's appointment to the Council, Moffatt and George Meserve admitted him as a third partner "in the Brig *Triton*, which Vessel was fitted out at Boston with a Cargo for the Coast of Guinea & Cost Three thousand four hundred & fifty pounds Sterling, and was carried on in the name of Meserve & Moffatt only." Livius's third cost him £1150. He paid Moffatt £600 at one time and took his receipt for it. At different times he paid in the balance—£550—and then took a receipt for the whole amount—£1150—but kept the receipt for the £600 "as he hadn't it about him at the time of taking the last Receipt." Moffatt let the matter go.

The *Triton* sailed for the coast of Africa, laden presumably with rum, for that was the best medium of trade in that part of the world. There she exchanged her freight for a cargo of negroes, and headed for Jamaica, where her master expected to make a handsome profit by selling the negroes to the sugar planters of that island. On their passage across the Atlantic, however, many of the negroes died; and the prospective profit of the partners was turned into a loss. When this unpleasant news reached Portsmouth, Moffatt communicated it to Livius, and Livius appeared to accept his share of the loss with cheerful resignation. After all it would hardly exceed £200, he said.

But a little later his philosophical mood gave way to sharpness. There was nothing in writing to show that he was a partner in the ill-starred enterprise. And there were receipts in his possession that could be made to indicate that he had merely lent £1150—or rather £1750—to Samuel Moffatt. In the course of time, therefore, Mr. Livius notified his vic-



tim that he had his receipt for a large sum of money, and that unless an immediate settlement was made he should be obliged to "pursue such measures as would secure himself." Moffatt was alarmed, and rightly so. Through a third party he replied that if Livius would return the £600 receipt and pay what he owed on a separate account, he would give him security for the true balance. This Livius declined to do. Instead he took out a writ against Moffatt for £200, apparently on the ground that this amount represented the interest due on £1750 for which he showed receipts. "Moffatt, getting intelligence thereof, confined himself to his House; and rather than be held to Bail for so large a sum became Bankrupt." Thereupon Livius, whose scheme would have been largely defeated if the man had actually gone into bankruptcy, withdrew his writ. In place of it, he sued him in three different actions. As a net result of these legal proceedings, it is a pleasure to relate, Mr. Livius won nothing, whereas Mr. Moffatt came away with the troublesome receipt for £600, and "recovered his Costs."

Soon after he came to Portsmouth Livius had boasted to John Parker that if he were a member of the Council he "would oppose the Conduct of the governor and Council in general." Benning Wentworth was then governor, and perhaps there was some justification for Livius's sentiments. Yet, whatever his grievance may have been, he does not seem to have fulfilled his promise after taking his place on "the Board" in May, 1765. Instead he vented his displeasure on George Meserve. Meserve, a native Portsmouthian, had the misfortune to be appointed stamp distributor for New Hampshire under the notorious Stamp Act. He was in England at the time of his appointment, but returned to America late in the summer of 1765. Learn-

ing of the extreme unpopularity of the Stamp Act before he landed, he resigned his office forthwith; and upon his arrival at Portsmouth he made a second resignation in public before going to his own house. This was as it should have been, no doubt, and Mr. Meserve would have kept out of trouble if, when his commission arrived some time later, he had refrained from mentioning its receipt. Unfortunately for himself, he felt constrained to show it to the governor and to some other public officers. Then came trouble. The Sons of Liberty assembled, took possession of the offending commission, and obliged Meserve to take oath "that he would neither directly nor indirectly attempt to execute his office."

Although Mr. Livius was a member of the Council and held his office directly from the Crown, he did not hesitate to identify himself with the popular side in these episodes. The governor and the other councillors were content with a discreet neutrality; but not so Peter Livius. There is a deposition showing "that so long as George Meserve, Esq., the Stamp Master, disclaimed acting in his office, so long said Livius was his fast Friend and did all in his power to protect him. But as soon as said Meserve received his Commission & showed it to the Governor, Secretary, & other officers to indemnify himself, said Livius Joined the popular Clamor against him & became his Inveterate Enemy—That when said Meserve petitioned the General Assembly for Redress of his Losses, said Livius was chosen Chairman of a Committee to hear him; and, as said Meserve frequently told the Depo- nent in the time of it, he not only as such treated Him in an haughty, imperious manner within doors, but publickly in the Street & insulted him, and finally challenged him."

Livius's threat that he would run counter to the governor and the rest

of the Council was not carried out while Benning Wentworth was in power. But after that gentleman had been superseded in office by his nephew John Wentworth, Mr. Livius decided that the time was ripe for insurgency. The first open break came in June, 1768, when the Assembly passed and sent up to the Council a bill asking the governor to render an account of that part of the provincial revenue known as "powder money"—how much had been received and how it had been expended. The Council nonconcurred, and the bill was killed. Alone among the councillors, Peter Livius took the part of the Assembly. Moreover he insisted that the grounds for his dissent be entered upon the Journal. No conclusive action was taken upon the latter point, but the privilege was denied him for the time being.

Besides being a member of the Council Mr. Livius was a judge, appointed presumably by Governor Benning Wentworth. At any rate he was a justice of the Court of Common Pleas for a number of years, his administration in this field coming to an abrupt end in 1771. In that year the province was divided into counties, and it became necessary to issue new commissions to the judges. Governor John Wentworth found this an opportune moment for appointing another in the place of Mr. Livius, who had performed his judicial duties with notorious partiality. On at least one occasion it became known that Livius had given legal advice to the defendant in a case which was to come before him for judgment. The plaintiff protested. Livius replied that at the time he had given his advice he was not aware that he was to sit upon the case. Naturally this did not satisfy the plaintiff, who rejoined, "'As the Matter now Comes on, and you have already given the party your Opinion against me, I should think

it out of all Character or Dishonourable for you to set' (or words to that purpose). Whereupon the said Livius gave his Word and Honour that he would not Set; but after the Tryal came on, he insisted upon Sitting & acting as Judge in the Cause." As things turned out, however, the case was put off to another day, when it so happened that Mr. Livius did not sit. But for this happy outcome Livius does not seem to have been responsible.

John Sullivan, who later became General Sullivan, did not hesitate to express his opinion of Peter Livius as a dispenser of justice. Sullivan was a prominent lawyer of Durham, and it may be that his views were colored, or shaded, by memories of a day in July, 1766, when Livius, representing the Council, brought to the Assembly a petition signed by a number of persons from Durham and other towns "against Mr. John Sullivan for evil practices in him as an Attorney at Law." However that may have been, at a later date Sullivan, under oath, spoke his mind as follows: "I have, for some years before he was set aside from Acting as a Justice, Observed his opinion ever to be in favour of his intimate friends, and where he had no friends immediately interested in the Dispute I have observed his opinion to be in favour of a favorite Lawyer, without attending to the Merits of the Cause; which observation I have not only made myself but have it Generally from Gentlemen of the fairest Character."

Having been set aside by Governor John Wentworth, Livius determined that he would bring about the governor's downfall. As the story of his attempt to do so is told in Belknap's *History* and elsewhere, the reader need not be bored with its repetition here. The controversy began in March, 1771, was carried to England a year later, and was ulti-

mately settled in favor of Governor Wentworth in August, 1773. The writer has discovered no document proving that Livius's intention was to gain the governorship of New Hampshire for himself; but is it likely that merely his penchant for making trouble for others induced him to go to England and to give the prosecution of the case his personal attention? There are strong indications, though no absolute proof, that he fully intended to supplant John Wentworth in the governor's chair. The amazing thing about the controversy is that he all but succeeded. Almost as astonishing, unless one is conversant with the mentality of Lord Dartmouth, was the decision of the Colonial Secretary to send Mr. Livius back to New Hampshire to be chief justice of the province, after Wentworth had been vindicated by the Privy Council. Dartmouth actually signed the warrant directing Governor Wentworth to make the appointment; "but this," wrote Wentworth in after years, "upon more mature consideration was thought likely to produce trouble, and he [Livius] had a more lucrative office in Canada."

Livius seems never to have returned to New Hampshire, although his wife and children still resided there. Instead he read law at the Middle Temple, and was admitted to the English bar in 1775. He had a good head for the law. Even his enemies in New Hampshire admitted that his decisions as a judge were excellent,—when none of his friends was directly or indirectly concerned in the cases brought before him. He must have given the impression of unusual intelligence in other branches of learning, too, for he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in April, 1773. Not long after this he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law from Oxford University. John Wentworth had been awarded

the same distinction in 1766. It seems to have signified little except the good graces of the academic powers.

Mr. Livius very much wished to be elevated to the head of the provincial judiciary and to be despatched to New Hampshire in 1774. But Lord Dartmouth kept him waiting many months. Then came word that he was to go to Quebec as a judge of the Court of Common Pleas. Thither he sailed in the summer of 1775, arriving safely "after a tedious, difficult, and dangerous voyage of one hundred and twenty-six days." He found the province in great confusion. An army of American rebels was threatening Montreal, and it was not at all certain that the Canadians would not join them in opposition to the rule of the mother country. In November Montreal surrendered. In December the invaders under Montgomery and Arnold appeared before Quebec and laid siege to it. Then came the desperate assault and the defeat of the Americans. "During the siege of Quebec by Mr. Arnold," wrote Wentworth to Belknap, "part of his house, being properly situated, was used as a guard-house. On the attack, his servant was in action; and when over, Mr. L. himself appeared. He also sometimes before the assault walk[ed] up to the walls. Upon the repulse of the Americans, he wrote home a pompous account of his services. 'His house a guard-house, he himself often at the wheelbarrow in repairing the fortifications, and at all other times with a brown musquet doing duty with & encouraging citizens.' These things were artfully told to the K. just in the moment of joy for the defeat of the enemy and safety of the city, which was much apprehended; and it being suggested that the Chief Justiceship of Quebec was vacant, it was immediately given to him. The

fact was, that he was remarkably shy on all the active business, as I was to'd by a gentleman present thro' the whole, and only appeared to save appearances, which he afterwards so well improved."

Among the Americans captured at Quebec was a New Hampshire captain, Henry Dearborn of Nottingham. Mr. Livius befriended him, and he was given leave to go home on parole. In return for this courtesy the revolutionary authorities allowed Mrs. Livius and her four children to leave New Hampshire and join the head of their family at Quebec. In July, 1776, they boarded the schooner *Polly* and departed from Portsmouth in peace.

Almost a year later Livius interested himself in the welfare of another American soldier, but this time he took care not to be so open in his altruism. The object of his solicitude was General John Sullivan of the American Army. To him he wrote a long letter, dated June 2, 1777. From the revolutionists' point of view this was not the most encouraging period of the war. Howe was in possession of New York City, and Burgoyne was descending from Canada. The bearer of the letter seems to have been an authorized envoy sent to General Sullivan on other business. What became of him we do not know, but on June 16th Livius's letter was removed from the false bottom of a canteen and was read by General Schuyler at Fort Edward. The letter is much too long to quote in its entirety,\* yet parts of it surely must find a place in any paper on Peter Livius.

After dwelling upon the hopelessness of the American cause, "the futility of all hopes of effectual foreign assistance," and the certainty of Sullivan's personal ruin, the writer of the letter proposed a method whereby he could save his "family

and estate from this imminent destruction." "It is, in plain English, to tread back the steps you have already taken, and do some real, essential service to your king and country." Nor did Mr. Livius hesitate to suggest what immediate form this "essential service" might assume. "In the meanwhile," he wrote, "endeavor to give me all the material intelligence you can collect (and you can get the best), or if you find it more convenient you can convey it to General Burgoyne, and by your using my name he will know whom it comes from without your mentioning your own name." For Sullivan to explain away his recantation would be an easy matter. "That you embarked in the cause of rebellion is true; perhaps you mistook the popular delusion for the cause of your country (as many others did who have returned to their duty) and you engaged in it warmly; but when you found your error, you earnestly returned, you saved the province you had engaged for from devastation and ruin, and you rendered most essential services to your king and country: for which I engage my word to you, you will receive pardon, you will secure your estate, and you will be further amply rewarded."

At this point Peter Livius drops out of New Hampshire history. But the glimpses we get of him in Quebec show him to have been consistent throughout his career. He was appointed chief justice of the province in 1776, and his appointment carried with it membership in the Council. One of the first questions that came before the Council was that of issuing an ordinance that would establish a reasonable and uniform schedule of fees. The salaries of most of the Canadian office-holders had recently been bountifully increased, and to General Carleton,

\*It is printed in full in Farmer and Moore's *Historical Collections*, 11, 204-207.

the governor, it seemed only right that the people should benefit thereby. The salary of the chief justice was £1200 plus £100 as a member of the Council and £200 as judge of the vice-admiralty court, making a total of £1500. It seems as if this amount supplemented by a low schedule of fees, ought to have been sufficient income for even a chief justice living in Quebec in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. But Mr. Livius thought otherwise. A letter from the governor tells the story.

"I have had the pleasure to perceive that there are some who require no law but their own integrity to keep them within the limits of justice and moderation; unfortunately it is far otherwise with many, and in this province there is now no rule of regulation of fees of office, but each man for himself is guided by his own desire for gain,—which of late has broke out with greater keenness than heretofore.

"Many of the gentlemen of the Council saw the necessity of an Ordinance, which, at the same time that it authorized what was reasonable, awarded proper punishments to deter those whose avarice might induce them to disregard or elude it. This business, so reasonable and necessary, was continually intercepted by motions and speeches quite new in this province, and more suited to a popular assembly of the Massachusetts than to the King's Council for Canada.

"Mr. Livius, Chief Justice, took the lead, greedy of power, and more greedy of gain, imperious and impetuous in his temper, but learned in ways of eloquence of the New England provinces, valuing himself in his knowledge how to manage governors,—well-schooled, it seems, in business of this sort."

Livius's opposition to the governor was not confined to this one instance. Carleton was a military man and he

ruled Canada accordingly. In the early years of the Revolution the province of Quebec was permeated with insurgency, which, after the surrender of Burgoyne, became once more a real danger to the British government. In order to make his administration as efficient as he could, the governor-general had appointed an executive committee of the Council, which virtually took the place of the larger board. With the help of this committee—a sort of privy council—Carleton carried the province safely through a critical period. But Livius was not included in its membership. In April, 1778, the chief justice attacked the legality of the executive committee, and demanded immediate remedy, Carleton's patience was exhausted. On May 8, 1778, he dismissed Livius from the head of the judiciary, and hence from the Council. Inevitably another Livius controversy appeared in Downing Street. Carleton, in disgust, declined to defend his course before the Privy Council. Livius presented his side of the case, was sustained, and the office of chief justice was restored to him with extended powers.

But Peter Livius did not return to Canada. On one pretext or another he remained in England, enjoying the salary of his office while its duties were performed by others. This agreeable arrangement, due largely to the indulgence of Lord George Germain, continued until 1786, a period of eight years. Then not only was Livius superseded, but General Carleton, who had been out of civil office since 1778, returned to Canada as governor of Quebec and with the title of Lord Dorchester. Nine years later the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under date of July 23, 1795, recorded among other recent deaths—"On his way to Brighthelmston, Peter Livius, Esq., late Chief Justice of Canada."

# BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

## The Heart of Monadnock

BY ELIZABETH WESTON TIMLOW

Boston, B. J. Brimmer Company

**T**HE only justifiable way to review this book is to take a cue from the jeweller's art and string pearls—quotations—but, paradoxically, it can't be done in the space which even the most generous editor would allot to a review. Besides, one can't "review" a prose poem like, "The Heart of Monadnock."

In the spring of 1918 a certain "dollar a year" man in Washington, dropped out, and was no more seen for months. Being on the inside, he knew how little really had been done. He knew that after a year at war the United States had but three hundred thousand troops of all branches in France; he knew that Germany was about to launch that great thrust towards Amiens. He pleaded and preached in vain, and then, instead of going mad, he slipped away to the Adirondacks. The mountains saved him from dying, like "Bobs," of a broken heart. That man's overwrought condition is still with us today. Thousands of generous souls and knightly minds are daily agonizing over conditions which they cannot alter, cannot alleviate, and which only time can better.

For these, "The Heart of Monadnock" was written. You don't need to go to Monadnock alone of mountains to correct your mental or moral astigmatism; any good mountain will do. But you should take along "The Heart of Monadnock" in one pocket, to balance Selden's "Table Talk" or Bacon's Essays or a copy of Emerson or an Atlantic Monthly with one of William Beebe's articles in the other.

Speaking of Beebe reminds one that the author has, like him and like

John Burroughs, an equal interest in every living thing. Of the two eagles which have made their home for years on Dublin Ridge, driving their young each year to nest in some less-favored spot, she happily voices the thought of their "swimming in the sapphire ocean of space."

Never have I read a finer or grander description of a thunder-storm than that contained in the seven pages beginning on page 72; none of the morbid horror and stage bogeyisms of a Poe, unhappy when not in a perpetual state of goose-flesh. Rather the healthy thrill and urge that come over so many of us at the breaking out of heaven's warfare. Read her storm tale to the accompaniment of the storm-music in "William Tell," and your eye will flash, your nerves tingle, and the old berserker that yet dwells in us all will long for a part in the combat, to be borne off at last to Valhalla by the watchful Valkyrie.

The inside covers of the small volume have plans drawn to scale, of every path, pinnacle, and viewpoint on and about Monadnock and his five giant sons—those great shoulder-buttresses that are the steps of "The Wise Old Giant's" throne. These paths and views are dwelt upon and amplified in the text, and that makes the book a guide to better acquaintance.

People who are mucking about in the mire of 'realistic' novels will be glad to know about "The Heart of Monadnock:" it is one book they won't have to buy to keep up with Greenwich Village.

ERWIN F. KEENE.

# JUDGES FOR THE BROOKES MORE POETRY CONTEST

**T**HE interest shown by our readers and our contributors in the Brookes More Poetry contest which ended with the December, 1922, issue has been very gratifying. It is not going to be an easy matter for the judges to pick out the winning poem. We are fortunate, however, in having secured as judges three persons who know poetry both from a practical and from a critical standpoint: all three write poetry; two of them are teachers of literature, and the third is an editor on a magazine whose reputation for excellent verse as well as prose is unequalled. These three judges are:

Miss Florence Converse, one of the editors of the Atlantic Monthly,  
Mr. Carl Holliday, professor of English at the University of Toledo,

Mr. Frank Prentice Rand, professor of English at Amherst College.

Miss Converse is known as the author of several books, mainly on devotional and social subjects. Her last volume is a book of miracle plays, "Garments of Praise." Mr. Holliday numbers among his books a volume on "Woman's Life in Colonial Days" which, though published a number of years ago, still has a steady popularity. Mr. Rand's friends who enjoyed his volume of poems entitled "Garlingtown" will be glad to know that a new book of verse, "Weathervanes," is announced for early publication by the Cornhill Publishing Company.

These judges are now at work and we hope next month to be able to announce the winner and print again the winning poem.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### In This Issue

The political ambitions and struggles of other days were not so far different from those which fill our newspapers today. Peter Livius the Trouble Maker has his modern incarnations. Therefore, his story, written by LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO, who is well known to New Hampshire readers as the author of the biographies of Jeffrey Amherst and John Wentworth, is of interest to those whose study is human nature as well as to historians. Mr. Mayo tells us that he came upon the material about Peter Livius while he was working on the Wentworth biography.

When GEORGE B. LEIGHTON presented to the Legislature in 1919 the report of the commission appointed in 1917 to study

New Hampshire's undeveloped water powers, much interest was created throughout the state. This interest, however, was not as productive of action as it should have been. In the article which Mr. Leighton has written for the GRANITE MONTHLY this month, he sets forth again the plea that New Hampshire shall realize the potential power of her streams and conserve it and use it to run her mills.

HENRY B. STEVENS is Executive Secretary of the Co-operative Extension Work at New Hampshire College. To use his own figure, he is one of the superintendents in the Education Plant and the article which he has written is a personally conducted tour through the factory.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY



GENERAL FRANK STREETER

## GENERAL FRANK STREETER

Enlightened and successful leadership in many lines of public and private endeavor characterized the life of General Frank Sherwin Streeter, who died at his home in Concord, December 11, 1922. Admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1877, after a period of study with the late Chief Justice Alonzo P. Carpenter, he soon gained, and retained to the end, a leading place among the best known trial lawyers in the East. To enumerate even the more important cases with which he was connected as leading counsel would require much space. His last work as a lawyer was

the investigation, for the Attorney General of the United States, of the affairs of the Atlantic Shipbuilding Corporation at Portsmouth; and, as a sequel, with characteristic public spirit, he gave valuable service, gratuitously, to the state of New Hampshire in relation to the industrial situation at our seaport city.

Other good work for the national government was done by General Streeter as a member for several years of the International Joint Boundary Commission.

Never an office-seeker, Mr. Streeter was a staunch Republican in politics, a diligent worker for the success of his



party and influential in its councils. Among the honors which it bestowed upon him were those of president of the Republican state convention and delegate to the Republican national convention, 1896; and member of the Republican national committee, 1907-8. He was a member of the Legislature of 1885; served as judge advocate general on the staff of Governor Charles A. Busiel; and was president of the constitutional convention of 1902.

During the World War General Streeter, as president of the New Hampshire Defense League and member of the executive committee of the official New Hampshire Committee on Public Safety, gave without stint of his time, money, ability and energy to the service of his country.

Other indications of Mr. Streeter's public spirit and of its appreciation by his fellows are found in his presidency of the New Hampshire Historical Society, of the State Bar Association, and, for 20 years, of the Wonolancet Club, Concord's leading social organization.

But, after all, General Streeter's name and fame will endure longest—and this will meet his own desire—in connection with education. Of Dartmouth College, from which he graduated in 1874, and which bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1913, he was for 30 years a trustee. During this period, which witnessed the renaissance and wonderful growth of the college, he was the "right hand man" of President William J. Tucker and President Ernest M. Hopkins to an extent which Doctor Hopkins gratefully acknowledged in his address of eulogy at General Streeter's funeral.

As chairman of the sub-committee on Americanization of the Committee of Public Safety, Mr. Streeter gained an insight into the workings of the public school system, which aroused his interest in its opportunities and needs. A little later, as president of the new State Board of Education under Governor John H. Bartlett, he realized those opportunities and filled those needs to an extent which placed New Hampshire in the front rank of forward-looking and forward-moving states on educational lines.

Frank S. Streeter was born in East Charleston, Vermont, August 5, 1853,

the son of Daniel and Julia (Wheeler) Streeter. He married Nov. 14, 1877, Lillian, daughter of Chief Justice Alonzo P. and Julia R. (Goodall) Carpenter. She survives him, with their children, Julia (Mrs. Henry Gardner) and Thomas W., and his sister, Miss May Streeter.

#### EMMA G. BURGUM

On January 9, 1923, Emma G. Burgum, stricken with pneumonia, died in Concord at the age of 97. Mrs. Burgum who was the oldest resident in Concord was the adopted daughter of Countess Rumford. Born in Loudon, April 20, 1826, she came to Concord as a young girl, and lived there until her death. She was an active worker in the North Congregational Church and was the oldest member of The Women's Benevolent Charitable Society of the church.

Mrs. Burgum is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Sarah R. Noyes, Mrs. E. H. Lane, and three sons, John F., Charles H., and Edward Burgum.

#### ELISHA RHODES BROWN

On December 25, 1922 Elisha Rhodes Brown, President of the Stratford National and Savings Bank, died in Dover after an illness of several months, at the age of 75. Mr. Brown was a member of a notable Rhode Island family of that name which furnished governors of the state and founded Brown University. Mr. Brown entered the Stratford National Bank as a clerk more than 50 years ago and was successively promoted to cashier, vice-president and president. At the time of his death he was the president of the Concord and Portsmouth Railroad and director of the Maine Central. He had also served as director of the Boston and Maine and Concord and Montreal.

A member of the First Parish Congregational Church, he long held the office of senior deacon. He was an Odd Fellow, 32nd degree Mason, and was affiliated with the Moses Paul lodge.

He is survived by three sons, Harold W., Raymond S., and Philip C. Brown, all of Dover.

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March, 1923

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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 55

No. 3



MARCH 1923

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### The Defeat of the 48 Hour Law

**O**N February 14th the much talked about 48-hour week measure for women and children passed the House by a vote of 288 to 163. Twenty-eight Republicans joined the Democrats in support of this bill, while eighteen Democrats took sides with the Republicans in voting "No." The bill then came before the Senate. Many were the queries; many the prophecies as to what this body would do. But when on February 28th the bill was defeated by a vote of ten to twelve no one was at all surprised. It was expected from the beginning, and it is exactly what most people foresaw when the Democratic House majority refused to co-operate with the Republican Senate by accepting the fact-finding commission plan introduced by Mr. Bass.

And so ends the most controversial issue, the most bitter fight of this legislature. Many will sigh with relief that this bill has been disposed of for a time at least. But two years from now comes another election at which will be chosen not only a legislature but also a President and a United States Senator. Already the Democrats who believe they won this election on the 48-hour question are enthusiastically preparing to make this law the political issue of the 1924 campaign. That it will be for the

next few years the principal political issue and that Republicans must be prepared and ready to meet it is unavoidable and certain.

### The Amendment to the Constitution

**F**OR the first time since the convening of the legislature the 48-hour issue has a rival in interest and public attention. The proposed amendment to the constitution, which will give the legislature power to reorganize the state tax system, now holds the center of the stage in Concord.

On January 31st the House with the large majority of three hundred and nine to forty-two voted to call the Constitutional Convention. A few days later the Senate passed the resolution, and on February 17th the Constitutional Convention met and in a few hours' time voted to submit this measure to the people on town-meeting day, March 13th.

It is a curious fact that, with a Democratic House, a Republican Senate, the Governor, the Constitutional Convention, and such an organization as the New Hampshire Farm Bureau all ardently supporting this amendment, the majority of the press throughout the state, led by the Manchester Union, is violently and actively opposing it.

That there should be a re-organiza-

tion and a reform of taxation in New Hampshire everyone agrees. The taxing power of our constitution was fixed in 1784, at a time when only physical and tangible property existed. Since then, intangible property has grown to be equal in value to tangible property. But, on account of the limitations placed on our legislature, this intangible property, such as stocks and bonds, cannot be made to bear its fair share of the tax burden. The result is that such property as real estate, livestock, etc. has to carry, not only its own share of taxes, but a large proportion of the taxes which should be carried by intangible property.

For instance, though it is true that there is practically an equal amount of tangible and intangible property in this state, yet in 1922 real estate paid a tax of \$11,000,000, while bonds and notes, bank stocks and corporate stock paid only \$100,000.

There is no disagreement as to the injustice and serious menace to the prosperity of the property owners, large and small, that results from this condition. There is no disagreement as to the necessity of remedying this situation. The disagreement arises from the wording of the amendment. Its opponents claim that this wording gives the legislature too much power. They do not trust the legislature and fear radical action with the passage of a general income tax if this amendment is accepted by the people.

This amendment, they declare, to be "wide open" and that, as the *Manchester Union* says, its effect would be to give the legislature "complete, unlimited authority to draw upon the resources and income of the citizens of the state whenever, however, in what amount they see fit." To this the supporters reply that the proposed amendment in no way gives such power to the legislature. The fact, they argue, that under this amendment any bill before becoming law

must receive the approval of not only the legislature but the Senate, the governor and the Supreme Court furnishes checks and balances enough to insure the people against any hasty or radical tax legislation and they point to the fact that in this opinion they are upheld by such eminent legal authorities as Judge James Remick and Judge Charles Corning.

While such papers as the *Laconia Democrat*, the *Granite State Free News*, the *Exeter News*, the *Milford Cabinet*, and finally, the *Manchester Union* are all writing editorials denouncing this amendment, and appealing to the people to defeat it, the majority of the House of Representatives and many prominent men are with equal enthusiasm supporting and speaking in its favor. A group of men, for instance, including Raymond B. Stevens, Judge Charles Corning, George M. Putnam, President New Hampshire Farm Bureau, Senator Benjamin H. Orr, Senator Walter Tripp, Ex-Governor Albert O. Brown, John R. McLane, Speaker William J. Ahern, Judge James W. Remick, John G. Winant, James O. Lyford, and Ex-Gov. Robert P. Bass, recently made a joint statement which received wide publicity. "This amendment," they announced, "would settle all questions as to the legality of a graduated inheritance tax, and would enable the legislature safely to impose reasonable rates on inheritances. Also it would give our legislature power to levy a tax on gasoline, which has already been enacted in fourteen states and is being considered by other neighboring states in New England. The additional revenue so obtained would make it possible to reduce the unfair burden laid upon real estate and tangible property by reducing direct state tax.... The purpose of the amendment is not to give the legislature more money to spend but to enable it to distribute the existing burden

more widely and equally.....' of reasons for the submission of this amendment." Whereupon the House unanimously and enthusiastically passed a resolution endorsing Mr. Lyford's action.

"The proposed amendment should not be regarded as 'wide-open.' In no sense does it remove all restrictions from the Legislature. The word 'reasonable' is still retained and the Supreme Court would undoubtedly overrule any tax law that was unjust, arbitrary, or confiscatory. Any new tax law would have to be passed by the House, by the Senate, signed by the Governor, and finally upheld by the Supreme Court. This amendment in no sense enlarges the power of the Legislature to appropriate money. It has unlimited power now to appropriate money. It does, however, give the Legislature the power to equalize and fairly to distribute taxes and make all classes of property bear their fair share of the public burden.

"Neither is this proposed amendment new or revolutionary. It would merely give to our Legislature the same power to distribute the burden of taxation equitably that is exercised by the Legislature of most of the other states of the Union."

### The Manchester Union and Mr. Lyford

ONE of the spicy occurrences in connection with a fight over the proposed constitutional amendment has been a lively passage of words between Mr. Lyford and the *Manchester Union*. It all started with a news article in the *Manchester Union* on February 20th which accused Mr. Lyford of sending out 130,000 circulars in support of this amendment at the expense of the citizens of New Hampshire. This aroused Mr. Lyford's ire, and he informed the legislature that these circulars had been printed at the request of the legislative department who in turn had been directed by the Constitutional Convention "to prepare and furnish to the Secretary of State.... a statement

This little controversy has continued with unabated energy. Finally Raymond Stevens of Landaff was drawn in when the *Manchester Union* charged him with favoring a general income tax. In answer to this Mr. Stevens, speaking before the House, said, "It is very improbable that any income tax would ever be imposed in New Hampshire which would tax wages and farmers' incomes."

"There are two forms of income tax," he declared. "One a general income tax upon all incomes, which may be either a substitute for a general property tax or in addition to it, the second, a limited income tax, which is supplemental to the property tax and aims to secure a fair contribution from those classes which are not reached by the ordinary property tax. It is this limited form of income tax which I have advocated.... If this amendment is adopted I hope to see this legislature pass such a limited income tax, and also increase the rates of taxation upon inheritances and levy a tax upon gasoline. None of these reforms can be made without an amendment to the constitution.

"I hope," he continues, "sufficient additional revenue may be secured so that the direct state tax may be wholly or at least mostly abolished. This will automatically reduce the burden of taxation now laid upon real estate and tangible property from ten to twelve per cent.... I want to state the reasons why I prefer the general amendment to the limited amendment. Our system of taxation is more unequal and unjust than that of any other state in the Union. Practically the whole burden of taxation is placed upon real estate and tangible property. With one exception all the wealth of the state represented by investments



escapes taxation, and that class is the one class least able to bear the burden of taxation, namely,—savings-bank deposits.”

### An Interesting Meeting

**A**NOTHER very timely meeting was held by the New Hampshire Civic Association on February 28th in Concord to discuss the proposed constitutional amendment. Prof. Rice of Dartmouth, Hon. Raymond B. Stevens, G. M. Putnam, President of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau, were the principal speakers. The discussion which followed was extremely animated. Mr. Stevens, Henry H. Metcalf of Concord, John H. Foster, the State Forester, and Alfred T. Pierce supported the amendment while Ex-Gov. Felker, Walter B. Farmer, and Clarence E. Carr took the opposition.

Mr. George H. Duncan considerably cleared the atmosphere of legal technicalities and learned discussion by declaring that it was no use at this time to discuss whether or not one approved or did not approve of the wording of this amendment, that the amendment could not now be changed, and that the question before the people was whether or not they would accept this amendment and relieve the heavy burden of taxation which falls on tangible property or whether they would refuse to pass it and permit this condition so harmful and unjust to continue for the next five or more years.

### Other Bills of Interest

**E**IGHT years ago Manchester lost 135 babies, for every thousand born, to-day only 95 die in every thousand.

This remarkable lowering of Manchester's infant mortality came about as a result of the municipal maternity work which has been carried on in that city for the last eight years. And there is now before the legislature a bill which if passed will enable this work, so successful in Manchester,

to be extended throughout the state.

The bill calls for an appropriation of nearly \$8,000 and provides for co-operation with the Federal Government under the Sheppard Towner Act. Such co-operation would mean that maternity work would be conducted through our State Board of Health under Federal supervision and that we would receive from the Federal government a sum of over \$12,000 making a total of over \$20,000, the minimum amount, according to the proponents of the bill necessary if this work is to be carried on throughout the state.

This bill has been endorsed by the New Hampshire Federation of Woman's Clubs, the N. H. Women's Christian Temperance Union, the State Parent-Teachers Association, and is being supported and advocated by the three women legislators at Concord. There has, nevertheless, arisen considerable opposition to the bill, the chief objection being that by thus accepting Federal assistance we surrender our state rights. The supporters of this bill, however, point to the fact that 42 other states have accepted this Federal assistance and that since we already accept Federal aid for nine other purposes, such as for our highways, for the eradication of bovine tuberculosis, for the gypsy moth work, etc., they see no reason why we should not accept such Federal aid for the work of saving our babies.

There are three other bills which are receiving much interest, and over which there has been a great deal of controversy and differences of opinion. These include a bill which will permit amateur and uncommercial sports to be played on Sunday; a bill which provides that vaccination for school children shall not be compulsory and a bill which has been introduced by the railroad which calls for the discontinuance of two branch lines of the B. & M. Railroad, the Manchester & Milford Road and the Suncook Valley Road.



R. Wright—Tilton, N. H.

THE POPULARITY OF WINTER SPORTS HAS ROLLED UP LIKE A BIG SNOWBALL

## THE CARNIVAL SEASON IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### What Winter Sports Have Done For the State

**D**ARTMOUTH entertained one thousand guests at her thirteenth annual Carnival this year. Laconia estimates that over five thousand people participated in her winter sports the week end of February 10. When Manchester held her celebration, the schools of the city and many of the business houses declared a half-holiday.

These few facts about the carnival season just closing are taken at random from the newspapers of the past few weeks, but they serve to show how firm a grip the carnival idea has upon New Hampshire. And the idea is the development of the last dozen years. How did it come about? New Hampshire winters have not changed. There have always been the same drifts of crisp white snow, the same clear blue skies, the same brisk, bracing air. But the entire attitude of people toward winter has

undergone a transformation nothing short of miraculous. The popularity of winter sports and carnivals has rolled up like a big snowball, and it is still increasing. How did it start?

Some dozen years ago a boy entering Dartmouth brought with him a pair of home-made skis and a boundless enthusiasm for skiing. Possibly he, more than any other one person, is responsible for the movement, for as founder of the Dartmouth Winter Sports Club, he originated the Carnival at Dartmouth, the forerunner of all the carnivals throughout the state. Much credit is due him. His achievement may be taken as one more instance of what a man with an enthusiasm can accomplish. But he didn't do it singlehanded. It takes the dry tinder of popular receptivity as well as the spark of genius to kindle such a fire. The conditions were right. Dartmouth started the ball



MANCHESTER MINGLED SUMMER AND WINTER SPORTS IN HER SPECTACULAR DIVING  
FROM A FORTY-FOOT LEDGE

rolling, and the country as a whole responded with a vigor which was as surprising as it was enthusiastic.

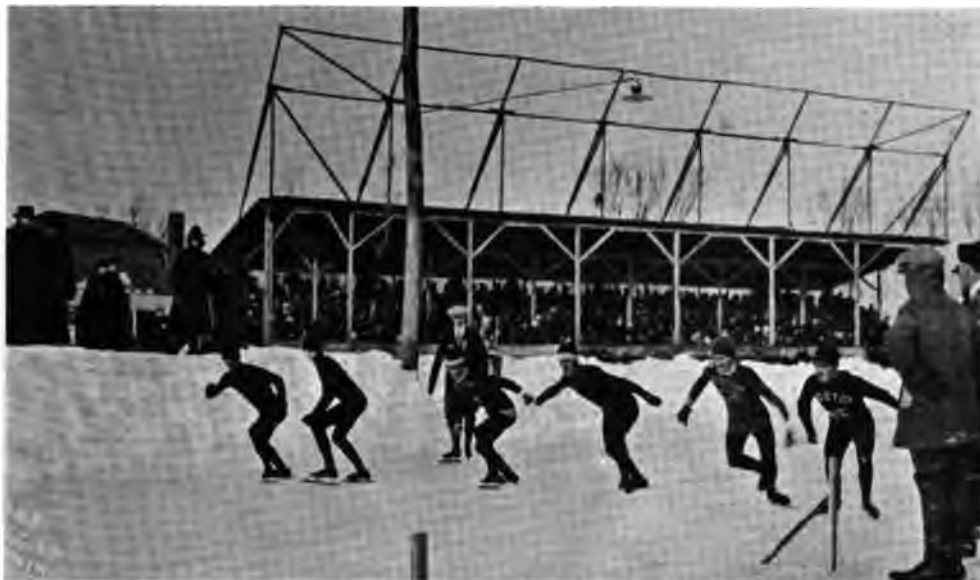
Each year more towns and cities fall into line. Each year new features are introduced. Each year more

people venture to take part in the sports. The season just past has been the most successful yet. To list the New Hampshire carnivals would be next to impossible. There are some which are now well established annual events like those at Dartmouth, and Laconia and Newport. There were city carnivals, like that at Manchester, and carnivals in the smaller villages. Tamworth, North Conway, Jackson, Concord, Claremont, Bristol, Tilton, Jaffrey, Gorham—merely listing the names of some of them is enough to give an impression of the variety of the events. And it is safe to say that not one carnival committee completed its work without storing up a grist of ideas for making next year's celebration bigger and better than this year's. The carnival enthusiasm has by no means reached its peak yet.

In some respects carnivals are as alike as peas. The parade which starts proceedings, the ski-jumping,



IT'S NOT SO COLD IN THE WATER  
AS IT IS OUT OF IT.



Quimby—Laconia

#### THE NEW ENGLAND SKATING ASSOCIATION MADE LACONIA THE SCENE OF ITS EXHIBITIONS

the tug of war, the races on snow-shoes, the coasting and tobogganing, the carnival ball—these with modifications appear wherever carnivals are given. They are always popular, always productive of fun and good fellowship.

With this fundamental similarity, however, goes an originality which makes each carnival distinctive, quite apart from any other event. Sometimes these distinctive features have little or no direct connection with winter sports in themselves—like Manchester's carnival movies or Dartmouth's loud-speaking radio which supplied music for the skaters. Sometimes they consist of unusual exhibitions by professionals or semi-professionals. At North Conway one interesting feature was the ski-jumping by a father of sixty and his son aged eleven, the oldest and the youngest ski-jumpers in the country. The New England Skating Association made Laconia the scene of skating exhibitions unequalled in the whole state. At Gorham the presence of a fine team of Eskimo dogs helped to make the carnival a success. And Manchester found itself featured in every roto-

gravure section in New England by the daring mingling of summer and winter sports by the boys who again and again made a forty-foot dive from a snow-covered ledge into water which could be kept from freezing over only by constant work on the part of men stationed at the foot of the ledge for that purpose. Most interesting of all, however, were the special features which developed out of the individual character of the town—Bristol's ox parade, Newport's deer



Moody—Bristol

#### TWO ENTRIES AT THE BRISTOL CARNIVAL



**ABOVE:** It isn't as easy as it looks!  
Ski jumping at the Manchester Carnival.



**LEFT:** Gorham introduced a fine team  
of Eskimo dogs at her carnival.

Photo by Moody

**BELOW:** "The best possible form of  
community activity." Part of Bristol's carnival.

Photo by Shorey, Gorham







ABOVE: This mammoth sled was one of the most popular features of the carnival at Manchester.

RIGHT: An Arctic dog sledge in New Hampshire hills.

Photo by Shorey, Gorham



BELOW: Ready to start for a cross-country hike.





Boston &amp; Maine

#### THE MOST SKILFUL SPORTSMEN COME TO GRIEF OCCASIONALLY

drive, etc. There is a community flavor to such events.

All this means a tremendous boom to New Hampshire prosperity. It means that the state, which for years has been New England's most popular summer resort, has become an all-the-year-round vacation land. The advertising value of the carnival idea is being exploited to the fullest extent by our boards of trade, our chambers of commerce, our newspapers, our hotels, our stores, by the railroads, by the manufacturers of sports equipment, even by the designers of styles, though Collier in a cartoon in the Boston Herald is moved to question whether knickers were made popular by carnivals or vice versa.

This is all legitimate publicity. But if that were all there was to it one might have reason for concern. There is something repugnant to a New Englander in the idea of commercializing the natural beauty of the country. If our winter sports are

nothing more than devices to tickle the fancy and open the purses of our friends from out of the state, is it after all worth the candle? A passing fad, a brilliant publicity idea,—but is it anything more?

For your answer you have only to go to a New Hampshire town—almost any town will do—on a Saturday afternoon. You will have to go outside the main streets of the town to find the people; the central square will be almost deserted. But at a convenient meeting-place on the outskirts of the town you will probably find a group with snowshoes and skis, a good-natured group of assorted ages and sizes—and costumes. These are Community Hikers, ready to start off across the fields for a tramp of about five miles. In Concord, where the idea has been tried out for several years now, that group sometimes includes one hundred or more.

Walking a few rods further you will come upon an open field with a ski-



Boston &amp; Maine

## THERE IS EXHILARATION IN THE WOODS IN WINTER

jump and a toboggan chute and a crowd of rapid-motion enthusiasts swarming up and down the hillside. You will see entertaining exhibitions if you stop to watch—more entertaining by far than those which are featured in carnivals. The equipment of the field, in nine cases out of ten, belongs to the community, is kept in order by the community, and is at the disposal of any one who uses it without abusing the privilege. Tilton boasts a toboggan chute on which the speed is slightly more than a mile a minute. Laconia has one which is nearly half a mile long. It is not difficult to imagine how incessantly those chutes are in use while the snow lasts.

In such community activity, sponsored by the community and maintained for the community, is to be found the best development of the popularity of winter sports. Out on the ski runs and toboggan chutes, the skating ponds and the snow-covered meadows is being stored up energy

and health which are more truly community assets than the receipts which directly or indirectly accrue from carnivals, however brilliant they may be.

Whenever the people of a community get together in any wholesome activity the morale of the community is strengthened. We discovered that in war times, we tried more or less successfully to carry the idea over into peace times through organized "community play" and by "community singing," and we have found in winter sports the best possible form of community activity.

This is true for one very simple reason: winter sports allow no onlookers. Baseball and football are out of the question as community games because they enlist the active brain and muscle of a very few players; the rest of us sit on the grandstand and shout instructions. Most of us rather like to get our exercise by proxy, and during the summer months we can do so comfortably. But the enthusiast who gets pleasure out of standing on the



ice in a biting north wind watching an ice hockey game, or who will shiver in a snowdrift in admiring attention while a ski-jumping exhibition is in process is rare. That sort of thing is fun for a few minutes and then the cold begins to get in its work. No one can enjoy skiing or skating or coasting or snowshoeing or any other form of winter sports from the sidelines; he has to get into the game to feel the tingle and zest of it.

It takes effort sometimes to make a start. Assuredly no spectacle was ever so ridiculous as a novice on skis or skates or even snowshoes. And the novice is painfully conscious of that fact when he starts. But he gathers his courage in both hands. He decides to try the ski run. He starts. It is not so bad as he thought. He is getting on famously. He hopes that people are watching his progress to see how successful he is. Some-

thing happens. One ski starts exploring on its own responsibility.... As he digs himself out of the smothering snow he looks around sheepishly for the crowds of derisive spectators. There are none. They are having too many troubles of their own to watch the tumbles of a beginner. His self-consciousness vanishes. He is fully initiated into the army of Winter Sports Enthusiasts.

Taken as a single incident that is trivial enough, but repeated as it has been thousands of times this winter it has a social significance which might furnish the subject for a Doctor's thesis in Psychology. America is a self-conscious country, hampered and handicapped by the fear of being spontaneous. Is it not possible that, by helping to lift this self-consciousness, our winter sports are building the mental health of the nation as well as its physical well-being?

## FILLED MILK

**F**ILLED milk is a name that the majority of citizens have become familiar with during the past few months. It refers to a certain substance made up of a compound of skim-milk and cocoanut oil. It is manufactured by separating the butter fat from the whole milk and substituting in its place, cocoanut or vegetable oil. This is a very profitable business for the manufacturer; butter fat, worth approximately fifty cents per pound, is replaced by cocoanut oil, worth from six to ten cents per pound. The business has been growing by tremendous bounds until a yearly production of 86,000,000 pounds has been reached. Filled Milk is very injurious to health. Such an authority as Dr. E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins University, testified before Congress that an infant fed a few weeks on this product would develop the rickets. The reason for this lies in the fact that when

you remove butter fat from whole milk, it takes 90% of a particular class of vitamins which are very essential to the health and growth of infants and growing children.

House Bill No. 94 in the New Hampshire legislature, if passed, would prohibit the sale and manufacture in this state of filled milk. It is essential that this bill should pass for both health and economic reasons.

A bill similar to this has been enacted in eleven states and the constitutionality of the law upheld in three of these States. This legislation is endorsed by organizations representing the great majority of citizens in New Hampshire. These organizations are the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation, the Grange, the Federation of Labor, the League of Women Voters, the Dairymen's Association and many other organizations of local, state and national character.—H. S. B.

## PROMINENT LEGISLATORS

RAYMOND B. STEVENS (D)  
LANDAFF

Committee on Ways and Means  
Committee on Labor

AT the beginning of each week, donning his shaggy coat and piling bag and baggage on his boy's toboggan, he catapults down from his snowy mountain fastness into political New Hampshire. A similar vigor, directness, and force characterize his motions after he reaches the Capital. In the New Hampshire House and in the National Congress, as vice-chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board, and in his recent independent stand for a fact-finding commission, Mr. Stevens has shown himself a statesman who puts public welfare above personal advancement.



Chadbourne

ROBERT P. BASS (R)

PETERBOROUGH

Committee on Ways and Means

“THE leading exponent to be found in the entire northeast in the battle for the cause of social and industrial justice”—That’s what Roosevelt called him back in 1912. He was Governor then — one of the youngest Governors New Hampshire has ever had, and one of the few who left a perfect record of performed platform pledges. Roosevelt’s words come back with special force this session because of Mr. Bass’s hard fight for a fact-finding commission on the 48-hour law, his personal investigation culminating in his stand as Republican champion of the law, and his active interest in the alleviation of the farmer’s tax burden.





GEORGE H. DUNCAN (D)

JAFFREY

Committee on National Affairs

Committee on Railroads

Committee on Ways and Means

YOU have seen those picture puzzles of seemingly orthodox landscapes labeled...."Find the cat." Once found the concealed outlines are so clear one wonders at the blindness of those who look at the picture without seeing them. The "cat" in Mr. Duncan's landscape is the Single Tax. He traces its principle back to Moses and forward to the millenium. No wonder he watches the struggles of the legislature with a slight air of amusement. A student of men and affairs, it is safe to say that he knows more about more bills before the House than any other person in the Legislature or out.

GEORGE A. WOOD (R)

PORTSMOUTH

Committee on Labor

Committee on Ways and Means

"YOU may use my photograph if you wish, but the really *important* pictures in our family are these —" and Mr. Wood pulled from his pocket a set of pictures of the two-year-old girl who is probably better known in New Hampshire legislative circles than any other young woman of her age in the state. Mr. Wood is variously known as "Betty Jean's grandfather," "Mary I. Wood's husband" and as one of the most fair-minded of our legislators. He has made his third term notable by his able support of the 48-hour law.



ALFRED O. MORTENSEN

(D)

GORHAM

Committee on Labor

**T**HIS earnest young electrician from Gorham represents a new element in New Hampshire politics—the labor leader with an intellectual grasp of economic principles and of the psychology of law-making. Making his political debut in a clean-up campaign in his own town, he has come to Concord this winter with the determination to see industrial issues handled fairly and squarely. Although a newcomer, he has already made himself known by his clear and forceful speeches on the floor of the House.



WILLIAM E. PRICE (R)

LISBON

Committee on Revision of  
Statutes

Committee on Rules

**L**ISBON has an unwritten law that no man shall go to the Legislature two consecutive sessions. However, having found in Mr. Price a representative combining the broad outlook of a scholar—he holds degrees of A. B. and A. M. from Brown—and the keen business judgment of a successful manufacturer, the town was wise enough to return him for a second term. He would have been speaker had the Republicans controlled the House, and he was one of the ablest opponents of the 48-hour law.



JOHN G. WINANT (R)

CONCORD

Committee on Labor

THE Young Schoolmaster in Politics is a favorite subject for novelists. But when one adds to John Winant's teaching career at St. Paul's and his already notable record both in the House and in the Senate, some Texas oil adventures, a California ranch, and war experience which began with enlistment as a private and concluded with command of a squadron in the Air Service—Well, an author confronted with that wealth of material would speedily be reduced to distraction similar to Mr. Winant's when genius starts to burn and his 48-hour friends have kidnapped his stenographer.

FORTUNAT NORMANDIN

(D)

LACONIA

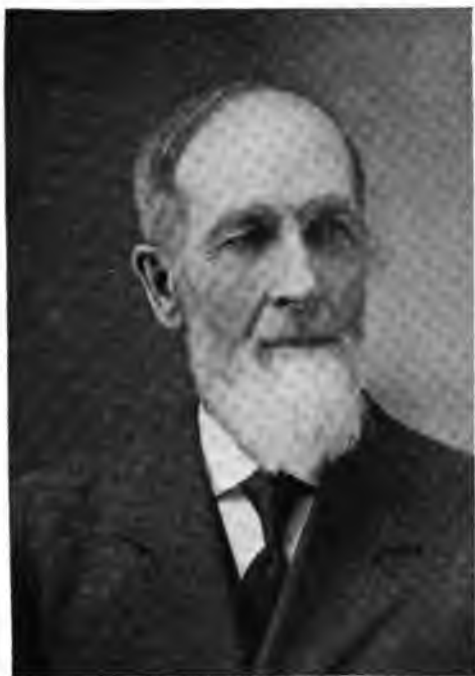
Committee on Judiciary

Committee on National Affairs

Committee on Rules

WHEN Robert Jackson used to conduct Democratic rallies in Laconia some years ago, there was among his hearers, apprehensive lest Mr. Jackson accomplish all the world's work before he could grow up, a dark-eyed French Canadian boy, who learned English when he was ten years old. This boy was Fortunat Normandin. He is a Democratic representative from a normally Republican ward, but he owes his election not to the "landslide" but to a well-established habit on the part of his neighbors to depend on him in matters of this sort.





EZRA M. SMITH (R)

PETERBOROUGH

Committee on Judiciary

**H**ES the oldest member of the Legislature—in years only. For one has only to listen to his extemporaneous speeches on the floor of the House to realize that, in alertness of interest and keenness of judgment, he is among the youngest of the crowd. He first came to the House in 1871 and he has been present six sessions since that time, with one term in the Senate. From his first appearance his chief interest has been in taxation measures. The ovation given him on his birthday was one of the interesting features of the present session.

ROBERT WRIGHT (R)

SANBORNTON

Committee on Judiciary

**W**HEN Robert Wright runs for the state legislature he works up more enthusiasm in Sanbornton than a presidential campaign. Which, at first thought, seems surprising for he is known as one of the most silent men in the House. He accomplishes much with few fireworks, as those who know of his work as chairman of the judiciary committee in 1919 can testify. This is his fourth appearance in the House. He's been there every term but one since 1915.



# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, as suddenly as the thought struck him when he and a friend of his, who long ago described it to me, were hunting for a lost poem together: "I should like to have an anthology of the one-poem poets!"—in sympathy with which fugitive wish the poems to be published under this heading from month to month

have been selected, though it is not presumed their authors have not, in some cases, written other poems which to some tastes are of equal or perhaps even greater merit. It is probable that some at least of the poems here published will be collected later in book form. Suggestions will be welcome.

—A. J.

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## THE WHITE MOTH

BY A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

*If a leaf rustled, she would start:  
And yet she died, a year ago.  
How had so frail a thing the heart  
To journey where she trembled so?  
And do they turn, and turn in fright,  
Those little feet, in so much night?*

The light above the poet's head  
Streamed on the page and on the cloth,  
And twice and thrice there buffeted  
On the black pane a white-winged moth:  
'Twas Annie's soul that beat outside  
And "Open, open, open!" cried:

"I could not find the way to God;  
There were too many flaming suns  
For signposts, and the fearful road  
Led over wastes where millions  
Of tangled comets hissed and burned—  
I was bewildered and I turned.

"O, it was easy then! I knew  
Your window and no star beside.  
Look up, and take me back to you!"  
—He rose and thrust the window wide:  
'Twas but because his brain was hot  
With rhyming; for he heard her not.

But poets polishing a phrase  
Show anger over trivial things;  
And as she blundered in the blaze  
Towards him, on ecstatic wings,  
He raised a hand and smote her dead;  
Then wrote "That I had died instead!"

## IDENTITY

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Somewhere—in desolate, wind-swept space—  
 In Twilight-land—in No-man's land—  
 Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,  
 And bade each other stand.

“And who are you?” cried one, agape,  
 Shuddering in the gloaming light.  
 “I know not,” said the Second Shape,  
 “I only died last night!”

## THE PARTING

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part—  
 Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;  
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,  
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free.  
 Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,  
 And when we meet at any time again,  
 Be it not seen in either of our brows  
 That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,  
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,  
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes,  
 —Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,  
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

## HERACLITUS

BY WILLIAM JOHNSON CORY

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,  
 They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to  
 shed.

I wept as I remember'd how often you and I  
 Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,  
 A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,  
 Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;  
 For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.





Potatoes dug from ten hills each of certified and common stock. The certified seed at left produced 18 pounds, consisting of 44 marketable and 15 unmarketable potatoes, while the common stock at right produced 5½ pounds, consisting of 24 marketable and 14 unmarketable ones.

## THE COLLEGE AND POTATOES

### A Movie of the Extension and Experiment Service at Work

BY HENRY BAILEY STEVENS

**I**NSTEAD of potatoes this article might have dealt with chickens or dairy cattle or apples or home economics. In all of these lines—and others—the strands between the State College and New Hampshire's 20,000 farms are being woven more tightly; but there is not time to speak of everything, and potatoes alone may well, as the boys say, constitute a "mouthful." In fact, I am tempted not to make it an article at all but rather a moving-picture.

Suppose that you are seated in cinema darkness, and that you are looking not at *THE GRANITE MONTHLY*, but at the screen. First let there flicker for a moment the windows of an ivy-covered brick laboratory strangely shot through by the radiance of a setting sun. Behind the glass a tall black figure stands turning upside down the contents of a vial and closely scrutinizing them. This, the caption informs you, is the State Agricultural Experiment Station at Durham.

In an instant the scene shifts to a busy office. A young man at a desk talking hurriedly to a farmer in overalls. A stenographer calls the young man to the telephone. Energetically he speaks into it. This is a county agent's office in one of the ten county Farm Bureau centers of the state.

Then you see a lone weather-beaten farmhouse with a road winding to it, tall maples, a big barn and a cosy atmosphere that makes the pianist down front break spontaneously into "A Little Gray Home in the West" or its latest successor. And suddenly, as if connecting all three of these scenes, appears a row of smooth, well-shaped potatoes linked together to form a long chain. "Educated potatoes" the film calls them. You realize that in some mysterious way they are to bind together the laboratory, the county agent's office, and the farm.

It is the fall of the year 1918. Seated around a table are some of the members of the Experiment Station Council—F. W. Taylor, veteran agronomist, large-framed, with bull-dog jaws and a sense of humor; O. Butler, unbelievably tall and lank, a specialist in plant diseases, educated in France, with twinkling eyes under steel-rimmed spectacles; W. C. O'Kane, nationally known as an entomologist and writer, facile, with an alert manner, togged for a cross-country tramp; J. H. Gourley, clean-cut, bald-headed, keen-eyed, whose apple investigations have brought increasing fame.

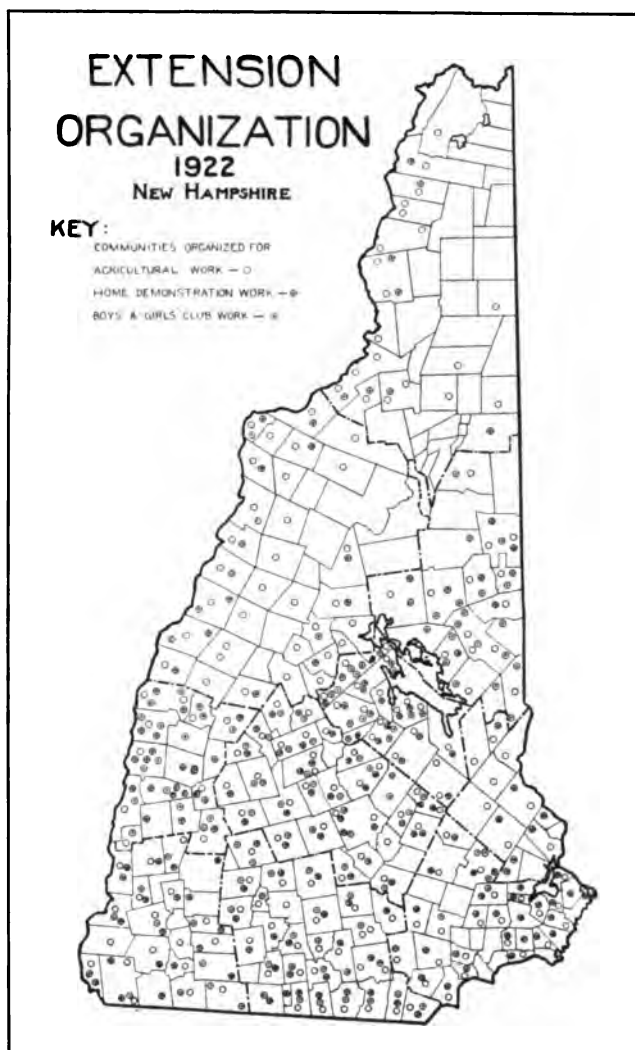
Take a close-up of the man who is speaking, as he leans back in a swivel-chair. Of medium build, clean-shaven, gentle-eyed, with a bald lane over

the top of his head, he is easily the most unassuming and yet perhaps the most quietly determined man in the room. This is J. C. Kendall, director of both the Experiment Station and the Extension Service. Twenty-five years ago John Kendall came to Durham to enter college as a student from a Harrisville farm with only a bicycle, eight dollars in his pocket and an undefined zeal for New Hampshire's farming in his heart. The years have taken away the bicycle and perhaps the eight dollars; but they have given a point to the zeal. THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN recently stated that more than any other man in the state he had had his finger on the pulse of New Hampshire's agriculture.

"Gentlemen," he says, "we have got to do something about our potato production. New England as a whole has been increasing its acreage. Maine has nearly doubled hers, but we have been slipping. We are close to the market with a bulky crop that cuts down through freight rates any advantage of the West. What is the matter? And what can the Experiment Station do about it?"

Discussion waxes slowly. It is not a matter of acreage, but of the amount produced per acre. If so, why is our average production so low on this basis? Finally the floor goes to Dr. Butler.

"It seems to me that the limiting factor here"—he is a scientist and



THE WAY EXTENSION WORK HAS SPREAD  
OVER NEW HAMPSHIRE

likes to use phrases like this—"is disease control. Most of the potato stock in the state is suffering from the degeneration maladies—mosaic and leaf-roll. Scab and rhizoctonia are prevalent. Our farmers do not even protect themselves from late blight. The most pressing need is an introduction of certified seed, and of a campaign for the use of Bordeaux mixture."

Now the discussion becomes keener. There are conflicting reports about certified seed; some of it pro-



SOME OF THE POTATOES RAISED BY CHARLES E. MARTIN OF COLEBROOK—THE FIRST CARLOAD OF NEW HAMPSHIRE GROWN CERTIFIED SEED EVER SOLD IN THE STATE.

duces big crops, some of it doesn't. The source of it must be investigated. There are problems to be solved in connection with the use of Bordeaux mixture. But the conference fades away with instructions to Dr. Butler to go ahead.

In his spare time Dr. Butler likes to spray snap-dragons, likes to cover them with large glass bell-jars and determine the action of the sun. This evening you see him walking around among the flowers, lifting a bell-jar here and there and examining the plant beneath. He is planning his campaign.

Then, in the morning, begins a patient hunt. There is nothing spectacular about it, nothing but letters and lists and dictation. He sends out inquiries carefully, determined to find the best certified seed available.

After a few weeks he reports to Director Kendall.

"There is a man in Maine named Hamlin," he says, "I like the looks of the reports of his stock. But he doesn't answer my letters."

"Telegraph him," says the director. "Tell him we'll take all the potatoes he's got."

Down on a sleepy farm Mr. Hamlin is in no hurry to answer his correspondence. He sits calmly with the assurance of a man who believes that the world will come to him. He has been perfecting his potato stock for years, and he is aware of the fact that there will be no trouble in disposing of it. Finally he writes laboriously his terms. They are accepted at once.

The next season trial plots of certified seed are in evidence on the College farm. Competing with them are plots of good native stock. On other plots are being conducted spraying experiments—one strength of Bordeaux mixture here, another strength there, with variations in the number of applications. Visitors come and wander around among the rows. In the fall, it seems evident that certain conclusions can be drawn; but the trained investigators of the Experiment Station have been disillusioned too often to draw hasty inferences. One season's work is not enough for decisions which will have a far-reaching effect. Furthermore, it must be clear that the results could be obtained under farm conditions.

And, so it happens that one day when he is free of class-work at the College and can leave other investi-

gations dealing with apple scab, white-pine blister-rust and the increasing array of other plant diseases, Dr. Butler climbs into a machine at Exeter with County Agent Don Ward. Mr. Ward, like many other county agents, drives a Ford car as if he were playing auto polo. He does not intend to waste much time on the road; and it is fun to watch them as they dive into wooded stretches, and shoot up over hills and down into valleys. It is not many minutes before they are at the farm of Mr. James Monahan of East Kingston. There they make arrangements with Mr. Monahan, a stocky farmer and one of the best "co-operators" in the state. There may have been a time once when Mr. Monahan scoffed at college professors and the science that they taught; but if there was, it has passed. He listens attentively, respectfully to their plan, and takes them out to the field where he plans to plant several acres of potatoes.

"You think you already have some pretty good potatoes, don't you, Mr. Monahan?" says Mr. Ward, with a smile in his eye. "Well, we believe we can show you something."

"Yes?" He is not entirely convinced yet that this certified seed from Maine is necessarily better than his own. He too has been proud of his potatoes.

"We'll run them in alternate rows," says Dr. Butler, "first a row of non-certified, then a row of certified. And we'll treat them both, so far as spraying and cultivation go, absolutely alike."



FRED A. PEASLEE OF MERRIMACK, N. H., AND SOME OF HIS CERTIFIED SEED POTATOES

"Agreed," says Mr. Monahan, "will you make good the difference if I win?"

They drive off laughing. This is the first trip in connection with the project. Every detail of planting and spraying is carefully supervised. By midsummer, Mr. Monahan, as he looks over the rows and sees how the certified stock out-tops the neighboring rows, is convinced. By digging time in fall, there is a good deal of excitement. As the digging machine goes up and down the field, it turns up to the light, row after row of smooth, white tubers that will grade "fancy," neither too large nor too small. Both sets of rows are yielding high, but clearly the certified seed has proved its worth. Carefully each row is bagged and weighed with scientific accuracy. At the last, standing by the scales, Dr. Butler reckons

up the total. The non-certified seed has yielded 302 bushels to the acre, which would ordinarily be considered a very good showing; but the certified has produced 416 bushels to the acre!

"Now you step on the scales," says Mr. Monahan to Dr. Butler with Hibernian humor, "I'll best you're ten pounds bigger than you were yesterday!"

A few weeks later the extension agents of the state are in Durham for the annual extension conference. Dairying, fruit, poultry, lime and legumes, farm management, boys' and girls' club work, clothing, food and health, home improvement, forestry, cooperative marketing—work along all of these lines is planned; but among other things, potatoes have their inning. In the office of County Agent Leader E. P. Robinson the agricultural agents sit around a long table. Young men they are, most of them, hardened to unending demonstrations and evening meetings and community baked-bean suppers. College trained, and usually farm-bred, they are the connecting link between the scientific workers at the college and the United States Department of Agriculture on the one hand and New Hampshire's hard-headed farmers on the other.

Carefully, logically, Dr. Butler tells the results of his experiments. Sagaciously the extension agents map out their plan of campaign. Director Kendall, feeling that another move is being made on the checker-board, gives calm guidance; is as ready now for bold tactics as he was before for conservative ones. Every county is eager for demonstrations.

"We'll want 500 bushels in Sullivan County," says Wells of Claremont.

"Merrimack County will want 1,000," adds Peaslee of Concord.

It is as if a leash of trained hunters were unloosed. These men are the salesmen of the new farm move-

ment, hustlers, bent on putting the good thing "across." When they get back to their county offices in Lancaster, Woodsville, Keene, Milford, Laconia, Rochester, Conway, etc., they start a running fire of circular letters, press material, and messages to the Farm Bureau project leaders with whom they keep in constant touch. All told, orders for over 6000 bushels of certified seed are placed. Furthermore, agents do not ask the farmers to take their word for the value of certified seed. On sixty-five farms, well scattered up and down the state, they start demonstrations comparing the improved stock with common potatoes. Every one of these demonstrations acts as a center of influence, reaching out to tell the farmers of its locality in the unmistakable language of experience what certified seed can really do.

Not only do the agricultural agents spread the idea among adult farmers, but the junior extension agents take it to the boys' and girls' clubs. Over in Merrimack the neighbors come and look with amazement at what young Fred Peaslee's potatoes are doing. Fred, together with his four sisters, has been enrolled in club projects for several years. He, too, had felt that he knew something about potatoes. To be sure, he had not been familiar with mosaic, leafroll and some of those strange potato diseases; but he had been willing to bet that his own potatoes would stand up well against this new-fangled certified seed. He is willing to grin now as he shows the neighbors his patch with the certified-seed rows standing out like young pine in a meadow. When he digs them in the fall, they beat his old stock by more than two to one.

All over the state in the fall similar success is reported. Returns from forty-nine demonstrations show an average increase of seventy-one bushels per acre from the use of the "educated" seed. If the whole 6000

bushels imported into the state did as well—and there is no reason to suppose they did not—this meant an increase in the state's crop of 30,000 bushels. Figure it at as many dollars, and it is easy to see what this single project meant to the wealth of the state. But the final value is not so readily estimated, for there is a compound interest here of a very high rate. Work conducted on this scale could not help but have a profound bearing



THE LABORATORY WHERE THE EXPERIMENTS ARE MADE

upon the agricultural practice of the next year and succeeding years. This campaign took place in 1921. In 1922, the extension agents had no difficulty in placing certified seed on 900 farms in the state. Again they ran demonstrations, 101 of them, telling the news to more farmers, making a wider and wider spread of influence.

Once again digging time repeated the story: an average increase this season of 62 bushels per acre.

Meanwhile, our friend of the Experiment Station, Dr. Butler, has been encouraging careful growers to raise potatoes which will pass inspection as New Hampshire certified seed. He sets a high standard, will wipe a grower off the slate whose field shows more than five per cent affected by mosaic and leafroll combined. But this strict standard, adhered to over a period of years, would place New Hampshire certified at a premium in the seed markets of the country. Furthermore, the few growers who succeed in passing the Experiment Station's inspection are well repaid for their efforts. The club boy,

Fred Peaslee, does it after a summer's back-aching work, and on the strength of the proceeds is able to enter New Hampshire College as a student in the fall. He expects to earn his way through to a degree by

repeating the performance. Best of all, certified seed growing is started in earnest up in the Colebrook section. This area, just south of Dixville Notch, where the growing season is short and rapid, is in reality the

Aroostook of New Hampshire. Soil and climate combine here to give the tubers the optimum for development. On the farm of Charles E. Martin last fall they picked up a bushel basketfull without moving from one spot. In some parts of the field the yield is over 500 bushels to the acre. Mr. Martin gazes at them quizzically through large glasses. He has never seen a sight like this before in all his fifty years of potato growing. Neither, he is frank to admit, has Dr. Butler. They trot over the field happily, like miners who have struck yellow dirt; and Mr. Martin rushes off the first carload of New Hampshire certified seed in the history of the state at several times the price for common stock.

And now, so garrulously has my tale run on, I find I have not by any means told the whole story of the potato work of the past few years, but only that part of it which deals with certified seed. Nothing at all has been said of the important spraying experiments with Bordeaux mixture, which, when carried out into

the field by the extension agents, showed thriving green rows beside untreated ones that stunk with rot. Nor have the tests of dusting appliances been mentioned, which promise to save the fields of small growers unable to buy the high-powered spraying equipment. How can anyone hope to give an adequate idea of the work of the Experiment Station and the Extension Service if one project alone runs over the "reel length?" And there are so many other projects—the important work with lime and legumes, the apple orchard investigations and demonstrations, the internationally famous nutrition experiment, the aggressive poultry culling campaign, the cooperative marketing work, the building up of cow-testing associations, the farm management studies, the clothing construction schools, the inauguration of rural dental clinics, the demonstrations of home conveniences,—one gets out of breath naming them.

During the past year the Extension Service, which, by the way, combines the forces of the State College, the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the county Farm Bureaus, arranged a total of 2292 demonstrations, in New Hampshire; and the meetings at these demonstrations, entirely aside from hundreds of other meetings not of the demonstration type, were attended by over 42,000 people. The

work reached 196 of the townships of the state.

This spread of activity has largely been made possible by the interest and enthusiasm of the farm people themselves. Over 1000 men and women are serving on committees to further extension projects.

But *revenons aux pommes de terre!* No moving picture theater would tolerate such digressions. The end of the potato is not the digging of it, nor the marketing of it, nor the storing of it. So look at this family about the dining table. Here is the ultimate consumer. Father is just about to put the serving fork into a pile of steaming baked spuds. Beautiful potatoes these are, smooth, without blemish of scab or scurf, not too large nor too small; and when you cut them open, there is no hollow black heart at the center, nothing but a fragrant white mealiness that takes butter the way a sunset takes the sky, blending it harmoniously. And look! Already young Robert is holding up an empty plate. "More, please," says this voracious Oliver Twist. Give him another one, Father, and let the camera man take a fade-away of it, so that at the last we are looking down as through a tunnel at a single perfect potato. A Green Mountain they call it, but White Mountain would be more appropriate; for it is a New Hampshire certified product!



PARKED FOR A COUNTRY FIELD DAY



LOOKING NORTH ALONG ELM STREET FROM THE ROOF OF THE AMOSKEAG BANK BUILDING

## TWENTIETH CENTURY MANCHESTER

### Is the Queen City "Finished?"

BY VIVIAN SAVACOO

**W**E hear a great deal said of late to the effect that Manchester has seen its best days, that the South is taking its textile business, the West its shoe industries, and that the city's prosperity will soon be only a memory. Remarks of this kind resemble prophecies made twenty years ago, if the following incident recently related to me is indicative of the feeling at the beginning of the twentieth century.

The head of the Credit Department of what was at that time the largest wholesale dry goods house in the United States and the largest distributor of cotton manufactured goods on the American continent, said that his house had money invested in a Department Store in Manchester in holdings of preferred stock and a

large sum in open account. All of this they wished to withdraw because, to use his exact words, "Manchester is finished." His reason was that the cotton mills must move South to compete with the industry growing up there under more advantageous conditions than New England could offer and that, without the textile industry, the city would revert to insignificance. Such a statement from a man whose business it was to be in touch with the industrial conditions in every part of the country, could not help but cause alarm and apprehension to those who had the future development of Manchester at heart.

But was the credit man right? We all know that Manchester has seemed to flourish during the last twenty





"THE MOST UNIQUE OFFERING FOR THE EXTENSION OF CULTURE.....IS THE  
INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES"

years, that the population has increased from 56,000 in 1900, to 78,000 in 1920, and the following table shows more striking development.

#### INDUSTRIES

	1900 Employees	1920 Employees	Per cent of Increase
TEXTILE	13,000	16,500	26%
SHOE	2,000	8,300	316%
MISCELLANEOUS	3,255	3,386	4%

*Average increase 54%*

These figures need no interpretation except perhaps to say that the increase of 4% made in industries other than textile and shoe was gained in spite of a loss of 350 employees when the Manchester Locomotive was absorbed by the American Locomotive Works and left the city. The important fact is that by 1920 the various industries had increased 54% since that day twenty years before when Manchester was pronounced "finished."

If still further proof is needed, the city banks confirm and strengthen our growing belief that the credit man was wrong.

#### MANCHESTER BANK DEPOSITS

	1900	1920	Per cent of Increase
NATIONAL	\$3,551,467.00	\$9,923,434.00	179%
SAVINGS	\$15,999,732.57	\$47,269,760.87	110%

Increase of money seems more reassuring of prosperity to many than increase of population, but here we have them both with which to face the credit man. In addition there is the tremendous development in the retail business in the city. One striking example is found in the growth of the Barton Company which is the largest Department Store not only in Manchester but in New England north of Boston, and which is one of the finest and best equipped stores in the country. Its history has been so interesting that it is a temptation to relate it in full, but there is only space now for a brief sketch. The store was the enterprise of a young man, Otis Barton, who came to Manchester in 1850 with a capital of \$100. From this small beginning, the store grew, steadily gaining a business record and a reputation of integrity that are the basis of its suc-



"THE CARPENTER MEMORIAL LIBRARY.....IS ONE OF THE FINEST  
FOR ITS SIZE IN THE COUNTRY"

cess. In 1904, Mr. William E. Querin took over the business and its growth continued even more rapidly in spite of the fire in 1914, which completely destroyed the old building. It seems incredible, but is true that the number of employees of the Barton Co. has increased from twelve in 1900 to two hundred and fifty. While Manchester supports so flourishing and fine a store, we cannot become unduly pessimistic about the economic conditions of the city.

Among many other stores which bespeak prosperity are the James W. Hill Co., the Charles A. Hoitt Co., a very fine and progressive furniture concern, and the John B. Varick Co., which is both a wholesale and a retail house. They are all in fine buildings, have a complete and well assorted stock, and conduct their business under the most progressive methods.

Then, to approach the question from a different angle, there is the other side of Manchester's develop-

ment, all that it offers its citizens for educational and cultural advantages. The most unique offering for the extension of culture and knowledge which Manchester supports is presented by the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences. The institution occupies a beautiful building given by Mrs. Eunea B. French, and is fully equipped for all the courses it offers. There is the Fine Arts Department offering sixteen courses, a Music Department, Domestic Science Department, Natural and Social Science Sections, and the Literature Section, which includes work in French, Spanish, and Dramatic Expression, as well as in English Literature. For five dollars, each member is entitled to enter as many classes as he desires and to attend the numerous concerts and lectures on current events, art, and literature given during the year by well known and authoritative speakers.

It is also most encouraging to see the increasing influence of the library

under the guidance of Miss Winchell, the Librarian. Its steady growth and increasing effort cannot help but bring about far-reaching, helpful results. Many changes we find are due to the new library building, the Carpenter Memorial Building, which is the gift of Mr. Frank P. Carpenter, and is one of the finest for its size in the country. Constructed of white marble on an elevated spacious location, it faces Concord Common, about which it is hoped in time new buildings will be grouped to make a civic center. The home of the library and its equipment today, is valued at \$1,250,000. It is not necessary to explain why more efficient, progressive, and stirring work

can be conducted in this building than in the old structure, built in 1871, and so ecclesiastical in architecture as to be dim, congested, and confusing. The library itself is growing lustily. About \$3,000 is spent annually for new books making the general collection good, while the Art Department, partly because of its liberal endowment fund, is decidedly above the average for a library of the size. The Children's Room also deserves special mention and praise for the successful effort it makes to attract and hold children of all ages and nationalities. The fact that as many as four hundred children often gather there between six and nine o'clock, shows their interest and eagerness

to learn, and fully compensates those in charge for the thought and energy which is being put into their part of the work. Quite as ardently does Miss Winchell dream of success in founding many such deposit stations as are already started in East Manchester and Goffs Falls. These stations are open certain days and hours each week, in an endeavor to get books out to the people. Many more assistants and more money are needed

to equip a number of stations until the dream is realized and every person in Manchester is within a mile of a source of books. A progressive and commendable dream!

Similar leaps and bounds are being made by those whose work



A NEW CIVIC ENTERPRISE—  
THE CARPENTER HOTEL AS IT WILL LOOK.

it is to make the schools of Manchester as fine as possible. High school accommodations have been an unexpected problem during the last few years. Again and again buildings designed to take care of reasonable growth for future years have in a surprisingly short period proved inadequate, crowded, limited.

It may seem that we have departed a long way from that pessimistic remark of the financial prophet, but surely all development along the line I have just shown is as great evidence of prosperity as banking deposits or retail sales, and groups itself with these to show how far from dead Manchester has proved itself to be in the last twenty years. Is it safe to conclude that similar remarks and

dire prophecies that we hear today will prove equally fallacious?

We do not wish to be foolishly and blindly optimistic but to realize that with the intelligent co-operation of all her citizens, Manchester can surmount her problems in a difficult time, and, with the splendid advancement of the past twenty years for a foundation upon which to build, construct a finer, more progressive and prosperous city.

It is true that competition with the South in the textile industry is keen. Cotton mills have sprung up throughout the South, and these firms have many obvious advantages, against which, however, those of New England, which have made the section so powerful in the cotton world, can hold their own if every one will co-operate. New conditions have arisen, but we are not alone in believing that New England industry, through increased efficiency, through that initiative and resource heretofore characteristic of our business men, must and can overcome any economic handicap which may exist now or in the future. "No management which manages," declares Henry W. Dennison of Dennison Manufacturing Co. in speaking on the problem of 48-hour week in New Hampshire, "wishes to run forever in the same grooves. The

best management steps out and meets the future, the merely good meets the demands of the times."

Of this co-operation, of this capacity of our business men competently to meet all future demands it seems Mr. Frank Carpenter and others are sure enough to be willing to invest \$1,000,000 in a new civic enterprise, a hotel. For many years Manchester has severely felt the need of a really fine hotel. Several attempts have been made to meet this commercial and social want, but the time has not seemed right until now. Can we not receive this as an augury of good times coming? Can we not also find encouragement over the prospect of a new Country Club? We cannot foresee now what other steps will be taken for the general welfare, but the unforeseen has happened in the immediate past, and with a bad interval completed and a new period starting auspiciously we can hope with some confidence, provided we will help, that the next twenty years will carry us an equal distance forward.

It is not hard to foretell that citizens of Manchester in 1943 will smile as wonderingly and indulgently on the gloomy prophecies of 1923 as we do today on the doom pronounced on Manchester by the credit man in 1900.

## COLONIAL DAMES MAKE PRIZE OFFER

The readers of this magazine will be interested in the announcement by the New Hampshire Society of the Colonial Dames of America of a prize of one hundred dollars for the best monograph on a subject from the history of New Hampshire prior to the year 1775.

Competition for this prize is open to any person who is a resident of New Hampshire or a student (graduate or undergraduate) of Dartmouth or of the New Hampshire State Col-

lege, or of St. Anselm's College.

To meet the requirements the monograph must contain at least 10,000 words. It must be prepared in a scholarly manner with full foot-note references to authorities, and with a complete bibliography.

All manuscripts must be in the hands of the chairman of the Committee of Historic Research by December 1, 1923. This Committee will be glad to give further information to those interested.

# THE BROOKES MORE PRIZE WINNER

## Helen Mowe Philbrook Is Given Award

OUR editorial prophecy that the judges in the Brookes More contest were not going to have an easy task to select the winner was amply fulfilled.

Miss Converse in the Atlantic Monthly office in Boston, Dean Holliday in the University of Toledo, and Professor Rand at Massachusetts Agricultural College read and studied the files of the magazine and made their selections. Then they exchanged lists—and were dismayed at the variance shown. It seemed almost impossible to come to a decision. But they went at it again, and by weighing and considering and analyzing they at last reached an agreement which we know will meet the approval of all our readers.

The award of fifty dollars for the best poem in regular metrical form

appearing in the 1922 issues of the GRANITE MONTHLY goes to Helen Mowe Philbrook for her poem, "The Turning of the Tide" appearing in the March issue. Miss Philbrook lives in California now but she really belongs to Tilton, N. H., where her family lived for many years.

In addition to the prize winning poem, the judges were of the opinion that special mention should be made of the following poetry: New Houses, by Cora S. Day; Return, Spring Flame, and Last Days, by Harold Vinal; To Those Who Come After, by A. A. D; My Song That Was a Sword, by Hazel Hall; Haven of Lost Ships, by Erwin F. Keene; My Arcady, by E. R. Musgrove; Sonnet (on the Commonplace), by Louise P. Guyol; Dreams, and The Alien, by Lilian S. Keech.

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## THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

### The Prize Winning Poem

BY HELEN MOWE PHILBROOK

We talked, the half-remembered sea beside,—  
    Blent with our words its murmurous voice and low;  
    Idly we watched the silvering grasses blow,  
And now a sail the beryl harbor ride,  
And now a tilting curlew, circling wide.  
    One moment thus—the next the wind's warm flow  
    Quickened and chilled; cried one with eyes aglow,  
    "O hark! It is the turning of the tide!"

With far clear call the great deep veered once more  
With swelling breast to the forsaken shore;  
The sea flower drooping in its emptied pool  
Lifted and lived in flooding waters cool.

So felt I once faith's turning ebb tide roll  
Across the withering blossoms of my soul.



ROOMS IN DORMITORIES ARE SO SCARCE THAT MORE THAN HALF  
THE GIRLS MUST LIVE ELSEWHERE

## MAKING TEACHERS AT KEENE

### A Problem Which Presses for Solution

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MURIEL COX

It's a long wet walk each morn to breakfast,  
It's a long walk at noon,  
It's a long dark walk on rainy evenings  
From the library to our rooms  
If the wise men our parents sent to Concord  
Had to tramp like you and me,  
They'd be glad to vote appropriations  
For Keene's dormitory.

**S**O sing the students at Keene Normal as they tramp back and forth in the deep snows of this hard winter from the school grounds, where they all meet for recitations and meals, to their rooms scattered throughout the city. For rooms in the school dormitory, eagerly sought and over crowded, are so scarce that more than one-half of the girls must seek living quarters elsewhere.

The Normal School at Keene has in fact grown

so rapidly that it now finds itself in the serious situation of not having rooms enough to house its students, nor dining room space large enough to properly feed them. Such a condition is not only proving detrimental to the training and instruction given at the school itself, but is vitally affecting the welfare and efficiency of our whole public school system.

"The one most essential improvement necessary, in order that we may have sufficient trained teachers for our schools," declares the New Hampshire State Board of Education, "is the construction of an additional dormitory in connection with the Keene Normal School," and a bill lies before the legislature rec-





THE GROWTH OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL HAS OUTSTRIPPED HOUSING FACILITIES

ommending an immediate appropriation of \$225,000, for the construction of such a dormitory and for increased dining room capacity.

\$225,000! It is quite a large sum for a state of the size of New Hampshire, and at a time when strict economy and a cutting down of expenses is not only a popular demand but a governmental necessity.

What is this situation, this problem which our state board of education thinks so serious and of such importance? Many of us know very little about our Normal schools, their needs and problems. Many of us know little about the intimate relationship between good and well equipped normal schools and the right education for our children. And yet it is upon us, citizens of New Hampshire, through our representatives in the legislature, that all responsibility must rest for the best usefulness and efficiency of these normal schools.

We have in the state two normal schools, Keene and Plymouth, both of which are crowded beyond their capacity. The growth of the Keene Normal School indeed has been phenomenal. Starting only twelve years ago with 26 students, it has increased at such a rate that in 1922 it had an enrollment of 281.

But though the school has thus grown nearly 300 per cent the appro-

priations for maintenance in the same length of time have only increased about 100 per cent, with the result that the demand for trained teachers and the growth of the normal school have far outstripped any housing facilities now available. Two very unfortunate situations have arisen from this condition; a shortage of trained teachers in the state and a real hardship and handicap to the students and faculties of the schools themselves.

The Keene Normal School can house in its own dormitories less than one half of its student body. The others board in rooms scattered throughout the city at a cost to the state which next year will amount to \$13,000, and which results in a per capita cost to the state nearly twice as large as that of rooms in the dormitory building. The dining-room space too is so small that meals are now served in two shifts.

All this not only makes it extremely difficult for the management in planning its school program, etc., but it causes a very unsatisfactory situation in respect to the proper supervision of the girls, which is not only desirable but is expected by the parents. It has also involved a real hardship on the students who in all kinds of weather are obliged to go back and forth from their rooms to meals and recitations.



ONE PHASE OF THE PROBLEM OF UNPREPARED TEACHERS

Perhaps even more serious is the shortage in our state of trained teachers resulting from this lack of housing facilities. Of the two thousand teachers in our elementary schools fully one-third are practically untrained. Every year we have to furnish to our public school system about 350 new teachers. Of these only a little over one-third are furnished by our normal schools. One-third of the vacancies are filled by teachers from other states who come here only temporarily, and who usually want to return to their own states when opportunity arises, and the remaining third are untrained. How to furnish two hundred additional teachers from our own schools? This is the problem which the state board thinks of such importance and so necessary to the welfare of our public school system.

That one-third of our public school teachers are untrained is an unfortunate condition and one that all must agree should not be permitted to continue. Untrained teachers mean poorly instructed children. We want our children in New Hampshire to have as good an education and as good a preparation for meeting life as the children of Massachusetts or other states. "We can at once assume," says the State Board of Education, "that all the people of New Hamp-

shire believe in good schools. The welfare of the state in the next generation depends on the right education of the boys and girls of this generation.....The foundation of our whole school system rests upon the quality of our teachers and their quality is largely dependent upon the training and instruction given in our state normal schools."

New Hampshire has a right to be proud of her normal school in Keene. Under the able and progressive management of Wallace E. Mason, the director, during the twelve years of its life, it not only has come to be eighth in size of the eighteen New England Normal Schools, but now ranks among the best of this country in respect to academic standing. One of the especially well thought out and thorough departments of the Keene Normal School course is the practice work. Through a very favorable contract made with the local school board the Keene Normal School students have the opportunity of having eighteen weeks devoted to this important side of the training; that is, the actual practice in teaching in the schools. This is an especially long period of time as many of the New England normal schools are able to give only twelve weeks to such work.

The tuition is free, the only stu-



dent expense being \$5 per week, which covers the cost to the state for board. Each student, however, is required to teach in the state the same number of years that he or she attends the normal school. Failing to do this, a fee of \$100 must be paid for each year. In this way the state is able to more surely get a reasonable return on the money it expends in training teachers.

There is a splendid atmosphere in the school of hard work and earnest purpose. The students are of course drawn from the very best class of young people in the state, and anyone visiting a gathering of the student body is impressed with a happy, healthy group they are. A great many of them earn a part or all of their expenses. Last year the students earned \$1,800 working in the serving room, waiting on the table, etc., and over \$1,500 by acting as substitute teachers in the neighboring towns.

The students come to Keene to work, but in their spare moments much is done for their physical and social welfare. There is, for instance, a gymnasium, a school physician, a school nurse, a physical director, and a dean who keeps a constant watch over the health of each student. Outdoor sports are encouraged, and it is not an uncommon sight to see on a Saturday a group of thirty or more members of the Outing Club starting off for a winter's hike with snowshoes

and skis and the necessary material for a "bacon bat."

As for social life, there is a glee club, a school orchestra, a debating club, the Y. W. C. A., the de La Salle club, the French club, the Outing Club, etc. There are social parties and dances held in the school hall and there are the "Sunday Morning Sings" and the Sunday evening firelight gatherings. In this connection one of the interesting courses of instruction given to the entering students is a class in customs and manners, where recognized rules of etiquette, good manners and social usages are explained and also taught.

All this goes to make two or three years of

hard work and pleasant, wholesome recreation never to be forgotten, years which develop the student into a trained efficient and competent teacher, prepared intelligently to conduct a school and usefully and gracefully to take her place in any community.

But things have come to a standstill now with the Keene Normal School. There are adequate school rooms, housing facilities, and in fact a full equipment for turning out many more teachers if there were but suitable housing facilities. In other words, by increasing the present plant to the proper unit the school could provide all the teachers needed by the state each year at a less expense per capita than ever before has been accomplished in New Hampshire.



MEALS ARE SERVED IN TWO SHIFTS

Without this additional dormitory space and increased dining room facilities the Normal School at Keene must not only cease to grow but the public school system in New Hampshire must continue to struggle under the handicap of untrained and unprepared teachers.

What will the New Hampshire legislature do in meeting this situation?

"A study of public education in New Hampshire," declares Huntley N. Spaulding, chairman of the State Board of Education, "shows an almost uninterrupted progress for a long period of years with a decided advance during the past four years under the present educational law, it would be hard to believe that the present administration would con-

sider for a moment a backward step."

"My experience with the different legislators this year has led me to believe they are, as a whole, men who are taking their responsibilities seriously and are anxious to do what they believe is for the interest of the State of New Hampshire, having in mind always that the State is sure to receive value for any expenditure of money. I believe they will give this subject sufficient consideration and come to the conclusion that the construction of this dormitory would be a very great contributory factor in the development of the educational facilities of the State, thereby making New Hampshire a better place in which to live."



UNDER THE PROGRESSIVE MANAGEMENT OF W. E. MASON, THE SCHOOL HAS COME TO RANK HIGH

## A PRAYER FOR A NATION

BY CARL HOLLIDAY

What was it for—that agony of strife,  
That hurricane of death, that tide of blood  
So lately swept across our shores of life?  
What was the meaning? Why that vexed flood  
Of sorrow, scorn, remorse, and prayer, high vows  
Of nobler days to come? When all around  
A fiercer lust for gold! That which endows  
The soul with light but laughed to scorn! The wound  
Of toilers opened sore again by Gain  
Insatiable! False propaganda, lies,  
Conspiracies of silence o'er the stain  
Where, crushed with wealth, a nation's Ideal dies!  
God, stay Thy hand! In patience, stay Thy hand!  
Spare yet from sottish greed our native land.



THE OLD NAME IS STILL ATTACHED TO THE ASHLEY FERRY

## WHEN CLAREMONT WAS CALLED ASHLEY

Is There a Historical Basis for the Tradition?

BY GEORGE B. UPHAM

**T**HE name Ashley is a familiar one in Claremont. Even late comers know it as attached to the old and interesting ferry across the Connecticut chartered in 1784. It seems probable that the Ashleys had operated this ferry several years prior to obtaining a charter. It is still in operation and a picturesque relic of the past.

Of the seventy grantees, commonly called proprietors, named in the town charter, October 26th, 1764, the Ashleys, Colonel Samuel, Captain Oliver and Lieutenant Samuel, Jr., were the only ones who ever came to live in Claremont. The Town History tells little about them, and even less about the east and west line, six miles long, which came to bear their name. Since this line may have had something to do with the temporary attachment of their family name to the town or locality, it seems worth while to state where and what it was, and is, for in common with the remarkable persistence of property

lines the world over, many property boundaries in Claremont are fixed to-day by this Ashley Line.

On the Proprietors' Map of Claremont, drawn on a sheepskin, probably in the fall of 1766, or winter of 1767, may be seen a line parallel to and about five hundred and eighty rods north of the town's south boundary. This straight line crosses the Great Road near the schoolhouse at the fork of the roads about half a mile southwesterly from Claremont Junction, and half a mile north of the road branching to the ferry, crosses the Bible Hill road a few rods south of the trolley line, cuts Sugar River twice a little north of its sharp right-angled bend about a mile east from the village,—the easterly of the two cuts is near the mouth of "Quobbin-night Brook,"—and again crosses the river very near the Newport line.<sup>1</sup>

On the Proprietor's Map the land north of the Ashley Line looks very different from that south of it; for

th of the line nearly all of the land marked out into numbered parallelograms representing fifty and hundred acre lots, while on the south space is left blank. This is due to the fact that at the first meeting of the Proprietors all of the land south of the line had been appropriated in very large shares by officials of the colony and influential proprietors; most of it was held by them in common; while at the second meeting of the Proprietors, a few weeks later, a committee had been appointed to "lott out ye remaining [northern] part of said Town in such manner as they shall judge most proper and return a Plan thereof to the Proprietors." The small lots north of the line were distributed to Proprietors of lesser consequence.

At the first meeting of the Proprietors, February 2, 1767, the large tract south of that line, nearly one-third of the entire town, and containing more than seven thousand acres, had been set off as follows: Five hundred acres in the southeast corner to the Governor; three hundred and fifty acres each to his brother, brother-in-law and nephew,—all members of the Governor's Council,—three hundred and fifty acres each to Lieutenant Governor John Temple, Col. John Goffe and Col. William Symes. These two colonels had long been prominent in affairs, military and civil, in western New Hampshire. The six three-hundred-and-fifty acre allotments were, curiously enough, set off in narrow strips more than five miles long, extending east from the Governor's farm to the Newport line, but they were only thirty rods wide. Perhaps it was thought that in long narrow strips the recipients would be more likely to receive a fair share of hill and meadow, field and forest, than

if set off in shorter and wider parallelograms. The remainder of the large tract south of the line, containing about five thousand acres, was set off to fourteen influential Proprietors including the three Ashleys, apparently to be held by them in common until they should agree upon a division of the land; but no division was ever made, for before the settlers came, Col. Ashley had bought all or nearly all of the land south of the line except the Governor's farm. It is, therefore, not surprising that the line became known as the Ashley Line, nor is it, with such ownership and the prominence of the family, surprising that the town, or at least the southern half of it, became known for a time as Ashley. That the three Ashleys were prominent in the Province, later the State, also in the County and Town, is attested by several hundred entries in the records, many of them printed in the volumes of New Hampshire State Papers. In Claremont's charter Samuel Ashley was appointed to give notice of the first Meeting and was also appointed the Moderator thereof. He acted in that capacity at both the first and second meetings of the Proprietors. He, his sons and his coadjutator, Col. Josiah Willard, managed the business of the newly fledged township in a way to suit their own fancies, friends and fortunes, particularly the latter, for, prior to the Revolution, the business was mainly speculation in land.

Col. Ashley was named as a grantee in the charters of Dupplin, later Lempster, of Winchester and Hinsdale, all in 1753; of Grantham in 1767; of Grafton in 1769; of Jefferson in 1772; also of several townships in the New Hampshire Grants, now Vermont; among these historic Westminster in 1752, and even more his-

(1) The tradition, heard related in the writer's boyhood, was that Quobbinnight Brook received its quaint name (See Walling's Map of Sullivan County, 1860.) from the following circumstance: Residents of a place called Quobbin in Massachusetts had come up to spy out the land with a view to "squattling," and had camped near the brook. Purchasers of land rights from the Proprietors, learning of this intention, had no desire for their company. They accordingly gathered at night in the near-by woods, discharged their muskets and imitated Indian war-whoops. The Quobbinites hastily departed, never to return. The unique character of the name lends credence to this tradition.

toric Windsor in 1761. In the Windsor charter Col. Ashley's name was the first of the grantees; he was appointed Moderator, and, as in the charter of several other townships his sons, Oliver and Samuel Jr., were also named among the grantees.

The personal and private work of the Ashleys was, as we have seen, dealings in charters and lands. Their public work was, mainly, in that great world event, the American Revolution. Col. Ashley was a member of the several Provincial Congresses convened at Exeter in 1774 and 1775, later a member of the General Assembly of the State. In May 1775 he was selected one of the nine who constituted the famous Committee of Safety for the Province. In January 1776 he was elected a member of the Council which with the Committee of Safety to a large extent managed the government and affairs of the state during the Revolution. He raised a regiment of which he was commissioned colonel. In March 1779 he was chosen one of the two representatives to the Continental Congress; but for some reason declined to serve; perhaps, like many others disgusted with the inefficiency of that body, he felt that he could be of more service by continuing his work in the state and in the army. On the day of sending in this declination he was appointed one of a committee "to confer with Ira Allen, Esq., agent for the people of the *place called Vermont*." He was appointed a member of many other important committees by the General Assembly.

At the head of his regiment he marched to the defence of Ticonderoga in May 1777; he served as Brigade Major on the staff of General Stark, and continued in the service under General Gates until the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. A letter from General Gates, no very

certain compliment, commends his work in that campaign. He probably did as much if not more than any other subordinate officer in the prompt mustering of the very efficient New Hampshire troops during the Revolution. His eldest son, Oliver, represented "Clairmont" in the Fourth Provincial Congress. On July 1st 1775, Oliver, with Jonathan Childs of Lyme, was appointed to confer with the Congress in Massachusetts, and the Assembly in Rhode Island and Connecticut, respecting "the situation of Ticonderoga, Crown Point & Canada & the Frontiers of New York & New Hampr, . . . & relative to any plan of operations in those parts." From the official report that he traveled 976 miles—a long distance on horseback,—in the discharge of his duties between May 17th and November 16th, 1775 we gather that Captain Ashley was fairly active at that time. He was captain of the Claremont company which marched from "Number Four" on August 17, 1777, to fight at the battle of Bennington, his brother Samuel Jr., was a lieutenant in the company. This necessarily brief relation does scant justice to the efforts of the Ashleys in the settlement of the town and in the Revolution; but it suffices, in some degree, to show why the locality might have been called by their name.

But, was it ever called Ashley? What evidence can be produced to prove the assertion and if produced with what degree of certainty can such evidence be relied upon?

Of local evidence we have, at present, none to offer, and little of any sort emanating from places nearer than London and Paris, but from those cities we have contemporaneous maps, compiled by the best cartographers then living.

*To be continued*

# THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

## About the Good Old Days

**D**ISHES and dusting have a philosophic effect upon us. We always recite poetry, preferably psalms, over a dishpan, and in the process of getting the GRANITE MONTHLY moved into its new quarters in the Patriot Building, dusting and cataloguing cuts and books and putting old files to rights, we have been evolving a philosophy of moving which in our estimation will compare favorably with Thomas Carlyle's philosophy of clothes.

We haven't worked out details yet. We've got only as far as the main thesis which is that living to-day is like living in the midst of a perpetual furniture moving performance. One is neither here nor there. Hence confusion which would be resolved to simplicity could one move the clock backwards or forwards a few years.

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For instance, there may be some satisfaction in living when the U. S. Army Air Service gets the upper hand of man's old enemy weather. In those days Dartmouth, desiring fair weather for carnival day, won't have to go to the expense of weather insurance. They'll just send up an air-sweep to electrocute the clouds and clear up the blue.

Assuredly the times to come have some advantages.

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On the whole, however, our vote is in favor of moving back the clock to the Good Old Days.

And strangely enough we believe a secret ballot of the Legislature would reveal a similiar lack of the progressive spirit. Not a few of the law-makers sigh—we have heard them—for the good old days when voting was simplified by the presence of the high oracle just across the street, when a man's first duty was to his political boss—and there was no second duty.

Which is not to say that no one can get instructions on voting to-day. There is the solemn *Vox Populi* known as "party mandate," evoked with earnest prayer wherever legislators congregate. And there are other "instructions...." But they all lack the finality and something of the odor of sanctity of the Good Old Days.

---

Politics were real adventure then.

Only the other day a member of the present legislature told us that his first taste of politics came when, as a boy of fourteen, his father, a political leader in his little village, sent him through the autumn woods one night to carry a message to a farmer, who with his two grown sons lived in a lonely little cabin.

The message was—

"Father says tell you he'll give you sixty dollars for your three cows this year."

The old farmer smiled shrewdly and stroked his chin.

"You tell your Dad I've been offered seventy-five dollars for them cows this year."

And the boy—who was a politician even in those days—swallowed hard and said:

"In that case, Father said I was to offer you seventy-five dollars for your three cows."

"You tell your father that he shall have the cows!"

And with no mention of politics, no bothersome arguments about issues or personalities, the political deal was closed and the boy went home to report a successful campaign to his father.

The teller of the story is an earnest and upright statesman. He would scorn to traffic in votes to-day. But as he tells the story of that moonlight ride years ago his eyes light up with gleam of regretful reminiscence and longing for the Good Old Days.

Romance and picturesqueness belong back there. Not so very far back some of it. The other evening at the Governor's Ball we saw the Governor's staff standing behind the receiving line in drab khaki uniforms. Governor's staffs used to be resplendent in gold lace. The war changed that.

And they tell us that time was when Governors reviewed troops from the back of a prancing white horse. That custom, we understand, was abandoned because of the death of the only horse in the state with a spirited but gentle prance. But it was a good custom while it lasted.

All these pictures appeal to us. But the one around which our memory—vicarious memory, that is, collected from the tales of those who have really known the past—plays most fondly is one of the early days of the GRANITE MONTHLY when the editor used to solicit subscriptions through the countryside. In an old buggy, behind a leisurely old horse, he made his way along the sunny country roads, stopping at the farms along the way. Sometimes his subscribers gave him eggs and potatoes to pay for the subscriptions. Sometimes there were home-made toys for the little daughter who sat beside him in the old buggy. And as he went along from house to house, he built up friendships with the people to whom, each month, he sent out his magazine.

That's what we envy him. We'd give a good deal to be able to drop in to see you for a social call this afternoon and let you tell us just what you'd like to see done with the GRANITE MONTHLY. Perhaps we shall do it one of these days. Meanwhile we can only thank those of you who are kind enough once in a while to write us friendly letters, and to assure you that the office of the GRANITE MONTHLY is never such a busy place that the editors cannot stop to chat with friends of the magazine. Drop in and see us when you come this way.

H. F. M.

## Announcements

The time limit on the prize contest for high-school boys and girls, announced in the October issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY, has been extended to May 1. This will give our contestants a little more time to polish off their work and some good essays should result.

We have been fortunate in securing as judges for this contest three persons who are well qualified for the work from both a literary and an educational standpoint. Mr. Harlan Pearson, former editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY, certainly needs no introduction to readers of this magazine. Mrs. Alice S. Harriman of Laconia and Mr. Walter S. May are both members of the State Board of Education. Mr. May is Deputy Commissioner. Mrs. Harriman has been active in many forms of public service, including woman's club work.

We are very glad to announce that Miss Vivian Savacool, who is the author of "Twentieth Century Manchester" in this issue, has consented to undertake the management of our book review department.

There is a rapidly growing opinion on the part of those who have studied New England's farm situation that if we are to continue to maintain our agricultural position we must do it not by attempting to turn out great quantities of material as the great western states do, but rather by putting our energies toward quality production. An example of what is already being done along these lines here in New Hampshire is afforded by our dairy industry. The series of articles on "Leading Dairy Herds" which will begin in the March GRANITE MONTHLY will tell the stories of some of the important ventures which have succeeded. No herd will be included in this series which is not being conducted on a business basis.

# BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

## Steel

By CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

Boston, Atlantic Monthly Company

**I**N the spring of 1919, a young man just returned from France looked out across the mud of Camp Eustis and tried to map out the new future ahead of him. With the idealism born of his war experience, he demanded of that future something more than a livelihood. He wanted "a chance to discover and build under the new social and economic conditions." He found this chance in enlistment as a private in the industrial army of America's basic industry, steel: he went to work on an open hearth furnace near Pittsburg.

As he worked he set down, simply, directly, without any attempt to exploit a theory, without retouching the lines of his pictures, a simple chronicle of every day—"of sizzling nights; of bosses, friendly and unfriendly; of hot back-walls and a good first-helper; of fighting twenty-four-hour turns; of interesting days as hot-blast man; of dreaded five-o'clock risings, and quiet satisfying suppers; of what men thought, and didn't think."

It is safe to say that "Steel" will appeal to you. It is not so easy, however, to tell just what you will find in it. Some, perhaps, will find chiefly the charm of letters home from a New Hampshire boy, a vivid description of a unique and colorful experience, through which a familiar personality is seen and enjoyed.

Others will find an epic of a great industry—there are passages of sheer dramatic power equalling, if not surpassing, anything which Hergesheimer has written. "An express train shot into view in the black valley—I thought of the steel in the locomotive, and thought it back quickly into sheets, bars, blooms, back then into the monumental ingots as they stood, fiery from the open-hearth pouring,

against a night sky. Then the glow left, and went out of my thinking. Each ingot became a number of wheelbarrow loads of mud, pushed over a rough floor, Fred's judgment of the carbon content, and his watching through furnace peepholes. The ladlefuls ceased as steel, becoming thirty-minutes' sledging through stoppage for four men, the weight of manganese in my shovel, and the clatter of the pieces that hit the rail, sparks on my neck burning through a blue handkerchief, and the cup of tea I had with Jock, cooked over hot slag at 4:00 a. m.

Still others will see in the book an arraignment of an industrial system—an arraignment poignantly summed up in the words of the Italian third-helper—"To hell with the money, no can live."

But perhaps those to whom the book will mean the most are those who read it simply as a tale of men working together, and who find its primary value in its human quality, its quick sense of the significance of small events. One incident is enough to illustrate the point and to give the keynote of the book:

As third-helper on the open hearth, Mr. Walker's job was to carry out the orders of the Anglo Serbian second-helper who, in moments of stress, delivered these orders in a mingled stream of profanity, Serbian, and broken English. Clinging to a few familiar words, the third-helper executed the instructions, as he understood them, only to find, time after time, that he had missed the point entirely.

"It suddenly occurred to me one day, after some one had bawled me out picturesquely for not knowing where something was that I had never



heard of, that this was what every immigrant Hunky endured; it was a matter of language largely, of understanding, of knowing the names of things, the uses of things, the language of the boss. Here was this Serbian second-helper bossing his third-helper largely in an unknown tongue, and the latter getting the full emotional experience of the immigrant. I thought of Bill, the pit boss, telling a Hunky to do a clean-up job for him; and when the Hunky said, 'What?' he turned to me and said: 'Lord! but these Hunkies are dumb.'

"Most of the false starts, waste motion, misunderstandings, fights, burnings, accidents, nerve-wrack, and desperation of soul would fall away if there were understanding—a common language, of mind as well as tongue."

"Steel" has a special interest for New Hampshire people because Mr. Walker is a son of Dr. Charles R. Walker, who was a well-known and well-loved physician in Concord. Mr. Walker is a Yale graduate and is at present associated with the Atlantic Monthly.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### In This Issue

MISS VIVIAN SAVACOO, who writes of "Twentieth Century Manchester" with such confident optimism, is a new graduate of Smith College in the class of 1922. Coming back to her home at a critical time in the history of the city, she has been interested to study into the matter and look at the beginnings and causes of conditions. The results of her studies appear in this article and the article which will be published next month.

MR. GEORGE B. UPHAM'S historical articles have been for years a valuable and popular feature in the GRANITE MONTHLY. This month he begins a series on some little known phases of the history of his old family home—Claremont. The series has to do with the almost legendary time "When Claremont was called Ashley" but Mr. Upham has some maps to bring the legends to a solid basis of fact.

Last month MR. HENRY B. STEVENS of New Hampshire College appeared in capacity of factory superin-

tendent of New Hampshire's "Educational Plant." This month he has shifted his job to that of moving picture producer. The scenario—"The College and Potatoes"—shows graphically the vital relation which has come to exist between the state college and the agricultural welfare of New Hampshire.

MR. ARTHUR JOHNSON who is compiling for the GRANITE MONTHLY an "Anthology of One Poem Poets" is well known as a writer of short stories which appear in many of the most prominent magazines, and which have more than once been included in Mr. O'Brien's anthologies of "The Best Short Stories" of the year. Mr. Johnson is also the author of "Under the Rose."

The pen and ink sketches illustrating "Making Teachers at Keene" are drawn by MISS MURIEL COX, who is a graduate of the Massachusetts Normal Art School and is now head of the Art Department of the Keene Normal School.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY



SHERMAN E. BURROUGHS

## SHERMAN E. BURROUGHS

Sherman E. Burroughs our retiring Congressman from the First District, died in Washington on January 27, 1923, as a result of an attack of influenza. In his death New Hampshire lost one of her most enlightened, successful and faithful public men.

He was born in Dunbarton, February 6, 1870; the oldest son of John H. and Helen (Baker) Burroughs. Receiving his grammar and high school education in the public schools, in 1888 he competed in the ex-

aminations for West Point cadetship and won the highest rank, but owing to the wishes of his parents he declined the appointment that resulted and entered Dartmouth College where he graduated in 1894. In Dartmouth he won many honors. In his Sophomore year he took the second Thayer Prize for proficiency in mathematics and in his Senior year the Rollins-Nettleton Prize for oratory. He also took honors at the end of his Sophomore year for high standing in the prescribed Greek course and in his Senior for his standing in philosophy.

After graduation he became the private secretary for Congressman Baker and passed the next three years in Washington where he attended the law school of the Columbian University. Here he graduated with a Bachelor of Law degree in 1896 and a Master of Law degree in 1897. In July 1896 he was admitted to the Bar of the District of Columbia and to the New Hampshire Bar in 1897.

In 1901 he became associated with the late David A. Taggart and James P. Tuttle, forming the firm of Taggart, Tuttle & Burroughs. In November 1906, Mr. Burroughs and Mr. Tuttle retired from the firm and formed a new partnership known as Tuttle & Burroughs.

Always a Republican in politics, Mr. Burroughs was elected to the State Legislature in 1901 from the town of Bow. In May 1917, he was elected to the United States House of Representatives for the First District of New Hampshire to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Cyrus A. Sulloway. At the following election, he was elected to a full term, but declined to accept the candidacy for another re-election, wishing to devote himself to his law business.

Mr. Burroughs was a member of the State Board of Charities and became Vice-President of the State Conference of Charities and Corrections. He was a member of the Childrens Aid & Protective Society and a Trustee of the Orphans' Home at Concord. He was a member of the Washington Lodge of Masons, the old-time Republican Tippecanoe Club, and Director of the Manchester Animal Rescue League.

In April 21, 1898, Mr. Burroughs married Helen S. Phillips of Alexandria County, Virginia. He had four sons: Robert Phillips, John Hamilton, Sherman Everett, Jr., and Henry Baker Burroughs, all of whom were born in Manchester.

#### EX-GOVERNOR CHARLES M. FLOYD

On February 3, 1923, Ex-Governor Charles M. Floyd, died in Manchester, after a short illness of typhoid pneumonia.

He was born in Derry, June 5, 1861; one of a family of eleven children. He attended the public schools of Derry and Pinkerton Academy in that town. On leaving school he entered the clothing store of his brother in Haverhill, Mass., gaining there the experience which later led him to purchase a clothing store in Manchester.

In 1906, he was elected Governor on the Republican ticket. His administration is considered one of the most businesslike in the history of the state. When he left the Governor's chair, he retired to private life, but during the War he became State Fuel Administrator and last year was re-appointed to the same position during the mine strike.

Governor Floyd was a member of the Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Elks and was a member of the Derry-

field and Calumet Club of Manchester. He was also a Director of several banking organizations and public service companies in this state.

In 1886, Governor Floyd married Carrie E. Atwood of Cambridge, who with his daughter, Mrs. James Fellows of Manchester, survive him.

#### WILLIAM H. PRENTISS

On February 10, 1923, William H. Prentiss, editor and part owner of the Keene Evening Sentinel and the New Hampshire Sentinel, died at the age of 70 years.

Mr. Prentiss was the grandson of John Prentiss, who founded the New Hampshire Sentinel, one of the oldest weekly newspapers in the state.

Mr. Prentiss, who was a graduate of Cornell University, has been the pioneer in many movements for the betterment of his district.

#### WILLIAM H. C. FOLLANSBY

On February 9, 1923, William H. C. Follansby, died at Exeter, as a result of pneumonia.

Mr. Follansby was born in Tilton, May 1, 1845; the son of William and Mary Ladd Follansby. In 1875, he came to Exeter and established a drygoods business in which he remained until 1900, when he retired to devote his time to the Exeter Banking Co., of which he was President for 17 years.

Mr. Follansby was well known in state politics, being a member of Governor Floyd's Council in 1907, and a member of the state Legislature in 1893 and 1895.

He was a Mason of the Knight Templar order and Treasurer of the Star of the East Lodge.

In 1866, he married Ella L. Winslow. She died 15 years ago. Mr. Follansby is survived by a foster daughter.

#### JOSEPH D. ROBERTS

On January 12, 1923, Joseph D. Roberts died at his home in South Berwick, Me. Born on November 12, 1848 in Rollinsford, N. H., he was the son of the late Judge Hiram R. and Ruth (Ham) Roberts.

Mr. Roberts, a democrat, was a member of the N. H. State Legislature in 1895 and held practically every office in his home town, Rollinsford.

He was for some years President of State Board of Agriculture and was treasurer of the State Grange for twenty-five years, in which organization he took an active part. He was President of the Salmon Falls Bank, a trustee of the Rollinsford Savings Bank, an Odd Fellow and member of the South Berwick Baptist church.

Mr. Roberts is survived by his wife and three sons, John H., Hiram H. and Joseph C., and four daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Crocker, Mrs. Clara Henderson, Miss Dorothy Roberts, and Miss Edith Roberts.

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April, 1923

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY



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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 55

No. 4



APRIL 1923

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### The Legislature and Taxes

**F**OR the third time within a few years the voters have refused to ratify a Constitutional Amendment enlarging the power of the Legislature to distribute taxes more widely.

The slogans "wide open," "blank check" joined with the popular cry for economy are probably responsible for 40,737 votes in the negative and only 20,006 in the affirmative.

Now that the Amendment is disposed of we are still confronted with the fact that in 1922 tangible property paid a tax of \$11,000,000, while an equal amount of intangible property paid only \$300,000.

All are agreed that this gross injustice should at once be rectified.

Only two methods of lightening the burden on real estate are possible. The first lies through reduced appropriations by the Legislature. Economy should therefore be the watchword of this session. But in that connection it is well to remember that state expenditures represent only 11% of our entire tax burden; the remaining 89% is due to town and county appropriations. The second, and more hopeful, method by which the Legislature can relieve tangible property is by finding new sources of revenue to carry a part of the load which now falls almost exclusively on visible property.

How this can be accomplished under the present limited powers of the

Legislature is the conundrum which the Ways and Means Committee of the House is now trying to solve.

In order to clearly determine the exact extent of these powers the Legislature has asked the Supreme Court whether it can levy a tax on gasoline, or a graduated tax on inheritances as is done in most other states and whether it can tax the income from investments at a higher rate than is levied on the principal of other property. The answer to these questions will determine the measure of relief which this Legislature can accomplish.

### The Sheppard-Towner Bill

**T**HIS bill, which provides for the co-operation of the state with the Federal Bureau in the promotion of the welfare and hygiene of maternity and infancy in New Hampshire, is still before the House. It has the support in New Hampshire as well as in other states of a large number of women. The three women legislators, for instance, are solidly behind it. The principal women's organizations in the state have endorsed it, and recently a statement in its defense appeared in the press signed by such women as Mrs. McDuffee, President of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Lesure, President of the New Hampshire League of Woman Voters, Mrs. Abbott, President of the New Hampshire Women's



Christian Temperance Union, and Mrs. Henderson, Vice-President of the New Hampshire Parent-Teachers' Association.

"This resolution," writes Dr. Bancroft, Chairman of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, and ex-President of the New Hampshire Medical Association, "stands for the conservation of human life. We have felt the necessity of conservation of natural resources for the past twenty years—forest wealth, mineral wealth, agricultural resources, etc. This bill represents the most important conservation of all, namely, that of human life itself. Let us be consistent.

"If Federal aid is desirable in securing healthy swine, cattle, and trees, of how much more importance is the savage of human life!"

### Some Other Bills of Interest

**T**HE last week of March has been a busy one for the House and several bills of importance have been disposed of. Two measures, dear to the hearts of the Democrats, the bill abolishing the women's poll tax and the "Home Rule Bill," providing for the abolishment of the New Hampshire Police Commissioners and calling for election by popular vote, passed the House after a bitter partisan debate and on strictly party lines. There was a moment in the career of the poll tax bill when it looked as though, for the first time this year a Democratic bill of importance would be defeated. Ex-Governor Bass opened the debate by defending a compromise measure which provided for a \$2.00 poll tax for both men and women, instead of \$3.00, and then called for an extra tax of \$2.00 to be placed on men for one year, which would be sufficient to complete the payment of the soldiers' bonus. When the Democratic leader, Nathaniel Martin, to every one's surprise rose in support of this compromise,

the chances began to look very badly for abolishing the Women's Poll Tax. But after a tie vote, in the roll call which followed the Democrats passed the measure by a majority of 11. Both this bill and the "Home Rule Bill" will undoubtedly meet defeat in the Senate. The Sunday base ball bill, however, which would permit un-commercial sports to be played Sunday and over which there has been considerable controversy, met with a very decisive defeat.

To the casual observer the decision of the House concerning the election of one of the Representatives from Concord was most extraordinary. For in spite of the fact that on official recount Mr. Carleton, a Democrat, received seven less votes than Mr. Kelly, a Republican, the House decided by a vote of 159 to 142 to seat Mr. Carleton. The Republicans at least were amused by Mr. Lyford's protest when he declared that he had "found nowhere in the Democratic platform that it is necessary to seat a Democrat who was never elected."

### Still the 48-Hour Issue

**T**HOUGH no one in the New Hampshire Legislature believes, for a minute, that anything more can be done to settle the unsettled 48-hour issue, yet we hear from time to time of attempts on the part of Republicans to carry out their platform pledge of establishing a fact-finding commission to study the 48-hour question. There was, for instance, the fact-finding resolution introduced by Mr. Aiken of Franklin and supported by ex-Governor Bass which was killed by a vote of 82 to 156, and then there was the Ripley fact-finding resolution, providing for a commission of five persons to be appointed by the Supreme Court to study this question and report to the 1925 Legislature. It passed the Senate but will certainly be killed in the House.



When Harrison was elected President of the United States in 1888, Central Street, Franklin, looked like this.

## FRANKLIN: A TOWN, 1828,--A CITY 1896

### A Record of Growth

**N**EARLY one hundred years ago a group of citizens living toward the outskirts of Andover, Salisbury, Northfield, and Sanbornton, presented to the Legislature a petition that they be allowed to form a new town, to include parts of each of the four villages. They claimed that, whereas it was extremely difficult for them to participate in the affairs of their towns as matters then stood, they could readily do so were the new town center at the junction of the various boundaries. They pointed out, moreover, the development of industry along the river. "There have recently been erected," they said, "on the banks of the Winnepesaukee River; within the limits of the proposed new town, a paper-mill and cotton manufactory, both of which are now in full and successful operation. From the great falls in this and other streams in that vicinity and the inex-

haustible supply of water, there is reason to believe that very extensive manufacturing establishments and other works requiring waterpower will, at no distant period, be erected at or near this spot, in addition to those already there."

The arguments were logical and the legislature committee reported favorably on the petition; but because of the keen opposition in the various towns the bill was jockeyed back and forth for four years. Not until December 24, 1828, did the new town receive permission to organize.

The general of the fight, Judge G. W. Nesmith, whose name stands out in Franklin's history as one of her most public-spirited citizens, had cannily arranged that the boundaries should be drawn to include the birthplace of Daniel Webster; so that the "godlike" Daniel, having been born in Salisbury, became, by legislative decree, a Frank-

lin native. The Judge and others would have liked to call the new town by Webster's name, but another village in New Hampshire had already taken that title, and they selected the name of Franklin instead after Benjamin Franklin, whose career of public service was still fresh in the minds of the people.

Technically speaking, Franklin's history begins at that point; the town sprang into being as a well-developed flourishing village, in which pioneer enterprise had already worked out the beginnings of industry and government. Kendall Peabody's paper mill, forerunner of the great mills of the International Paper Company, was already in operation and had enlisted in its management the skill of the young paper maker from Massachusetts, Jeremiah Daniell, father of Warren F. Daniell, whose services to the town make such a splendid chapter in Franklin's history. The paper made in that old mill was largely a hand-made product; the operatives received in the neighborhood of fifty cents a week for their labors; but it was an up-to-date enterprise and one of which the new town was justly proud.

There was a postoffice, also, and in the "Instructors School," which succeeded the famous, though short-lived, Noyes Academy, Master Tyler was giving to the young people a scholarly, scientific training at least twenty-five years in advance of the average instruction of those times.

A toll bridge across the Pemigewasset connected the "Republican Village"



Daniel Webster: "by legislative decree a Franklin native."

with the newer settlements growing up about the mills. This bridge was the predecessor of the Republican Bridge which is still one of Franklin's landmarks. The rates were:

1c. person on foot  
3c. horse and rider  
4c. horse and sleigh  
6c. sleigh drawn by more than one horse

10c. horse and shais or other carriage  
½c. sheep or swine, and it is said that the thrifty people of the town used to ride to the end of the bridge, tether their

horses, and walk across, with a considerable saving of money if not of energy.

For the other activities of the young town the indefatigable Ebenezer Eastman, justly called the Father of Franklin, seems to have been largely responsible. A mill on the Pemigewasset, a short distance above "the crotch," a flourishing farm, a tavern, and a store—these were a few of his interests. And, in addition, he it was who gave the land on which, in 1822, the first church in the town, the Congregational, was built.

In short Franklin began her independent life in 1828 already grown up. So much so in fact, that nearly twenty years before "Daredevil" John Bowman, who had come with the pioneers of the 1750's, had found the rumble of civilization becoming so loud as to drown out the wood voices he loved and had shouldered his gun and gone on into the wilderness. His departure marks the end of the pioneer period in that region—and Franklin did not exist, even as an idea, at that time. And yet

the town may justly claim a share in the pioneer history of the settlements at the "crotch" of the river.

Previous to 1828, the threads of Franklin's history are tangled with those of the four towns which contributed, albeit unwillingly, to her foundation. Her history touches

also the history of Massachusetts, for the first heralds of civilization to make their way up the Merrimack to the "crotch" and then three miles beyond were a party of explorers from the Massachusetts Bay Colony. In 1639 those explorers laid out thus the northern boundaries of Massachusetts as they understood the terms of their grant, and in so doing they sowed seeds of strife which never came to fruition for the reason that before 1749, when Ebenezer Stevens was given the grant for the founding of Stevenstown, afterwards rechristened Salisbury, the long quarrel over the Mason grants had been settled, and the boundaries of Massachusetts had receded to the place which they now occupy. Had the group of veterans of the French and Indian Wars, to whom in 1736 the Commonwealth of Massachusetts gave a grant of land at the crotch of the rivers, fulfilled the conditions of the grant and settled on their property, the story would have been different, and Franklin, with other New Hampshire towns, would have been involved in the long controversy.

The settlement of Stevenstown, or Salisbury, was the first formal settle-



The Old Walter Aiken Homestead is now the Franklin Hospital, which does a wonderful work not only for Franklin but for all the towns in the surrounding country.

ment on the land which is now Franklin. But the group of grantees, among whom were parents of Daniel Webster, who journeyed from Kingston in 1749 to take up their new possessions were not the first settlers. To Philip Call, Nathaniel Maloon, and Sinkler Bean, who established their homes in

the wilderness in 1748, belongs that honor; and the hardships which they encountered were many and bitter. Nathaniel Maloon's sojourn in the neighborhood was brief. He and his wife and their three children were taken prisoner by the Indians in 1749, carried to Canada, and, the story goes, shipped in a French vessel bound for France. The ship was captured by a British man-of-war and Maloon and his family once more gained their liberty. Philip Call's experiences were even harder, for in 1754 his wife was killed by the savages while he stood concealed near by, a helpless witness to the tragedy.

The story of the relations between the early settlers and the Indians in Franklin or elsewhere has never been adequately written. The outlines are familiar: first, the Indians in full and undisturbed possession, friendly and hospitable to the occasional explorer or trapper that came their way; second, a period of fierce struggle, of blood-curdling savagery on the part of the red men and of almost equal ruthlessness on the part of the whites; and third, the triumph of white civilization and the disappearance of the red man. It is a tragic story; and to many of us it looks



ABOVE—The Mojalaka Country Club, one mile from the business center of Franklin, is rapidly becoming one of the most important social organizations of the vicinity.



LEFT—Where Daniel Webster was born.

BELOW—Named in memory of Herman J. Odell of the Franklin Needle Company, Odell Park is a playground for young and old.





Daniel Webster used to frequent the shores of this Lake. He called it Lake Como, but its name has since been changed in his honor to Webster Lake. It is about one mile wide by three miles long, and along its shores are many beautiful summer homes belonging to people from Franklin, from other parts of New Hampshire, and from many other states. Its natural beauty makes it an ideal summer resort.





Hon. Frank N. Parsons was Franklin's first mayor, and is to-day Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire.

like the record of one of the white man's arrogant mistakes.

It was our privilege the other day to stand among Mr. F. N. Proctor's wonderful collection of Indian relics. And it did not take much imagination to carry our mind back from the arrowheads, the stone axes, the mortars and pestles arranged before us, to the original setting for these implements, to see in imagination the campfire of the Wabenaki on the wooded banks of the river. There where the Win-

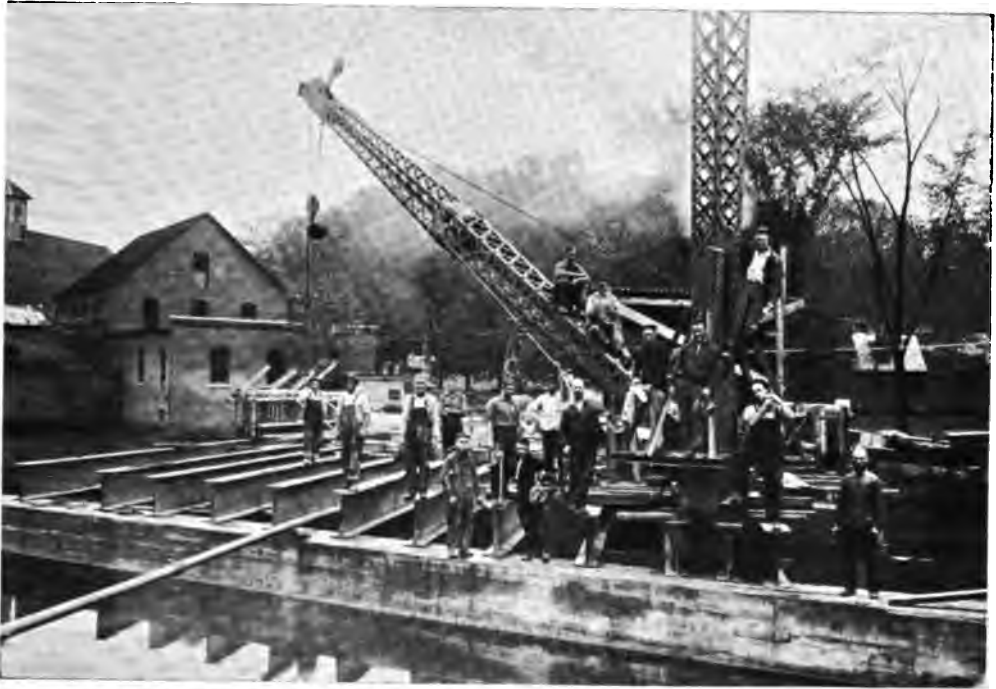
nepesaukee and the Pemigewasset join, was a favorite camp ground of the tribes; coming from either branch of the river, or up the Merrimack, it is probable that they rested there, perhaps to exchange stories of adventure with other tribes that came that way. It is not improbable that those "inscribed stones," which form so valuable a part of Mr. Proctor's collection, were designed and executed in the light of those campfires and exchanged among the tribes as tokens of good will. There was one we remember, bearing the well-defined outline of the river's great bend, which might well have served the purpose of a souvenir postcard.

Looking at these relics and thinking of those two Indian guides, Pontauhumi and Ponbakin, who, "well acquainted with Merrimack



Founded in 1871, the Orphans' Home has been carrying on its valuable service for more than fifty years, and in spite of the serious fire loss of a few months ago is going forward to even larger usefulness.





The new bridge over the Winnepesaukee completed last fall is up-to-the-minute in construction, and makes a valuable addition to an already beautiful Central Street.



Enos K. Sawyer, Secretary of State; ex-Mayor of Franklin; President of the Senate in season of 1913.

river and the great lake, born and bred all their daies thereupon," were of such indispensable service to the Endicott expedition, one wonders whether it might not have been possible to maintain the friendly course when the period of settlement began. But it is one thing to plot out a program of education from our safe point of vantage; Philip Call and his associates, confronted with a condition not a theory, solved their problem in the way which seemed to them direct and practical. Doubtless we should have done no better.

The settlement of Salisbury, marks the beginning of the growth of the village which was to become Franklin. Twelve years later Andover and Northfield were established and in 1764 the first settlers came to Sanbornton. The little group of villages, presenting a solid front to the wilderness, and protected by a small garrison in the fort, were relieved of the necessity of bending all their energies to self-preservation. By the time the Revolution broke out they





Rev. Stanley Carter Sherman, A. B. Amherst 1912, B. D. Hartford Theological Seminary 1915, came to Franklin last December as pastor of Franklin's oldest church, the Congregational. Founded in 1822, this church has a record of more than one hundred years of service. The ground on which it was built was given by Ebenezer Eastman, one of the founders of Franklin. Although damaged by fire in 1902, it was speedily restored and looks to-day much as it looked when the citizens of the town first built it, a simple white frame building of the sort frequently seen in our New England towns.



The Christian Church founded in 1838 was destroyed by fire in 1917, and the following year this beautiful brick building was built. In the early days the lower story of the church was used as the town hall. Rev. Arthur A. Richards, formerly of Urbana, Illinois, is pastor here. He is a graduate of Palmer College and Bangor Theological Seminary, and although he has been in Franklin only two months the results of his work are already evident.



The Congregational Unitarian Church was founded in 1879, and toward its building Mrs. Persis Smith of St. Louis contributed very generously. Its present pastor, Rev. Wilton Edson Cross, L.L.B., is a graduate of the College of Commerce of East St. Louis, 1912, of the Benton College of Law, East St. Louis, 1915, and of the Meadville Theological Seminary, 1918. He has also done graduate work at the Divinity School of the University of Chicago.



The Franklin Baptist Church was formed by an amalgamation of the First Baptist Church and the Free Baptist churches in 1914. Both churches were first organized in 1869. After the union of the churches the building of the First Baptist Church was used for the united services. Since that time extensive alterations and improvements have been made, so that the church has now one of the finest plants in the State for the social and educational work of the modern church. The present pastor, Rev. Frederic S. Boody, is a native of New Hampshire, but all his work before coming to Franklin was in Massachusetts,



Judge Omar A. Towne, owner and editor of the Franklin Transcript, is, both through his paper and through his personal influence, a power in city affairs.

were so firmly established that they could send a prompt response to the call to arms. A company of men under the leadership of Captain Ebenezer Webster started at once for the scene of action, arriving just too late for the Battle of Bunker Hill. Who knows how that famous battle would have gone had they arrived a day earlier? In any case the record of their service during the campaigns which followed is one of which the town may be proud.

The natural resources of the town led to an early development of industry. In 1794, Daniel Sanborn built Franklin's first mill on Salmon Brook. It stood only a short time before a freshet swept it away, but it marked the first attempt to harness the power of the rivers.



The Hancock Grammar School.

At first it seemed as though the river, as well as the Indians, resented the coming of the white man and sought to crush out his endeavors. Again and again the rising waters or a devastating fire swept away in a night the careful work in which the whole community had been engaged for many months; for in those days the building of a mill, no less than the raising of a church, was a community affair, accomplished by the joint efforts of the citizens. Gradually, however, human ingenuity got the upper hand. "Boston John" Clark,



After a stormy controversy over its location, the Franklin High School was built in 1876. Last year 208 pupils were enrolled and there were 32 in the graduating class. The greatest problem of this and the other schools in Franklin is lack of space.



The Nesmith Grammar School.

with his uncanny genius for engineering, built dams and bridges where others failed, and it is recorded that he charged for his work on the building of one most complicated dam, \$300—and contracted to supply the lumber himself. Attracted by the water-power possibilities more and more industries located along the rivers and brooks. The Civil War brought an increased demand for Franklin's manufactured products and accelerated the growth of the town for a period. The coming of the railroad put her in closer touch with the outside world, and increased the value of her manufacturing sites. In less than seventy years, from the memorable fight for the town char-



Rodney A. Griffin is President of the Retail Merchants Association of Franklin which has done much to promote the business prosperity of the town.

ter, Franklin had outgrown town government and her citizens applied for and received a city charter.

The change from town to city in 1894 was another milestone in Franklin's history. Begun under the able guidance of Frank Parsons, the first mayor, the last thirty years have continued the story of gradual, steady development and there is every reason to believe that the next thirty years will show an even greater advance.

Franklin is an industrial city, but in tracing the thread of her business development one must not forget the other threads which make up the warp and woof of a complete life. Franklin's churches, and schools, her libraries and charitable institutions, her



St. Mary's Parochial School was established in 1895, under the direction of the Catholic Church of Franklin.



The Methodist Church was organized in 1871. It has been exceedingly prosperous since its start. Its present pastor is Rev. Christian B. Hansen, who is president of the Franklin Ministers' Association recently organized for the purpose of fostering closer co-operation among the churches. No one can doubt that under Mr. Hansen's leadership the Association will do much to promote a real comradeship among Franklin ministry.



The Roman Catholic Church was organized by Rev. Father Murphy of Laconia and is now under the charge of Rev. J. E. Finen.



Rev. T. W. Harris of Tilton has charge also of St. Jude's Episcopal Church in Franklin. The building in which this church meets was formerly a library.



Franklin's Public Library is one of the most beautiful buildings in the town. It was designed by McLean & Wright of Boston and built in 1907, part of its cost being borne by the Andrew Carnegie Foundation. Mrs. Barron Shirley is the present librarian, and under her direction the library shows a record which compares favorably with libraries throughout the state. There were 50,000 volumes in circulation last year, the largest per capita circulation of any town library in New Hampshire.



R. Wright

The Post Office is the newest of Franklin's public buildings, having been completed within the last year. It fills a long-felt need, for the former quarters had for many years been most unsatisfactory. The new building is simple, dignified, and well proportioned, and it is not to be wondered at that Franklin citizens point it out with pride.

community activities, all these have had their share in the building of the city.

The first church in the town was the Congregational, built in 1822, whose original building, though damaged by fire in 1902, still stands. The Christian Church was the next to be built; then followed the Baptist, the first church in Franklin Falls, the Unitarian, the Methodist, the Episcopal and the Catholic. We held in our hands the other day an old diary, written in beautiful, old fashioned penmanship, and containing a record of Sabbaths, —the texts, the preachers, the gist

of the sermons,—and faith which speaks more eloquently than any treatise of the place of the church in the history of the town. The diary belonged to Walter Aiken's mother and is now in the possession of his grandson, Mr. James Aiken.

The school history also deserves a chapter to itself. Beginning under the scholarly leadership of Master Tyler, the school system has grown steadily, keeping abreast of the times. The story is not without its humorous parts. The controversy over the building of the high school in the early 1870's, while desperately serious at the time, furnished at least one good laugh for us as we pored over the contents of the trunk bequeathed to the Library by Joe L. Thompson, one-time writing master at the school. The main controversy was about the location of the high school, but there were a few persons of evident democratic tendencies who objected to the building of a school to accommodate only high-school pupils. Why, they argued, should such discrimination be shown against the unof-

fending younger children? They voiced their protest vigorously in a flier which is a classic of its kind:

"Are not children, fresh and clean from their mother's hands as dolls from a drawer, worthy of as good school accommodations as ladies and gentlemen of maturer years?...Are not children an ornament to society?"

Franklin's Library, completed in 1907, the successor to several smaller, but excellent earlier libraries, is one of the most beautiful buildings in the town. Situated on a rise of ground beside the river it may be seen for a



(c) Putnam

Looking down on the old Republican Bridge.

great distance, and the architects, the Boston firm of McLean and Wright, made the most of this advantageous and beautiful location in designing the plans. Last year this library circulated over 50,000 volumes, the largest per capita circulation of any town library in the state.

Of the city's humanitarian organizations—the Hospital, admirably located in the old Walter Aiken homestead, the Orphans' Home, which sustained such serious fire loss a few months ago, the Golden Rule Farm for Boys—much might be written were not the limits of this article so short. They are all beautifully equipped and efficiently managed and form a practical demonstration of the spirit of good will and brotherliness which is characteristic of the town.

Franklin is a city with a great deal of civic pride. This is evident to any one who sees the fine bridge over the Winnepesaukee, completed during the past year, or the beautiful new post-office. It is evident also in the enthusiasm with which young and old have concentrated their energies upon the

building and development of the new Mojalaka Country Club, and in the enterprise which is rapidly making the summer colony at Webster Lake one of the most beautiful summer resorts in this part of the country.

History, as Carlyle once said, is best written as the biography of great men, and this has been notably true in Franklin. In another section of the magazine is the story of one phase of the life of the town given in terms of personality. That story could be matched by a dozen others. To run through the town's great names is to see in panorama the town's development. Daniel Webster's name heads the list, of course, but the names of many others stand out as only less prominent: George W. Nesmith, member of the supreme court, who wrote Franklin's charter and gave the town its name; Thomas W. Thompson, member of both branches of congress and state treasurer; Austin F. Pike, United States Senator; Warren F. Daniell, prominent both in business

and political affairs, member of U. S. House of Representatives; A. W. Sullo-way, railroad president, state senator and founder of one of Franklin's most successful industries; Walter Aiken, inventor and manufacturer; Judge Blodgett who after twenty-one years of service on the Supreme Court, four as Chief justice, served the city as Mayor for two years; Daniel Barnard, Attorney General of the state; Edward B. S. Sanborn for many years a member and clerk of the State Railroad Commission; Frank N. Parsons, first Mayor of the City and Chief Justice of the State; Omar A. Towne, since the 1890's the owner and editor of Franklin's newspaper,—these men and many others have contributed to make Franklin what it is to-day.

And for the future—that also will be written in terms of the lives of the men and women now active in city affairs and as one runs through the list, one realizes just how bright and full of promise Franklin's future is.



Where the Pemigewasset and Winnepesaukee join to form the Merrimack.





## THE CITY GOVERNMENT OF FRANKLIN

(Centre front row)

MAYOR LOUIS H. DOUPHINET comes from one of the first French families who settled in Franklin. For many years he worked in the International Paper Company mills, and two years ago the acute industrial situation in Franklin brought him to the front as a candidate of the Democratic party. He was elected first in 1921 and re-elected last fall. It is interesting to note that five of the eleven mayors of New Hampshire cities are of French Canadian descent.

### CITY COUNCIL

(Front row left to right)

MR. JAMES H. GERLACH is a Republican councillor from Ward 1. Mr. Gerlach is a comparatively recent arrival in Franklin, coming to the town from Newton, Mass., where he was a contractor for many years.

MR. HERBERT A. GRIFFIN is a Democratic councilman from Franklin's Republican Ward—Ward 1. He is the proprietor of the Main Street Pharmacy and has lived in Franklin most of his life.

MR. T. L. RILEY, Republican, Ward 1, runs a successful periodical store on the west side of the river.

DR. ALPHONSE LAGACE, Democrat, Ward 2, is a well known and honored French physician. He served as a lieutenant during the War.

MR. ALEXANDER B. HEBERT, Republican, Ward 3, is also of French origin, and is the proprietor of a garage.

MR. FRANCIS T. DOUPHINET, Democrat, Ward 2, is the brother of the Mayor, and an electrician by trade.

(Second row left to right)

CITY CLERK IRVING V. GOSS, Republican, has occupied this important position for a number of years, and has proved himself exceedingly competent in the management of city affairs.

MR. JOHN H. THOMPSON, Republican, Ward 3, is Assistant Superintendent of the M. T. Stevens Woolen Mills.

MR. EUSEBE P. LEMIRE, Democrat, Ward 2, is one of Franklin's prominent French citizens. He is a baker by trade.

CITY MARSHAL JOHN MANCHESTER is also leader of the Franklin Boy Scouts.

DR. JAMES B. WOODMAN, Republican councilman from Ward 3, does not appear in this picture. He is a leading physician in Franklin, with a remarkable war record. He had charge of a base hospital in France and at the time the war ended had received the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.



A. W. Sulloway, founder of the Sulloway Mills and leading citizen of Franklin.

## NEEDLES AND KNITTING

### The Romance of Franklin's Business

**T**HE outbreak of the War in 1914 brought with it the disclosure of some rather startling facts about our manufacturing and its dependence upon other nations for some of the essentials of production. Many of these facts became the subject of our every-day conversation; the dye-stuff problem confronted us at every turn and the toy famine was something the seriousness of which we all could understand. But

there were phases of the situation, no less serious than these, which, because they were more remote from the every-day life of the average man, never became known beyond a small and specialized circle of experts. Many an an-

xious battle was fought in those days in factories and business houses throughout the land, battles as fundamentally important to the success of the Allied cause as any fought on the battlefields of France. And



A GLIMPSE OF THE MILLS



Herrick Aiken, nephew of Walter Aiken, member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, and President and Treasurer of the Nekia Manufacturing Company.

in one of these battles Franklin played a most important part.

The stupendous task of equipping the army involved, as all of us know, the production of enormous quantities of knitted goods. That meant employment for the leisure time of nimble-fingered women throughout the land; but even more it meant a tremendously increased demand to be met by the factories engaged in the manufacture of underwear, socks, sweaters, etc. There are more than four thousand such mills in this country. The production of all of them was taxed to the uttermost. And the greatest handicap they encountered was the difficulty of obtaining the latch-needles used in their machines. They had been buying the needles from Germany. When it became no longer possible to get them from that source they turned to the factories of this country and threw upon them the whole burden of keep-

ing the production of knitted goods up to the demand.

There are only about a dozen factories manufacturing these needles today: there were even fewer in 1914. And of them all more than half were centered about the little city of Franklin, where the business had originated more than half a century ago. A mere handful of factories with the stupendous task of supplying thousands of mills running at a tremendous rate of production! The way in which the need was met, the almost miraculous increase in production is a story to be told adequately only by the men who worked through those anxious days. Sitting in their offices, now that the smoke of the fight has cleared away, they tell the story with all the zest of veterans. You may hear both sides too, for in Franklin are both knitting mills and needle and knitting-machine factories.

And behind all this is another story— a story of initiative and achievement which goes back to Civil War days and even beyond.

Back in the 1850's, in a little shop on the banks of the Pemigewasset, Walter Aiken perfected two bits of machinery which were of revolutionary significance in the knitting business—the circular knitting machine and the latch needle. Stories differ as to the way in which the inventions came about. Perhaps those Englishmen, Franklin's first "immigrants," who came to work in the "Stone Mill" brought with them from England stories of new developments there which fired the brain of the inventor. Whatever the impetus, the creative genius of Mr. Aiken translated it into the reality of steel, and his inventions replaced the old hand frame for knitting and the old spring needle which had been used hitherto. This meant both increased speed and improved product.

The machines which Mr. Aiken invented and the needles also would

look antiquated today, if compared with the output of firms like the Franklin Needle Company, the Nevins Needle Company, the Acme Knitting Machine Company, the Seawill Needle Company, or with the equipment of the Sulloway Mills. Wonderful progress has been made during the last fifty years in the perfecting of knitting machinery. There are machines of such intricacy that they perform all the involved and varied operations of making a stocking, turning it out all complete except for the finishing of the foot; machines that knit the fancy jacquard tops so fashionable just now; machines that turn out all manner of fancy knitting. And each advance in the design of the machines has made necessary adaptations of the needles.

No doubt Walter Aiken would be surprised could he walk today through the Sulloway Mills and see how that business has expanded and developed. It is our belief, however, that his feelings would be less of astonishment than of satisfaction such as a man feels at having his dreams fulfilled. Inventors are seers and prophets.

We talked not long ago with a man who wanted to write the history of America as the history of two families—the family of John Quincy Adams, statesmen, conservatives, scholars; and the family of Jack London, ever pushing forward to new frontiers. The idea is a good one, but incomplete, for the story of American business can also be written in terms of personalities. And the history of Franklin business is to a surprising extent bound up in the history of the Aiken family. They are inventors, all of them,—from Herrick Aiken, father of Walter Aiken, who conceived the idea of a railroad up Mount Washington and even modeled an engine which should make the climb years before his son, presenting the idea to the Legislature with a



Richard W. Sulloway, agent of the Sulloway Mills, President of the Franklin Red Cross, and actively interested in all civic affairs.

request for a charter, was greeted with derisive cries of "Give him a charter to the moon!" to Walter Aiken's great-nephew, whose inventive genius not long ago prompted him to undertake the somewhat alarming engineering feat of constructing a windmill from his father's razor blades, carefully stolen and hoarded under the woodshed.

Walter Aiken and his father, Herrick Aiken, may be said to be the Fathers of Franklin's manufacturing, not only because of their inventions and their successful business enterprises, but also because in one way or another nearly all of the Franklin factories in operation today have received some contribution from the old inventors. The business which Walter Aiken founded in 1864, and which passed to his sons on his death in 1893, has almost entirely gone in to other hands now, although Mr.



These mills turn out ten thousand dozen pairs of stockings each week.

Herrick Aiken maintains in Franklin the offices of the Nekia Manufacturing Company, a concern engaged in the making of machinery. The shop in which the early machines were invented forms part of the plant of the newest Needle factory—the Nevins Needle Company—a fact which should bring luck to the new enterprise. The buildings in which Aiken's Hosiery Mills were housed are now owned by the M. T. Stevens & Sons Company, who, since about 1870 have been manufacturing in Franklin the highest grade of woolen cloth. The making of needles which Mr. Aiken originated is carried on by such firms as the Franklin Needle Company, which, founded in 1874, and incorporated in 1882, was for many years the largest latch-needle factory in the world; and the Seawill Needle Company and the Nevins Needle Company which, although of much later origin, nevertheless owe a debt, of which they are well aware, to the inventions of Mr. Aiken.

The Acme Knitting Machine Com-

pany is in a sense the successor to Aiken's machine shop. Even the G. W. Griffin Company, manufacturers of Hacksaws, although seemingly unrelated to Mr. Aiken's enterprises, acknowledges a connection, since the invention of the hacksaw which forms the basis for the industry of the plant was made by a worker in Walter Aiken's shop.

Thus closely are the various branches of Franklin's business enterprises related, and undoubtedly the most interesting story of this relationship is that which connects the Aiken inventions with the great Sulloway Hosiery Mills.

When Walter Aiken manufactured his first circular knitting machine, he sent it to the Enfield Shakers; his second went to Mr. A. W. Sulloway of Enfield. Mr. Sulloway's interest in the machine led to an interest in Franklin, and in 1865, with Mr. Fred H. Daniell, he began business there. The old "Stone Mill" had burned down in 1858 and the time seemed auspicious for the building of

a new hosiery mill. The Daniell and Sulloway mill began business in 1865; in 1869 Mr. Sulloway bought out Mr. Daniell's interest. The business has grown by leaps and bounds since that time. There is little resemblance between the up-to-date, finely equipped factory which it was our privilege to visit the other day, with its output of 12,000 dozen pairs of stockings per week, and the "Stone Mill" its predecessor, whose old clock stands today in Mr. Richard Sulloway's office.

Franklin owes much to Walter Aiken, but if the inventor himself could tell what he considered his

greatest contribution to the welfare of the town there can be little doubt that he would point to the circumstances through which there came to Franklin the man who has for more than fifty years served Franklin's interests faithfully, not only as a capable business man, but also as political leader and state senator, as railroad president, as bank president, and in many other branches of public service—Mr. A. W. Sulloway who, even today, though he is no longer able to take as active a part as formerly in public affairs, may still justly be called Franklin's leading citizen.

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## MY FISHERMAN

BY MABEL W. SAWYER

Franklin, N. H.

Wind sweeps the meadows. Brimming brooks  
Are taking the trout to deeper nooks.  
Low hanging clouds cover the sky—  
Singing, my fisherman passes by.

White leaning lambs, to lea of the storm,  
Their wool a-wearing, softly warm.  
All through the day, pure drizzling rain  
Sings gently over the country lane.

Deep in the distance lights appear  
With dusk of day, dark night is near,  
Wind-blown, with fisherman's luck content,  
To sheltering roof man's way is sent.

Fire-glowing walls reflect delight.  
Outside the storm has turned to night.  
Day in the open, bright, carefree,  
At dark my fisherman seeketh me.

# "BOSTON JOHN" CLARK

## A Picturesque Figure in Franklin History

**E**VEN in this young land of ours there are mythological heroes, men real enough and historical enough to be sure, but around whom the imagination loves to play and whose biography becomes gradually en-crust-ed with legend. Such a character was Boston John Clark, who lived in Franklin during the middle days of the 19th century.

To-day he would be hailed as a mathematical genius and paragraphed in all the newspapers of the country. But his contemporaries merely recognized his ability as odd and depended upon his uncanny aptitude for figuring to help them with the practical concerns of bridge building and dam construction.

Where others failed Boston John succeeded, and he did so with the aid of only his ten-foot pole. Since he could neither read nor write his figuring was done in his head. His accounts with his men whom he employed, his computations in the construction work he accomplished—the only records of these

were in his memory and it never failed.

The ten-foot pole figures largely in the many stories one hears about Boston John. It is said that one day some boys, knowing how he depended upon

that pole, and thinking to throw him off on his computations, cut off a couple of inches. Boston John, returning, picked up the pole, examined it, and discarded it without comment. His unerring mathematical sense told him something was wrong.

Many years before psychologists had begun to study hypnosis and its possibilities in connection with the healing of disease, Boston John Clark's power of

hypnotism was well known in Franklin. When Mr. Jeremiah Daniell caught his arm in the machinery of his paper mill and was in such severe pain that he could not sleep, the physicians feared he would die. But Boston John, using his mesmeric power, put the patient into a heavy sleep and with this help Nature repaired the damage.

Boston John was thoroughly convinc-



A MATHEMATICAL GENIUS OF  
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

ed that he held converse with spirits. They led him a merry chase sometimes. Once when they had set him to digging treasure down on Cape Cod he ran afoul of some vigorous objections on the part of the owner of the land. It was an experience calculated to shake the faith of a lesser man, but Boston John took it as another instance of spirit guidance and mildly returned home with the remark that the treasure though undoubtedly hidden there had already been found before he arrived on the scene.

The last days of his life Boston John spent with the Shakers at Enfield, and

to this period belongs the picture which accompanies this sketch. Of course Boston John never had a picture taken. But one day a photographer snapped a building in the Shaker Colony just as Boston John was passing. In the original photograph he appears as a tiny figure scarcely more than half an inch high. But the print was exceptionally good and Kimball's Studio of Concord enlarged it, making it possible thereby for Franklin people to possess a photograph of one of the most unique characters in the history of the town.

## POEMS BY A FRANKLIN POET

BY MABEL W. SAWYER

### Rain Song

Twilight here,  
Twilight and rain.  
Boughs beating, bending with rain.  
Music to you  
With your heart so glad.  
Haunting to you  
When your heart is sad.  
Dropping the rain  
From the trees,  
Drenching and dripping the leaves,  
Dark misty mood  
In this wood  
Brings the rain  
Singing rain.  
Cooling the moss

Cooling ferns  
Wetting the wild things in turns.  
Music you hear  
In the brimming brooks  
Rushing o'er stones  
To their deeper nooks.  
See how the trees  
Stand so still  
Greying clouds  
Cling to the hill  
Sweet scented wood  
Solitude  
Brings the rain  
Singing rain.

### The Shower

Goodness, how it darkens things  
To have the sky a-spreading wings  
To beat against the pane!  
Children hurrying home from school  
Bare their heads to feel the cool;  
They wade into the shallow pool  
With glee, welcoming rain.





## A PLAY DAY

### Silas Pettingill Goes Fishing

BY ELLEN BARDEN FORD

ILLUSTRATION BY LUCILLE CONANT

**I**T was late April. The clouds were hanging low on Blueberry Mountain, and little wisps of fog were floating over the brook that ran through the meadow.

Silas Pettingill stood leaning against the old barnyard bars, and looking speculatively across the meadow toward the brook. The murmur of the swollen waters that sounded now near, now far, was calling him, as it had called every year at that time, since as a tiny boy he had gone fishing with his father, and had fished patiently for hours at a time, with a bent pin for a hook.

"I suppose Maria will think I ought to be cutting bushes to-day over in the west lot, but I'll be darned if I will! I'm going a-fishing," he said to himself decisively.

In the cosy kitchen, Maria was stepping briskly about, getting breakfast on the table. As she glanced out of the window she saw Silas leaning against

the bars, and looking across the meadow.

"I know just as well what he is thinking about as though he had told me," said she to herself. "He wants to go a-fishing to-day. Well! I won't say anything about it, but let him work. It won't be half the fun for him if he talks about it, as it will if he slips away and thinks that he really oughtn't to go, and that I don't know where he has gone."

As she stood looking out of the window, Silas went into a shed and came out with a hoe and a tin box. He gave a stealthy glance at the house, then disappeared behind the barn.

Soon he came into the kitchen whistling cheerily, with a big armful of wood.

"There Maria," said he as he deposited the wood in the box behind the stove, "I guess you have wood enough to last all day." He washed his hands at the kitchen sink, and as he seated

himself at the breakfast table, he continued, "I wish you would put me up a big lunch, Maria, I probably won't be back by noon. Put in plenty of apple pie and cheese."

Later, Maria watched him cross the yard to the barn with his lunch pail in his hand, and Percy, the big black and white cat, following at his heels.

Soon he was back with Percy in his arms.

"You had better shut Percy up until I have been gone a little while," said he. "I can't have him tagging me all day."

Maria put the struggling cat down cellar, then went out to feed the hens. She could hear Silas' cheery whistle in the distance, and as she listened she said softly to herself with a tender light in her eyes, "Bless him! He's nothing but a boy after all."

Silas went leisurely across the meadow to the brook and followed along the bank until he came to a deep, quiet pool. A large willow tree leaned over the water, and an old, moss-covered log invited him to rest. He looked around him with happy eyes. He could see the clean sand through the yellow water, and the little shiners darting here and there. Across the pool, under the willow roots, he caught a glimpse of a trout. In an hour he had caught only one small one, then he came back again to rest on the old log.

A sound caused him to turn as Simon Gay came around a bend in the brook some distance away.

Simon carried a pail in one hand, and in the other he had a fishing rod and some trout strung on a willow twig. His good-natured face broke into a smile of delight as he saw Silas sitting on the log.

"I thought perhaps I should find you here, Sile," said he, as he deposited his pail on the ground and seated himself beside Silas.

"See what I caught as I came along," and he dangled six speckled beauties before Silas' admiring eyes.

"You always was a master hand to catch fish, Sime. Don't you remember when we were boys how you used to divide with me when we went fishing, because I never had as good luck as you? I only caught one little one." And Silas took from his pocket a little trout that was so covered with chaff it was hard to tell what it was.

"Percy wanted to come with me and I wouldn't let him, so I thought I would carry this home for his supper."

"You'd better wash the fish before you give it to him, Sile, or he won't know what he's eating," and Simon laughed so heartily that he nearly fell off the log.

"Mother and Rena went over to Mrs. Redmonds this morning to spend the day, so I just skun out to take a little vacation. Strange ain't it, Sile, how a woman never seems to think a man needs a day off now and then? Mother thinks I am splitting wood."

"Mother thinks I am cutting bushes in the west lot," said Silas with a chuckle. "I did intend to until this morning. Some way this misty spring air, that smells of the ground and all the sweet things that grow on it, and the sound of the brook, makes me feel lazy. I just want to sit here and talk with you and rest. Some folks might think it strange that two old fellers like you and me can have such a good time together, Sime, but we do, don't we?" and Silas looked at Simon wistfully.

"Course we do, Sile. We have had lots of good times together, and I hope we will have many more. Life wouldn't be the same to me without you, Sile. I just hope we will fare along to the next life about the same time, for it seems to me I would be lonesome even there without you."

The old men looked at each other, and for a moment in their eyes there shone a prophetic light, giving them a fleeting glimpse of a time when one must be taken, and the other left. Simon broke the silence in his matter-of-fact way.

"I don't know how you feel, Sile, but I'm as hungry as a bear. I know it ain't noon, but let's get dinner and eat it. Then we can rest and visit. You find some wood for the fire, and I will get the fish ready to fry."

Soon a little fire was snapping briskly on a large flat rock, and a delightful odor of browning fish arose from Simon's pail cover. Simon took some huge slices of bread and butter, and some ginger snaps from his pail, and Silas contributed apple pie, cheese, and a bottle of coffee.

"Why! we have a dinner fit for a king," said Simon, as he put his beautifully browned fish before Silas.

"I never knew a woman, not even Maria, that could fry fish so it tasted as yours does," said Silas, as he lifted a piece with his jack-knife and put it on his bread.

"Don't you remember the first time we caught fish and fried them here?" said Simon. "We were little shavers. Your father had set you to piling wood in the shed, and mine went to town and left me to rake up the front yard. We came down here and stayed all day, and both got a good licking when we got home at night. But it was worth it," continued the old man reminiscently.

The last crumb disappeared from the rude little table. The sun came out. The mist vanished. And still the old

men talked. "Don't you remember?" prefaced many a story they told each other with quiet enjoyment. The long afternoon slipped quickly by. The sun disappeared behind a bank of clouds, and all the world looked gray. The hylas began their plaintive music in the little pond in the pasture, before the old men thought of home.

"This has been the best day we ever had together, Sile," said Simon. "I feel ten years younger than I did this morning."

"We are 'old boys' Sime, but a play day now seems as good to me as it ever did," answered Silas, as he picked up his fishing rod and pail and turned toward home.

Maria sat by the kitchen window, sewing, when she saw Silas come around the barn, with his dinner pail in his hand. Percy ran to meet him. Silas took something from his pocket, and after carefully washing it in the water tub, gave it to him. When Silas opened the kitchen door, Percy ran by him and under the stove, from which at once issued savage growls, and the vigorous cracking of bones. Evidently Percy was having a supper much to his liking.

Silas looked a little uneasy, but Maria only said with a twinkle in her eye, "Percy must have caught that big rat that has been bothering me so long in the back pantry."

## FRANCES

BY DOROTHY E. COLLINS

When Frances was a young thing,  
Mad-cap games she played  
On the sea-gull's eyrie,  
Nor ever was afraid  
Of the cliffs below her  
Where deep-sea breakers rose,  
With green and beast-like shoulders.  
To splash her clinging toes.



WALKER HAARTZE SPOFFORD: HOLDER OF WORLD'S RECORD OF MILK PRODUCTION FOR 305 DAYS. RECORD 26,333 POUNDS.

## HOLSTEINS THAT WIN

### Some New Hampshire Champions

BY H. STYLES BRIDGES

**H**OLSTEINS, or "The Black and Whites," as they are enthusiastically called by Holstein breeders, the country over, are the largest of any of the dairy breeds and are noted for their production of milk. No breed of cattle can surpass or equal their records in the economical or high production of this fluid that is so essential and vital to the human race.

Right here in New Hampshire we have the honor of having two world's champions of this famous breed. They are Walker Haartze Spofford, who holds the world record for cows of all ages and breeds for total milk production in the 305 day class, and Silda Creamelle Johanna who holds the senior four year record for both milk and butter in the same class. Walker Haartze Spofford's world's record for milk production in 305 days is 26,333 pounds of milk.

Just stop and consider what this means. It means that in ten months time this cow produced more milk than

seven ordinary New Hampshire cows produce in a year; or over 13 tons of milk in all. Silda Creamelle Johanna's world's record for 305 days is 23,062 pounds of milk, and 1007.7 pounds of butter.

These queens of the dairy world are owned by the Baker Farm of Stratham, New Hampshire. This farm is located about one mile from Rockingham Junction on the main road, between Exeter and Newmarket. It was formerly known as the old Whitcomb Farm and on it many famous horses of racing renown have been reared. The farm is approached by a long lane nearly one-quarter mile in length, which leads to the farm buildings. The farm itself comprises about two hundred acres, and is a typical New Hampshire farm. The land is about equally divided between pasture and tillage.

The farm is owned by Edwin H. Baker. Mr. Baker purchased it about four years ago. We ordinarily think that, when successful business men de-



HAVENDALE INKA BOWER METCHILD: RECORD 20,450 POUNDS OF MILK, ONE YEAR;  
950 POUNDS OF BUTTER, ONE YEAR

cide to go into farming, it means the expenditure of a great deal of money, the buying of a high-priced farm, the building of fine buildings, the assembling of a herd of high-priced cattle, in fact that everything is done to create a show appearance without regard to the economical phase of farming. Then, according to popular opinion, the owner generally sits back and watches things progress, usually with his check book in close proximity. Mr. Baker is not a man of this type. He is running his farm not as a hobby but as a strictly commercial proposition, and from observations and from the records it would seem to the visitor that he is successful. The Baker farm can be correctly classed as among New Hampshire's practical farms. The farm is managed by Mr. C. C. Laughton, a very thorough and practical farmer. Mr. A. L. Frost and Elwin Flanders are the herdsman and are in immediate charge of the herd.

This herd of Holsteins probably ranks not only as the best in New Hampshire, but as one of the very best in the Eastern States. The herd numbers about eighty head of registered

animals, of which more than half are milking. When milking is mentioned on the Baker farm, it has a real meaning, for they milk many of their cows four times a day and get results by it too. All the milking is done by hand, and, when you consider that some members of this herd milk as high as one hundred and eight pounds a day, milking means a real job.

The cattle are kept under ordinary farm conditions. Two old-fashioned barns have been remodeled to the extent of letting in plenty of sunlight and a ventilating system has been installed.

At the Baker Farm they believe in the old maxim that "the sire is half the herd."

Their senior herd sire is King Segis Pontiac Maartze, an animal of great individuality and backing. This bull's two nearest dams averaged 34.8 pounds of butter in seven days, and his seven nearest dams averaged 30.7 pounds of butter in seven days. Not many herd sires in the country have such records behind them. Colantha Johanna Lad and King Segis, two of the Holstein breed's greatest sires, are his immediate ancestors. His worth does not stop with his looks



"THE SIRE IS HALF THE HERD." KING SEGIS PONTIAC MAARTZE, SENIOR HERD SIRE.

and pedigree, for he has some producing daughters that are fast winning him renown. Several are to be found in the Baker herd. One has a record of twenty-six pounds of butter as a two-year-old and others have fine records in both milk and butter production.

The young stock have a fine chance, for Manager Laughton believes in feeding when the animals are young and not half-starving the youngsters, as the case on many dairy farms. Plenty of the right kind of food when they are young makes strong vigorous cows that are real producers. These cows bear out the above statement, for many of them weigh between sixteen hundred and seventeen hundred pounds.

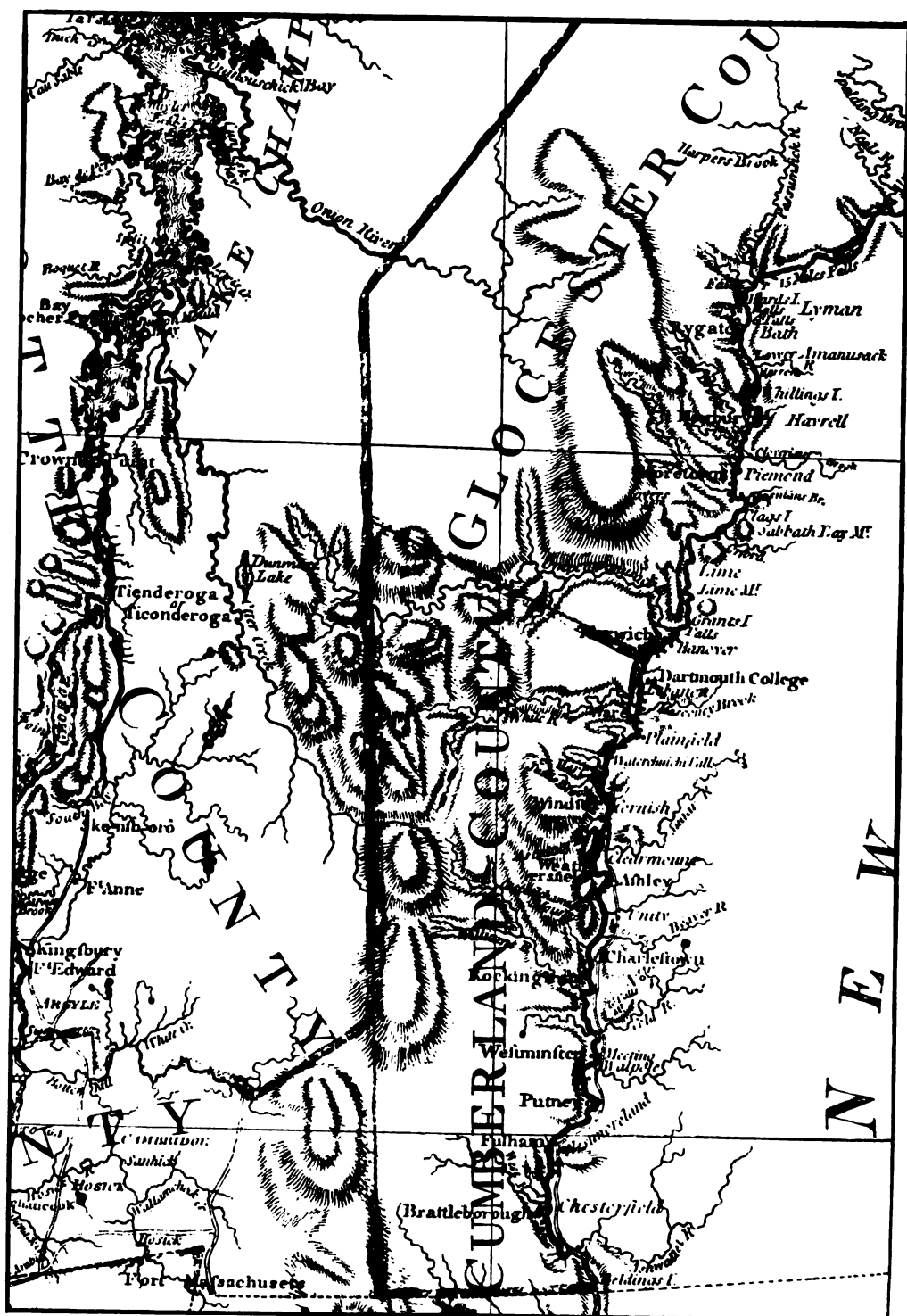
The crops raised on the farm are mostly for forage. In fact all the roughage used for feeding purposes is home produced. It consists mainly of clover hay and corn silage. Manager Laughton states that this spring they intend to try alfalfa, and he believes that it will be a big asset to them if they are able to get a stand.

Nothing is sold off the farm except

dairy products, and livestock. The dairy products are sold principally in the form of milk, a retail milk route being conducted in Newmarket that disposes of between 200 and 300 quarts daily. The remainder is sold in Boston at wholesale, but at a fancy price. Most of the livestock sold are young animals, particularly bulls, which are sold from farmers' prices up to as high as \$1,000 a piece.

The two world's champions are by no means the only high producers of which this herd boasts, for the majority of the cows have records from 20 to 31 pounds of butter in seven days, as well as large yearly milk and butter records. The herd is under Federal supervision and the animals all tested and healthy. They show every evidence of good care and careful management, and are a sight that any lover of animals would enjoy.

If you are interested in dairy cattle, and particularly in Holsteins, it would pay you to take the time to visit the Baker farm, the home of New Hampshire's premier herd of Holsteins.



PART OF SAUTHIER MAP. LONDON, 1776.

# WHEN CLAREMONT WAS CALLED ASHLEY

## II

### Two Old Maps and Their Odd Inaccuracies

BY GEORGE B. UPHAM

WITH the progress of the Revolution European interest in the theater of the war was greatly stimulated. As campaigns were conducted and battles fought in places hitherto unheard of in Europe the demand for maps increased.

It was for some time thought that the issue of the conflict would be settled in New England or on its western borders. Here, quite naturally, the cartographers concentrated their attention. The Connecticut River valley was of interest, for New England might be invaded through this natural approach from Canada.

The earliest map issued to supply the new demand was published in London in 1776. Its full title is

A MAP OF

The Province of  
NEW YORK,

Compiled from Actual Surveys by order of  
His Excellency

WILLIAM TRYON, Esq.

Captain General and Governor of the Same,  
By CLAUDE JOSEPH SAUTHIER

to which is added New Jersey, from the  
Topographical Observations

of C. J. SAUTHIER & B. RATZER.

Engraved by WILLIAM FADEN,

(Successor to the late Mr. Thos. Jefferys, 1776)

The Counties and "Mannors" are colored in a way to make the map highly decorative. It seems strange to see Albany County reaching from the Delaware River, the border of Pennsylvania, nearly to the Connecticut River back of Brattleborough. Two counties, Cumberland and Gloucester, extend along the

Connecticut from Massachusetts to the Canada line. New York then claimed all the territory now Vermont and these counties are colored as vividly as those on or west of the Hudson. This visualization, better than any print or words, impresses the fact that New York once exercised dominion as far east as the Connecticut River.

All of New Hampshire that is shown is left blank except along the Great River. Here towns of consequence are indicated by circles; larger circles and more prominent lettering indicating the larger settlements; Charlestown No. 4, Ashley and Windsor are thus made to appear as of more consequence than Unity, "Clearmount" and Cornish. Ashley is placed near the sharp right-angled bend in the Connecticut which is seen just above the ferry. The name "Clearmount" is placed south of "Sugar R" which is made to rise in a small pond about ten miles east of Plainfield.<sup>(1)</sup>

Further north we find Lebanon, and close to it Dartmouth College with the crude suggestion of a large two-steeped building. Hanover is five or six miles further north. Crossing the Connecticut into Cumberland County, New York, we find Ware (now Hartford) opposite Lebanon.<sup>(2)</sup> Further south are Windsor and Weathersfield, as well as Ascutney and Caschetchawage (Skitchawaug) Mountains, properly placed. A road is shown passing through Charlestown and Ashley, crossing the Connecticut River near Windsor and ending abruptly at Juill's (Lull's) Brook in "Hart," that is Hartland.

(1) Sugar River flows from Sunapee Lake at the "Harbor," about midway on its much indented western shore. With sometimes sharp angles, sometimes winding curves, its clear amber waters flow in a general westerly direction. Descending in its twenty miles about 830 feet it empties into the Connecticut four miles westerly from Claremont Village, and a mile or two southeasterly from the lower slopes of Ascutney. A view of it and of the mountain from Lottery Bridge in Claremont is a view to be remembered. See *Illustration in Granite Monthly*, Vol. 52, p. 50.

(2) Few know of the existence of Hartford Vermont, but as White River Junction it is familiar—at least around the railroad station—to hundreds of thousands who have wearily waited there.





PART OF THE M. BRION DE LA TOUR MAP, PARIS 1779. HEAVY BLACK LINES INDICATE PROVINCE BOUNDARIES.

A French map purporting to show the theatre of the War between the English and Americans, and to have been drawn from the latest English maps, also shows Ashley, but not Claremont. It was published in Paris in 1779 and in one corner is described as follows:

## CARTE

du

## THEATRE DE LA GUERRE

Entre les Anglais

et les Americains:

Dressee

d'apres les Cartes Anglaises

les plus modernes,

Par M. Brion de la Tour, Ingenieur-  
Geographe du Roi.

1779

a Paris

Chez Esnauts et Rapilly, rue St. Jacques  
a la Ville de Coutances.

The title is embellished by the depiction of an impossible Indian having the physiognomy of a British prize-fighter, dressed in a costume of skins and feathers, the like of which no Indian ever saw. Shod with Greek sandals he is seated in the forest with shield, battle flags and other European impedimenta beside him.

"Ashley," its circle surmounted by a cross indicating the possession of a church, is here shown as just south of "Pt. Sugar R," (Little Sugar River) which should be in Charlestown and Unity, several miles south of Ashley. It is, however, moved north to take the place of the real Sugar River, while the latter is, in turn, shoved several miles further north and made to empty into the Connecticut directly opposite "Mt. Asseumea" (Ascutney) at a place about half way between the circles designating the locations of Weathersfield and Windsor. Claremont and Cornish are wholly omitted. "Blowme Down R" is properly placed but "Darmouth" is located half-way between Plainfield and Hanover.

Over the river from "Darmouth," which is placed where Lebanon should

be, we again find Ware, but on this French map engraved "Major Villard's ou Ware." Recalling that Hartford, on this location, was one of the Hampshire Grants in 1761; that the King in Council in 1764 declared "the Western Banks of the River Connecticut.....to be the Boundary Line between the two Provinces of New Hampshire and New York;" and further recalling the fact that the French have no W in their alphabet; we are led to look to the New York records for a knowledge of Major Willard's activities. Investigation reveals that he had obtained a New York charter for Hertford, now Hartland, adjoining Hartford on the south, and was employed to act for the Proprietors of the latter town. He apparently gave the impression that he owned it. It further appears that New York was willing, on certain conditions, to grant the charter under the name Ware, but there were delays, perhaps owing to the lack of cordiality between the "Green Mountain Boys" and the "Yorkers," so the charter was never issued. The name given by Benning Wentworth remained, except in so far as, to the outside world, it was changed to White River Junction after the coming of the railroads.

It will be seen that M. Brion de la Tour made as much of a mess of the rivers flowing into the Connecticut from the west as he did of those flowing into it from the east

Judging by the varied size of the lettering and circles or pentagons Walpole "Charles Town" and "Darmouth" were the largest towns in this vicinity. Next in size were Ashley and Windsor, while Weathersfield, Plainfield, and Dantzick, now Newbury (much too far north) were less populous. The outlet of the unnamed lake, Sunapee, is placed at its southern end. This unnamed river is evidently intended for Cold River for it flows into the Connecticut a little north of Walpole. The map maker had merged Cold Pond with Sunapee.

*To be continued*

# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, as suddenly as the thought struck him, when he and a friend of his who long ago described it to me, were hunting for a lost poem together: "I should like to have an anthology of the one-poem poets!"—in sympathy with which fugitive wish the poems to be published under this heading from month to month have been selected, though it is not presumed their authors have not, in some cases, written other poems which to some tastes are of equal or perhaps even greater merit. It is probable that some at least of the poems here published will be collected later in book form. Suggestions will be welcome.

A. J.

## WINDS TODAY ARE LARGE AND FREE

BY MICHAEL FIELD

Winds to-day are large and free,  
Winds today are westerly;  
From the land they seem to blow  
Whence the sap begins to flow  
And the dimpled light to spread,  
From the country of the dead.  
  
Ah, it is a wild, sweet land  
Where the coming May is planned,  
Where such influences throb  
As our frosts can never rob  
Of their triumph, when they bound  
Through the tree and from the ground.  
  
Great within me is my soul,  
Great to journey to its goal,  
To the country of the dead;  
For the cornel-tips are red,  
And a passion rich in strife  
Drives me toward the home of life.  
  
Oh, to keep the spring with them  
Who have flushed the cornel-stem,  
Who imagine at its source  
All the year's delicious course,  
Then express by wind and light  
Something of their rapture's height!

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## SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Say not the struggle naught availeth,  
The labour and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
     It may be in yon smoke concealed,  
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
     And, but for you, possess the field.  
 For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
     Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
     Comes, silent, flooding it, the main.  
 And not by eastern windows only,  
     When daylight comes, comes in the light;  
 In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!  
     But westward, look, the land is bright!

## THERE WAS A ROSE

BY SARAH MORGAN BRYAN PIATT

"There was a rose," she said,  
     "Like other roses, perhaps to you.  
 Nine years ago it was faint and red,  
     Away in the cold dark dew,  
 On the dwarf bush where it grew.  
 "Never any rose before  
     Was like that rose, very well I know;  
 Never another rose any more  
     Will blow as that rose did blow,  
 When the wet wind shook it so.  
 "What do I want?—Ah, what?  
     Why I want that rose, that wee one rose,  
 Only that rose. And that rose is not  
     Anywhere just now . . . . God knows  
 Where all the old sweetness goes.  
 "I want that rose so much;  
     I would take the world back there to the night  
 When I saw it blush in the grass, to touch  
     It once in that autumn light.  
 "But a million marching men  
     From the North and the South would arise,  
 And the dead—would have to die again?  
     And the women's widowed cries  
 Would trouble anew the skies!  
 "No matter. I would not care;  
     Were it not better that this should be?  
 The sorrow of many the many bear,—  
     Mine is too heavy for me.  
 And I want that rose, you see!"  
*Washington, D. C. 1870*

# LEGISLATURES OF THE PAST

## How They Dispatched Their Business Expeditiously

BY JAMES O. LYFORD

**I**T is too early at this day, some three weeks before the final adjournment, to summarize the work and accomplishments of this legislature. It may be of interest, however, to your readers to know some of the reasons why the biennial sessions of the New Hampshire legislature are more than twice as long as the annual sessions used to be.

A few people remember the former annual sessions of the legislature, meeting in June and adjourning after a session of from four to five weeks. The pay of the members was three dollars a day for every day, including Sundays, that the legislature was in session. The members were allowed ten cents a mile mileage for one trip from their homes to the capital and return. It was before the days of free passes on railroads for legislators, and the state allowed no transportation of members beyond the one-round-trip mileage. Except those members, who could reach the capital on early morning trains and return on late afternoon trains, the legislators came to the capital at the beginning of the session and remained until its close, a few of them making week-end visits to their homes. There were plenty of private houses in Concord where members could obtain rooms, and some where both rooms and board were furnished. Hotel rates were cheaper than now and more nearly fitted the pay of the members. The member who broke even on his salary of twenty-one dollars a week was satisfied; and many of them accomplished this result.

After the first week, which was given up to organization and the inauguration of the Governor, the legislature settled down to an actual session of four days a week, working Friday as it now does Thursday, and later in the session having a more than formal session Monday

evening. Public expectation was that the legislature would adjourn before July 4th to allow the farmers to begin haying; and if for any reason the session was delayed beyond this date, the press of opposition to the majority party of the legislature accused that body of extravagance. A session of only four weeks did not materially interfere with the every-day activities of lawyers and business men who might be elected to the legislature. Then again, election to the house was regarded by ambitious men, lawyers and others, as a stepping-stone to further political preferment.

The rules of the house were framed for the dispatch of business and not for the convenience of members. The committees began work as soon as they were appointed. If a member desired a hearing on a bill he had introduced, he was expected to arrange with the committee to which it was referred for that hearing. The active committees, like the judiciary, proceeded to weed out the bills referred to them that were without merit and report them immediately to the house as inexpedient. These reports were acted upon by the house at the same session that they were reported; and if the member had any pride in the bills he had introduced, he had to be on hand to defend them before the house. Before the second week of the session was over, the old chestnuts that appeared session after session were again laid away in the legislative graveyard.

As soon as the business warranted, the house met at ten o'clock in the morning and frequently sat until five or six o'clock in the afternoon, while the last week of the session evening sessions were held which were largely attended. Debates on important measures continued for two or three days before a vote

was taken. The previous question was seldom moved and seldom ordered. Full discussion was practical because of the longer daily sessions.

There was no journal of the house, the newspapers giving in full the routine work of that body. The house subscribed for three or four of the leading newspapers of the state for each of its members; and these newspapers arranged through their legislative reporters to give the proceedings in detail. The expense was less than the cost of a daily journal, even when the legislature voted \$100 each at the close of the session to the legislative reporters of these newspapers. There was a public advantage in the practice of having the newspapers publish the routine proceedings that does not pertain to the daily journal of the legislature. The people of the state were fully informed through the newspapers of all bills before the legislature, as they are not at present. Several cases have occurred this session where committees have reported upon bills before them and then consented to a recommitment of the measure for further hearing, because the public that had interest therein had only a late notice that the matter was before the legislature.

All the daily newspapers of the state had weekly editions of large circulation, so that, while New Hampshire had no morning daily, as now, with state-wide circulation, these weekly newspapers reached a large majority of the people. If the member returned home at the week-end, his constituents in the country towns were sufficiently informed of legislative transactions to discuss with him the work of the legislature. In addition to the routine proceedings given in the newspapers, the representatives of the legislative newspapers gave a semi-editorial comment in their correspondence of the transactions of the general court and of the aptitude on public questions of its active members. Some of these, like the letters of Henry M.

Putney to the *Manchester Mirror*, and the reports of Major Manson for several sessions in the old *People* newspaper, were most entertaining and facetious. Editor O. C. Moore of the *Nashua Telegraph* wrote in a more serious vein; but L. B. Brown and John W. Odlin gave spice in the *Patriot* to all unusual incidents of the legislative proceedings. These men had a large knowledge of state affairs, and they wrote understandingly of subjects before the legislature. It was with such men that I served my apprenticeship in newspaper work.

Looking back with knowledge upon the days of annual sessions, it is easy to understand why the sessions were short—the debates fuller, the membership more representative, and the work as well done as now, if not better. It is not so easy to see how we could return to the customs and procedure of half a century ago. We suffer to-day primarily from the unwillingness of well equipped men to give service to the state; for service in the legislature over a period of three months is a service without adequate compensation. So long as the house is of its present numerical membership, no increase of compensation will be voted by the people. But public service of any kind is very largely a matter of individual sacrifice. A reduction of the size of the house and an increase of pay for the members would little affect the character of the membership. Public spirit must be stimulated among members of the bar and business men, if the New Hampshire legislature is to be manned as it was fifty years ago, or even thirty years ago. In the session of 1881 were at least three ex-members of congress who sat in the house, one future secretary of the navy and United States Senator, besides some of the most eminent lawyers of the state.

Railway service to-day, especially in the winter season, is detrimental to long daily sessions. Seldom is there a quo-

rum of the house present until half-past eleven, and a considerable number of members leave on early afternoon trains for home. Out of this time comes the lunch hour. A vote must frequently be hastened so that members can go home.

In a house the size of ours, nearly all the work must be done by committees, and their conclusions accepted or rejected with only a limited debate. Much of the important work falls to a few committees. There are not enough lawyers to equip more than one legal committee, the judiciary; and in all ordinary sessions the bulk of the bills have to be referred to this committee. Since the rules were changed a few years ago by which all bills appropriating money have to go to the appropriation committee for revision after other committees act upon them, this committee has become one of the leading committees. This session, the ways and means committee, which has charge of revenue bills, has attained especial importance. The majority of the members, however, are upon committees having little to do. As we do not under the present rules and procedure do much business in the legislative hall before the fourth or fifth week, it is small surprise that the session in its early days becomes irksome

to a very large number of members.

One defect of all legislative bodies is the scarcity of members who are willing to do the drudgery of the sessions, which is never spectacular. This drudgery consists in patiently investigating the effect of bills introduced, comparing the proposed law with existing law, watching the bills reported by all committees to see that no unwise legislation is enacted. This work falls largely upon the chairman of the judiciary committee and those of his immediate associates who have had experience in legislation. Because of a lack of this vigilance the new Hampshire legislature has enacted some crude legislation.

Perhaps I cannot better close this hastily written and incomplete article than to pay tribute to the present chairman of the judiciary committee, Nathaniel E. Martin, who at great personal sacrifice has not only worked legislative days but also over week ends in patient investigation of not only the bills before that committee, but many of the bills before other committees, bringing to his work all the ability of a leader of the New Hampshire bar. His is an example of public service that leading lawyers of the state may well emulate.



LOOKING DOWN UPON THE AMOSKEAG MILLS AS THEY ARE TO-DAY.

## MANCHESTER'S DEBT TO THE MERRIMACK

### What the River Has Done for the Growing City

BY VIVIAN SAVACOO

**T**HE results of Manchester's development and success are evident in many ways but the cause is perhaps more obscure unless one realizes for how long a time the Amoskeag Falls have been her ally in winning prosperity. The growth in retail, banking, and cultural enterprises in the city and the corresponding increase in population spring from the textile industry so firmly established here because of natural resources. The waterfalls are the source of Manchester's prosperity and of whatever fame she enjoys. The beautiful Merrimack since earliest times has been the city's greatest asset, first in bringing the Indians to settle on its banks, attracted by the bountiful supply of fish, which were so numerous at the falls that the Indians decided to name them *Namaoskeag*, an Indian compound made up of *namaos*, meaning fish and *eag* meaning long, or extended places of water. This name was at first applied to a large part of the stream, but, as

fish became more scarce, it was limited to the vicinity of the falls. The name has persisted as we all know it in the English derivation, Amoskeag.

In course of time white settlers followed in the wake of the Indian to trade with them and also to take advantage of the beauty and fertility of the district. Slowly but surely the Indian disappeared, and, by the middle of the eighteenth century, a township with the name Derryfield was well established, whose interest it was to protect the fisheries, thereby insuring its future.

But fate, in the guise of the falls, was determined on a different future for Derryfield. How true it is that the natural resources of any region must direct its development, for then nature and man work together and the result is beyond belief. Slowly, to the men working by the falls, watching the water surge and listening to its roar, came the vision, beyond the conception of the Indian, of what such power might do, if,



controlled by man, it was forced to serve him. It was a true vision, for now the Merrimack is said to turn more spindles than any river in the world, a service which, if not so romantic, is none the less inspiring and stimulating to the imagination.

The first man familiar with the process of spinning and weaving to prophesy the future of Derryfield was Samuel Blodget, a trader of Goffstown. He gained some water rights and on May 1, 1793, began on the east side of the river, a canal and locks, for carrying freight. On May 1, 1807, the canal was finished and opened with joyful demonstrations. All that has happened in following years seems indirect fulfillment of his prophecy at that time, namely, "As the country increases in population, we must have manufacturers, and here at my canal shall be the Manchester of America." In 1810 the name of the town was changed to Manchester, and from his small beginning has developed one of the great cotton manufacturing centers of America.

In the meantime Benjamin Pritchard had been busily engaged in a daring enterprise. He had bought a water right on the west side of the falls, and in the fall of 1805 he started spinning cotton with second-hand machinery in a wooden one-storey building. At first he was unsuccessful but, gaining the help of four others, he enlarged the original mill and began spinning cotton yarns. In 1810, to gain more capital, they obtained an act of incorporation from the legislature under the name of The Amoskeag Cotton and Woolen Manufacturing Co. Their spinning jenny, with only eight spindles, was run by power but the picking and carding was let out to be done on hand looms by women of the neighborhood. A smart weaver earned thirty-six cents a day at the average rate of three cents per yard.

From 1805 to 1824 some additions

were made but the venture was unsuccessful financially. The property changed hands twice, passing in 1824 to a group of men who reorganized it under the name of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Co. This last transfer of the property was the beginning of continued and unbroken success in the manufacture of cotton, and, as a result, of the prosperous development of Manchester.

The three first mills were known as the Old Mill, The Island Mill and the Bell Mill and manufactured shirtings, sheetings and tickings. By 1847 these three buildings had all been destroyed by fire at different times, but they were not rebuilt as other mills had taken their place.

The owners, foreseeing the need of more power and land, had obtained most of the water rights at Amoskeag and by 1835 all the rights on the Merrimack between Manchester and Concord, obtaining also large grants of land on both sides of the river for future mills and the growth of the city. Soon they started to lay out streets, plant elms, and plot house-lots to sell to those wishing to build. Much of the orderly, attractive arrangement of Manchester is due to these pioneers of the textile industry.

Now in 1838 a division was made in the work. Several men decided to form a new company for the manufacture of cotton goods alone. They purchased land and water rights from the Amoskeag, arranged with them for the construction of a mill, and obtained from the Legislature an act of incorporation under the name of Stark Manufacturing Co. On June 24, 1839, the canal was filled for the first time and they began to grind cards. On July 21st, "they got off two pieces of cloth, having been less than one month from grinding the cards to the production of cloth." Such deliberateness did not last long however. By the early fifties more mills had been built, equipment increased and improv-

ed, the combined production of which was 2,180,000 two-bushel bags, 8,000,000 yards of sheeting, drilling and duck annually. The payroll was \$30,000 a month. This achievement might well have seemed the fulfillment of that early vision of the settlers, but development had not ended, for from 1863 to 1880 the record was one of steady growth in every way, in looms, spindles, and buildings. By 1880, they were employing 950 women, 250 men, and had a payroll of \$40,000 a month.

It is interesting to compare the working conditions of seventy years ago with those of to-day. In the first place, unbelievable as it may seem, the employees worked thirteen hours a day, part of the time by lard oil in tin lamps set under the looms, as gas was not used until 1851. The hours for work varied with the season so that there were eight different schedules for the day's employment of which the few below are samples.

1855

"From the 1st to the 20th of November.

The 1st bell rings at 4½ o'clock

The 2nd bell rings at 5½ o'clock

The 3rd bell rings as soon as the hands can see.

"From the 20th of November to the 1st of February.

The 1st bell rings at 5 o'clock

The 2nd bell rings at 5½ o'clock

The 3rd bell rings as before.

"From the 1st of March to the 1st of November.

The hands work before breakfast.

*Closing*

"From the 20th of March to the 1st of May.

As long as the hands can see to advantage—

"From the 1st of May to the 1st of September.

Work until 7 o'clock.

"The dinner bell rings at 12½ o'clock the year round. From the 1st of May to the 31st of August the hands are allowed 45 minutes; from the 1st of September to the 30th of April, 30 minutes.

These changes go on endlessly. It is difficult to see how such complicated changing schedules could be followed when one compares them with that of the Stark Mill in 1920.

"Monday to Friday inclusive—7:15 A. M. to 12 M.; 1 P. M. to 5 P. M.

Saturday—7:15 A. M. to 11:30 A. M."

The pay was as small as the hours were long. A girl who averaged one dollar a day was envied by her companions, all of whom thought themselves fortunate to be able to save two dollars and fifty cents a week above board and room rent. The employees were all English people from the surrounding country, simple in habits, and in tastes. Although the mill gave little time for pleasure from Monday morning to Saturday night, they were glad to be busy and to earn so much money. The French came to Manchester after the Civil War, the Swedes in 1882, but the great immigration wave did not come until after 1905.

But to resume the story of the mills. From 1880 to 1899, the Stark Mills were not only doubled in size but strengthened financially. Severe competition was encountered however and the Stark mills changed hands several times, working under new management always with increase in equipment and production. Finally in 1913 the company became a Massachusetts corporation, surrendering for the first time its New Hampshire charter and assuming the name of International Cotton Mills with Lockwood Greene & Co. as Managers. When America entered the World War, The Stark was able to meet the demands of the government and fulfil them so efficiently that by 1921, when business was resumed on a

peace basis, the Stark Mills' annual production was 30,000,000 yards and their pay roll for 1,700 employees, \$1,500,000.

Due to financial depression and other reasons, the Stark Mills have been absorbed within the last year by the Amoskeag, which brings us again to a consideration of the parent organization. What has it been doing in the interval which has so prospered the Stark?

This is a question which probably the greater number of readers can answer readily. We all know how steadily the industry has increased with constant extension along all lines. Only a detailed summary of their career could reveal, however, how truly marvelous has been the part the Amoskeag has played in the life of Manchester, and in the world as well, for as early as 1851 the company was awarded its first medal for superiority of goods at the World's Fair in London. Scarcely a year passed without a step forward for the organization in acquisitions and production. In 1871 a new dam was constructed which served until recently when another slightly below the old in position, far wider and more expansive has been completed, while plans for still another below Goffs Falls are under consideration. In 1905 the Amory and the Manchester Mills were purchased and new buildings have been added, the largest of which is the Coolidge Mill, built in 1909. The many organizations for the employees are undoubtedly well known and are only mentioned as another indication of what the Amoskeag has become.

It is unnecessary to list here increase in machinery, spindles, and amount

manufactured. The only statistics given will be the fact that the Amoskeag now employs 16,500 hands and has reached this number through the stages shown in the brief table below:

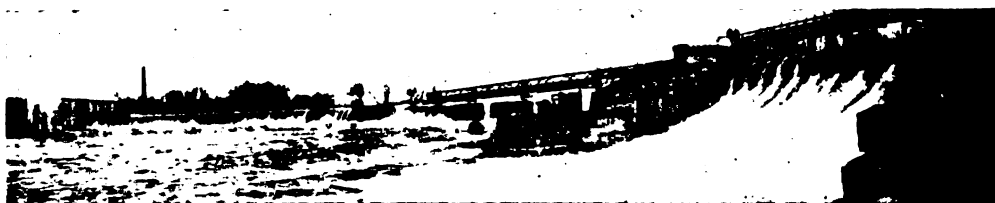
TABLE SHOWING WAGES PAID PER YEAR AT END OF 10 YEAR PERIODS

1831—	\$36,298
1840—	74,239
1870—	1,107,428
1880—	1,604,322
1908—	5,096,498
1909—	6,083,257
1850—	487,005
1860—	633,680
1890—	2,435,481
1900—	2,772,811
1910—	6,176,353
1920—	6,370,089

Recent events in the life of the textile industry are too vivid in the minds of all to need further recital here. Its growth is a wonderful history of the growth of a city also, and of the plans and work of many men throughout their lifetime.

To one family especially does great credit belong for the prosperity of the mills, to the Straws, who for three generations have served as agent. On July 26, 1856, Mr. Ezekiel Straw was chosen for the responsible place, was succeeded by his son Mr. Herman Straw, while at present Mr. William Parker Straw holds the position of vast importance in the life of so many thousands.

Their effort has been made possible and aided by the Merrimack River, which now, with our help and thought in turn, will make it possible for Manchester to retain the high place she has won.



# THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

## About Our Recent Travels

THERE was once an old resident of Franklin, named Benson, whose memory, of unusual keenness, went back, so he said, to the days when the rivers were nothing but young little brooks, which, strangely enough, ran in the opposite direction to that which the rivers now take. Some say, perhaps from jealousy, that Benson's memory was helped by generous imbibing of hard cider. We are not, of course, in a position to vouch for the truth of the story. But we are more inclined to believe there may be truth in it now that we have been in Franklin and know something at first hand about the versatility of those rivers.

Our sojourn in the city covered three days. When we arrived, the rivers were quietly murmuring along between well-defined banks of new white snow. To our untutored eye there were, even then, a bewildering assortment of streams, but after Mr. Herrick Aiken had drawn for us a beautiful topographical map, navigation seemed simple.

And then—the Deluge! The place became alive with rivers. We got all mixed up and were in constant fear lest we should walk right down the middle of the Pemigewasset under the impression that it was Main Street. On the whole the walking looked smoother in the river.

The picture of ourself picking our way gingerly among rioting rivers is one of those photographed on our memory by our brief stay in Franklin. But there are many others.

There is one of a busy office where Mr. Richard Sulloway, with an energy eloquent of big business, is testing out some yarn, winding it up on a wheel and stretching it out on apparatus that looks like a cross between a grandfather's clock and a penny-in-the-slot weighing

machine, while we watch fascinated from the doorway.

There is another of Mr. G. L. Hancock demonstrating graphically, with the aid of a thread ripped from his coat-lining, the mysteries of the action of a latch needle.

Another is a view from the Library window across the river to the western hills, behind which, attended by magnificent sun dogs to the north and to the south, the sun is just going down. We are indebted to Mrs. Barron Shirley for much valuable help in our pursuit of Franklin's history, but we are most grateful to her for our first introduction to those rainbow pillars of the western sky.

Another picture shows Mr. F. N. Proctor, wielding a murderous Indian battle axe behind the cashier's cage of the Franklin National Bank. Heaven help any bank robber who ventures that way!

A glimpse of the city from the high hill where Mr. James Aiken's home stands, and where in days gone by they used to trap wild pigeons; a picture of a curly-headed little girl, who, with flattering appreciation of the details of our costume, welcomed us at the door of Mr. Herrick Aiken's house; a mill interior with long lines of girls happily busy at the intricate processes of stocking manufacture; the clean, white cafeteria of that same mill where lunch for the workers is in process of preparation—these are a few of the pictures which made our short visit an event to remember with pleasure.

We don't like to think how near we came to missing it. But that trick of mind which keeps one's thoughts run-

ning upon details of near escapes, insistently brings ours back to this question: Should we have dared to venture into the town had we read before we started the awesome and alarming statement we later discovered in a dusty tome in the Library: "The town has produced more brains, other things being equal, than any other municipality of New Hampshire."

—H. F. M.

### Announcements

Our cover picture was taken at the Webster birthplace in Franklin last summer during the time of the meeting of the Grange.

Next month—The American Legion! Do you know what an important work it is doing for New Hampshire? Do you know how it is helping in civic betterment in our towns and cities? The Granite Monthly for May will carry the story.

"Along Came Mary Ann" is the title of an interesting article by Miss Daisy Williamson of New Hampshire State College, which we hoped to present to you this month, but which we were forced to postpone because of lack of space. But it's coming.

Were you disappointed last month by being unable to get a copy of the GRANITE MONTHLY? Lots of people were. The edition sold out almost before it was off the press. There's one way to avoid such disappointments for yourself and your friends. The coupon on the contents page of the magazine makes it easy for you—"A word to the wise—"

The Brookes More Prize of \$50 for the best poem published in the Granite Monthly during 1922 was promptly paid by Mr. More and should by this time be in the hands of Miss Helen Mowe Philbrook, the winner.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### In This Issue

The New Hampshire Farm Bureau is proud of the fact that, according to many experts, it receives more publicity, both in and out of New Hampshire, than any other farm bureau in the East. Therefore, it is proud of H. STYLES BRIDGES, who as Secretary of the Bureau is responsible for that publicity. Mr. Bridges is a University of Maine man. The article on Holsteins is the first of a series. Ayershire's next month!

A second installment of GEORGE B. UPHAM'S account of Claremont's early days cannot fail to be of interest to his many friends in Claremont.

Both LUCILLE CONANT, whose charming sketch heads the story "A Play Day," and VIVIAN SAVA-

COOL, whose second article on Manchester's growth appears in this issue, are Manchester's young women. Miss Savacool begins this month her management of our book review department.

JAMES O. LYFORD needs no introduction to Granite Monthly readers. One of our leading Republican statesmen, he undoubtedly knows more about Legislatures past and present than any other man living.

ELLEN BARDEN FORD is a writer of charming sketches and stories who lives in Lebanon, N. H.

MABEL SAWYER, who has three poems in this magazine, is the wife of Secretary of State Sawyer.

# BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

CONDUCTED BY VIVIAN SAVACOO

## The Next-to-Nothing-House

BY ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK

Boston, Atlantic Monthly Company

**L**ONG before you finish "The Next-To-Nothing House," you will feel the urge to become at once a Collector. You may have been perfectly content with your twentieth century furniture, reveling in its softness and springy luxury, but before you have read many pages, you will feel a vague discontent stealing over you, you will fitfully start to eliminate, alter, and add to your furnishings; and your longing for spring will become more intense, that you may start out on the road of the Collector, leading through the tiny hamlet, the secluded farm, and the dusty junk shop to an early eighteenth century house. This feeling will probably pass with the realization that we can't all have cosy white cottages in which men like Daniel Webster roomed while in college and which we may furnish so that he himself might step into it and feel no strangeness on his return into a modern world. But whatever the feeling of our house may be, we can be sure that it pervades throughout, that everything harmonizes and combines to produce one effect, and in her book the author gives many valuable hints as to what must be considered to achieve success. Location, size, color, and arrangement of the room, and a sense of what furniture may or may not be used together, all are necessary details, and as you follow the mistress of the Next-To-Nothing-House on a tour of inspection, you see by her vivid descriptions and alluring photographs how altogether charming will be the result. You will undoubtedly choose your favorite room, as I did, selecting much to my surprise, the kitchen. It seems to me the greatest of all achievements in furnishing to make a kitchen

attractive, but how could anyone help but adore this "unsterilized" colorful room which, in spite of antique pottery and stenciled chairs, is convenient and modern in culinary equipment. The most menial tasks must lose a distastefulness when performed in a kitchen with the air of "spiced cookies" or a pan of "gingerbread."

This eighteenth century house is entirely livable, and it is one of the fascinations of the book to see how cleverly the modern additions may be installed to blend with the dignified simplicity of past generations and not detract from the "fourposter" atmosphere.

To all lovers of antiques I recommend this book, to all interested in making their homes the most delightful of places I strongly advise it, and to those not included in either class, if there be any such, I urge its perusal because of the pleasure received from acquaintance with the personality of the author. Whether or not she can overwhelm your protests that eighteenth century furniture is not comfortable by awakening the artistic in you to a point which will disregard downy divans and by explaining how comfort and art may be combined, you will enjoy her friendly manner, her amusing recital of her problems, her cordiality, lightheartedness, and charm,—the charm with which are offered her bits of philosophy and her wish that her friends may have "everything they desire—almost," leaving always something for anticipation.

It is wonderful to know all we read is true, that these are real people living in a real house whose old green door will open to us at the lift of the brass knocker and reveal its lovely interior on our next visit to Hanover.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY



JAMES W. HENDERSON

## JAMES W. HENDERSON

James William Henderson, born in Rochester, February 18, 1840, died in Dover, March 15, 1923.

He was the son of William M. and Maria (Diman) Henderson, and was educated in the schools of Rochester and Dover, to which latter city his parents removed during his early life, his last attendance being at Franklin Academy in Dover. He taught school in Rochester and Farmington in youth, and learned the printer's trade in the office of the Dover Enquirer; was engaged for some time in the Massachusetts State Printing Office and on the Boston Journal, and was subsequently employed at times in Dover printing offices.

He took an active part in political affairs in Dover, for many years, as a Democrat, and was prominent as a party leader in Strafford County, serving as a member of the State Committee. In the State Convention of 1875, he had the honor of presenting the name of Capt. Daniel Marcy of Portsmouth as the candidate for Governor, which he did in a forceful and convincing speech.

In 1877, Mr. Henderson went to St. Augustine, Florida, where he became extensively engaged in real estate operations, and also continued the study of law, which he had commenced in Dover. He was admitted to the Florida bar, and subsequently to the bar of the U. S. District and Supreme Courts. He served for some time as State's Attorney for St. Johns County, under appointment of Judge J. M. Baker.

He married, May 18, 1878, Ellen Compton, daughter of Jacob Compton of Chicago, by whom he had two sons, the first

born dying in infancy. The second—J. Compton Henderson—born July 8, 1880, educated in the public schools of Chicago, Phillips Exeter Academy and the Southwestern University, Jackson, Tenn., is a lawyer in Chicago, where his father was for some time associated with him, and where he had extensive real estate interests, as well as in Dover and St. Augustine, dividing his time for some years among the three places, his wife having died April 26, 1909.

For the past two years he had resided most of the time in Dover, to which city he was strongly attached. His death resulted from pneumonia, and shortly preceded the arrival of his son, who had been summoned upon his illness. Funeral services were held on Sunday March 18, in the Ricker Memorial Chapel at Pine Hill Cemetery, under the auspices of Wecohammet Lodge, I. O. O. F., of which he was a member.

James W. Henderson was indeed one of Nature's noblemen, an honest man, a faithful friend, a true American citizen, a loyal and lifelong adherent of the principles of Thomas Jefferson, the father of American Democracy.

H. H. M.

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## HAROLD B. FELKER

On March 9th, Harold B. Felker, headmaster of the Meredith High School, died in Meredith as a result of an illness of pleurisy and pneumonia. Though not yet twenty-five years of age at his death, he had already become one of the leading citizens in his town, and was one of the most popular and successful headmasters the Meredith School has ever had.

He was born in Meredith, August 20, 1898. He attended the Channing and Meredith Center schools, later becoming a student at the N. H. State College, from which he graduated in 1920. While at college he was one of the most active and popular members of the student body, being president of his fraternity, captain of the track team, and member of the popular society, the Senior Skulls. After serving in the southern camp during the war, he became headmaster of the Hancock High School in 1920. In June, 1921, he was elected headmaster of the Meredith High School, and in August was married to Miss Corinne Emerson, a graduate of the Keene Normal School.

He is survived by his father, Commissioner Andrew D. Felker, his widow and a young child.

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## JOHN S. BROUGHTON

Ex-Mayor John S. Broughton died in Portsmouth February 9th, at the age of ninety-two years. He was one of Ports-

mouth's oldest retired business men, having begun at the age of fifteen years as a clerk in a lumber company where he remained doing the bookkeeping for over sixty years. He was a member of the common council, the Board of Aldermen, in 1879 was a member of the Legislature, in 1880 a member of the Senate. It was while at the Senate that he cast the deciding vote for Senator Gallinger. In 1876 he was elected Mayor of Portsmouth.

#### EDMUND HOWARD ALBEE, D.D.S.

Dr. Edmund H. Albee, dean of the dental profession in Concord, died suddenly from heart failure at his home on Liberty Street, on the morning of March 12, 1923.

He was the son of Willard S. and Harriett (Marsh) Albee, born in Charlestown, N. H., Nov. 15, 1863, and a descendant in several lines of Revolutionary and Colonial War ancestry, including Major Willard, commander of the Massachusetts forces in the early Wars, and Daniel Marsh who served under Washington at Valley Forge.

Dr. Albee passed his youth on his father's farm, and attending the public schools, and early commenced the study of dentistry, pursuing the same in the office of his uncle, Dr. William Albee, at Bellows Falls, Vt., and at the Philadelphia Dental College, from which he graduated D.D.S. in 1891, immediately commencing the practice of his profession in Concord, in which he continued with great success up to the time of his last illness in January of the present year. He was devotedly attached to the work of his profession, in which he gained wide reputation as a skilful practitioner, and gave little time to the distractions of social and fraternal life. He was a member of the Concord District Association of Dentists, of which he was treasurer at the time of his decease. He was also an active member of the N. H. Dental Society, of which he was president in 1914; of the Northeastern Dental Association and of the National Dental Society. Outside his profession, the only organizations to which he belonged were the Concord Chamber of Commerce and the N. H. Society of Colonial Wars. He was a consulting surgeon of the Margaret Pillsbury General Hospital and an attendant at the South Congregational Church.

Of a modest and retiring disposition, he was little known outside the wide circle of those who had been his patients in the long period of his practice, which exceeded that of any Concord dentist now living, and by large numbers of whom he was held in high personal regard as a man and a friend; while he was generally esteemed as a public spirited citizen.

Dr. Albee was united in marriage, December 9, 1891, with Miss Lois Hurd of Newport, by whom he is survived; also by a daughter, Harriett Isabella, born February 18, 1903, now a student at Simmons



DR. EDMUND H. ALBEE

College. He also leaves a sister, Harriett Hosmer Albee, pastor of the Congregational Church at West Stewartstown, who, by the way, was named for the noted female sculptor, a cousin of Dr. Albee's mother.

On the occasion of the last rites in memory of the deceased, all the dental offices in the city were closed and the members of the profession attended in a body, the bearers being selected from their number.

—H. H. M.

#### SARAH HUNT CLOUGH

Mrs. Sarah Hunt Clough, wife of Alderman Albert C. Clough, died on March 16th, at her home in Manchester, as a result of illness from pneumonia. Mrs. Clough was active in a number of women's organizations throughout the city, graduating from Smith College in 1895. She taught at the Manchester High School until her marriage. Three daughters survive her, Elizabeth, Mary, and Constance.

#### LIZZIE A. DANFORTH

Mrs. Lizzie A. Danforth, wife of representative William P. Danforth, died in Concord on March 2nd. Besides her husband, she is survived by her sister, Mrs. Kate Smith of Concord.

#### CLIFFORD W. BASS

Clifford W. Bass, former well-known business man, died in Portsmouth on February 18th. He was one of the best known golfers in this state having won four times the state championship. He is survived by his widow, and two sisters, Mrs. Wilder News of Rochester, and Miss Lena Bass of Portland.



# HISTORY

## of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire

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The exhaustive work entitled, "History of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire," two volumes of over eight hundred pages each, from the settlement of the town in 1777 to 1917, by the Rev. Josiah Lafayette Seward, D. D.; and nearly completed at the time of his death, has been published by his estate and is now on sale, price \$16.00 for two volumes, post paid.

The work has been in preparation for more than thirty years. It gives comprehensive genealogies and family histories of all who have lived in Sullivan and descendants since the settlement of the town; vital statistics, educational, cemetery, church and town records, transfers of real estate and a map delineating ranges and old roads, with residents carefully numbered, taken from actual surveys made for this work, its accuracy being unusual in a history.

At the time of the author's death in 1917, there were 1388 pages already in print and much of the manuscript for its completion already carefully prepared. The finishing and indexing has been done by Mrs. Frank B. Kingsbury, a lady of much experience in genealogical work; the printing by the Sentinel Publishing Company of Keene, the binding by Robert Burlen & Son, Boston, Mass., and the work copyrighted (Sept. 22, 1921) by the estate of Dr. Seward by J. Fred Whitcomb, executor of his will.

The History is bound in dark green, full record buckram, No. 42, stamped title, in gold, on shelf back and cover with blind line on front cover. The size of the volumes are 6 by 9 inches, 2 inches thick, and they contain 6 illustrations and 40 plates.

Volume I is historical and devoted to family histories, telling in an entertaining manner from whence each settler came to Sullivan and their abodes and other facts concerning them and valuable records in minute detail.

Volume II is entirely devoted to family histories, carefully prepared and containing a vast amount of useful information for the historian, genealogist and Sullivan's sons and daughters and their descendants, now living in all parts of the country, the genealogies, in many instances, tracing the family back to the emigrant ancestor.

The index to the second volume alone comprises 110 pages of three columns each, containing over twenty thousand names. Reviewed by the New York Genealogical and Biographical Record and the Boston Transcript.

Sales to State Libraries, Genealogical Societies and individuals have brought to Mr. Whitcomb, the executor, unsolicited letters of appreciation of this great work. Send orders to

J. FRED WHITCOMB, Ex'r.  
45 Central Square, Keene, N H.

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THE

May, 1923

# GRANITE MONTHLY



EXETER'S WAR MEMORIAL  
AMERICAN LEGION ISSUE

**Edson C. Eastman Co.**

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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 55

No. 5



MAY 1923

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### In the Legislature

**T**HE month of April did not witness, as generally had been expected, the final adjournment of the New Hampshire Legislature of 1923. On the second day of the month the Supreme Court answered the questions submitted to it by the Legislature in regard to the constitutional limits upon taxation; saying, in effect, that the continued presence in the Constitution of the word, "proportional" which the voters refused, in March, to eliminate by amendment, makes it impossible for the Legislature to levy graduated taxes.

This decision by the court made it necessary for the Ways and Means committee of the House of Representatives to revise once more its tax reform program, which previously had suffered from the negative vote of the people on the constitutional amendment. This necessity, coupled with the further fact that the making up of the principal appropriation bills had to await action on the revenue raising measures, has been the main cause of the protracted session of the General Court; but another factor contributing much to the delay has been the evil of absenteeism, which is noticed especially when the time arrives for final action on important disputed matters, the Constitution requiring a two-thirds vote for valid action in the presence of less than

two-thirds of the total membership of the House.

The open warfare between the Republican Senate and the Democratic House continued during the month, the upper branch killing various "platform" bills sent up by the other party from the House, including the abolition of the woman's poll tax and a number of "home rule" measures. The House also decided that it was "inexpedient to legislate" as to more than a hundred proposed acts during April, prominent in this list being practically all of the new state highway lay-outs asked for from all sections. The "budget" bills came in from the House Appropriations committee at the end of the month and carry a total of a little more than six million dollars for the running expenses of the state from July 1, 1923, to July 1, 1925. The only large special appropriation to meet the approval of this committee was one for \$400,000 to make very necessary increases in the capacity of the State Hospital.

An interesting proposition making its appearance at the very end of the session was the request of officers and graduates of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts at Durham that its name be changed to the University of New Hampshire.

## Important Appointments

**D**URING the month the Supreme Court named Colonel Edwin C. Bean of Belmont as chairman of the state tax commission in place of former Governor Charles M. Floyd of Manchester, deceased. Mr. Bean has served in the State Senate and resigned as Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1915 to accept election as Secretary of State, holding the latter position until the present year. He has had agricultural, mercantile and banking, as well as official, experience.

Another appointment of the month was made by Governor Fred H. Brown and was that of Irving A. Hinkley of Lancaster as attorney general in the place of Oscar L. Young of Laconia, incumbent since 1918, term expired. The appointment of Mr. Hinkley, who is the youngest man in many years to hold the position, came as a surprise, as he has not been prominent in politics and was not one of the many Democratic lawyers mentioned in the press in connection with the place. He is a member of the prominent North Country law firm formerly headed by the late Senator Irving W. Drew and having the late Governor Chester B. Jordan and Judge George F. Morris of the federal courts among its members.

## Grand Army Encampment

**T**HE 56th annual encampment of the Department of New Hampshire, Grand Army of the Republic, was an event of April in Concord, the occasion being honored by the presence of the national commander-in-chief and other distinguished guests and the patriotic organizations affiliated with the G. A. R. holding their annual conventions with a large attendance. There are now less than 1,000 surviving members of the Grand Army in New Hampshire.

## News Notes

**D**URING the month Governor Brown issued proclamations for Fast Day, April 26, and for Arbor Day, May 11. The former holiday witnessed, as usual, the opening of the baseball season in the state and the chief annual function of the year, at Nashua, of the Scottish Rite Masons of the state, who announced their intention to proceed at once with the erection of a magnificent home for their order in the Gate City.

**F**AILURE to arouse public interest in Concord in the tercentenary celebration this year of the settlement of New Hampshire led to a decision to transfer the formal literary exercises in observance of the occasion, including an oration by President Hopkins of Dartmouth College, which were to have been held at the state capital, to either Portsmouth or Dover.

**A**N interesting state report made public during the month was that of the temporary fuel administrator, Burns P. Hodgman, of Concord, who, during his brief service of two months, brought into the state 40,000 tons of coal at an administrative cost of a cent and a fourth per ton. In the detail of this remarkably successful work Mr. Hodgman had the assistance of Miss Mary A. Nawn, from the state public service commission.

**T**HE Republican Club of the legislature, at its last meeting of the session, enjoyed an address by former Governor and Congressman Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts, whose New Hampshire connections are many. He took a position in strong support of President Harding's advocacy of participation by this nation in the world court. —H. C. P.



A memorial of trees is the most beautiful of War Memorials. Then Henry J. Sweeney Auxiliary Unit of Manchester planted forty-eight Memorial trees in Stark Park last spring.

## FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

### The American Legion, a New Hampshire Asset

**T**HEY had gathered in Paris, a group of the finest men the American Army produced, for the purpose of discussing the betterment of conditions for the A. E. F. in France. Young Colonel Roosevelt was there, and Major Eric Fisher Wood, and many others whose names are well known, and as they talked one thought was uppermost in the minds of all. Very soon they and their men were to go back into private life. Gradually the bonds which held them together in such splendid fellowship would grow weaker and the vast power of co-operation which had accomplished such miracles in war would never be turned into peace channels, unless..... The alternative was the idea out of which grew the American Legion.

The meeting at the Allied Officers Club in February, 1919, was followed a

month later by a caucus at the American Club in Paris to which were summoned delegates from all branches of the army, representing all parts of the United States. And here New Hampshire Legion history begins, for Major Oscar Lagerquist of Manchester was New Hampshire representative at the conference, and Major Frank Abbott was also present. These men brought back to the United States when they came an enthusiasm for the new organization and a willingness to work hard for its success. Perhaps that is one reason why New Hampshire beat the entire United States in the matter of organizing, chartering the first state Legion organization in the country.

The first Legion meeting in New Hampshire was held at Manchester on May 5, 1919. This meeting was call-





Major Cain addressing the crowd at the Weirs. Among his distinguished hearers the photograph shows Governor A. O. Brown, General Edwards, Dr. R. O. Blood, and Lemuel Bowles, National Adjutant of Legion.

ed by Major Frank Knox for the purpose of sending delegates to the national caucus at St. Louis. Forty-seven representatives were present at that meeting, and they selected the following delegates: Major Frank Knox of Manchester, who was elected chairman of the New Hampshire State Branch Temporary Committee of the American Legion, Jeremy Waldron of Portsmouth, Walter J. Hogan of Manchester, George Fiske of Manchester, John Santos of Manchester, Arthur Trufant of Nashua, Hervey L'Hereaux of Manchester, William J. Murphy of Manchester, C. Fred Maher of Laconia, H. E. Deschenes of East Jaffrey.

The St. Louis caucus increased the enthusiasm of the delegates and, like able business men that they were, they lost no time in putting that enthusiasm to work. Before they had reached New Hampshire on their return trip, they had a plan all outlined for the organization work in the state. The Legislature

had appropriated \$10,000 for the purpose of providing a Welcome Home Celebration for the boys. Major Knox went to Governor Bartlett and asked that the money be turned over to the Legion. The Governor and Council granted the request; the Legion used part of the money for a Welcome Home Celebration at the Weirs in August; the rest of the money went for organization.

Under the able direction of Major Abbott, the organization progressed by leaps and bounds. Laconia, organizing on April 6, carried off the first charter. Then in quick succession came the Henry J. Sweeney Post of Manchester, the James E. Coffey Post of Nashua, the Gordon-Bissell Post of Keene. By the middle of August forty-two posts had been chartered with a total membership of 3,000 members.

The first state to organize, New Hampshire was also first to hold a state convention. This took place at the



Kimball

These men represent two kinds of New Hampshire Legion Post. A. Wilbur Greene (left) is commander of the post at Greenville, a small town post which is a force in community affairs. Dr. H. H. Amsden (right) commander of the Concord post, leads an equally influential city organization.

Weirs, August 26, 27, and 28, 1919; and General Clarence R. Edwards was the guest of honor. The camp ground at the Weirs has for many years been the rallying place of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association, an organization composed of veterans of the Spanish War and the Civil War. The gatherings had been losing interest of late because of the rapidly thinning ranks of the members. But now comes the American Legion, to carry on in the spirit of the old soldiers, and to continue the annual encampment, at the Weirs, "New Hampshire's School of Patriotism." It is a thought which grips the imagination.

The 1919 convention drew up constitution and by-laws, established headquarters at Concord, elected delegates for the national convention to be held at Minneapolis in November, passed resolutions favoring adjusted compensation, and elected the following permanent of-

ficers: Commander, Orville E. Cain of Keene; Sr. Vice Commander, Frank A. Quigley of Wilton; Jr. Vice Commander, Alan B. Shepard of Derry; Secretary-Treasurer, Frank J. Abbott of Manchester; Quartermaster, Charles W. Buzzell of Lakeport; Sergeant-at-Arms, James P. Hartigan of Rochester; Chaplain, Rev. William H. Sweeney of Tilton.

These state conventions have been held regularly since that time. The second convention recorded 78 legion posts; in 1921 there were 80; and in 1922, 82. The officers elected in 1920 were: Commander, Reginald C. Stevenson of Exeter (re-elected); Sr. Vice Commander, Dr. Robert O. Blood of Concord; Jr. Vice Commander, Joseph Edwards of Derry; Adjutant, Frank J. Abbott of Manchester; Chaplain, Rev. William H. Sweeney of Tilton; Quartermaster, Charles W. Buzzell of Laconia; Sergeant-at-Arms, Aldo B. Garland of Mil-

## SOME SNAPSHOTS



A parade,—the tramp of marching men and the sound of military bands,—never fails to stir enthusiasm and patriotism. Under the auspices of the Gordon-Bissell Post the ex-service men of Keene paraded on Labor Day, 1919.



(Above) The reviewing stand at the Weirs. Governor A. O. Brown stands at the center of the group.



(Left) The City of Keene has been generous to the Gordon-Bissell Post, giving it not only this beautiful home but also money for its maintenance.

## OF THE LEGION

A delegation from the Henry J. Sweeney Auxiliary of Manchester attends military funerals. The delegation is made up largely of "gold star" mothers. The Henry Sweeney Auxiliary of Manchester J. Sweeney Unit is the only Unit in the state to have adopted a uniform which is worn in parades and on occasions like this.



(Above) Commander Walker at the head of his Company.



(Right) The Henry J. Leclair Post won first prize in the parade which celebrated Greenville's fiftieth anniversary. This float did the trick.

ton. Those chosen by the 1921 convention were: Commander, Robert O. Blood of Concord; Sr. Vice Commander, Charles S. Walker of Keene; Jr. Vice Commander, Neldon T. Wright of Portsmouth; Adjutant, George W. Morrill of Concord; Judge-Advocate, Maurice F. Devine of Manchester; Quartermaster, Charles W. Buzzell of Laconia; Historian, George W. Morrill of Concord; Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas S. McPolin of Wilton; Chaplain, William H. Sweeney of Tilton. The 1923 officers elected last year are: Commander, Charles S. Walker of Keene; Sr. Vice Commander, William E. Sullivan of Nashua; Jr. Vice Commander, Joseph H. Killourhy of Laconia; Adjutant, George W. Morrill of Concord; Judge Advocate, Maurice F. Devine of Manchester; Quartermaster, Charles W. Buzzell of Laconia; Historian, Rev. B. F. Black of Wolfeboro; Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank N. Sawyer of North Weare; Chaplain, Rev. William H. Sweeney of Tilton.

It is impossible to estimate the value of these conventions, both as a means of establishing Legion policy for the state and as an opportunity of strengthening the unity and comradeship which is the foundation of the Legion.

In such fashion then, the New Hampshire Legion was formed and has grown. It has not all been easy. The initial spurt of enthusiasm has flagged at times; the industrial troubles of the state have taken their toll of members; and the unfortunate misunderstanding on the part of the public in regard to the bonus legislation has undoubtedly had its effect also. But the Legion is making its way. A report from national headquarters as this article is written places New Hampshire fourth in the race for the best record of increased membership. By the time the magazine is in print it may be first in the list!

To go into details about the work of the American Legion as a whole would

require more space than could possibly be allotted to a single article. The best energies of the organization are at present directed toward the welfare of the disabled. It has been through its efforts that Congress, inclined somewhat to short memory about the boys in the hospitals, has passed such legislation as the Sweet and Wason bills. The consolidation of the various governmental welfare boards into the United States Veterans Bureau is Legion work. Here in New Hampshire many a piece of beneficial legislation, including that which increased the state war gratuity to veterans from \$30 to \$100, has been introduced and enacted through the instrumentality of the Legion.

Another important phase of the work is education—education for Americanization. In this the Legion works in close co-operation with the National Bureau of Education.

The summer training camps where young men are given elementary military training are sponsored by the Legion. Major Blood is in charge of the work in New Hampshire and Major Cain is also active. Three courses are given and a boy completing the three courses receives a commission in the Officers Reserve Corps.

The work of the Legion is keeping green the memory of the boys who died "over there" needs no comment. To put more solemn significance into Memorial Day; to give the boys and girls of the country a glimpse of the real meaning of patriotism; to make them love the flag so much that they would die for it—these are among the most sacred trusts of the Legion, whether it be the great national body or a tiny post in a little village.

In the main tasks of the Legion as a whole, New Hampshire has co-operated splendidly. But that does not tell the whole story. For the measure of the value of the individual post comes in its value as a community asset. Applying the test to New Hampshire posts



A GROUP OF PROMINENT LEGIONNAIRES

Front Row: Neldon T. Wright of Portsmouth; Dr. Robert O. Blood of Concord;  
Dr. Charles S. Walker of Keene.

Back Row: Maurice J. Devine of Manchester; George W. Morrill of Concord;  
Rev. Wm. H. Sweeney of Tilton.

one is surprised and gratified at what has been accomplished; and the future looks even brighter. An unselfish organization, working for clean politics, for community welfare, giving a lift here to the boy scouts, and there to a charitable society,—what cannot such an organization accomplish?

To take just a few examples: the Newport post, R. A. Shedd, Commander, presents a silver loving cup annually

in an athletic contest between the Stevens High School of Claremont and the Newport High School; the Exeter post, J. A. Tufts, Jr. Commander, recently dedicated a most beautiful war memorial designed by that distinguished son of Exeter, Daniel Chester French; the Warner post, Henry H. Hall, Commander, rendered valuable assistance in building the road on Mt. Kearsarge and built a shelter on the summit; the Green-

ville post, A. Wilbur Greene, Commander, brought to the town the moving picture, "The Man Without a Country;" the Pittsfield post, G. E. Freese, Commander, is responsible for the organization of a flourishing Chamber of Commerce; the Contoocook post, John Carr, Commander, although the youngest post in the Department, handled the advertising for the community Fourth of July Celebration last year and brought

thousands of people into the town, this post also holds monthly smokers to which the men of the town are invited; the Canaan post, Dr. P. W. Wing, Commander, is actively behind the boy scouts of the town; the North Stratford post, L. E. Barnett, Commander, sponsors worth-while lectures, among them one by Donald Macmillan; the post at Woodsville, P. N. Klark, Commander, promotes athletics and provides each Christmas a dinner and party for the poor children of the town; the Milton post, C. E. Tanner, Commander, has distinguished itself by prompt action in emergencies like fires and drowning accidents; the Greeneville post, A. W. Greene, Commander, plans a series of band concerts for the town this summer; the Claremont post, J. T. Townsend, Commander, has helped stage two Safe and Sane Fourth of July Celebrations; the Wilton post, Joseph Hurley, Commander, makes its rooms a gathering place for all the men of the town who



C. F. Meacham of the Riley V. Strong Post of Littleton, commands an alert and flourishing post.

care to pay a small sum for the use of the privileges; the Berlin post, H. B. Moreau, Commander, took active part recently in the school graduation exercises of the town; the Laconia post, J. P. Pitman, Commander, raised a considerable amount of money to help the State Hospital, and was one of the first posts of the state to hold a "Dad's Night;" the Manchester post of Manchester, O. A. Lagerquist, Commander,

held a benefit for the Children's Aid and Protective Society and is planning to bring the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Manchester for a concert this summer; the Concord post, Dr. H. H. Amsden, Commander, holds each year on the Sunday just preceding Armistice Day, an impressive memorial service to which all the town is invited. One could go on indefinitely, for there is not a post in the state but has in one way or another rendered community service.

The posts of New Hampshire are a varied group. There are city posts like those in Manchester and Nashua and posts numbering only a handful of men in a small village, like the post at Barnstead which is doing splendid work. There are rich posts—until recently the Gordon-Bissell post of Keene, Arthur Olsen, Commander, held that title without dispute; now it is contested by the James E. Coffey Post of Nashua, L. A. Desclos, Commander, which has just received a generous bequest—and there

are posts which just scramble along pluckily. There are posts composed of nearly 100% American stock, and posts, equally patriotic, whose members almost without exception are Americans by adoption. There is one post, the Evelyn Petrie Post of Portsmouth, Mary A. Kilroy Commander, which is composed entirely of women, the only women's post in New England.

The same divergence is apparent also in the matter of Legion homes. Some of the posts, notably those at Keene, Littleton and Exeter, are installed in quarters provided by the town. The Keene post, in fact, received from the town not only its home but a liberal provision for maintenance. Other posts have succeeded in buying their quarters. Suncook was the first of the smaller posts to buy its own home without outside assistance. This is a business block, of which the Legion occupies the second floor and rents the first for stores and offices. A similar plan has been followed by the Tilton post. The home of the Sweeney Post in Manchester is the envy of posts throughout the state. Nearly every post which does not own its meeting place is ambitious to do so. This aim looms large in the plans of the posts at Ashland and Greenville and Penacook.

And of course no article would be complete without mention of the social activities of the posts. They are countless in number and unlimited in variety, and serve the double purpose of money getters and fellowship promoters. Legion balls are listed among the activities of nearly all the posts; minstrel shows, movies, vaudevilles, theatricals, musical shows—Dover's production of "Miss Springtime," for instance—fairs and carnivals—Concord put on a very successful one in 1920—these are all popular Legion activities. The supplying of wholesome recreation may be counted as not the least of the Legion's accomplishments.

The dream of those army officers in Paris has become a reality. The American Legion stands to-day, an organization of young men banded together for the purpose of carrying over into peace the unselfish patriotism and idealism which inspired them to war service. Definitely non-partisan and non-political, it has yet upon its shoulders a responsibility greater than that of any party in the country. The movements which the American Legion supports are bound to succeed; the policies of government which win its disapproval are foredoomed to failure. How is this stupendous influence going to be used?



On the March





MAURICE F. DEVINE

By his own admission he can make a speech on any subject at any time.

## THE LEGION: MAKER OF AMERICANS

### An Interview With the Man In Charge

**O**N the train arriving in Manchester at 5:30 (if it is on time) one has for a very brief portion of the trip a horde of strange traveling companions. They are operatives from the mills just north of the city, men and women, clad in the garb and chattering the language of faraway lands. Some, Hungarians and Italians, are swarthy, with skins so ancestrally tanned that our northern climate has never affected them; others again, Poles and Finns, are extremely fair with almost colorless hair. They seem strangers in a strange land, a feature but not a part of the New Hampshire scene.

It was on this train that I was rolled into the "Queen City" one bleak evening of last March, and the experience served as a good introduction to my meeting with Maurice F.

Devine, the head of the Legion's Americanization work in the state. I had come to Manchester to interview Mr. Devine with more or less levity, for surely, I had believed, of all the states in the Union good old Yankee New Hampshire is the farthest from having an alien assimilation problem. The crowd on the train disillusioned me.

"There are 20,000 of them here in Manchester," said Mr. (once Captain) Devine later in the evening—all foreigners without a proper knowledge of American spirit and institutions. The Legion is trying to see that they get that knowledge and get it as soon as possible."

Maurice F. Devine is a tall, pleasant-spoken young man with a distinct gift of self-expression. As he flows along, his captivated listener is compelled to admire the wisdom of the



The Camp at the Weirs has been called New Hampshire's School of Patriotism

men who chose him for the leadership in the educational work of the Legion.

"It has been widely and wrongly understood," continued the young lawyer, "that the Legion is the enemy of our foreign-born population, because of its stand on immigration and the foreign language press. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Legion has, and always has had, the best interests of the alien at heart.

"But the trouble is that the foreigner, even he who has settled in America permanently, has not become American either in character or citizenship. He has lived in colonies of his own, speaking his own language, reading his own newspapers, bringing up his children, not as Americans, but as Russians, Germans, Poles, as the case may be. He has felt himself not an American but a stranger in a hostile country, and has proved irresponsible, ready for any trouble or

disorder, ready to believe any anti-American propaganda.

"And yet all this is not the fault of the foreigner so much as it is that of the native-born American who has neglected his education, left him to look after himself (after working hours), and then expected him to absorb, mysteriously, from the air perhaps, the essence and spirit of Americanism. The Legion is out to alter that.

"We want to curtail the foreign language press because it gives the alien worker here a foreign viewpoint on life. It is easier for him to read, and consequently he prefers it to the American papers. He reads every day, let us say, 'The Albanian News.' Every editorial begins 'We Albanians.' Everything on the front page concerns the doings of Albanians in Boston, in Ossining, in Turkey. The impressionable child grows up with the idea, 'I am an Albanian,' instead of 'I am an American,' and the harm is done. We can never have

a harmonious, contented country while it is populated by forty different self-conscious races.

"We want to stop immigration altogether for five years and were back of the present limitations on immigration, because among other things the steady human stream flowing from the other side prevents aliens already here from becoming Americanized.

"We believe that more ceremony, greater dignity, should be attached to the assumption of citizenship by the foreign born. The average foreigner who becomes a citizen, acquires his citizenship in a very perfunctory manner, a few words are said to him and, Presto! he is an American citizen! He cannot take very seriously something given away so lightly and casually.

"We want naturalization tests and ceremonies that will mean something. We want the naturalized alien to be really fit for citizenship, and we want him to be proud of it. More, we want one hundred per cent naturalization among foreigners resident in this country. 'Naturalization Weeks' in December, campaigns of education and appeals similar to the Liberty Loan drives, have proved a great success in many communities throughout the land.

"We are against propaganda preaching forcible supervision of the American government, as we are opposed to everything contrary to the ancient ideals of the nation.

"We wish to keep the flag flying over every school in the country, because it means a lot to us and we want it to mean a lot to every school child, whether of

American or foreign-born parents. And we wish to make the study of the United States Constitution compulsory in every school of every grade.

"We want to maintain the idealized view of American history in the elementary schools because we believe that to the very young a noble tradition is more important than exact facts. We want our children to look back upon the nation's founders as heroes, because we want to give them models to look and live up to. That about explains our stand on this much discussed question of school history books.

"As to the Legion's practical Americanization work in this Department," here Mr. Devine blushed modestly and apologetically, but without cause. "Of course we have been handicapped by lack of funds and available workers. But we are steadily spreading our Americanism propaganda. We are giving illustrated lectures on Americanism throughout the state. We are trying to co-operate with the public schools and all the organizations in the state which are interested in this work.

"Finally, we have introduced into the Legislature a bill providing for the compulsory teaching of the Constitution of the United States in every school in the state.

"Is there anything more I can tell you? Have I said anything you can use in your GRANITE MONTHLY article?"

And we, when we suddenly remembered we were speaking with the Judge Advocate of the New Hampshire Legion, were about to shout appreciatively at Mr. Maurice J. Devine, "You've said a mouthful!"





MRS. FLORA L. SPAULDING  
President of the New Hampshire Department American Legion Auxiliary and  
National Vice-President.

## BEHIND THE LINES

### The American Legion Auxiliary at Work

**"I** had been so active in various branches of Woman's Club work that I half expected, when I went out to the first conference of the Auxiliary in 1919, that I was going to find a lot of my old friends. There was hardly a familiar face there. That's one of the most striking things about this work to me. It seems to get the women who haven't been particularly active in other lines. It's a democratic group, too, a cross-section of the womanhood of the country just as the Legion is a cross-section of its manhood. I have college women and professional women among my workers; and I have equally enthusiastic members who can scarcely speak English."

Mrs. Flora Spaulding, President of State Auxiliary and Vice President

of the National organization, is so full of enthusiasm for the work of the American Legion Auxiliary that she carries her interviewer along with her to a vivid realization of the significance of this work.

"Is the Auxiliary definitely connected with the Legion?" I asked.

"It's an entirely separate organization, but its constitution prevents it from taking a stand in opposition to the Legion, of course.

"The movement originated," Mrs. Spaulding went on, "at the very beginning of Legion affairs. The women's organizations who had done war work believed that they should have authority to organize along the lines of the Legion. They wanted to carry into peace the sort of work back of the lines they had done during the

war. They applied to the temporary National Organization at St. Louis; the matter was referred to a committee and favorably reported to the convention at Minneapolis, which authorized the formation of the organization. At that time there were 1342 units of American Legion Auxiliary, with 11,000 members. When the first Auxiliary Convention was held at Kansas City in 1921, the numbers had increased to 3,653 units and 131,000 members. And last year at New Orleans reports showed 5,375 units and 190,635 members, including units in Mexico, Alaska, Panama, France and Cuba as well as in the United States."

Mrs. Spaulding smiled: "That gives you some idea of the way the work has progressed.

"As for our work in New Hampshire. It has been largely hospitalization work up to this time. They say that the peak of war disability won't be reached until about 1927. And it is so easy to forget what the boys suffered. The Auxiliary has to be constantly watchful. We aim that not a single New Hampshire boy in a hospital anywhere from Maine to Mexico shall be without some one to look out for him in a friendly way—send him remembrances at Christ-



DR. ZATAE L. STRAW

National Committee Woman for New Hampshire: President of the Henry J. Sweeney Auxiliary Unit of Manchester: Daughter of a doctor, and a doctor herself. "There were eight of us in my immediate family practising medicine at one time," she says. And that does not include her younger daughter who is also on the way to becoming a doctor.

sent their handwork there to be sold.

"Then there is the work we do in Americanization. Keeping the flag flying over our schoolhouses, introducing simple but effective ceremonies to be used in the naturalization of citizens, teaching the etiquette of the flag, encouraging the teaching of English in night schools. You see, quite aside from the part which each unit plays in its own community, we have enough to do to keep us busy.

"We don't think the Legion could get along without us now. They tell us so at any rate. And we are hoping that the time will come when there isn't a single 'bachelor post' in New Hampshire. We have fifty-two units now and there are about eighty posts, so you see it isn't an impossi-

mas, write to him and things like that. Some units have been very generous in adopting these boys.

"Last year the units in New Hampshire raised and spent \$10,000 on relief work.

"Another thing the Auxiliary has done is to provide outlets for the products of soldiers in the vocational schools. The government teaches the men handwork but does not provide the mechanism for turning that handwork into money. Last year at the New England store in Boston \$36,000 was turned back to the boys who had

ble aim. It can be done."

"But the work must keep you most fearfully busy," I said.

In answer Mrs. Spaulding took me into her "office," a little room bearing all the earmarks of an executive sanctum.

"The woman who cleaned here the other day," said Mrs. Spaulding, "sniffed at that pile of papers to be filed and said; 'You shuah must get paid handsome for all dat wuhk!' She couldn't understand why any one should bother with it otherwise!

I have here complete card catalogue records of all the New Hampshire units. My successor is going to find no loose ends or tangled threads if I can help it."

And as we left the house we had added to our original impression of Mrs. Spaulding as a charming woman an admiration for her as a competent, efficient executive, who has given to her Legion Auxiliary work, as only her friends fully understand, more of her strength than she had to expend.

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## WHAT AUXILIARY UNITS DO

### In Their Own Communities

**H**APPY is the Legion Post which has its Auxiliary. Out of the capacious pockets of the unit, as from the inexhaustible bag of the Swiss Family Robinson, come so many of the things which help the Legion that a bachelor post is at an inevitable disadvantage. The Auxiliary units are fairy godmothers to the posts; for instance, the Newport unit waved its wand and forthwith there were piano and whist tables for the post rooms; by a similar magic the units at Peterboro, Berlin, Derry, Concord, East Jaffrey and many other places helped by furnishings and flags and funds to make the Legion headquarters livable and pleasant.

Another activity, also of the fairy godmother type, is directed toward individuals rather than whole posts,—the "adopting" of ex-service men in hospitals. The units at Alstead, Wilton, Antrim, Lisbon, Manchester (Manchester Unit), and Dover are among those which have taken under their particular care lonely boys and have made their hospital days happier by letters, little remem-

brances and friendly good cheer.

When a Legion Post proposes a good work the Auxiliary is first to contribute, and oftentimes it seems that the women are more successfully resourceful in the matter of raising money than the men. When the Milford post recently voted to equip a playground, the unit immediately voted \$50 toward that purpose, and that incident is repeated many times in every town. The methods of raising money are many: socials, suppers, whist parties, dancing parties, food sales, tag days, poppy drives, etc., have all been tried successfully. Dramatics have formed an important part of the activity of many posts, notably Antrim, Newport, Londonderry, Dover, Lisbon and Peterborough.

And perhaps all would agree that the relief work carried on by the units is of the most lasting importance. Fuel, food, Christmas baskets, toys for the children—these have all been dispensed through units, and the encouragement and good cheer which they have given cannot be measured.



## STATE EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY

### A Group of Leaders in Auxiliary Work

(Front row left to right)

**MRS. ABBIE JONES** of Concord is Merrimack County Organizer and State Chairman of Americanism, one of the most important branches of work which the Auxiliary is doing.

**MRS. GERTRUDE E. HAWLEY** of Manchester, State Secretary, combines with her work for the Legion Auxiliary a successful business of her own. She is active in the D. A. R., the Ruth Chapter of the Eastern Star, the Business and Professional Woman's Club, and many other kinds of club work. She was one of the delegates to the last National Auxiliary Convention.

**MRS. FLORA L. SPAULDING** of Manchester, State President and National Vice President says, "The one thing I really can do in this world is to cook." But her many

public activities prove that, though cooking may be one of her most valued accomplishments, it is by no means the only one. The Manchester Unit of Manchester recently showed its appreciation of her work by giving a party in her honor.

**MRS. ALMA D. JACKSON** of Woodsville handles the funds for the Department as State Treasurer. It requires a competent person to do this, for a good deal of money goes through the Department's hands in the course of a year. Mrs. Jackson is equal to the job, and she manages to find time also to take part in the many activities of her own town.

**MRS. EMMA ABBOTT** of Derry represents Rockingham County, a county which is one of three in the state to be 100% organized. That in itself tells the story of Mrs.

Abbott's efficiency. She is past-president of the Derry unit.

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(Second row left to right)

MRS. HARRIET HOSFORD of Woodsville is secretary and treasurer of her own unit as well as being county organizer for Grafton County. She is one of the most active workers in Woodsville, which is itself one of the most active towns in Auxiliary work in the state.

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MRS. GLADYS DAVISON of Woodsville is State Chairman of Publicity and president of the Woodsville unit. Both she and Mr. Davison, who has been a Republican representative in the House this year, are exceedingly active in Auxiliary and Legion work and Woodsville's place in Legion affairs is in large part due to their efforts.

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MRS. EULA SMART of Laconia is the Belknap County organizer and the best commentary on her work is the fact that Belknap County is 100% organized; that is, there is not a single bachelor post in the county.

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MRS. NELLIE F. BAGLEY of Newport is also a representative of a 100% county—Sullivan County. Mrs. Bagley is one of the business women on the board and her work for the Auxiliary is doubly commendable because of the many other demands on her time and energy.

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MISS CHARLOTTE E. WRIGHT of Portsmouth is State Historian. To run a

successful business college and be president of the Frank E. Booma Unit of Portsmouth seems like enough work for one person; but Miss Wright finds time also to be chairman of the local Civic Council, to act on the board of directors of the City Club, to keep the historical records of the New Hampshire Legion Auxiliary—and even to do a little china painting for diversion. Even that list doesn't do justice to the number and variety of her interests.

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MRS. ELIZABETH TREFETHEN of Manchester is County Organizer for Hillsborough County and also treasurer of the Henry J. Sweeney Post of Manchester.

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MRS. JESSIE S. WOODMAN of Milford is State Chaplain of the Auxiliary and an enthusiastic worker in her own unit.

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MRS. CHRISTINE B. McCLELLAN of Berlin is past-president of her unit as well as county organizer for Coos County.

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DR. ZATAE STRAW of Manchester is National Committee Woman for New Hampshire and President of the Henry J. Sweeney Unit of Manchester.

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Two members of the Board not included in this picture are MRS. EULA H. BUCKLEY of Dover, State Vice President of the Auxiliary and Chairman of Hospitalization, which is, of course, the most important kind of work which the Auxiliary undertakes at present; and MRS. JENNIE F. WELLMAN of Keene, organizer for Cheshire County.

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## ONE HUNDRED PER CENT POSTS

### Of the New Hampshire Legion

The following American Legion Posts of New Hampshire have already enrolled for 1923 all the members enrolled in their respective posts during past years:

Nashua, Rochester, Ashland, Suncook,

Warner, New London, Winchester, Hinsdale, Troy, Alstead, Farmington, Salem, Enfield, Brookline, Henniker, Manchester (Manchester Post), Canaan, Tilton, Newmarket. The others are fast coming into line.



# A PORTRAIT GALLERY OF LEGIONNAIRES



THE THREE FIRST COMMANDERS OF THE DEPARTMENT: KNOX, CAIN AND STEVENSON

*"For God and Country we associate ourselves together for the following purposes:*

*"To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the great war; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."*

—Preamble to American Legion Constitution.

### MAJOR FRANK KNOX MANCHESTER

First Department Commander, 1919.

"NOT ex-service but service men until we die," said Major Knox, addressing the first state convention at the Weirs in 1919, and this is the ideal which as first Department Commander he built into the new organization from its very beginnings. Perhaps no man had a larger share in laying the foundations for the N. H. Legion, and when Major Knox puts his hand to a task, whether it be the organizing of a Legion, the building of a newspaper, or the defeating of a Constitutional Amendment, one may be sure the work will be handled efficiently and vigorously.

He is a thorough believer in the future of the Legion. He says: "The American Legion is, in my judgment, America's greatest bulwark against the numerous and insidious enemies of American institutions who now flourish under so many names. The greatest field for usefulness which stretches before the American Legion in the years to come lies in the perpetuation of the spirit of 1917 and 1918. The perpetuation of that spirit which saved the world in those years is the most vital concern of true Americans!"

Major Knox is a hard fighter and an able business man—and it is not yet made manifest what he shall be.

### MAJOR ORVILLE E. CAIN KEENE

Department Commander, 1920

"YOU let me write myself up" said the Mayor with a twinkle in his grey eyes "I'd say—'Went to France in 1918; back in 1919. Glad to be home!'" But this *veni-vidi-vici* type of account leaves too much unsaid. We venture to fill in a few of the gaps.

Major O. E. Cain, Mayor of Keene and past Commander of the Department of New Hampshire, is a real old soldier with a record which goes back to 1900 and includes service on the Mexican border as well as in France. New Hampshire Department Commander in 1920, he had much to do with shaping the policies of the new organization; and as member of the National Executive Committee was active in pushing through Congress the Sweet and

Wason bills securing compensation for the disabled veterans.

He believes that the chief tasks of the Legion in the years just ahead are hospitalization, Americanization, and adequate preparedness. He believes that the Legion's strength is the character of its leadership: "The men who are at the head of it are looking to the welfare of the country rather than to their individual desires."

### MAJOR REGINALD C. STEVENSON EXETER

Department Commander, 1921

THE only man in the history of the New Hampshire Legion who has held the office of Department Commander longer than one term: that is Major Stevenson's record. For he was elected to fill out the term of Commander Cain who resigned and re-elected for a full term by the next state convention.

One of the delegates to the first national caucus at St. Louis, one of the prime movers in the organization both of the state legion and of his local post, which he has served as commander in years past, Major Stevenson's Legion service has been marked by the same quiet, thorough-going devotion which characterized his service overseas as Assistant Quartermaster in the First Army Headquarters Regiment.

### MAJOR CHARLES S. WALKER KEENE

N. H. Department Commander  
American Legion  
(Frontispiece)

ALWAYS interested in military affairs Dr. Charles Walker was commissioned in the medical department of the First N. H. Infantry in 1911, served on the Mexican Border in 1916, and in the World War was commanding officer of the Medical Supply Unit of the 26th Division. He organized the Gordon-Bissell Post at Keene and was its first commander, the man largely responsible for the efficiency and business-like manner in which the post is run.

"The American Legion," he says "is destined to be the one organization in the United States that stands for Americanization and insists that the foreign-born shall be able to read and write the American language. This is to be accomplished through our schools and is nation-wide in its scope."



MAJOR FRANK ABBOTT  
MANCHESTER

Department Adjutant, 1919-21

"OH, I had just come home from strenuous service with the 103rd Field Artillery and my health was sort of smashed up and I had to have something to play with, that's all!" Thus Major Frank Abbott, first Department Adjutant, describes the trifling task of organizing the New Hampshire Legion. Of the 81 posts in New Hampshire, Major Abbott had a finger in the organization of not less than 76. He was on hand when the Legion started, attended the Paris meeting and the first caucus at St. Louis, and helped put the new organization on its feet.

"And then I had to get busy and earn some money for my family," says the Major. But although his duties as Transportation Manager for the Amoskeag do not leave him much time for outside interests, he is still loyal for the Legion. "The young brains of the country," is the way he describes it.

MAJOR JOSEPH KILLOURHY  
LACONIA

FROM one end of New Hampshire—of New England in fact—he was known as "The little man with the big voice," and his good humor, buoyancy and absolute squareness won friends for him wherever he went, whether he was fighting at St. Mihiel and the Argonne, or acting as member of the Governor's staff, or occupying that most difficult of all diplomatic posts, that of referee at an athletic contest or umpire at a ball game.

There has been in New Hampshire no man with such a grip on the hearts of his fellow Legionnaires, and when Major Killourhy was killed in an automobile accident last October, his death was mourned not only by Post No. 1 of Laconia, which he had served as Commander for three years, but by every Legion man in New Hampshire.



## DR. ROBERT O. BLOOD

CONCORD

Department Commander, 1922

**H**IS shortest title is M. D., his longest Civilian Aide to the Secretary of War in Charge of Military Training Camps Association for the State of New Hampshire. And in between these there are titles aplenty. The War gave him the right to sign himself Major Blood, D.S.C. and brought him also the Croix de Guerre and two citations for bravery in the second battle of the Marne and Chateau Thierry. His Legion titles comprise that of National Vice Commander, Past Commander of the Department of N. H., Commander of Post 21 of Concord July 1919-July 1922, Delegate to the National Conventions of 1921 and 1922. And in private life he is known as member of the surgical staff of the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, Concord, and a physician whose large and growing practice speaks well for the confidence which people have in his ability.



Kimball



## MAJOR GEORGE MORRILL

CONCORD

Department Adjutant

**"G**IVE me those 2,000 members, this year, I lie awake nights thinking about them." That is the way Major George Morrill accepted his re-election as Department Adjutant last August, and his speech points out the fact that he is a hard worker for the good of the Legion in New Hampshire. To him belongs much of the credit for New Hampshire's standing in the membership contest being held by the national organization: latest reports place this state fourth in the race.

Major Morrill has been a member of the National Guard since 1907. He served on the Mexican border, and during the World War was Captain in a quartermaster corps. He was elected Department Adjutant in 1921 to succeed Major Abbott, and was re-elected in 1922.



MAJOR OSCAR LAGERQUIST  
MANCHESTER

"YOU'VE done a D— good job, and I'm going to do something for you!" Thus, General Edwards to Captain Lagerquist, Q. M. C. when he had accomplished what no man in the American army had ever accomplished before—the feeding of a full division of 27,000 men and 7,000 animals on a road march—And that is how he comes to be Major Lagerquist.

To-day he sits quietly in an insurance office, but one notices the crisp incisive manner of the soldier of General Edwards' staff who considered the provisioning of 40,000 men as all in the day's work.

He was the first Legionnaire of the state, having been detailed to attend the Paris caucus. And when the Manchester Post of Manchester was founded in 1919 he was unanimously chosen Commander, an office which he still holds.

"It is my belief," he says, "that the Legion will be increasingly a force and factor in cleaning up politics and driving out the elements which are trying to destroy our government."

COLONEL WILLIAM E. SULLIVAN  
NASHUA

Senior Vice-Commander of the Department  
**YOU'D** pick him as a military man at first sight—iron-grey hair, level brows under which are keen grey eyes, smiling sometimes when the rest of the face is serious, a firm chin and thin mobile lips, a well set-up, soldierly bearing.

And you would be right; for the Senior Vice Commander of the Department of New Hampshire was a Lieutenant Colonel in the National Guard before most of the present Legionnaires had learned the first rudiments of handling a gun. His service overseas is a story of clear-headed efficiency such as one would expect of him. He has been active in Legion work in New Hampshire from the beginning and he sees not only its glories, but its problems.

"The motives of the Legion have been a good deal misunderstood, sometimes wilfully," he says, "but I don't believe in arguing about it or fighting back. We are just going along demonstrating quietly what we are really out for; and public opinion will take care of itself. It always does."



# NEW HAMPSHIRE'S LABOR COMMISSIONER

## A Strong Man and a Big Job

**I**NTerviewing the Commissioner of Labor, when first suggested to the young journalist, seemed a terrifying task; long before the interview was over it had become a rare pleasure, for John S. B. Davie, practical creator and head of the Bureau of Labor, is not only a hard-working, fearless and successful executive, he is above all a great personality.

On first sight the rugged, square-framed veteran of the State House seems an "Iron Man," and it is with a sensation of poetic justice that one learns he was indeed an iron moulder and President of the New Hampshire Federation of Labor when appointed to his present position in

1911, by Governor Bass. But something more than the sheer strength which speaks in every line of Davie's face and frame has kept him at his post throughout several changes in administrations and something more than mere fighting ability has enabled him to make innumerable friends and settle countless disputes. John Davie, hard-headed, hard-mus-

cled Scotchman is a graduate and past master of the school of hard knocks, and has learned to understand men and their squabbles; but in no school has he ever had to learn the brand of "human kindness" which he claims is the key to all labor troubles, and which has

made him so generally liked throughout the state.

When Governor Bass, in 1911, sought a staunch and yet practical labor man to head the newly-formed Bureau of Labor, he called upon Davie, who had received from organized labor in New Hampshire the highest office within its power to bestow, and who had been exceedingly active in the creation of the new Bureau. The

new Commissioner found an absolutely novel task before him, because, although there had been Labor Commissioners prior to 1911, their powers had been so limited that the office had confined itself to the gathering of statistics. Chapter 198, Laws of 1911, abolished this toothless old department and substituted a very different sort of State Bureau.



John S. B. Davie

The Commissioner was given power to visit the manufacturing, mechanical and mercantile establishments of the State, at any time, to see that the laws relating to the employment of help were complied with and that reasonable sanitary and hygienic conditions were maintained.

The Bureau of Labor was given the power to compel the observance of the prescribed number of hours of labor (then fifty-eight, now fifty-four, and perhaps to be forty-eight). It was given power to administer certain parts of the employers' liability and workmen's compensation act which was placed on the statute books during the 1911 session.

The Bureau of Labor was also given the power to investigate strikes or lockouts upon application and to adjust them or have them submitted to arbitration and to make public its findings, thus bringing the great force of Public Opinion to bear upon the offending party.

The young Bureau and the new Commissioner were taken lightly at first, especially by those employers who did not know Davie personally.

Mr. Davie believes that you should first endeavor to administer a law, then, if the parties will not comply, enforce it, inflicting the penalties prescribed. He believes in warning offenders and giving them time to rectify their shortcomings. Early in his term some employees thought that this was a sign of laxness on his part, and that Davie was an easy-going man, a mere placeholder who neither barked nor bit, whose warnings could be disregarded with impunity. They were soon set right on that point.

Manufacturers soon found that the Commissioner was clothed with some authority, for early in his work he was obliged, by the attitude of four or five employers, to hail them into court and inflict the penalties prescribed in the laws they were violating. Some of these cases were con-

cerned with hours of labor. Since those days Davie has never been forced to call upon the courts to back him up.

A practical mechanic himself, Davie is administering the factory inspection law with a true understanding of the worker's needs and yet a sense of what is and what is not practicable for the employer. Owing to the fine co-operation of employers and employees of the state as a whole he has not been obliged, since this law went into effect, to enforce any of its penalties through the courts; nevertheless New Hampshire factories stand second to none in the Eastern States.

January 1st, 1912, Chapter 163, Laws of 1911, An Act in Relation to Employers' Liability and Workmen's Compensation became effective and imposed certain additional duties on the Labor Commissioner. Under Section 3 of the act employers who desire to work under the compensation features of the act are required to file a declaration of acceptance with the Commissioner of Labor and satisfy him of their financial ability to comply with the succeeding sections of the act. Twelve employers filed their declarations of acceptance during the two first years. This part of the work has grown from twelve to over 4,600 declarations. This scant dozen declarations, with all the other data of the department was filed away in a little wooden case which was then the whole "files" of the Bureau of Labor. Today two big office rooms on the third floor of the State House are lined with steel filing cases. Commissioner Davie, with justifiable pride, preserves the little old cabinet which once housed all the Bureau's papers, and displays it to visitors as a symbol of the Bureau's growth.

The man, by his firmness and independence, has made some enemies. Some of the more extreme labor leaders thought that, as a former work-

ing man, Davie would be with labor right or wrong in all industrial disputes, and they have sometimes been disgruntled by his fairness and impartiality. Some high-handed employers, accustomed to doing things their own way without check or interference did not like some of the rulings made by the Commissioner, but the great sane majority, both of employers and employees, has learned to respect and like him.

Davie is a practical idealist; practical through experience, an idealist in his faith in human nature and the Golden Rule. He believes with all his soul in the common interest of capital and labor, and has no sympathy either for the shirker or the slave-driver. He believes in the closest co-operation of the workers and the employer to the mutual benefit of both. His judgment in industrial crises has been absolutely disinterested and motivated only by a love of fair play. These qualities have made him a respected and much called upon mediator in threatened and actual strikes and lockouts. To use the words of the Commissioner,

"Under the provisions of Section 4, of the act which re-organized the Bureau, the Commissioner of Labor upon application is authorized to act as mediator between an employer and employees on questions relating to wages or conditions of employment in any establishment where ten or more people are employed. Regardless of the provisions of this statute we are confronted from time to time with controversies which might possibly have been avoided had both parties in our industrial life used the provisions of the act for settling affairs of this kind. The commissioner is authorized to render a decision in such controversies within five days after the completion of the hearing, copies of which are sent to both parties and one kept on file in the Bureau of Labor.

The act further provides that in any case where the parties fail to agree through the efforts of the Commissioner, he shall endeavor to secure the consent of both parties in writing to submit their differences to the State Board of Conciliation and Arbitration. Our State Board of Conciliation and Arbitration is composed of one employer, one member of organized labor, and one who represents the public. The decision of said Board is final and binding on both parties for six months or until sixty days after either party has given the other notice in writing that they will not be bound by the same.

An appropriation is provided whereby the members of this board receive compensation only while they are actually engaged in the adjustment of controversies between employers and employees.

Employers and workers of the State of New Hampshire should proceed under the provisions of this act before resorting to a strike or lock-out.

The intent and purpose of that part of the law which provides for taking up any difference that may arise relating to conditions of employment or rates of wages is, in so far as possible, to eliminate from our industrial life the strike or lockout as a means to settle such differences.

The strike or lockout is not the proper way to settle controversies between employers and employees. Both parties in our industrial life should realize that trying to settle a dispute by a strike or lockout is always unsatisfactory and unnecessarily expensive to both sides. The general public, although primarily not directly involved in a controversy, is bound to suffer when such a controversy continues for any great length of time.

"With such a law on our statute books let us all strive to the end that New Hampshire will be an example



to all other states in the elimination of the strike and lockout as a means to settle an industrial dispute."

During Commissioner Davie's administration ninety-two of these industrial disputes have been brought to his office for adjustment. Forty-nine of these were amicably settled through the Commissioner himself, eight by the State Board, nine through other agencies, seven between the parties, sixteen were lost by the operatives, one company went out of business and two are still pending. Think of it! Ninety-two great controversies, which caused large financial losses to both capital and labor, nearly all of which were brought to a conclusion through the advise and impartial work of one man. Add to the above, eleven conferences held before the Commissioner which resulted in an adjustment of the differences without resorting to the strike or lockout and it rounds out a remarkable record in this line of endeavor.

By his honesty and efficiency Davie has saved scores of lives and great sums of money. He has averted tie-ups which would have caused enormous inconvenience to the people of New Hampshire, the consumers. But the State, believing that a good man can never have too many tasks to attend to, laid another on his shoulders in 1917 by establishing a State Free Employment Office, free alike to the man wanting a job and the employer wanting a man. Not only was the Commissioner henceforth to see that there was fair play to the working man, that he worked under decent conditions and for humane hours; but he was to supervise the bringing together of employers and unemployed, to become the great State Job Finder.

Davie smiled his mellow smile and went to his increased task. He is ever willing to serve more fully, and work well; he has been brought up

on it. He made as fine a success of employment as he already had of compensation, inspection and arbitration. During the World War the United States Government, through Federal Director Clarence E. Carr of the United States Public Service Reserve, came to Commissioner Davie with a request for 1,698 men for emergency shipbuilding, New Hampshire's quota. Through the co-operation of the State Free Employment Service with the Federal Director there were enrolled 2,500 men, 1,600 of these men were placed on emergency work at no expense to the Federal Government and at a cost to the State of less than a dollar a man.

In the years since the establishment of the State Free Employment Office over two thousand positions have been filled, but the Commissioner is not satisfied. He would like to see the employment service extended to meet the full needs of the State, but for that purpose larger appropriations and Federal co-operation would be required. There is a constant drift of labor from one state to another, and unless free employment service is provided throughout the country, New Hampshire's Employment Office would be swamped by all New England's unemployed. Nevertheless one can easily see the enormous saving, to both worker and employer, by the co-operation of all of the states and the Federal Government in perfecting some method of clearance.

On first entering the office of Commissioner Davie, I made a great error. "This Department, I understand," said I, "is a sort of buffer between capital and labor." The Commissioner, being a modest and courteous man, assented with a nod, as he crammed his well-colored old pipe with tobacco shaved off a plug, but certainly the Bureau of Labor is something much more than a buffer between classes in New Hampshire.

It is a connecting and guiding link as well as a lubricator, a link of intelligence and honest understanding of both parties. It is a source of guidance toward the common end: prosperity of all classes. Davie sees clearly and works to keep both horses pulling together and headed right. He uses the gentle pull of Reason and the cutting whip of Law and Public Opinion on one and the other without discrimination. He hates and discourages equally the employees who talk of "smashing things up" and the owners who speak of "starving them into submission." In short, he has tried to make the Bureau of Labor a vital and beneficent factor in the industrial life of New Hampshire.

However, a great deal remains to be done in labor work here, and Davie and ex-Governor Bass, two prime movers in the re-organization of the Bureau, would like to see the splendid work accomplished during the past eleven years under this law continued. The workmen's compensation law, the first in the East, has become a little antiquated and needs revising to meet present day living conditions. There should also be a section board to administer the law.

The scope of the Employment Service, as has been pointed out, should be enlarged when conditions in surrounding states make such enlargement practicable. Above all there should be more use made of the Bureau's arbitration facilities before and not after strikes have begun. In all directions the work of the Labor Bureau can and will be expanded during the next ten years, and its natural growth should be fully as great as that of the past decade.

Of all the important and varied tasks that he has accomplished since the beginning of his term, Davie takes greatest pride in his factory inspection work, and considers it one of the most vital. He began this work

in 1911, without a single assistant, and alone, sandwiching in trips of inspection between periods of office work. That year he visited 300 large factories and brought about a great many improvements in hygienic conditions and a great increase in safety devices. For six years he continued this "lone wolf" type of work, defending the lives and health of New Hampshire's industrial laborers practically single-handed. In 1917 the legislature passed a law providing for the safety and health of employees in factories, mills and workshops authorizing the employment of two inspectors to assist Davie in his factory inspection work. Ever since the Bureau of Labor has annually visited over 900 factories, improving the safety and hygienic conditions of more than 80,000 people.

In 1921 the law was amended to include mercantile establishments and a woman inspector was added to the Commissioner's staff, who was assigned by Davie to inspect the stores and restaurants of the state and see that the shop girl got as decent working conditions as her sisters in the factories. This woman inspector visited approximately 700 establishments last year, which brings the total of working places under the Labor Bureau's inspection to about 1,600. The inspection branch of Commissioner Davie's office, you see, has grown almost as much as the compensation work since he was appointed eleven years ago.

The thing about this tremendously important part of his function which pleases Davie, however, is not its mere extent; it is its efficiency. Insurance men say that New Hampshire factories are as a whole the safest in the East, and such is Davie's personality that he has achieved this result without a single costly legal fight. In neighboring states the factory inspection laws have caused more long-drawn-out, expensive litigation

than any other portion of the labor code. Davie modestly attributes his success to the intelligence and willingness to co-operate of New Hampshire employers and employees, but I do not think I shall give them cause of offence if I say that the same man could have obtained the same results anywhere. Commissioner Davie is eminently fair to both parties in this as in other phases of his work; and the knowledge that he demands only what is just, and will not take one tittle less than he demands, has largely influenced the stand of employers on his recommendations.

Davie believes that healthy, contented employes are a firm's greatest asset, and that therefore employers should be only too glad to do their utmost for improved working conditions. Like a certain famous Dartmouth College professor he believes that co-operation is the keynote of the universe, and that it contains the solution of almost all our problems. He firmly professes belief in the common interest of laborer, employer and consumer, and works for the one good of all. Combining this fine, optimistic doctrine with an aggressive personality he has made some enemies, a great many friends, and above everything a great practical and tangible success in his work.

Under him the Bureau of Labor has grown from the infant descendant of a political loafer's job, to a strong young giant, influencing for the better the entire industrial growth of the state. Davie started with one assistant; now he has six under him. But through it all he has remained the same quiet, unassuming and hard-working man.

He is heart and soul, head over heels, engrossed in his job, and his great desire is that his work as Commissioner of Labor of the State has been to lay a foundation upon which permanent friendly industrial relations can be established between em-

ployers and employees of the state. When finally his service for the State is completed, if, through his efforts, he has been a factor in making conditions just a little better, he will consider that his service for the State has been worth while. He knows life and his job and never becomes irritated over unjust criticism.

The writer believes from the above record that the present Commissioner is the type of man New Hampshire or any other State can ill afford to lose from her service.

For many years the Bureau of Labor of New Hampshire has been known nationally. The Twentieth Annual Convention of the Association of Officials of Bureaus of Labor Statistics of America was held at Concord, N. H., July 12-16, 1904. The Bureau has always been a member of a national association, although the association has changed its name by the amalgamation of the National Association of Factory Inspectors and the Association of Officials of Bureaus of Labor Statistics of America, it now being known as the Association of Governmental Labor Officials of the United States and Canada. The department is well known throughout the country and Canada. Mr. Davie has always held important committee assignments in the national conventions and has, during his term of office, with the exception of two years, been a member of the executive board which is composed of the officers elected at the annual convention. The New Hampshire Commissioner at the present time holds the office of First Vice-President of the National Association, which, to the writer's mind, is a distinct honor to the State.

The Bureau is also a member of the International Association of Public Employment Services and, through the Commissioner, has always taken an active part in conventions of this national association. —A. J. L.



## THEIR SON

### A Story of Americanization

BY BERTHA COMINS ELY

**T**HEY both idolized the boy. No uncertainty, that. But how differently!

Ma Lempi's prideful eyes softened, noticing the new library book on the kitchen shelf. Not so Pa Lempi's. His flashed in anger. His mouth grew hard and ugly, while his shoulders set defiantly. Longer and harder farm tasks he gave the boy; but somehow they got done. Ma Lempi saw to that.

Each morning she was Sulo's alarm clock, for how could he hear one, making the figures every night, long after Pa Lempi loudly slept!

Every night, she cautiously rose on an elbow lest she disturb her slumbering spouse, and peered fondly through the partly opened kitchen door at Sulo's head, bent under the lamp. She sank back content, after that glimpse, a madonna smile making her face beautiful.

The matter of shoes was difficult. It taxed Ma Lempi's ingenuity repeatedly. Pa Lempi usually went without. So

did Ma—then, why couldn't their son?

"What's good 'nough for us, 's good 'nough for him. You make him no good," Pa Lempi would fling at her.

But Ma Lempi was a mother first and a wife afterward. She knew a thing or two, a woman's intuition, that.

He should have socks too, if possible! she thought.

Sulo objected. "You shan't go without for me, Ma," he said.

He was troubled about his mother's leathery feet hardly distinguishable in the fresh earth, where she stood, an asparagus knife in her hand.

"I am shod like a queen, my Sulo. Didn't you bring 100 on the card, this week!" she replied, her ample unconfined bosom shaking with knowing mirth. They understood each other, those two.

Pa Lempi's gruff voice interrupted the little confidence: "I'll be glad when you get the age, sixteen; not long from now. A day's work you can do then."

A frightened glance swiftly swept Ma

Lempi's wooden face, but unseeing Pa Lempi continued: "The books! What good are they? It's the strong hands that do it," and he examined his own horny ones with satisfaction.

That season the new asparagus beds brought forth great luscious stalks. Day by day, they were exchanged for more money than Pa Lempi had ever seen before. He hid part of it from Ma, but she knew. She hadn't bent hot weary hours over the brown earth for nothing. She had a plan, but she held her peace.

Then came strawberry time, and Sulo's every minute out of school was needed to harvest them. The great red berries hanging on their slender stems above the hay litter must be picked carefully and packed closely to prevent bruising. They brought a better price so. Pa Lempi knew Sulo picked faster, packed better, than he. He gloated over it. "We'll have bigger farm," he said, "when you help all the time."

Sulo smiled, "The more I study, the better I can make it," he answered.

"Books don't know. It's work that tells ye," Pa Lempi retorted, unconvinced.

Money was being quickly stowed away for the bigger farm. A fine apple crop was anticipated, when the promising fruit stopped growing. It appeared blighted. Pa Lempi couldn't understand it. He had sprayed as others had. He talked with his neighbors. He became alarmed, and pointed out the condition to Sulo.

Sulo, now a senior in the near-by Academy was hoping to go to the State Agricultural College. He had heard it talked about at school. He had studied the catalogue and longing filled his soul. One time he brought a catalogue home, and explained it to his mother. Pa Lempi sensed mischief, when he saw their two heads together.

"What now!" he thought, and later, he found the catalogue and burned it. He took matters in hand after that and hid unfamiliar books that Sulo brought home.

"The boy is mad!" he exclaimed.

But to his neighbors met at the corner store; to his friends encountered in bartering; at church or meetings, praise of his son was continually in his mouth, and he always added: "Pretty soon, he be on the farm all the time; then we have big one."

The farm stood off the main road, under the beetling brows of a low mountain. When the Lempis' secured it, carrying a big mortgage, it seemed pretty hopeless. After long days of toil, however, the farm began to show results.

Besides the flourishing asparagus and strawberry beds, were others of small vegetables. A long straight row of tomatoes, each plant tied neatly to a tall pole, foreshadowed a compensating return. Corn and potatoes covered several acres. Among the hardy brakes and sweet fern, two cows kept the struggling grass down.

Mornings, summer and winter, Sulo saw the sun rise while doing the chores. Later in the day, he trudged three miles to school. Always, at the crest of the mountain, before taking the other side at a trot, he looked back on the farm nestled in the valley. Always, he glowed with resolve, that he would help make it the best farm possible. He knew he could learn how, if his father would give him time.

The blight in the apple orchard troubled Sulo. He told his Professor about it. "Why not write to Washington?" he suggested.

Sulo didn't understand, but began to hope.

The Professor helped him write the letter, explaining the condition in the orchard. Sulo said nothing about it at home, not even to his mother. After that, every day he hopefully took the mail from the oblong tin box at the crossroad, when it held the flag signal erect. At last came the expected letter. It described the enemy and explained how to exterminate it.

Oblivious to all about him, studying

the letter's contents, Sulo was startled by his father's heavy hand descending in wrath on his shoulder.

"At the books! When the farm is going to ruin! You care not, my God!"

Sulo lurched, but regained his feet and warded off the second blow, just in time. Meeting his father's anger with a smile, he said:

"See here. We have it from Washington. We can save the crop."

Pa Lempi listened unbelieving, while Sulo explained; then slowly his face lighted with hope. He grabbed Sulo by the arm hurrying him out of the door and across the gardens. They broke into a run nearing the orchard. Breathless, they hunted for the offending slug. Sulo was the first to discover one, then Pa Lempi held another between his fingers.

"We'll kill 'em; now we know," he yelled excitedly.

Ma Lempi, curious, had followed closely behind and heard Pa Lempi.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "The school! It helps."

Pa Lempi nodded his head in assent, thoughtfully.

Ma Lempi gave her son a wink of understanding; then trudged back to her waiting tasks.

A few days before the end of school, Pa Lempi took from the R. F. D. box at the crossroad a square envelope. He handled it gingerly; wiped his earth-stained hands on his overalls and opened it.

The contents meant nothing to him, until he discovered Sulo's name. His face glowed. He laid the envelope on the kitchen table.

Ma Lempi coming from the field to prepare dinner, saw it. She too discovered Sulo's name and joy filled her heart.

When their son returned from school, he explained that he had gained honors and was to speak on graduation day.

From that time, a slow but subtle change took place in Pa Lempi.

He drove with Ma Lempi to the city,

miles away, losing willingly a precious day during hay time. He produced a roll of bills and pointed to a shoe shop. Not much was said. It wasn't their way, but she understood and shop after shop they entered together.

Graduation Day arrived at last. Sulo was already seated in the row of honor students on the platform, when he spied his father and mother enter the hall. She was resplendent in a summer silk, and hat with flowers; he, in a fine new suit. Timidly, they found seats near the front.

Unaccustomed to the gayly dressed audience; awed by the beautiful laurel and rose decorations, stirred by the orchestra, their one outstanding joy was a consciousness of Sulo, seated self-possessed on the platform.

When Sulo advanced to the front of the platform and stood under the rose arch and began to read his essay: "Some Finnish Customs," Pa and Ma Lempi were unmindful of their surroundings, transplanted to the land of their birth. They nodded understandingly to Sulo who seemed to be talking directly to them. Could it be their son, who stood in such honor before them!

Then came the conclusion: "Though the customs of the old country are deeply cherished; still, here in America are others of equal value, and great opportunities await those who have the desire and determination to grasp them. Success awaits those having the right spirit, and nothing really stands in their way.....I wish especially to thank my teachers and schoolmates, who have been such a wonderful help to me."

Amid the genuine applause that followed, none was more enthusiastic than Pa or Ma Lempi's. They nodded to each other. They smiled openly at their son, who sat modestly in his place.

Sulo's heart stopped going like a trip hammer, and glowed thankfully. Suddenly, he realized how young and happy his mother looked and that his father's vigorous clapping meant approval and consent.

# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, as suddenly as the thought struck him, when he and a friend of his, who long ago described it to me, were hunting for a lost poem together: "I should like to have an anthology of the one-poem poets!"—in sympathy with which fugitive wish the poems to be published under this heading from month to month

have been selected, though it is not presumed their authors have not, in some cases, written other poems which to some tastes are of equal or perhaps even greater merit. It is probable that some at least of the poems here published will be collected later in book form. Suggestions will be welcome.

A. J.

## BEDOUIN SONG

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

From the Desert I come to thee  
On a stallion shod with fire;  
And all the winds are left behind  
In the speed of my desire.  
Under thy window I stand,  
And the midnight hears my cry:  
I love thee, I love but thee,  
With a love that shall not die  
*Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!*

Look from thy window and see  
My passion and my pain;  
I lie on the sands below,  
And I faint in thy disdain.  
Let the night-winds touch thy brow  
With the heat of my burning sigh,  
And melt thee to hear the vow  
Of a love that shall not die  
*Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!*

My steps are nightly driven,  
By the fever in my breast,  
To hear from thy lattice breathed  
The word that shall give me rest.  
Open the door of thy heart,  
And open thy chamber door,  
And my kisses shall teach thy lips  
The love that shall fade no more  
*Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!*

## LOVE AND TIME

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

The frost may form apace,  
The roses pine away:  
If Lyce's lover see her face  
Then is the summer's day.

A word of hers, a breath,  
And lo! his heart shall seem  
To peer far down where life and death  
Stir like a forded stream.

O Time beyond avail  
That hast with Love to bear  
Till thy last eve dance down the gale  
With no star in her hair:

Spirit of outgrown fear,  
Dethroned but undestroyed,  
How bitter yet for thee to hear  
(Cast under in the void)—

Love wake the solar chime!  
Love turn the wheel of Night!  
Thou art so little, ashen Time,  
In Love's eternal might.

## IN THE BOOK THAT YOU HAVE READ

BY SOPHIE JEWETT

I need no pencilled margin line;  
By subtler emphasis,  
Page after page, I can divine  
Your thought of that and this.

I know that here your grave lips smiled  
The smile that Beauty brings;  
And here you listened where some wild  
Age-smitten forest sings.

Here your brow wore the world-old pain  
No poet may forget;  
And here you stayed to read again;  
Here, read through lashes wet.

So, leaf by leaf, until, I deem,  
Your darkened eyes forsook  
One shining page, because your dream  
Was lovelier than the book.





The Sawyer Herd and Farm Buildings

## OVER THE TOP WITH AYRSHIRES

A Farm Where Father and Sons Are Working Together

BY H. STYLES BRIDGES

**A**YRSHIRES are making good in New Hampshire. Striking evidence of this fact can be found in the many successful herds throughout the state. They are rugged and hardy, and thrive in our vigorous climate, and on our rocky hillside pastures. Ayrshires are natives of Scotland and as a rule, where they are found in this country today, they seem to bring the Scotch thrift with them. One of the outstanding herds in New Hampshire is owned by N. H. Sawyer and Sons of Atkinson. The Sawyer herd is composed of forty purebred animals of a very uniform type. They run largely to white in color, and the mature cows average better than one thousand pounds each in weight. They have large systematic udders with well placed teats. The herd as a whole is a sight any dairyman would like to see.

The Sawyer farm is known as Willow Cottage Farm, and is a typical New England farm of two hundred

and thirteen acres. The farm is divided into about eighty acres tillage, and the remainder pasture. The buildings are modern with all up-to-date improvements. Located on the farm are three homes occupied by Mr. Sawyer and his two sons, respectively; a fine example of what ownership of more New England farms should involve. The sons, Arthur and Clifford, each have a joint interest in the farm and are both graduates of the New Hampshire Agricultural College. They are striking examples of graduates that are putting their training to a successful test in practical agriculture. Both sons take an active part in the community life, Arthur serving as selectman of the town of Atkinson.

Herbert N. Sawyer, the father, is one of the best known men of New Hampshire and one of the State's leading citizens. He holds the offices of Master of the State Grange, Vice-President of the State Farm Bureau



Three Winners of the Sawyer Herd; All on Advanced Registry Work.

Federation, and Vice-President of the Rockingham County Farmers' Exchange.

The actual management of the herd, farm, and marketing is divided among the three. The herd is composed of many outstanding animals of worth and promise. Thirteen cows are now on test in Advanced Register work, and from the records to date, it looks as if they would finish 100% strong, for all are running far ahead of the requirements and give evidence of finishing with safe and wide margins to spare.

One of the interesting animals is Beautiful Vira, 9 years of age, who has three daughters in the herd who are in A. R. work. She has in the months of March and April milked nearly 3000 lbs. of 4.4% milk. Her daughters are typical of their dam in type and beauty and are real producers; Vira Bell milking 4578 lbs. in 120 days to date, and Lone Oak Queen 6753 lbs. in 211 days. Another promising young cow is Peggs of Lone Oak, a three year old, whose test has run to date, 133 days, and who has produced in this time, 5440 lbs. milk.

The herd is an exceptionally high testing one for the breed; the average

for the past year running around 4.3% fat.

The herd's senior sire is White Nell's Good Gift, a bull of excellent type, weighing 1800 lbs. He is an active, vigorous animal, showing fine quality and style. He was sired by Lessenessnock Gem's Good Gift, an A. R. sire who is the sire of Agawan Hargrave with an Advanced Registry record of 14,937 lbs. milk and also Lotus Jean Amour, an A. R. cow with a record of 10,625 lbs. milk and 407.74 lbs. fat. The record priced Ayrshire cow of the breed, selling for \$1800 at the National Ayrshire sale, grandsire is also grandsire of this bull. Lessenessnock's Good Gift has 9 A. R. daughters with 20 composite records which average 10,500 lbs. milk and 450.54 lbs. fat. The dam of the herd sire is White Nell of Beverly, who is backed by A. R. records equally as good as the sire. The Sawyers plan to make an A. R. sire of this bull. The cows are milked three times a day and now the milking is by hand, as the milking machine has been discarded since going into A. R. work.

The roughage for feeding purposes is raised on the farm and is in the



Lone Oak Queen: Record 6,753 lbs. milk in 211 days.

form of good clover hay and corn silage. Last year a start was made in alfalfa and the crop was so successful and the effect of its feeding value so noticeable that this year it is planned to put in ten acres. The trial plot of alfalfa was grown as a demonstration under the direction of the Rockingham County Farm Bureau and the Extension Service of the New Hampshire State College. Various cash crops are raised to supplement the income from dairying and to work into the crop rotation. Potatoes, tomatoes, squash and fruit make up these cash crops, all are grown under up-to-date methods and good results are obtained.

The farm has a wonderful market for its dairy products in the nearby city of Haverhill, Massachusetts, where a big reputation has been won for quality products. A large retail milk route is conducted and the milk sold at

fancy prices. All milk put out is sold as from tuberculine tested stock and under cap and seal. Special attention is given the supplying of baby milk for which there is a steady growing demand.

The young stock of the farm show signs of exceptional thrift and excellent care. Mr. Sawyer states that the hardiness of the calves and the extreme

ease with which they can be raised is in his opinion one of the big assets of the breed. They are rarely bothered by the disorders that so frequently bother the young of other breeds. Plans are being made to raise all the heifers for the time being, until the farm reaches its capacity of registered stock. The surplus bulls are sold at reasonable prices to farmers both for heading purebred herds, and for building up grade herds. The herd is under state and federal test for tuberculosis.



Senior Herd Sire: White Nell's Good Gift.

At Willow Cottage Farm they seem to have solved one of the big problems of profitable dairying, that is, in making a start with registered animals from the right foundation stock. There is little question but what the success or failure of every farm with purebred stock depends somewhat upon the quality of the foundation stock and in this respect the Sawyers have made an excellent start. Their herd is one that would command attention anywhere and one that gives evidence of great promise

in the future. The farm is in every respect an ideal example of what more New England farms should be. The progressive practices used, the business-like method with which everything is conducted, the fine purebred herd, the successful growing of cash crops, and best of all the fine co-operation and joint ownership of father and sons, all go to make this farm an excellent paying proposition, an ideal home, and an asset of which the State of New Hampshire may well be proud.

## IN THE SPRINGTIME

BY ANDREW L. FELKER

*Commissioner of Agriculture*

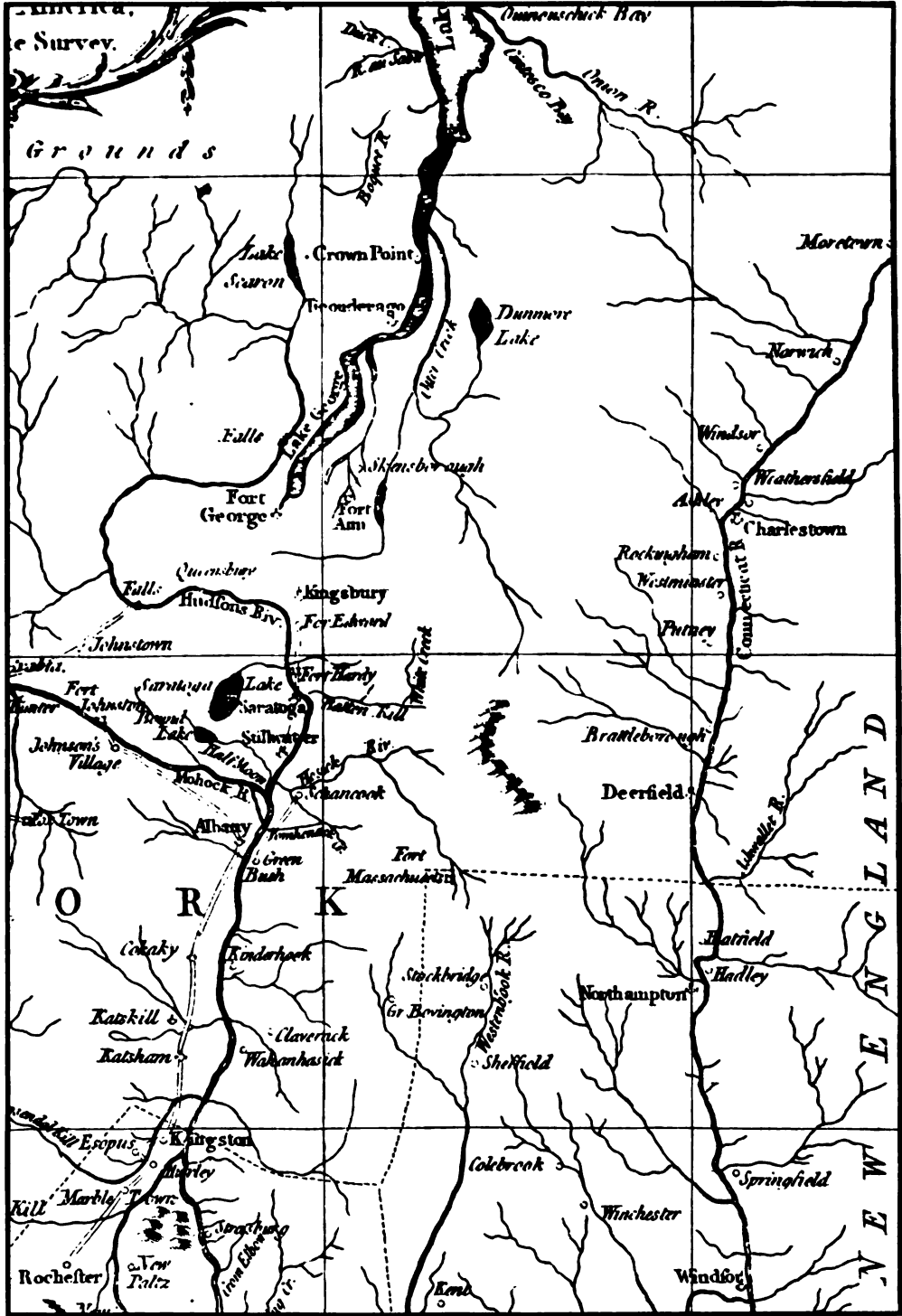
**T**IS the natural tendency of the human mind to desire to see something growing out of doors as the Springtime season of the year approaches, and most folks want to have a part in helping to make things grow. Ambitions expand like swelling buds and bursting corollas, and he who becomes inspired will be found digging in the garden, raking up the lawn, planting the seed, not because he delights in or loves the work especially, but because he joys in seeing things grow. It is Mother Nature's call to her children to cuddle close to her warm breast again.

Life out of doors in the Springtime is vibrant with those necessary elements that revitalize and make new the de-

pressed and wearied nerves, strengthen and make active the brain, harden the flesh and build up athletic muscles; in fact it is the true growing season of the mind and the body, and the Easter time for development and growth of the Soul.

There is no one who toils for pleasure or profit under a more enlightening and life inspiring environment, than does the farmer. His lot is cast in the midst of living, growing things, and he, in fuller measure than any of his fellows, has a larger share in the training and developing of those God-given essential elements which with his aid and care, respond to a renewed and larger usefulness in the economy of life.

Hail, all hail the Springtime!



Part of the Map of New York, including part of New England.—London, 1779.

# WHEN CLAREMONT WAS CALLED ASHLEY

## III

### Two English Maps of Revolutionary Times

By GEORGE B. UPHAM

**A**N English map of New York, published in 1779, includes the Hampshire Grants and a narrow strip of western New Hampshire. It is entitled

AN  
accurate MAP of  
NEW YORK  
in NORTH AMERICA  
from a LATE SURVEY

It shows no settlements east of the Connecticut River except Charlestown and Ashley. The precise location of the latter is indicated by a small circle placed between two unnamed streams, unmistakably Sugar and Little Sugar Rivers.

Another wartime map was published in the Political Magazine London, Vol. I, p. 670 in October 1780. Its title is:

A NEW AND ACCURATE MAP of  
the Province of  
NEW YORK and Part of the  
JERSEYS,  
NEW ENGLAND and CANADA  
Showing the SCENES of our  
MILITARY OPERATIONS during  
the present WAR.

Also the NEW ERECTED STATE OF  
VERMONT

This shows Ashley and neighboring towns exactly as on the English map of 1779, except that the name Springfield, Vermont, is added, appearing in its proper place between Rockingham and Weathersfield; better known as Belows Falls. Black River is shown rising in Dunmore Lake and flowing up, over

and down from the Green Mountains.

No undue New York influence affected the drawing of this map, for a for the most part, correctly positioned dotted line shows its eastern boundary, and east of that is plainly engraved:

THE HAMPSHIRE  
GRANTS  
or the New Erected  
STATE OF  
VERMONT

Parts of each of the above described maps showing Ashley and the upper Connecticut River Valley are published herewith. For the use of the originals we are indebted to Mr. Horace Brown of Springfield, Vermont, who possesses the finest private collection of early American maps known to the writer.<sup>(1)</sup>

For early maps of Vermont we must look, as we have seen, to the early maps of New York. This is, of course, excepting the rare Blanchard and Langdon map of New Hampshire, including the Hampshire Grants, prepared for publication in 1761 before Claremont was settled or chartered. About a quarter of the land afterwards included in Claremont is there shown as a part of Buckingham, a township whose charter was soon forfeited. (See *Granite Monthly*, vol. LI, p. 500.)

The map of New Hampshire prepared for publication in 1773 and 1774, by Samuel Holland, Esqr., "Surveyor General for the Northern District of North America," is the most accurate contemporaneous map of any

(1) Mr. Brown and Mr. H. G. Tupper, also of Springfield, Vt., happened one afternoon to call at the same hour upon the writer at his summer home in Claremont. After listening to their discussion of rare colonial maps, with the occasional mention of an original owned by one or the other, he finally ventured to ask; "Does every resident of Springfield possess a collection of early American maps?" From Mr. Brown instantly came the answer, "Why, over there it's a prerequisite for voting."

Mr. Brown carries his interest in things historical so far that his house, owned for generations in the family, is a most carefully preserved, and only where necessary restored, early New England farmhouse. Everything about it, every piece of furniture, furnishing and almost every utensil in it is such as was to be found in the best New England farmhouses of a century or more ago.



of the thirteen colonies. Holland lived in Portsmouth and had the opportunity of studying the plans attached to all the Wentworth charters, showing the outlines of the towns with courses and distances. Holland and his assistants had traveled widely in New Hampshire, so his map shows all the roads, mostly bridle paths, then existing; the larger dots along the roads indicate houses. Holland, of course, made no mistake in placing the name Claremont in prominent letters within the boundaries of the town shown by him, but in small letters he placed the name "Ashleys" east of the Great Road and not far from the ferry. Near this are two house dots, one is probably that of the house owned by the Putnams, the other is about at the site of the residence of Mr. Christopher, long owned by the late John Bailey. It was on or near this spot that Captain Oliver Ashley lived. Another dot indicating a house then owned by the Ashleys is north of the sharp right-angled bend in the river above the ferry. This was on the terrace overlooking the meadow a few rods beyond where the beautiful well-marked but now abandoned road leads up the hill to the sites of the "Jones" and "Woodell" houses. Here the name "S. Mitchell" appears on the Welling map of Claremont published in 1851. This Ashley house has long since gone but around its site the lilacs still grow vigorously. These houses were plainly visible from the Connecticut. Voyagers in birch canoes, dugouts and skiffs saw them, perhaps obtained provisions from them, and called the place Ashley or Ashleys.

If the London geographers had the drawings made for Holland's map why did they ignore the name Claremont, and make other mistakes that might have been avoided by using them? Probably the drawings were not available until after the Treaty of Peace. Perhaps in the hurried de-

parture of the Governor and his friends they were left in Portsmouth; perhaps they were placed and remained in the private possession of Paul Wentworth, a wealthy resident of London, for it was by his direction and at his expense that the map was engraved and published in 1784. Had Holland's drawings been accessible to the London geographers they surely would have made use of them, and we should see some indication of it in the maps published during the Revolution.

How, it may be asked, did knowledge of the name Ashley find its way to London, supplanting the name Claremont given in the charter twelve years before the earliest of these maps was published? The geographers were eager for information. British officers, pent up in Boston, later in New York and Philadelphia, could give little aid. But over the unguarded northern boundaries of the Hampshire Grants swarmed scores of British spies, and in the other direction went scores of Tories eager to impart all information in their power to give. Haldimand, the Governor-General of Canada, possessed a well organized Secret Service, most creditable from the British point of view.

Charlestown—No. 4 was settled in 1740 and owing to its situation in the Connecticut River valley, its fort and occupancy as a military post, it was during the Revolution, from a military point of view, the most important inland town in all New Hampshire. British spies frequently visited it. They may long have known about the place on the river called Ashley; if not they could have learned of it in Charlestown. In this way the name was probably carried to Quebec, thence to London.

Of one fact we may rest assured, viz.: that the London geographers would not have marked this place Ashley on their maps had they not been reliably informed that it was thus called by people living in or near it.



# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## A Page of Clippings

### The American Legion

In the American Legion this country has a most powerful influence against the spread of communistic and radical doctrines. Here's more power to the Legion's strong right arm.—*Free Press, Somersworth.*

### It's Worth Five Dollars

We believe that ex-Governor Bass's suggestion, that, instead of abolishing the poll tax for women, the tax for both men and women be reduced to \$2.00 and the women be relieved of the temporary additional tax for the soldiers' bonus, is an excellent one. Personally, we think that a \$5.00 poll tax is none too large anyway. There is not a single resident of either sex who does not derive that much benefit from our well lighted, well paved, well policed streets and all the other municipal improvements which have cost so much money. Each resident ought to be expected to bear some small share in the expense of this great municipal plant. But anyway, if that is too much, it should be reduced for men, as well as women, rather than letting the men pay and relieving the women of it altogether.—*Rochester Courier.*

### Some Guesses About Governors

Chester B. Jordan of Keene or Arthur P. Morrill of Concord were picked as likely Republican candidates for governor of New Hampshire in 1924, by Former Governor Bartlett while in Concord a few days ago, and he said the candidate should be a young man. Mr. Jordan is a son of a former governor of New Hampshire, and Mr. Morrill was a candidate for the nomination in 1920 and was badly defeated by Mr. Goodnow of Keene. The latter was defeated by Gov. Brown at the last election, but there really doesn't seem to be any good reason why he

should not run again if he cares to, as he made a good campaign and would probably have been triumphantly elected except for the fact that it was a Democratic year and he happened to be running on the wrong ticket.—*Laconia Democrat.*

### Playing Politics

The people of New Hampshire want partisanship at Concord stopped. It is time to consult the good of the state. He serves his party best who does that. Time spent in passing bills it is known the other house will reject is wasted. Partisanship should end with filling the offices. That was properly done. Good men retired; as good men fill their places. Nobody can complain. But stop there.—*Granite State Free Press.*

### The Water Power Bill

Support of a bill for development of water power resources in our state is meeting with much favor in our legislature and may be enacted at this session. The movement looks to be of vital importance in affording some relief from the present unendurable situation in regard to the coal supply as relates to our industries.

Ex-Governor Bass is sponsor for the bill which contemplates a new state policy in respect to the development of storage reservoirs. Under the terms of this bill, the state is to extend its credit for such storage development on the condition that the users of the additional water so provided voluntarily make contracts to purchase such additional water at reasonable rates. Such contracts would cover all interest and amortization charges on the investment, as well as cost of operation and maintenance.

The amount of the appropriation is small (\$205,000), but enough to test and work out the practical details of procedure.—*The News & Critic.*

# OLD HOME WEEK AND THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TERCENTENARY

BY HENRY H. METCALF

**I**T has well been said that the three sweetest words in the English language are "Mother, Home and Heaven." Certain it is that the most cherished memories of early life are those that cluster around the homes of our childhood and youth; while the recollections of the neighborhood and community life of the time, and the scenes amid which that life was experienced, are among the most unfading and highly cherished that come to the ordinary mind.

The love of home is, indeed, one of the strongest and most characteristic sentiments of civilized people, and it was because of this fact, unquestionably, that Governor Frank West Rollins, during the first year of his incumbency, in 1899, conceived and carried out the idea of the establishment of Old Home Week in mid-summer, when the various towns and communities throughout the state, should call back their absent sons and daughters who had gone out into other states and communities to make their way in life, to enjoy a season of rest, recreation and social reunion among the scenes and friends of early life, in the old home towns. He well knew that through such agencies, the love of, and loyalty to, their native towns and state would be strengthened and intensified in the minds of these absent children, and that the resultant benefit to town and state alike would be of no small advantage.

It was on the sixth day of June, 1899, that a meeting was held in Representatives' Hall, in the State House, for the purpose of organizing an Old Home Week Association, the invitation having been sent out by the State Board of Agriculture, at the suggestion of Governor Rollins. Several hundred people, from all sec-

tions of the state, were in attendance at the meeting, which was called to order by Governor Rollins, who spoke at some length outlining the purpose for which the meeting had been called, and was followed by many other prominent citizens, all favoring the organization of a permanent Old Home Week Association.

A committee of five, of which Nahum J. Bachelder of Andover, then Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, was chairman, was appointed to submit a plan of organization. The plan presented and adopted, in the form of a constitution and by-laws, provided that the organization should be known as the "New Hampshire Old Home Week Association," to membership in which any resident of the state, or any person born therein, should be eligible. The object of the association was "to promote the welfare of New Hampshire, by increasing the interest among her citizens, and among natives of the state located in various parts of the world." It was provided that local Old Home Week Associations might be formed and managed under such rules and regulations as the State Association might prescribe.

Officers of the State Association were chosen as follows:

President—Governor Frank W. Rollins of Concord; vice presidents—Joseph B. Walker, Concord; Joseph D. Roberts, Rollinsford; John W. Sanborn, Sanbornville; Charles McDaniel, Springfield; Bertram S. Ellis, Keene; George T. Craft, Bethlehem; Gordon Woodbury, Manchester; True L. Norris, Portsmouth; Charles E. Tilton, Tilton; Chester B. Jordan, Lancaster; treasurer—H. H. Dudley, Concord; secretary—Nahum J. Bachelder, Andover; executive committee—Edward N. Pearson, Concord;

William H. Stinson, Dunbarton; Henry H. Metcalf, Concord.

The matter of fixing the date of Old Home Week for that year—1899—was referred to the Executive Board, consisting of all the officers named, by whom it was subsequently fixed for August 26 to September 1, inclusive.

Local Old Home Week Associations were promptly organized in various towns throughout the state—sixty-seven in all, in most of which some one day in the week was set apart as "Old Home Day," on which occasion the people of the town and natives thereof from abroad, were called together in some appropriate place, for social reunion, and enjoyment of exercises pertinent to the occasion.

The selection of Saturday as the opening day of Old Home Week was made with the idea that on the evening of that day bonfires should be kindled on the mountain and hill tops, or highest points of land in the various towns, signaling the welcome to returning pilgrims, and carrying the greeting of one town to another throughout the state. There were many hundred of these beacon lights kindled in the state, on that first Old Home Week in New Hampshire, and although the custom has, unfortunately, been abandoned quite generally, there are some towns in which it is still observed.

The local celebrations during the first Old Home Week, included some of a most elaborate order, involving parades, music, fireworks, etc., aside from interesting speaking exercises, at which addresses were given by distinguished speakers residing in the state, and others, equally distinguished, returning from abroad to the homes of their nativity. Among the most notable of these observances were those in Concord, Newport, Walpole and Dunbarton.

The Concord observance opened

with a meeting of residents and visitors in Phenix Hall, on Wednesday evening, August 30, a concert by the Third Regiment Band and the Schubert Quartette being the first feature. Hon. Joseph B. Walker, President of Concord Old Home Week Association, presided, and brief addresses were made by Hon. John Kimball, Very Rev. John E. Barry of the St. John's Catholic church, Hon. Sylvester Dana of the Municipal Court, Hon. L. D. Stevens, and Hon. Moses Humphrey. On the following day, Thursday, was witnessed one of the greatest and most imposing parades in the history of the Capital City. G. Scott Locke was Chief Marshal, and the Third Regiment Band led the procession, followed by a platoon of police, Governor Rollins and staff on horseback, Gen. J. H. Tolles and Cols. Scott, Upham and Tetley of the First Brigade, N. H. N. G., several companies of the Guard, G. A. R., and a great number of marching organizations, including the Fire Department, the various fraternal societies, etc. Most conspicuous was the representation of the B. & M. railroad shops by a marching delegation of 650 men in uniform. Following these were decorated carriages, floats, and all sorts of unique turnouts, from pony teams to a magnificent 24-horse team entered by George L. Theobald.

The general exercises were held in Phenix Hall at 2 p. m., the meeting being called to order by President Waker, who introduced Hon. Charles R. Corning as chairman for the occasion. Addresses of welcome were given by Mayor N. E. Martin in behalf of the city, and Governor Rollins for the state. The orator of the day was Hon. James O. Lyford, Naval Officer of Boston, who was followed by Senator William E. Chandler, President William J. Tucker of Dartmouth College, Prof. Charles F. Bradley of Evanston, Ill., Hon. Napoleon B. Bryant, and others. An

original poem, "The Hills are Home," written for the occasion by Edna Dean Proctor, was read by the author. The exercises closed with singing of "Home, Sweet Home" by the audience.

Following the exercises a reception was held in Doric Hall at the State House, under the direction of Albert B. Woodworth, Chairman of the Reception Committee, at which the Governor was assisted by the members of his staff, several thousand people paying their respects to the chief executive, while a concert was given outside by the consolidated bands of the day.

It was estimated that twenty thousand people lined the streets during the time of the parade, while ten thousand witnessed the grand display of fireworks, set off on the Stickney field in the evening, which closed the day's programme.

At Newport, where there was a great gathering, and a most impressive demonstration, the entire Main Street being elaborately decorated, and a great parade carried out, Judge Jesse M. Barton presided, and the orator of the day was Rear Admiral George E. Belknap, the town's most distinguished son. The Walpole observance, which was scarcely less imposing, was under the direction of T. Nelson Hastings, then president of the State Senate, as president of the day, and addresses were made by a number of eminent natives, among whom were Rev. John Barstow of Medford, Mass., Prof. Franklin W. Hooper of Brooklyn and Judge Henry E. Howland of New York City. At Dunbarton, Col. William H. Stimson of the State Executive Committee and president of the local association directed the exercises, which included addresses by a number of distinguished visitors, including Governor Rollins and Senator Chandler, and numerous eminent natives, a large and enthus-

iastic crowd being in attendance

At all these town observances there were present many natives from abroad, some of whom had not visited the homes of their childhood for years, and in many cases there was a revival of interest on their part which operated to the material advantage of the old home town, evidenced by subsequent gifts in the shape of libraries, school buildings, parks, fountains, etc.

In many of these towns the local associations have been continued, and annual Old Home Day observances have been held. In others there have been celebrations once in two or three years, and in some occasionally, "as the spirit moved;" while, unfortunately, in others, for want of public spirit and local pride, the idea has been abandoned. A number of other towns, however, that did not originally adopt the plan, have fallen into line. In Concord the local Association soon went into "disuse;" but, under the auspices of the State Association there has been a largely attended Old Home Sunday service in Rollins Park, each year for the last fifteen years or more, with able speakers and excellent music, the various churches co-operating.

The expense incident to the work of the State Association was met, during the incumbency of Governor Rollins as President and N. J. Bachelder as Secretary, from the state appropriation for the work of the Commissioner of Immigration, which office was held by Mr. Bachelder in connection with that of Secretary of Agriculture, it being recognized that nothing could more effectually advertise the State than the maintenance of the Old Home Week institution, which although not permanently adopted in other states, has been taken up in many localities throughout the country, and is to be copied in Nova Scotia the present year.

In 1913, when there was a political overturn in the State and the Immigration Bureau was abandoned, the Legislature voted a standing appropriation of \$300 toward carrying on the work of the Association, and permanently fixed the date of Old Home Week for the week following the third Saturday in August, which comes this year on the 18th day of the month. At the annual meeting in 1914, Governor Rollins and Secretary Bachelder retired from their respective offices and Henry H. Metcalf and Andrew L. Felker, Commissioner of Agriculture, were respectively chosen President and Secretary of the Association, and have since continued.

As the first white settlements in the state were made at Portsmouth and Dover in 1623, and the Ter-Centenary, or 300th anniversary of the same would occur in 1923, the Association, deeming it desirable that some fitting and proper observance of the same should be held, was instrumental in securing the passage by the General Court, in 1921, of a Joint Resolution providing for the appointment of a Commission, headed by Governor Albert O. Brown, to take the matter in hand and make the preliminary arrangements for an appropriate celebration during Old Home Week of the present year. The Commission, as named, in addition to Governor Brown, included Aaron G. Whittemore of Dover, Charles S. Emerson of Milford, Henry H. Metcalf of Concord, Harry T. Lord of Manchester and J. Winslow Peirce of Dover. Henry H. Metcalf was elected Secretary.

Taking up the work in hand, the Commission, after careful consideration, and due consultation with the authorities in Portsmouth and Dover, formulated a plan which involved appropriate observances in those two cities, where the first settlements were made, on Monday and Tuesday of Old Home Week, following Old

Home Sunday services in the churches throughout the state, with a final celebration at the Capital, with observances mid-week in all towns throughout the State where sufficient public spirit should be aroused to insure the same.

It was voted to extend an invitation to President Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth College to deliver the Anniversary Address, which invitation was accepted by Dr. Hopkins, and it was decided that the address should be given in Concord. Unfortunately, through lack of interest on the part of the business men of the city, as represented by the Chamber of Commerce, the Concord observance has been abandoned, although the City Government had voted an appropriation to meet the necessary expenses, and it has been arranged that the address shall be given at Portsmouth or Dover at the opening of the week.

A number of towns that have not before observed Old Home Week made liberal appropriations for the present year with a view to the Ter-Centenary Celebration, among them being Charlestown, Whitefield, Milford and Stratford, the latter two voting \$1000 each. Stratford, it should be said, will at the same time celebrate its own 150th anniversary, and dedicate a memorial to its soldiers in the various wars of the nation. Northwood will also celebrate its 150th anniversary, in connection with the State celebration, on Wednesday of Old Home Week.

The State of New Hampshire has never before celebrated an anniversary of its settlement. It is devoutly to be hoped that at this time there will be awakened such a spirit of patriotic pride, as will insure a royal welcome to a great host of returning sons and daughters in all parts of the State, and demonstrate to the world the fact that the "Home Fires" are still aglow among the old Granite Hills.

# BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

CONDUCTED BY VIVIAN SAVACOOŁ

## Tiger River

By ARTHUR O. FRIEL

Harper Bros.

**T**HE adventures on Tiger River produce much the same effect on grown-ups that fairy stories do on children. At first they all seem unreal and impossible, but the fascination grows, and soon we begin to thrill with the weirdness of it all and to find it so natural that we expect to see a head-hunting Indian or a tiger loom in the corner. These dangers and many others more uncanny confront the five men, Knowlton, Rand, McKay, Tim, and Jose, the outlaw, when they decide to follow the Tigre yacu through all the dangers of the jungle into which hundreds have disappeared and from which only one crazed man has returned. Undaunted by dire warnings, they are determined to explore the River of Missing Men to find gold, of course, but most of all to satisfy the love of adventure which burns hotly in the heart of each, and it is to all kindred sprits, longing for romance, that this book will most appeal. White Indians, tigers, and jiveros they baffle in the most unique encounters and are equally steadfast in maintaining their own against the maddening mysteries of Dead Man's Land.

Although inferior in style and dif-

ferent in setting, we can not help but feel the same fever of impatience and excitement over the treasure hunt that is experienced in reading "Treasure Island," and also the same satisfaction over the result of all the intrigue and desperate adventure. Each incident stimulates our fancy to greater capacity for enjoyment of the unreal, until, by the time the explorers meet the "Things," green spectres with spears, the imagination is undaunted and swallows these too, gloatingly waiting for new feasts of improbability.

It is a long jump from New Hampshire to the Andean regions of the upper Amazon, but Arthur Friel, once attending Manchester High School and later a teacher there, has bridged the gap and given to us in this book his reaction to the luxurious beauty, the lurking dangers of Nature and of savages, and the romantic spirit of the jungle. All of this is very pleasant to peruse during an evening of recreation, but I doubt if even the lure of gold could induce many of us to follow the trail of the Tigre yacu through its sinister shadows and ominous darkness as described in Mr. Friel's book.

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## Vacation Days

By WILLIS G. BUXTON

**W**E would all wish for just such vacation days as Mr. Buxton and his wife have enjoyed, but, since such pleasures are impossible to many, accounts of the travels of others are always of interest as entertainment and preparation for the day when we too, may go to see the wonders of the world.

All would-be travelers will find anticipatory delight in "Vacation Days," Mr. Buxton's book, and those who are satisfied to do all their traveling while reading comfortably at home will also enjoy these letters, giving, as they do, a detailed description not only of the beauty of California and Europe by a

most enthusiastic and appreciative voyager, but of any such systems of education, religion, or civic government which might be helpful suggestions to the people of New Hampshire.

The author describes the scenes he sees, the pictures and statues he views, and even those lectures of especial interest which he hears, so that we gain

unusual and varied information with the added attraction of Mr. Buxton's own reaction to his experiences.

To any who may not know Mr. Buxton we wish to say that, as a resident of Penacook, New Hampshire, the letters in this book were written to his townspeople and will have especial interest for all living in New Hampshire.

## THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

### About Spring and Soldiers

ON very rare occasions our mind runs smoothly along a single track, gliding with well-oiled ease from idea to idea. But that is not at all the case when the first breath of spring comes in at our windows. The April sun melts our mentality along with the snowdrifts, and leaves our thoughts as diffuse as May breezes. To settle down to editorial conversation seems next door to impossible.

We might write about the Legislature, which to-day seems to be out for the non-stop dancing record for the United States. But by the time the magazine is in print police interference or the more cogent urge of spring planting will undoubtedly have put a stop to the sport.

We might follow the time-honored custom of other editors and write of spring in the country, the bounding brooks, the burgeoning buds, the blurring birds. But we are never quite sure of our ground in these matters. For instance, what kind of bird is an alfalfa? We never can tell. Like Christopher Morley, the best we can do, when some one suddenly asks us the name of some upstart songster on a high branch of the old apple tree, is to murmur something about a "forsythia bursting into song" and change the subject as soon as possible. We understand our limitations. We leave the hymns of spring to the farmer as he

leisurely hitches his Ford to his plow and in the freshness of the early morning mingles the hum of his engine with the myriad voices of awakening year.

Or we might write of the American Legion, which has been our chief concern of late. It has impressed us for two reasons: first, because of its unbounded energy, which even spring seems powerless to abate, and second, because of its contagious atmosphere of public service—a man who has served his Legion post or Department is, more than other men, willing to listen to the call of duty whether it lead him to the Governor's mansion, the national Senate, or even the White House in Washington. It is splendid to see such devotion.

We feel more at home writing along these lines, for of course we have had military experience as a member of an unofficial S. A. T. C. Auxiliary Unit during the War (We were in college at the time). And moreover in those spring days of 1917 some one had the brilliant idea of turning our college out for military drill, just to develop *esprit de corps* and *joie de vivre* and a lot of things like that. When men speak of the terrors of war, we think of that incipient Battalion of Death as it straggled and struggled to and fro across the greensward in the spring sunshine, the high feminine voice of the commanding

officer mingling with the anguished cries of some lost soul, possibly a staid faculty member, who, in the general confusion of right foot and left, had found herself suddenly deserted by the battalion and left to execute military manœuvres alone.

But even here we are not so sure-footed as we ought to be. Our knowledge of military terminology failed us completely when we started out after material for our article. Last week we entirely corrupted a Board meeting of the Legion Auxiliary by insistently referring to the Auxiliary Units as "posts." Before the afternoon was over all the officers present were struggling with an irresistible desire to call them "posts," too. We don't want to run the risk of corrupting the entire Legion organization by our inaccuracies. So perhaps we'd better dismiss that subject also, and abandon the idea of writing Editorial Remarks for this month.

But, if you will notice, the page is already full. And if you desire a precedent for this manner of writing, we would refer you to your Cicero. It's an old trick of the trade!

—H. F. M.

## Announcements

The Exeter War Memorial, a picture of which appears on the cover this month, is the work of Daniel Chester French, a distinguished son of Exeter, who counts it as one of the best pieces of work which he has done. It was dedicated on July 4, 1922. Its inscription puts into words very beautifully the spirit in which the monument is erected:

With

Veneration for Those Who Died

Gratitude to Those Who Live

Trust in the Patriotism of Those Who

Come After

The Town of Exeter Dedicates this Memorial  
To Her Sons and Daughters of the World  
War.

It is with much this same spirit that the GRANITE MONTHLY offers this issue as a tribute to New Hampshire veterans in this month which brings Memorial Day.

The essay contest for high school boys and girls brought some very interesting results. The contest closed May 1, and the judges, Mr. Harlan Pearson, Mrs. Harriman and Mr. Walter May will probably be able to make the award very shortly now.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### In This Issue

MR. H. STYLES BRIDGES, Secretary of the Farm Bureau, turns his attention to Ayrshires this month in the second article on Dairy herds.

The man who is working hardest to make New Hampshire Tercentenary year a memorable one is H. H. METCALF. His article in this magazine gives not only plans for the celebration but also the history of the movement.

MR. GEORGE B. UPHAM'S third and last article on "When Claremont Was Called Ashley" answers the question which readers have asked themselves: "How did the name Ashley come to the knowledge of the foreign map makers?"

MRS. BERTHA COMINS ELY, author of "Their Son" in this issue lives in Greenville, N. H. She shows a sympathetic understanding of one of our state problems.



# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## GEORGE H. KENDALL

With the death of George H. Kendall on April 14 at Nashua, the state has lost the last of the stage-coach drivers who used to drive a six horse team between Crawford Notch and Fabyans before the railroad came. Mr. Kendall was about 76 when he died. In the early days he was employed by Baron and Merrill, hotel proprietors of the White Mountains; of late years he has worked for the Boston and Maine as a stationary engineer. A native of Franconia, he lived in Nashua about 25 years. He served in the Civil War, although he was only nineteen at the time, and ranked as a sharpshooter in Company I 18th N. H. Volunteers. He is survived by his widow, one son, Walter M. Kendall of Boston, and one adopted son, George Angell Kendall of Nashua.

## FRED A. PRAY

Word has recently come to Somersworth of the death in Vladivostok of Fred A. Pray, formerly of Somersworth, and in recent years First Vice Consul in the United States Consul's office at Vladivostok. His death was due to blood poisoning. Mr. Pray was born in Somersworth in 1867, educated in the public schools there and in the Boston business college. He went to Vladivostok in 1893 and was for some years in business there before he was appointed vice consul in 1916. He is survived by a daughter, Dorothy, two sisters, Mrs. Sarah Smith of Vladivostok, and Mrs. J. H. Austin of Berwick, Me., and one brother, Moses H. of Somersworth.

## MRS. MATILDA L. COLE

On April 3, Mrs. Matilda L. Cole, for thirty-five years a resident of Concord, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. Edward Silva. Mrs. Cole was a member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. She leaves, besides a daughter, two sons, George of Boston and Benjamin of Concord, and two sisters and two brothers.

## MRS. EDWIN L. HALEY

After a brief illness with pneumonia, Mrs. Edwin L. Haley died in East Rochester on April 6. Mrs. Haley was prominent in social and fraternal circles of the city to which she came some years ago from W. Buxton, Maine. She is survived by her husband, one son, ex-Representative Lawrence E. Haley, two daughters, Fredona Myrtle and Georgia; a brother, Charles E. Rounds of Bristol, and two sisters, Mrs. Georgia Hunton and Mrs. Fred A. Cummins of Saco, Maine.

## MRS. MARY J. N. BEAN

At Concord on April 3, Mrs. Mary J. N. Bean, widow of Frank E. Bean, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. W. Rowe, after a long illness. Mrs. Bean was a large property owner in Penacook and in former years was associated with her husband in business there. She is survived by her daughter, and son, Harold of Penacook; also a brother Mr. George A. Noyes of Concord.

## MRS. ANNE KENNEDY

Mrs. Anne Kennedy, one of Dover's oldest residents died on April 10 at the age of 96 years. Mrs. Kennedy was born in Richmond, Va., but had lived in Dover for 75 years. She is survived by one brother.

## BYRON K. WOODWARD

On April 16, Byron K. Woodward, resident of Concord for 42 years, died in that city after a long illness. He was a member of the Nathaniel White Council O. U. A. M. He leaves a widow, two sons, John K. and Earl A. of Concord; a daughter, Mrs. Robert J. Provencal of Concord; two brothers, Frank of Laconia and Walter of Michigan; and a sister, Mrs. Grace Mallard of Concord.

## DR. ALBERT LACAILLADE

Dr. Albert Lacaille, one of the leading dentists of Laconia, died in that city on April 6. Dr. Lacaille was a native of Lawrence, Mass., and a graduate of Baltimore Dental College. Before coming to Laconia, he practised dentistry in Lawrence and Montreal. He leaves a widow and three children, Paul, Marguerite and Jacqueline.

## GEORGE M. GATES

On March 30, George M. Gates, veteran of the Civil War and prominent citizen of Plaistow, N. H., died after a short illness with grip. He leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter.

## JOHN J. SHAPLEIGH

On April 16, after a brief illness with pneumonia, John J. Shapleigh, a retired merchant of East Rochester, died at his home in that town. Mr. Shapleigh had lived in East Rochester for 25 years and was about 66 years old when he died. He was a member of the Cocheco Lodge I. O. O. F. and a member of the Bethany Methodist Church. His widow; one daughter, Miss Doris Shapleigh, an instructor at LaSalle Seminary; one brother, Nicholas of East Rochester; and three sisters.

**DON C. CHAPPLE**

Don C. Chapple, resident of Concord for 20 years, died in that city on April 3 at the age of 69 years. He was a native of Crown Point, N. Y. He is survived by a widow, two daughters, Mrs. Frank Beauregard of Hartford, Vt., and Mrs. George Fox of Strafford, Vt., and a son, Clinton, of Great Barrington, Mass.

**OSCAR H. BISHOP**

Oscar H. Bishop, builder, aged 41 years, died at his home in Nashua on March 28. His health had been failing for a number of years, but he had until very recently been able to attend his business. He leaves a widow and eight children, as well as four brothers and two sisters.

**GEORGE H. TARLTON**

George H. Tarlton, aged 69, of Newfields, died in that town on April 16. Mr. Tarlton was born in Newington, but had lived since boyhood in Newfields where he was prominent in musical circles, and where he held the office of selectman in 1915-1919. He was a member of the Universalist Church and of the Fraternity Lodge, I. O. O. F. His widow survives him.

**MRS. MARY E. NELSON**

Mrs. Mary E. Nelson, widow of Freeman J. Nelson, died April 16 at the Centennial Home for the Aged, Concord, N. H., at the age of 86 years.

## The Concord S. P. C. A.

**INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE**

needs the help of every person in the state to stop the cruelties that are inflicted on our dumb animals. With this help, the sufferings and torture of the animals in New Hampshire can be overcome. The cattle shipments on the trains can be made humane. The traders in old horses can be driven out of business. Cattle will not be left in pastures until Christmas.

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# HISTORY

## of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire

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The exhaustive work entitled, "History of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire," two volumes of over eight hundred pages each, from the settlement of the town in 1777 to 1917, by the Rev. Josiah Lafayette Seward, D. D.; and nearly completed at the time of his death, has been published by his estate and is now on sale, price \$16.00 for two volumes, post paid.

The work has been in preparation for more than thirty years. It gives comprehensive genealogies and family histories of all who have lived in Sullivan and descendants since the settlement of the town; vital statistics, educational, cemetery, church and town records, transfers of real estate and a map delineating ranges and old roads, with residents carefully numbered, taken from actual surveys made for this work, its accuracy being unusual in a history.

At the time of the author's death in 1917, there were 1388 pages already in print and much of the manuscript for its completion already carefully prepared. The finishing and indexing has been done by Mrs. Frank B. Kingsbury, a lady of much experience in genealogical work; the printing by the Sentinel Publishing Company of Keene, the binding by Robert Burlen & Son, Boston, Mass., and the work copyrighted (Sept. 22, 1921) by the estate of Dr. Seward by J. Fred Whitcomb, executor of his will.

The History is bound in dark green, full record buckram, No. 42, stamped title, in gold, on shelf back and cover with blind line on front cover. The size of the volumes are 6 by 9 inches, 2 inches thick, and they contain 6 illustrations and 40 plates.

Volume I is historical and devoted to family histories, telling in an entertaining manner from whence each settler came to Sullivan and their abodes and other facts concerning them and valuable records in minute detail.

Volume II is entirely devoted to family histories, carefully prepared and containing a vast amount of useful information for the historian, genealogist and Sullivan's sons and daughters and their descendants, now living in all parts of the country, the genealogies, in many instances, tracing the family back to the emigrant ancestor.

The index to the second volume alone comprises 110 pages of three columns each, containing over twenty thousand names. Reviewed by the New York Genealogical and Biographical Record and the Boston Transcript.

Sales to State Libraries, Genealogical Societies and individuals have brought to Mr. Whitcomb, the executor, unsolicited letters of appreciation of this great work. Send orders to

J. FRED WHITCOMB, Ex'r.  
45 Central Square, Keene, N H.

AUG 16 1923

Vol. 55. No. 6

June, 1923

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY



ON THE HEAD WALL OF TUCKERMAN RAVINE

In This Issue—THE HIGHEST PATH IN NEW ENGLAND



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A GLIMPSE OF LAKE SUNAPEE

Boston & Maine

As summer comes the thoughts of many busy people the country over turn toward this spot, one the most beautiful of New Hampshire's many summer colonies.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 55

No. 6



JUNE 1923

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### The Legislature Adjourns

**T**HE principal event of the month of May, 1923, in New Hampshire, came early in its course, when, at 3 o'clock in the morning of Saturday, May 5, the Legislature was prorogued by Governor Fred H. Brown after a session of 122 days. Its final week, as is usually the case, saw decisions hastily given upon the most important legislation of the session and some much-debated matters left in unfinished business. The Governor signed all of the acts and resolves presented to him with the exception of a \$225,000 bond issue for a new dormitory at the Keene Normal School. From this measure he withheld his signature, and as it came to him on the last day of the session the effect was a "pocket veto."

The official volume of Session Laws will be less bulky than usual and is now in preparation by the law reporter, Crawford D. Henning, Esq., of Lancaster. It will be included in the general revision of the statutes, provided for by the recent legislature, which will be a work requiring considerable time for its completion. Meanwhile, heads of various state departments have given to the public summaries of, and instructions regarding, new laws of whose administration they have the charge.

One of the new statutes whose good effects already are apparent is that regulating the shipment of cattle; complaints to the S. P. C. A. at Concord, a

junction point, as to cattle car conditions, having been reduced from a large to a very small number.

An interesting state publication, given timely issue by the co-operation of the departments of highways, forestry and fish and game, is a new road map of New Hampshire, up to date in all particulars and having in the text upon its back much necessary information for tourists and others.

### Death of John J. Donahue

**A** sad feature of the month's news was the death at his post of duty of John J. Donahue, state insurance commissioner. While testifying in court at Manchester, in a suit in which the department was concerned, he dropped dead. The department having been without a deputy commissioner and chief clerk for some time, the immediate filling of the vacancy was necessary and at the next meeting of the governor and council Governor Brown named for the place his personal friend, Postmaster John E. Sullivan of Somersworth, who was at once confirmed by the council and took up the duties of the office the next day.

### Commissioner Davie Re-appointed

**A**T the same meeting, Labor Commissioner John S. B. Davie, first appointed to that office in 1911 by Gov-



ernor Robert P. Bass, was re-appointed and confirmed for another three year term. Those who read the appreciative article upon his work in the May GRANITE MONTHLY will understand the benefit which will come to the state from his continuance at the head of the labor bureau. The fact that Commissioner Davie is a Republican and Commissioner Sullivan, a Democrat, indicates the continuance of the peaceful compromise conditions which have prevailed in the council chamber under this administration.

The board of trustees of the state sanatorium at Glencliffe submitted to the governor and council at this same meeting their nomination for superintendent of Dr. Robert M. Deming, for the past two years a member of the staff at the state hospital in this city, and it was approved. Doctor Deming saw over-seas service in the World War.

### Spanish War Veterans Celebrate

ONE of the few fine days in May, 1923, was assigned by the weather man to the 25th anniversary celebration, on the 17th, of the departure from Concord for Chickamauga of the First New Hampshire Regiment of Volunteers for the War with Spain. A surprisingly large number of survivors of the regiment came to the capital on that day, for a parade, banquet, business meeting of the department of New Hampshire, U. S. W. V., public exercises in Representatives' Hall at the state house and other features. From a stand erected on the state house plaza the parade was reviewed by Governor Brown, attended by his staff and council, and Mayor Chamberlin, accompanied by the board of aldermen. The most impressive moment of the day came when the veterans massed behind their standards before the stand and renewed the oath of allegiance which they took a quarter of a century ago.

The speakers at the public meeting in the evening were the governor and the mayor and Congressmen Rogers and Wason. During his visit to the capital Congressman Wason took occasion to deny reports of his ill health which have come from Washington and to say that he expects to be a candidate for renomination in 1924.

OTHER stimulants of political interest during the month were the address at Manchester by Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, upon invitation of the New Hampshire Civic Association, and the return to his home state from Europe of Senator George H. Moses, overflowing with opposition to President Harding's proposal that the United States shall participate in the World Court of Justice.

On the heels of Senator Borah's address came a spirited meeting by the friends of the League of Nations at which Mr. John G. Winant was elected chairman of the work for the League in New Hampshire. There is evidently enough difference of opinion on this matter to make it an interesting issue during the coming months.

AT the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association, President Henry H. Metcalf was re-elected and Governor Brown was named as first vice-president. Mr. Metcalf has secured as chief orator of the tercentenary celebration, in August, of the settlement of the state, Judge Leslie P. Snow of the supreme court, who takes the place which President Hopkins of Dartmouth expected to fill, but finds himself unable to do so.

THE purchase by Henry Ford of a garnet mine in the town of Danbury presages, it is hoped, the industrial development, hitherto retarded, of that immediate section of the state.

H. C. P.



SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH

Who spoke before distinguished audience in Manchester May 24, under the auspices of the N. H. Civic Association.

## SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH

### An Interview

"SENATOR Borah," I said, "I'm going to tell New Hampshire people about you. What do you think I'd better emphasize?"

The Senator smiled that characteristic crooked smile of his and pushed his hair back from his broad forehead.

"My conservatism," he said. "I think that would most please a New Hampshire audience, wouldn't it?"

"They don't consider you conservative."

"But I am you know. Though I suppose——" he smiled again—"I suppose they don't regard any one who wants to recognize Russia as a conservative."

"We're inclined to think anything

that touches Russia at all is radical."

"Russia itself is radical enough, to be sure; but for the United States to recognize the government of Russia is a conservative act, backed by such precedents as Washington's recognition of the Committee of Public Safety of the French Revolution. The present government in Russia, imperfect as it is, is the form of government under which 140,000,000 people have been living for six years, and from all indications they are going on living under it for some years to come. Whatever we may think about the government it's the part of conservative good sense to accept the situation as it is and make the best of it."

There is one surprising and refreshing thing about William E. Borah, the Irreconcilable Senator from Idaho, and that is his absolute independence of approach to public problems. In a day when most of us have time only to regard the labels of things, he bases his opinions on his own research into their inner contents. Confronted with the Russian situation neatly tied with red ribbon and labelled, "Radical: Do Not Touch," he deftly unties the wrappings and sorts from the contents some phases which may be stamped "Conservative." The "International Brotherhood" label on the League of Nations did not satisfy him either. When he got through his careful investigation of how the wheels went round he turned away from the idea with the surprising statement that he opposed it, not because of its unattainable idealism, but of its militarism. This is disconcerting alike to materials who scorn the idea of ever bringing the world out of war, and to idealists who see in the League, ineffectual as it is at present, a glimmer of hope in a dark world. If our pet sheep are only wolves in sheep's clothing it still seems indecent to unclothe them. It is even more disconcerting to have him suddenly challenge the peacemakers of the world by demanding that they show their sincerity by daring to pronounce War a crime. Brought up on stories of splendid warfare, is it any wonder that we hesitate to put the ban upon the institution?

"We shall never have world peace" said the Senator earnestly, "until we are willing to pursue it with the same audacity and boldness with which we are wont to pursue war. You cannot overcome nitric acid with cologne water.

"What the world needs now is a Cromwell or a Peter the Great who will lead for peace as the great generals of the past led for war."

But pending the arrival of that leader, the Senator from Idaho is not being idle. He has launched upon the waves of public opinion his idea that the solu-

tion of international relations involves three preliminary steps—the codification of international law, the outlawry of war, and the establishment of a real world court which, like the Supreme Court of the United States, though without power to enforce its decisions against states, has nevertheless a power which the existing court of the League of Nations does not have, namely, the power to try a case and render a decision without first having obtained the consent of the party against whom action is brought. We shall hear more of the idea in the coming months. The Senator's ideas have a way of gathering momentum long after he has turned his attention to other things. In response to my question as to whether the World Court issue was to figure largely in the coming campaign, he said:

"If it does it will be unfortunate. It will only have the effect of unnecessarily splitting the Republican party. There isn't any hurry really, you know. Even if we went into the League Court which now exists, we couldn't do anything until the next election of judges in 1930. And there are a lot of matters which are of immediate importance here at home. We've got to put our own house in order if we are to be of any use internationally. That's what I'm studying on now, and I am expecting to work on these problems with even more concentration during the next few months."

When the Senator talks of study and concentration he means what he says. However much one may disagree with his conclusions, one cannot but admire the breadth of the foundations on which they are builded, one cannot but respect the scholarly character of his research, the painstaking accumulation of all the facts bearing on the situation, and the assimilation of those facts in the great brain that works within the square shaggy head. When he spoke to the N. H. Civic Association on May 24, he remarked whimsically, "No one believes the statements of an Irreconcilable

unless he can produce proofs so, although they are cumbersome, I brought along the papers to support my case."

"I hope these domestic problems," continued Senator Borah, "are going to be the main concern of the coming campaign. Transportation, economy in the expenditure of public money, and perhaps most of all a satisfactory solution of the control of public utilities and the protection of the public against extortion—unless we solve these matters we are going to be in a more serious situation than we are in at present. Bolshevism is not a religion, nor a creed, nor a form of government. It is a disease which is engendered wherever oppression and injustice long prevail. If the people who are concerned about the influx of propaganda from Bolshevik Russia would only help in the solving of some of these problems of ours they would not need to worry."

The interview came to an end all too soon, but as we drove along the streets of Manchester toward the hall where the Senator was to deliver his address to the Civic Association, I ventured one more question,

"What brought you into politics, Sen-

ator Borah?"

"The fact that Boise, Idaho, wasn't big enough to allow me to reach the point in the legal profession there which I wanted to reach. If I had been born in a large city things might have been different, for my first love and my greatest interest even now is the law. Perhaps I should simply have gone ahead in that field. As it was, I wanted greater scope and I decided to take a course in politics. And here I am."

We were driving through Manchester's residence section with beautiful tree-shaded homes on either side of the road. The Senator pointed one out.

"It's good to see a house with lots of space around it. In Washington we just crawl into the big apartment houses from the sidewalks. A man who is used to the spaces of the West never gets used to it. It somehow seems to cramp one's thinking."

And these two remarks gave me the finishing touch to my impression of Senator William E. Borah—a man used to the open spaces, for whom the whole world is not too broad a professional field, and to whom the loneliness of independent thought has no terrors.

—H. F. M.

## The Amoskeag Plan

The announcement that the great Amoskeag Manufacturing Company with some 14,000 employees has proposed a plan of employee representation whereby employees and management can jointly and democratically work out their common problems through the orderly process of conference, is both good and significant news. Only a year ago the Amoskeag was troubled with one of those

long-drawn-out and wasteful strikes which have unfortunately characterized the textile industry for many years. If the proposed plan goes into effect, and if it works as successfully as similar plans have worked in industrial establishments of both great and medium size, it means that Manchester will behold a new era of increased efficiency and harmony.

—*Boston Herald*



Drawn by Louis F. Cutter

The Range Walk. Starting at Randolph the party followed the route marked with a dotted line over the Presidential Peaks to Crawford.



"Truly different from anything else was this walk.....in a world of rock and sky and views."

## THE HIGHEST PATH IN NEW ENGLAND

### A Tramping Trip Along the Range Walk

BY JESSIE DOE

**T**O the mountain climber of New England "The Range Walk" means one thing. There may be variations and even digressions but he who has been fortunate enough to have been over "The Range" must have set foot upon all the peaks of the Presidential Range in the White Mountains of New Hampshire from Madison on the northeast to Clinton, on the southwest. This route includes Madison, Adams, Jefferson, Clay (the Northern Peaks), Washington itself, and Monroe, Franklin, Pleasant and Clinton (of the Southern Peaks), not all presidents, to be sure, but the highest range of mountains east of the Mississippi and north of North Carolina, and surely presidential. Mt. Jackson and Mt. Webster are also in this latter group but are not always included in a "Range Walk."

Many hundreds of people are now able to make this trip annually during the summer months owing to the fine facilities for overnight stops offered to all at the Appalachian Club huts, at Madison Springs, near the summit of

Mt. Madison, and at the Lakes-of-the-Clouds hut at the base of the cone of Mt. Washington. This journey can be made comfortably in two and one-half days of good weather. Our party allowed three and one-half days for the sake of digressions. We settled the weather by prayer and faith in our leader's good luck, chiefly the latter.

Throwing on our packs at the little Appalachian station in Randolph, the moment the connecting train with the Boston-Montreal sleeper let us off, on a bright August morning we crossed the railroad track, passed through a gate that might have led into any pasture, and were on the Valley Way Trail to the summit of Mount Madison. The Range Walk was before us. To five of our group of seven it was a familiar and well-loved tramping ground, to one it was to be new, but she had climbed the Alps. To me alone, it was, not only new, and the highest thing yet in the name of a walk, but a glowing dream about to be realized.

So in spite of heavy hob-nailed boots

and three pairs of thick woolen stockings it was with fairy step I followed in line through the lovely shaded trail. I say through, because we seemed almost in a tunnel, so dense was the forest. The path continued wooded nearly all of the three and one-half miles to the Madison Spring Huts.

We passed a party coming down, several ladies and one elderly gentleman using a stout umbrella for a cane. Their clothes resembled modern tramping garb as the umbrella resembles an Alpine stock. Their expressions were not those of joyous enthusiasts. They picked their way sore-footedly. We passed the time of day as trampers do upon the trail. "You going up?" the old man grumbled. "You won't like it up there. Its damp and cold. We went up yesterday, got caught in a cloud and had to stay overnight. It is damp and cold; you won't like it."

Our leader cheerily answered he had been up before and had liked it. The old man growled and hobbled on to lower climes. Undaunted, we proceeded up.

The trail grew steeper. We slabbled up high on the side of our valley and looking across saw the long sloping shoulder of Madison. Things were growing decidedly interesting. The path grew steeper yet; we pegged along expectantly. The trees had shrunk to scrub. Then just when we were not looking for it, we were out of scrub. Standing in the open I gasped, not from the climb but at what lay before us. Not fifty yards ahead on a rough plateau, sheltered by a pair of dark mountain cones, nestled two small stone buildings and from the chimney of one came smoke, as cheery as the purring of a cat. The Madison Spring Huts. That pointed peak rising directly behind the huts was the top of Mount Madison, the rough round knob to the right was an Adams crown. We were in another world.

We passed by the springs that are the headwaters of Snyder Brook and

were welcomed at the huts by the college boys in charge. They promised us dinner in half an hour and we went to the sleeping quarters to choose our beds, the choice being whether to roost high or low.

We had a fine dinner. I remember baked beans, flapjacks and apple sauce, and all supplies are toted up from Randolph on the boys' backs!

The afternoon was perfect. We spent it leisurely going to the topmost point of Madison (5,380 ft.) basking long on the lee and sunny side of her boulder peak and looking into The Great Gulf (an inlet of space, wedged between the four great Northern Peaks and Washington's mighty side).

From this point on Madison, Washington was magnificent, with the bulking slope of Chandler's Ridge, riding out into the foreground over which the line of the carriage road could be plainly seen. Very smooth, very easily undulating is the big king mountain as seen from this spot. The Osgood Ridge Path led directly from our perch down over the bumpy ridge of that name to the Glen House from whence the carriage road starts on its winding way up Washington. We scanned well in all directions. Near by John Quincy Adams, the broad expanse of the Androscoggin Valley with Maine beyond on the east, the Randolph county to the north and in the far away north-west what might be Vermont. But *the view* from the tip top of Madison is south-west. Washington and the Great Gulf. That picture we took away "for keeps." The immensity of it! The beauty of it!

After supper we stretched out under our ponchos before our stone-built home and watched the westering sun concoct a sunset over in Vermont; watched the crescent moon over John Quincy Adams grow brighter as the heavy mountain grew blacker, felt the darkness and the coldness envelop us. It was a good thing we had selected our beds early, for trampers had come



Boston &amp; Maine

The Presidential Range and the Great Gulf: "an inlet of space wedged between the four great northern peaks and Washington's mighty side."

in on all the trails during the afternoon and some thirty weary bodies sought rest that night in the two-room sleeping hut, with an overflow in dining room and kitchen. I doubt if Morpheus handed out enough sleep to give each his real quota and the thermometer ran to freezing too, but no one complained and the morning found us up bright and early hungry and ready for the Gulfside Trail over Adams, Jefferson and Clay to Washington and the Lakes-of-the-Clouds Huts, a distance of about six miles and considered the most scenic walk in the White Mountains.

The day promised well, the mist filled valleys clearing as the sun got under way. Skirting John Quincy Adams, we peered down into the great King's Ravine from the head-wall on the northerly side of the range, and thought another time we would come

up that way. The "Air Line" over the seriated ridge of the Knife Edge on Durand Ridge which divides the ravine from our own Synder Brook valley also lured us. What fun to walk over the prickly edge of things there! A little farther on, we stopped to look back at the pyramidal cone of Madison, with the huts, grown so tiny, in the foreground. Another turn in the trail and our hostelry disappeared but the pointed peak showed for some time longer over the rock-bound shoulder of Adams. We did not go over the summit of John Quincy or of his taller relative, plain Adams (5,805 ft.), second highest of the White Mountains. The former, together with Sam and the more or less facetiously called Maude, are part and parcel of the main mountain, in short have never set up household gods of their own. But to us they were gods in themselves, each and



every one of these lofty individuals, we communed with, this day and the next and the next. Truly different from anything else was this walk we were taking shoulder high among the giants of the race, always well above the tree-line, in a world of rock and sky and views.

As we approached Edmand's col, the connecting link between Adams and Jefferson, the weather grew threatening and almost wild. Big black man-of-war clouds scudded eerily about close upon us and a streak of rain could be seen here and there. The wind seemed marshalling up its forces and the sun, so lately our comrade, sent forth strange rays from behind dark cruisers, whose meaning I scarcely understood. I remembered tales of sudden storms upon the range and the dire results sometimes to trampers, and I looked to our leader's face for symptoms of concern, but found them not; so, fearless, I too walked among the boulder kings and storm clouds upon the world's high crest.

Passing the col, the trail swung to the south side of the range, and ascended, at a steep pitch the shoulder of Jefferson (5,725 ft.), the third highest mountain, of the Presidential Range. We looked down into the Great Gulf, The Montecello Lawn, on a shelf of the mountain is a bit disillusioning to one who really believes in lawnmowers; but some enthusiast or fanatic has actually toted a croquet set to this spot and set it up in the midst of the lank grass and rocks.

The weather was now quiet but no longer clear, and as we walked over Clay, the trail swinging to the westerly side of the range, we looked across the Ammonoosuc Ravine to the Southern Peaks shrouded in mist.

We lunched on the head-wall of the Great Gulf, the col between Clay and Washington, and gloried in the beautiful view. There was the long range of the Northern Peaks over which we had been walking all the morning with, at

the end, the distinctive point of Madison, from whose summit yesterday we had looked to this head-wall and no farther. On our right-hand stood the wall of Washington, its summit dissolved in cloud. Some thousand feet below in the wooded depths was Spaulding Lake, a small but flat surface in this tumbled world of ups and downs. But this is merely a synopsis of the view. To feel it one must go and look.

We had intended to go to the summit of Washington (6,293 ft.), the highest of them all, but owing to the mass of density that supplanted the cone, when we reached the point where the West-side Trail branches off from the Gulf-side, on a short cut along the base of the cone to join the Crawford Bridle Path or the still shorter MacGregor cut-off to the Lakes-of-the-Clouds Hut, we decided to take the latter and avoid the murkiness.

Our line of march was altogether out of cloud but we almost brushed the curtain. A few steps to the left would have plunged us into fog so thick that cairn-following would have been no joke.

We passed under the railroad trestle and soon came to the friendly lodging of our desire. This camp has much to rejoice in by reason of its location. The horn-like peak of Monroe (5,390 ft.), less grand but more intimate than any of the Northern Peaks, stands close at hand. The views west and east are open (the skies willing) and one thousand feet above, on the north, towers the cone of Washington, with Clay and Jefferson standing shoulder to shoulder sloping off into the valley below. The two lakes, of no mean proportion for five thousand feet elevation, add character and beauty to the place in their setting of boulder granite in the rough.

We made ourselves at home, partook of afternoon tea of our own brewing and awaited the events of nature. They were not long in coming, for on the range the weather, if there is any, does not stand still. Long before sunset



"We watched the process of cloud-making in the broad Ammonoosuc ravine."

there was a glow as the sunlight worked in under the horizon line, and then we realized the cloud on Washington was drifting and slowly the mighty silhouette stood out before us, edged with the soft sun-gold mist behind. It was a striking figure and all our upper world was weirdsome in the unusual light.

We watched the atmospheric developments until supper time when fair weather seemed assured. After supper we went out again, into the twilight.

We stayed out until after the moon came over the Carter Range and even then the sunset lingered on the western boundary of the world. It was only the cold that induced us to take shelter.

As we sat about the stone hut, dressed not only in our thickest camping clothes and heaviest winter undergarments but with a hut blanket or two thrown over our shoulders, in blew a bare-kneed brigade from some girls' camp. The head one bore a ukelele and, on seeing an audience, struck up a tune and with her instrument as partner danced across the cement floor. The others paired off and the quiet hut was turned into a ball room. Their similarity of uniforms suggested a

stage chorus. We learned later that in this one day they had covered what we had taken two days for on the range, yet they danced, sang and laughed, while we sat still and possibly yawned. It was not that they were not tired, but they did not know it. Excitement will carry youth far and I suppose pride will keep the knees warm. How surprised they would have been had they known that we took a unanimous vote, the next day, to the effect that the knee is an ugly joint and its display does not add to the charm of youth!

At last they settled down, listened to some mountain tales from us and sang in return their camp songs. We refrained from telling them they were not fitly dressed for mountain climbing and they did not tell us we were old fogies. The evening wound up with an unexpected thunder shower adding the last dramatic touch to the day.

Some hours later peering from our folding steel-shelf pallets through the large observation windows of the hut we saw the Ammonoosuc Valley filled with the rosy mist of morning.

The youthful band with their two youthful counselors were off ahead of us with a full program included the



One of the Lakes-of-the-Clouds: "A small but flat surface in this world of ups and downs."

summit of Washington, and Tuckerman Ravine. We wondered if their buoyancy would keep them from bruising their knees on some of the rocky trails they proposed to take. How we longed to counsel the counselors!

Not long after breakfast we were off. As we were to return to the same hut for the night we left our packs and traveled "light." Our plan was to spend the day on Washington and our first objective was the summit, one mile and seven-eighths away, according to the guide book.

The mist of the valleys, now tossed into bales of light fluff, floated beneath and above us, near at hand and far away. We watched the process of cloud-making in the broad Ammonoosuc ravine, where some fog still lay, although no longer rose-tinted; saw the bulky fledglings, sometimes like huge dirigibles, rise, poise uncertainly in mid-air as if to find their bearings and adjust themselves to flight, then sail away with flocks of others upon their great adventure. It was a morning of light and loveliness; the sky so blue; the clouds so soft; the air so clear! Ahead and up-

ward the jumbled rocky cone, with its deep set trail over which the ponies used to scramble, in the days when folks rode horseback to the summit; behind and now below us, Monroe with the hut and two lakes so small in the distance; and everywhere, the ranges and the peaks, the valleys, the ravines and the notches.

As we reached the summit a wayward cloud, rambling over the mountain, made an unexpected turn and wrapped us in its damp folds. We could only laugh, it was such a mischievous caprice, button our sweaters more closely and walk on, seeing only the stones beneath our feet. It stayed but a minute, then romped lazily away, to play, perhaps, with other mountain climbers over on the Carter range.

From the summit we studied the panorama in all directions, and also indulged in coffee at the hotel. Here we found our girls' camp hikers, who had shot ahead of us early in the morning. They were huddled around the big open fireplace and looked frazzled. Their enthusiasm of the night before was gone. I heard only a few feeble thrums from

the ukelele. Their young eyes looked worn and weary. They had changed their plans and were not going down through Tuckerman but back to their camp by the nearest trail. They stared with a kind of dull astonishment at us old fogies, still "going strong." As we went out to face the gale upon the summit, they drew closer to the fire.

We followed the winding carriage road a short distance down the easterly side; looked across the massive Great Gulf to the Northern Peaks, noted the points we had traversed the day before, and remembered how the line of this carriage road had looked from the summit of Madison.

The clouds were growing very frolicsome. Now Jefferson would be lost to view; then Madison was capped; then in a twinkling all the world became clear as crystal, with the big downy things riding off to sport in the far high heavens. Across our own path, a careless gray play-fellow wandered in haphazard fashion. And we, anxious to avoid two over-talkative females from the Summit House, who had attached themselves to our party, all too evidently for the day, and were enriching our lives with tales of their journeyings in China, Mexico, and far and near everywhere, in that endless uninteresting fashion, that habitual travelers sometimes have; we, I say, took advantage of friend cloud. With no little difficulty we got a few paces ahead of our new companions. Talking so rapidly, they could not walk quite as fast as we could on a pinch. Besides they were unsuspecting and entirely absorbed in describing a million dollar hotel in Alexandria. The cloud was there. We stepped within. Then moving off the carriage road a few feet to the right, still covered, we waited, completely hidden.

We heard their voices, their foot-falls even, as they passed by. "Every bed in the hotel was of brass." Groping about we found a huge boulder to

crouch behind when the cloud lifted. They returned, searching. We heard discussion. At last they decided we were around the bend in the road ahead, turned again and hurried on in hopes of overtaking us. And we have never known whether every room in that Egyptian hotel had a bath as well as a brass bed.

Huntington Ravine is worth looking down into and across at the huge mountainous sloping rock steep of Nelson's crag. Beneath us, so sharply beneath that some of us did not care to be too near the edge, lay the wild and seldom trod chasm of the ravine.

We were now at the foot and on the easterly side of the cone of Washington. A plateau, called the Alpine Garden runs along this side of the mountain and we passed over it on our way to the head-wall of Tuckerman Ravine. Rare arctic plants known no where else in New England are found here and very beautiful are some of the diminutive flowers; but to the casual eye the place does not give the impression of a garden. It certainly is not cultivated or even culled of rocks.

Tuckerman is the most heralded of the ravines, and the tramper's favorite. We lunched on the head-wall and conned the scenery well while the water for our tea prepared itself to boil. We strolled out to the heights of Boott Spur, over the flats of the Davis Path, known as Bigelow Lawn, breathed long and deeply of the views and went on, to the Hanging Cliff, where, lying flat, we peered over the edge down fifteen hundred feet to little Hermit Lake, the jewel of Tuckerman Ravine. And everywhere down there was the thick green forest of stunted fir, so different from our open heights. The most interesting thing about Mount Washington are the clouds but next are the ravines.

Returning to the Spur we took the Camel Trail back over a short mile to the Lakes-of-the-Clouds, thus having made in our day a circuit of the south-



Madison, Adams, and Jefferson's Knee

easterly half of the cone of Washington; a day that had made us near of kin to the grand old settler.

Another lovely sunset and soft blue evening, and in the night, exhibition extraordinary of the wonderful phenomenon of the Northern Lights. We had gone to bed, but rest and sleep were inconsequential, when the gods were playing with the rays of heaven. Last night they had experimented with the lightning; tonight the mysteries of the Aurora Borealis were their whim. Can you imagine not being satisfied with the stars and the moon?

Out we stumbled into the open night and watched the long rays of variegated lights streaming from zenith to horizon. Pillars of gold and lavender they seemed. At first sharply defined and radiant, they gradually grew fainter and less luminous. An awe inspiring scene it was, to marvel at. We watched until the show was over, then remembered we were sleepy and turned in.

The next morning we had before us the Southern Peaks and homeward journey, for that evening was to see us back in Boston. Seven miles over the

Crawford Bridle Path would bring us to the Crawford House at the head of Crawford Notch and we planned to reach there in time to try their table service before taking the early afternoon train.

Bidding farewell to our youthful hosts at the hut we followed the path around the southerly shoulder of Monroe. Deep down on our left was Oakes Gulf, and across that, forming the separating wall from the Gulf of Slides beyond, lay the Montalban Ridge, a long mountain line running from Boott Spur to Bemis, over which the Davis Trail runs.

The day was fair. We were at one with the mountains! and also with the world! Three days we had lived on the heights. What was time? But yes there was the afternoon train and our various lines of work on the morrow. We must not look over our shoulders too much at Washington's dome but onward march.

Franklin (5,028 ft.) is a big bleak shoulder that one hardly realizes is a separate peak, from the trail. I class it with Clay as one of the mountains

that effaces itself on near approach. Not so, Mount Pleasant (4,775 ft.), a fine rounded crown, looking more than its height. The main path goes on one side, but we took the loop over the summit and stole time for the views near the cairn on top.

All too soon we came to Clinton (4,275 ft.) for that meant the end of life above the tree-line. Not quite three full days ago we had emerged from the forest on the side of Madison and now we must go down again through the realm of trees to the world of people and of cares.

We stood long upon the brow of Clinton looking back over the range. Hardy Pleasant loomed large and smooth in the foreground. Franklin was still unpresuming. The two prongs of Monroe looked diminutive now in the distance, and Washington far away was vague in haze. But oh! the beauty, the softness and the pure loveliness of this open mountain world with its valleys and its heights, blue sky and drifting clouds!

With one master effort we turned our backs on it and the scrub fir covered us. Three miles down, down, through the woodlands, a rather quiet party but full to the brim of what the God of the Open Air has to give. Once we saw a deer, sorrel red, with white tail-plume uplifted, dashing through the underbrush, close at hand, startled by our approach. Anon we heard the waters of Gibb's Brook coursing down the mountain to the rendezvous at Crawfords where the Saco River is formed, and we left the path before quite reaching the foot of the mountain, to play and wash in the streams; a last idling with nature, and an attempt to "spruce up" for civilization. The men put on their neckties, the women donned their skirts. Thus arrayed and fit neither for trail nor piazza, we marched out upon the green

lawn before the Crawford House, scarce able to steer our course over the so smooth a surface, and feeling decidedly clumsy footed, for the first time since we picked our way over the railroad track at Randolph three and one-half days ago.

### Suggested Equipment

Light packs may be enjoyed as blankets are supplied at the huts as are also meals and simple rations to be taken out for lunches. Clothing should be warm and strong; two sets of woolen underwear, one for day, one for night. Those worn all day are apt to be damp and when one can't have a bath a change of underclothing is the next best thing. Two flannel shirts; firm woolen or dux-back knickers; thick woolen stockings; two or three pair on and an extra pair or two in your pack; thick soled comfortable shoes well studded with hob-nails and a pair of sneakers or moccasins for a change to wear about camp. Heavy sweater, and a poncho or some rain-proof garment that can be worn over pack and also used as a wind proof; small felt cap, tam, or cap, anything as long as you don't care what happens to it. Some people take an old pair of gloves to protect the hands when climbing among the rocks. Of course, one's own toilet articles including soap and towels. Some member of the party should carry an emergency kit, containing iodine, bandages, adhesive plaster, etc. Iver Johnson, Washington St., Boston, supply good ones at \$1.00 each. Also one candle-lantern, one A. M. C. guide book, one hatchet among the party in case of emergency, and a compass for each person. The general rule is to carry as little extra as possible, so have what you do carry as serviceable as possible. Remember it can be very cold above the tree-line and don't scorn woolens.

# THREE OPINIONS

## On the Legislature of 1923

### I. The Democratic Viewpoint

BY ROBERT JACKSON

THE President of the United States has lately expressed his grave concern over the drift toward a pure democracy now manifest in our political institutions and warns us that no pure democracy has ever survived. It would be interesting to speculate upon how far higher educational standards, which are daily widening their scope to include in their benefits a greater and greater proportion of our youth, might tend to correct the evils responsible for the decay of the ancient democracies Mr. Harding doubtless had in mind. Here in New England we still maintain in all its original purity and vigor the best example of a pure democracy, the town meeting; and it has proved so successful and satisfactory that no substantial change has been made in the institution since the earliest colonial days.

Of course, President Harding was thinking of the nation and not of the community. The latter naturally adapts itself to a purely democratic form of government which in the former would spell chaos. But the very success of the town meeting is perhaps responsible for our reluctance to reform an obvious defect in our governmental system, namely the huge and unwieldy bulk of our New Hampshire House of Representatives. Oligarchies are usually efficient but as a people our experience leads us to shun them. We hesitate to delegate our powers of governing ourselves to the few. So it happens biennially that we send some 420 representatives to Concord and then at the conclusion of the session abuse them because they have not been as brisk and efficient in the performance of their tasks as would be possible for a smaller, more compact and less cumbersome body.

This year presents no exception to the rule. The cry is raised the legisla-

ture was too long on the job, it talked too much, it was too expensive, it accomplished little. And yet, upon examination, it appears that the legislature of 1923 was in many respects certainly no worse and, in some respects, superior to its predecessors.

For instance, in a world where all, save perhaps one's secret thoughts are regulated by statute, it is no great evil to have cut down the number of laws enacted. To have created no new offices, to have raised no salaries (save one which was increased very slightly), to have fought off successfully the hordes who clamored for appropriations of public money as if it were inexhaustible manna from the skies and not collected painfully from every citizen, are distinctions of which any legislative body may well be proud. Especially is this true at a time like the present when taxes have been increased by leaps and bounds to a point where more than one-sixth of the income of the average family goes to meet the expenses of government.

It is difficult to realize what pressure is brought to bear upon an Appropriations committee and particularly upon its chairman unless one has had opportunity of observation at close range. It seems to be an inexorable rule of human nature that those directly interested in the activities of government departments become obsessed with the idea that their particular field is the one which must be provided for at all costs. Economy as a general principle is a splendid idea until they feel its contracting rigors upon themselves. Then all sense of proportion is lost and almost any method which will secure the desired appropriation is resorted to. The ideal member of an Appropriations Committee must combine the finesse of a diplo-

mat with the stubbornness of a mule. With no intention of reflecting upon the personal characteristics of the present committee, it may be said that they did an excellent and exceptional job. Through their courage and determination, it was possible to reduce the state tax for the biennial period a total of \$1,350,000 below the figures of two years ago and every family in New Hampshire will benefit thereby.

In this connection it may not be amiss to reveal an incident which shows how courage and judgment will solve perplexing legislative tangles. The budget bill appropriates the funds necessary to run all the state institutions and departments. Under our constitution, the governor is not permitted as in some states to veto individual items but must accept or reject the bill as a whole. Consequently, when some appropriation has been beaten in the house or senate or it is known that the governor is opposed and will veto it, the appropriation can be attached as a rider to the budget bill and if the budget bill is then vetoed, no funds are available for the ordinary running expenses of government. In the expressive language of the corridors, the rider "puts the governor in a hole." This procedure was followed by the senate and an appropriation of a large amount to which it was known the governor was opposed was attached to the budget bill sent up from the house. The house refused to concur. A committee of conference was named. One of the house conferees

was a Republican with a distinguished record of legislative service, and, as his many friends have occasion to know, all the courage necessary to deal with most exigencies.

The conferees met. The session was brief, very brief. The distinguished Republican spoke for his colleagues of the house. "You gentlemen" he said to the senate conferees, "will take off that rider or we will let the state departments and institutions go without a dollar and we will let the people know who is responsible." The rider was removed.

Another exhibition of courage was afforded when the speaker declined to recognize a member who was on his feet demanding a roll call when a roll call would have adjourned the house and postponed action on many important measures not in dispute. The speaker's action was arbitrary but it was justified, as even the victim of the ruling good-naturedly admitted.

As for affirmative accomplishment, the legislature put upon the statute books several tax measures which represent all that probably can be accomplished under the limitations of our constitution. It provided liberal aid for agriculture, increasing the appropriation over that of two years ago, and it appropriated more money for new building construction than has been provided in many years. In spite of these increases, it was able, by cutting expenditures in other directions, to effect a very substantial reduction in the state tax.

## II. The Republican Viewpoint

BY OLIN CHASE

A conspiracy of political circumstances in 1922, which could not be fully foreseen and consequently was not effectively combatted by the Republicans, inflicted upon the people of New Hampshire a legislature, the control of which was divided between the two political parties, the Republicans dominating the senate and the Demo-

crats having a substantial majority of the house, along with a Democratic governor.

It is often remarked that it is better for one party or the other to have a free hand in legislation than it is for the responsibility to be split. As a general proposition this may be true, but not so in New Hampshire in the



legislature of 1923, whose banner achievement—its adjournment—was far too long delayed, but happily is now accomplished.

It is scant wonder that when the people looked upon the house of representatives, with its wild proposals and radical majority leadership, and especially when they took a view of that cosmopolitan group from the Queen City, in which was practically vested the control of the house, that they thanked God for the senate.

Had the senate by some almost unimaginable misfortune been Democratic, and as radical in its tendency, as amenable to partisanship, and as blind to public welfare as was the house, the damage which would have accrued to the state as a result of this legislative session could not have been repaired in a generation.

While there were other matters of more importance to the state at large in which party consideration predominated, perhaps the Democratic gauge was as well measured by the handling of the contested election cases as in any subject which commanded popular attention. Here the motive could not be concealed by a smoke screen of alleged merit. In Ward 5 Laconia and in the town of Freedom the returns showed no election for representative by reason of a tie vote. However, the Democratic majority in the house wasted no time in examining the votes, in taking testimony, or in making any motions looking to a determination of what was fair in the premises. Time, which on other occasions was not highly valued, in this instance suddenly took on a price which made its use in determining the rights of a Republican aspirant for legislative honors impracticable. Brute strength prevailed and the Democrats were seated.

These events were only preliminary to the main performance. In the town of Thornton the Republican was elected by one vote, both by the finding of

the secretary of state on examining the ballots and by the examination of the ballots by the committee on elections. The committee on elections, composed of nine Democrats and six Republicans, voted nine to four to seat the Republican. After a ridiculous delay, the party whip was cracked, the committee report was set aside, and the Republican nominee was allowed to remain at his home in Thornton.

But the climax of partisan unfairness has not yet been reached in this story. In Ward 7 Concord an examination of the ballots by the secretary of state showed a Republican candidate for representative to have been elected by a majority of seven. Not a scintilla of evidence was produced which could arouse even a suspicion of fraud, yet the crack of the same whip which had functioned in the foregoing cases again resounded throughout the state house corridors with the result that the Democrat retained his seat.

No attempt at justification of the attitude of the Democratic majority toward these contested election cases has been publicly uttered or printed.

The Democratic claim that the election of their candidate for governor and a majority of the house of representatives registered a demand from the people for the passage of a forty-eight hour law will not stand analysis. Many considerations entered into the results of the gubernatorial campaign, the most important of which was the costly indifference of Republican voters to the real import of the situation. Stay-at-homes caused Republican defeat, as an examination of the returns clearly shows.

In many cases Democrats were elected to the house from small towns, normally Republican, not one per cent. of the citizenship of which favor the enactment of a forty-eight hour law.

But whatever the sentiment of the state may have been in November, 1922, with reference to legislation affecting the

hours of labor, the Republican members of the legislature stood ready at all times to fulfil the promise of their platform to the people of New Hampshire, which was as follows:

"\*\*\*\*We, therefore, favor the creation by the state of a Fact Finding Commission which will impartially and exhaustively investigate all of the essential and comparative conditions bearing on the controversy over the length of the working week for women employed in industry in this state, to report to the incoming legislature before its adjournment."

Two resolutions for a fact-finding commission, each of which gave to the Democrats a majority of such a commission, were introduced early in the session, but both went down to defeat by reason of Democratic opposition.

The position taken and consistently maintained by the Republicans on the various phases of the problem of taxation was equally tenable.

On the questions involving a modification of the poll tax for women and the restoration of a usury law the action of the Democratic house majority was obviously theatrical and manifestly barren of sincerity. The principle that legislation is in the main a matter of compromise was entirely ignored.

Education was made to bear the brunt of the only expense curtailment which came out of the much advertised Democratic policy of economy. In lieu of

money badly needed for building purposes the state college was given a change of name, and a bill providing for a dormitory at the Keene Normal School was allowed to suffocate in the pocket of His Excellency the Governor.

In the consideration of subjects on which the two parties differed in policy the Republicans rightfully stood by the party's promises to the people of the state. In the attempts at legislation on matters which did not involve party difference the Republicans adhered to the traditional Republican policy of construction. Early in the session co-operation was adopted as the Republican watchword and no Democratic leader will deny that the knowledge of experienced Republican legislators was at the disposal of the majority at all times. That the legislature accomplished but little cannot be charged to partisan opposition on the part of the minority.

The majority opinion of the state of New Hampshire is anti-Democratic. That that opinion was not allowed to assert itself in the legislature of 1923 was due to unfortunate circumstances, not likely to soon recur. The Republican record in that legislature is such that the party can go to the electorate in 1924 with pride and confidence and ask to be restored to its rightful place in the politics of New Hampshire.

### III. An Independent Viewpoint

"**W**HY" asks the editor of the Granite Monthly, "did the 1923 New Hampshire Legislature accomplish so little?"

I attended faithfully, the long unproductive sessions of this Legislature. I suffocated in the gallery, amidst sneezes, stale air and unending oratory. I haunted the lobbies, I dined with Legislators, I questioned them, I studied them. I quarrelled and agreed with them. I was not a member. I am not in politics, I am an outsider. In fact, I must confess to being one of those hybrids, those

much scorned individuals who, at times, splits a party ticket.

Mr. Chase, I understand, is to tell you what many Republicans think of this much discussed Legislature. Mr. Jackson is to speak for the Democrats and I have been asked to present the point of view of an Independent.

It was an unusual session. More specific laws were earnestly sought by large groups of citizens than at any time within the last 10 years, and yet comparatively little was accomplished.

In previous sessions with which I

have been familiar, the House has rarely been divided on party lines. This year division on party lines were the rule rather than the exception. Formerly when the Senate and House disagreed in regard to important bills, efforts were made to arrive at a compromise. This winter neither body seemed anxious to find a common ground.

Now, what were the reasons for the rather unprecedented and extremely destructive partisanship that was characteristic of this legislature? It was certainly not due to any important differences of opinion between the two party platforms. For these two platforms were in remarkable accord. Even on the 48-hour question there was little difference of opinion. The Democrats demanded a state 48-hour law while the Republicans, expressing a desire to co-operate in all efforts to shorten the hours of women and children in industry, endorsed a national 48-hour law and called for an investigation to be made at once to determine what State action should be taken.

Why then, should such an irreconcilable divergence of views have developed between the Democratic House and Republican Senate? Why were measures in both branches considered on the basis of party expediency rather than on their intrinsic merit? Why did the House occupy itself chiefly in passing bills in the form most likely to arouse opposition in the Senate? Why did the Senate prefer to kill these bills rather than to modify them so as to bring them into accord with Republican principles and policies?

There were roughly speaking two large groups of citizens represented in the Legislature: the farmers and the industrial workers. The farmers wanted equalization of taxation, a new dormitory at the State College, protection of fruit growers from injury by game birds, etc. The industrial centers wanted a 48-hour law for women and

children working in factories, home rule, city government and the abolition of the women's poll tax. The farmers were mostly represented by Republicans and industrial workers by Democrats. These groups were not to my mind necessarily antagonistic to each other.

But to turn them against each other and in the confusion and heat of controversy of a legislative session persuade them that their interests were entirely hostile was not a hard thing to accomplish. It offered an ideal opportunity to those interests who wanted nothing accomplished. It offered an ideal opportunity to political leaders desiring to draw strict party lines and to save issues for coming campaigns. That many of these individuals took full advantage of this situation and did all in their power to turn these two elements into opposing camps showed either an ignorance or callousness not only to the welfare of their party but to the state that was more than disillusioning.

There was, I think, at the beginning of the session a decided tendency on the part of members of both parties to work together toward constructive legislation in a spirit of compromise. Even on the 48-hour law there was considerable expectation that a large portion of the Democrats would support the fact-finding commission.

"Let us look as practical men at our situation," declared Raymond Stevens, one of the Democratic leaders, and who, though a staunch supporter of the 48-hour law, made a hard fight to swing Democratic members to the fact-finding resolution introduced by Ex-Gov. Bass. "The House is Democratic but the Senate is two to one Republican..... Does it do us, does it do the party, does it do the people who work in the textile mills.....any good to put it through the House and have it killed in the Senate?.....I have enough confidence in the merit of the 48-hour question so that I am sure that a careful im-

partial investigation will convince fair minded men that it ought to pass....If you vote down this resolution for a special investigation you may lose some open minded men who really want information. And you give every unfair man who is really opposed to the forty-eight hour law a chance to dodge and to justify his vote."

But the tide suddenly turned over night, or to be accurate, over a week end, and when the resolution actually came to the vote all spirit of compromise had gone. Save for a handful, not only were the Democrats against it, but to my astonishment it was not at all vigorously supported by Republicans as a whole, for more than one-third took that occasion to be absent.

Why? According to some of the members, many of the Democratic leaders fought the passage of the fact finding resolution fearing it might result in the passage of a 48 or a 50 hour week and so deprive them of their chief issue for the next campaign. As for the 73 Republicans who refused to vote for this platform pledge, one can only conclude that either they were indifferent to this, the most important issue of the session, or else they too feared the results that such an investigation would bring.

After the defeat of the fact-finding commission in the House, came the defeat of the 48-hour bill in the Senate and this determined everything that afterwards occurred. Industrial workers who were incidentally Democrats came to look upon the representatives of the rural district who were incidentally Republicans as hostile to all their interests. It created an altogether false situation. The Democrats became the champions of industrial labor, the Republicans champions of the farmers. The corporation lobby and the more intense political leaders fanned the flames and encouraged his class alignment to serve their

personal aims to the end that little of importance was accomplished.

But, you will ask, were there none out of the 417 members who made any attempt to work for measures on their own merits, who were more interested in carrying out their party platforms than in playing the game of politics?

Yes. There was a small group of men and women of both parties who amidst bitter criticism worked untiringly, and had throughout the session, a clean and consistent record of support for constructive and needed legislation. The fact that a good bill was advocated by an opposing party did not prevent members of this group from supporting it. This group was too small to accomplish much. But that party and class lines were not more strongly drawn and that a few bills of value to both the farmer and the wage earner were passed was due in my mind largely to their efforts.

The feeling amongst these members was very strongly against intense partisanship in Legislative work and especially against class alignment. "New Hampshire," declared one, "is not exclusively an agricultural or an industrial State, it is both and the interests of both should be equally considered. Political power is closely divided between the two, and if they work at cross purposes, all progress will be checked."

As an independent, I confess to a hearty approval of this statement. I do not believe that we shall ever again have quite such a partisan session of our Legislature. Doubtless, many of the members another time will better understand the forces they have to cope with. May our political parties realize the need of aggressive constructive programs, giving fair consideration to all classes and sections and may they put up for candidates men who will fearlessly and honestly carry out these party platforms.



DAISY DEANE WILLIAMSON

*Head of the Home Demonstration Work at  
New Hampshire University*

"The one who teaches us how to dress properly, how to feed our babies, and how to make our housework easier"—this in the words of Mrs. B. in the article which follows is a description which may be applied to Miss Williamson and the valuable work she is doing for the state.

# ALONG CAME MARY ANN

## How Home Demonstration Work Helps A Community

BY DAISY DEANE WILLIAMSON

**P**REPARATIONS for some sort of big time were in progress at the Grange Hall in the village. Mary Ann, who had just moved in the day before, paused long enough in her labors of straightening up the house to watch a few women who were walking past on their way to the Hall. She knew there were going to be "big doings" because every one was hustling and excited. She had also seen various packages and parcels being carried in. Of course Mary Ann was not extremely curious, but she really was interested in seeing the people she must eventually meet and work with. And she was just a bit blue—furniture was piled about her in disorder, dinner dishes were unwashed, and worst of all, she was among strangers who might or might not welcome her into their midst.

She turned from the window only when she was sure the women had gone to the Hall, and encountered a boy who put his head in the doorway and asked if he might have a pail of water to give his "tin Lizzie" a drink. "Going up to the Grange Hall tonight?" he asked.

"Why, no. What's going on?"

"Oh a big community meeting, and a big feed at 6.30. Haven't you seen the posters stuck up at every cross-road? It's the same meeting the preacher announced Sunday at church."

"What will they have besides eats?" said Mary Ann.

"Oh, some folks of the Extension Service of the New Hampshire State College will be there. That's where I am going in three years. The County Club Leader, County Agricultural Agent, and the Home Demon. will help us make out our program for the year. Better come up."

He jumped into his Ford and soon

disappeared over the hill. Mary Ann looked wistfully toward the Hall. The Extension Service, County Agricultural Agent, "Home Demon." What in the world was a "Home Demon?"

The clock on the table struck the hour of three. Mary Ann began to place rugs on the floor, move about pieces of furniture, and hang pictures. But during the whole process the words "Home Demon." kept running through her mind.

The Grange Hall was lighted from the kitchen to the auditorium. The community had gathered, and judging from the laughter which burst forth at intervals, the people were having a good time. The tables were loaded with an abundance of baked beans just from the ovens, brown bread, pickles, pies and cakes.

"Guess the whole community has turned out tonight," said Mr. B. "Seems good to see everybody together again."

Just then Bobby ran up to him and said, "Dad, I asked Mary Ann to come up tonight, but I suppose she's too tired. She just moved in the Smith house yesterday."

"Land sakes alive," said Mrs. B. "How did you know her name was Mary Ann? Isn't it too bad nobody thought to ask her to come to supper?"

"But I did," said Bobby.

Mrs. B. untied her apron strings and laid the apron aside, brushed back her stray locks, and started toward the door.

"Fine community spirit we've shown I must say. Here we are all ready to sit down to this nice hot supper without giving one thought to Mary Ann and her husband. I'm going after them."

Mrs. B. disappeared quickly down



At Mary Ann's a row of old chairs received a rejuvenating potash bath and a new coat of paint.

the road. In a few minutes she came back bringing Mary Ann and her husband who, though shy at first among strangers, soon succumbed to the general friendliness and genial atmosphere and felt at home. Mary Ann whispered to John that she knew they were going to like living in this town for the people were so friendly.

The horn of a Ford sounded just outside the door.

"It's our agent," said Mrs. A. who rushed out to greet her. "Too bad she had a meeting this afternoon and couldn't get here for supper."

In came a bright-eyed, smiling girl with a pressure cooker in one hand, a bundle of bulletins in the other hand, and a roll of Sanitas oil cloth under her arm. Mary Ann saw that every one liked this newcomer, for they all hurried forward to greet her. Mrs. B. took her straight to Mary Ann, saying, "I want you to meet our new neighbor. She has just moved into this town." To Mary Ann she said, "This is our Home Demonstration Agent, the one who teaches us how to dress properly, how to feed our babies, and how to make our housework easier. She knows how to do everything."

"Home Demon," was beginning to mean something to Mary Ann. She hoped she would have the opportunity

to learn some of these things. The chairman called the meeting to order, a resumé of last year's work was given—wonderful accomplishments along agricultural lines with men and boys and along home

economic lines by women and girls. The problems confronting the community were discussed and plans of work to be carried out were made. Finally, a program, a goal to be reached, was laid out for the women to be carried on under the guidance of the home demonstration agent.

Mrs. A., for instance, undertook charge of supervising the making of 10 dress forms, 12 spring and 12 fall hats, and 14 foundation patterns; Mrs. B. undertook to be local leader of the food and health department which included plans for dental clinics with a program of changing the food habits of 15 different families, and in Mrs. C's home improvement department 12 refinished pieces of furniture, 9 chairs caned, 20 articles made in basketry was the goal laid out.

"Ladies," said the agent, "you have adopted a fine program of work. You have set goals and appointed leaders to take care of the details of the meetings, arouse interest, and report accomplishments. You remember that I told you that, since this county has thirty-two communities all clamoring for work, I cannot promise to be with you more than five times during the year. I am planning to hold a training school for Home Improvement leaders at some town where the women will be taught how to refinish

furniture. A similar school will be held to take up caning of chairs, and stenciling of oil cloth.

"If you women will agree to send two women to each of these schools to learn how to do this

work and be willing to accept this information from these trained workers at such meetings as you can plan for, the Home Improvement work will be cared for quite nicely."

To Mary Ann it seemed little short of thrilling that here in this village she could have, at her disposal, the advice of experts on all the problems of home making. As the agent talked, Mary Ann's mind translated her words into practical saving of dollars and cents. She and John had reluctantly decided that the furniture that they had brought with them was so shabby and battered that it must soon be replaced. How could they afford it? Here was the Home Demonstration agent describing a training school soon to be held at which she could learn how to refinish those chairs. Dress making had always been a problem to her but when the home demonstration agent talked about it, Mary Ann could see her summer wardrobe taking shape almost by magic it sounded so easy. The agent spoke of cooking and food planning and Mary Ann had a guilty feeling that she had not always managed wisely. She made a mental resolution to take full advantage of the information of the college extension service.

The longer the agent talked, the more enthusiastic Mary Ann became, but when the speaker touched on



The value of the preventive work done by the extension service cannot be estimated.

millinery, she almost jumped out of her seat. That was something she knew about. She whispered to Mrs. B. "I used to be a milliner." And before she knew it, she found herself appointed to take charge of that branch of the work herself. And so by the time the meeting came to a close and the County Agricultural Agent, the County Club Leader and the Home Demonstration Agent had climbed into their Fords, not only had the two women volunteered to attend the training school for Home Improvement but each different phase of the home demonstration work to be carried on in this particular village had been placed under the supervision of local leaders, each of whom had a definite plan of work to be accomplished.

The winter became for Mary Ann the busiest time she had ever known. A trip to Pembroke for the training school was followed by a session in the back shed at Mary Ann's where a row of old chairs received a rejuvenating potash bath and a fresh coat of paint. Mrs. D., who had learned in another county how to make dress forms, included Mary Ann in her class and she saw her dressmaking problems vanish into thin air.

Somehow, Mary Ann's enthusiasm was contagious. The whole town was working harder and accomplishing





"Mrs. C. reported that six chairs had been caned."

more this year than ever before and Mary Ann's millinery classes were the most popular social functions in the town that winter.

Finally, the time of the *real* millinery meeting arrived. Mary Ann was at the hall before any one else came. She had the hat shapes, braids, and trimmings all laid out on the tables, every one marked with the name of the owner. Pins, needles, and thread were ready for those who might not bring such supplies. She had placed a poster announcing the meeting in the post office. She and Mrs. A. had reached every woman in the community by telephone, whether or not she was a Farm Bureau member, and urged her to be present. When the H. D. A. arrived she found twenty-five women ready for business. She and Mary Ann worked as fast and as steadily as possible all day, giving a suggestion here, a little help there, and by night twenty-five women went home each with a hat that would have done credit, as far as workmanship and good taste are concerned, to any milliner. So every few weeks the women

of the community met, and did their part toward carrying out, to a successful finish, the program of work as planned.

Finally came the last meeting of the year. Once more the Grange Hall was lighted from top to bottom. Once more the community gathered with great baskets of food. Baked beans, pies, cakes? No, the menu this time consisted of boiled ham, whole wheat bread, scalloped potatoes, cabbage salad, ice cream and cake. Beans are a fine food, but the H. D. A. said that they should *not* be eaten every day,—that cabbage was an excellent food—that scalloped potatoes were good to serve because they gave an opportunity to use milk—that whole grain bread should be served occasionally—that ice cream and cake made a better dessert than so much pie—that boiled ham was easily prepared, and was very good served with scalloped potatoes and cabbage salad. Then there was coffee for the adults, but *none* for the children. *They* were served milk.

Everyone forgot he had taxes to

pay, cows to milk, poultry to care for, debts to meet, families to feed. Jokes and laughter kept more serious thoughts in the background.

Once more the crowd gathered in the hall above. The program started with community singing—The Long, Long Trail, Liza Jane, Smiles, Pack Up Your Troubles, ending with Old Macdonald Had a Farm, E-I-E-I-O.

The project leaders were called on for a report of their year's work. Mrs. A. said that their goals had been exceeded in every line of the clothing work. Eighteen dress forms had been made; value, \$270. Twenty-five spring hats and twelve fall hats were completed at the meetings, and Mary Ann had later assisted the women in making ten more; value, \$220. Eighteen foundation patterns had been made. With these, ten dresses, nine waists and five skirts had been made; value, \$80. Total value of clothing work done, \$570.

Mrs. B. reported that twenty families had changed their food habits with the result that fewer headaches, fewer colds, less irritability, less indi-



Basketry is one of the things taught by the Home Demonstration Agents.

gestion, and better all-round physical conditions were noted.

The people of the community were in favor of the County Dental Clinic and up to date \$150 had been subscribed by this town toward buying the equipment. Mrs. B. also stated that at their next town meeting a request for funds to carry on this work would be put in the town warrant.

Mrs. C. said twelve chairs, one bureau, and six tables had been refinished, six chairs caned, and thirteen

trays and ten flower baskets had been completed. Mary Ann volunteered the information that although the goal for caning chairs had not yet been reached, she was working on three more and would have them



"Mrs. A. undertook the supervising of making dress forms."

done in a few days. It was also reported that under the leadership of Mary Ann, the community had set out shade trees in the school yard, and had succeeded in establishing a traveling library in the rural schools of that district.

With this wonderful record of the people, the state home demonstration leader from the State College was called upon to tell what had been accomplished in the Home Demonstration work of the state during the last year. Under the guidance of this department of the extension service, she stated that \$5,561.84 had been saved in new hats made and old ones remodeled; dress forms, patterns and garments had been made with a net saving of \$13,920.47. In the home improvement division, 56 pieces of furniture had been refinished, 531 pieces of basketry had been made, 625 yards of oil cloth had been made into table cloths, runners, etc., and stenciled; 20 kitchens had been rearranged, 70 expense account books had been placed, and it had been estimated that 38,238 hours of labor had been saved by the new methods of equipment, applied in the homes through the advice and help of the Home Demonstration Department.

In the house planning division, rooms had been remodeled, decorated and some landscape gardening planned. In the food and health department, as many as 97 families had changed their food habits and adopted improved health habits. Septic tanks, modern plumbing and sinks had been installed in 16 different houses, 12 community nurses had been employed and two dental clinics had been started.

The meeting came to a close all too soon, it seemed. As Mary Ann and John walked down the hill to their little home she said, "I was glad we made such a good record. Next year, we can do more to help things along."

As Mrs. A., Mrs. B., Mrs. C., and on down to Mrs. Z., went home they, too, talked of what fine work had been done. "We can do more next year," they said.

The Home Demonstration Agent riding along home in her little coupe said to herself, "This town was once rather a dead place—little community spirit, little interest, little effort toward real development. Along came Mary Ann. Well, here's hoping this county will be full of Mary Ann's before another year."

## THE NORTHEASTERN FOREST EXPERIMENT STATION

By K. W. WOODWARD

**A**T last the Northeast is to have its own forest experiment station with a competent staff working on our most pressing problems. Congress has said so. Where it will be placed has not yet been definitely decided but New Hampshire's central location, and wide variety of forest types give it distinct advantages over its competitors for the honor.

What will such a station do? What do the agricultural experiment stations,

the Forest Service Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, the forest experiment stations in the western states, do? Why does every other progressive nation in the world maintain such stations? Why do such commercial concerns as the Kodak Company have their own research establishments? In brief the answer to these questions is that even businesses out for profit alone consider it a sound investment to set aside a certain portion of their income to work out new

processes and improvements on old processes.

That is exactly the situation with reference to our business of growing timber. We know that we must either grow it or go without and to go without would curtail and hamper every enterprise from cooking the meals at home to making shoes with wooden heels and over wooden lasts. Obviously if you have a job to do and it is a new one you want the best of information. Unfortunately the only places where the business of growing trees has been conducted long enough to permit much experience to be accumulated have different conditions than these under which we must work. In other words in learning from the French and Scandinavians we must not take over their methods intact. They must be adapted to our conditions. Their species are different, their markets are unlike ours, and their history has not been ours. Our problems must be worked out in our own environment.

To take the principles of forestry and work out methods applicable to our conditions is no small task. In the first place the crop takes from fifty to one hundred years to mature. Mistakes in judgment cannot be corrected next year as they can be with an annual crop. Decisions must be reached which will stand the test of time and right judgments can only be made after prayerful consideration of all the facts seen in their proper perspective. This is no job for even a wealthy corporation. It involves experiments that will take years to yield results. What is needed is some publicly endowed institution which can take up the fundamental long-time problems of forestry and work them through to a conclusion just as the agricultural experiment stations have done for the tillage land problems, the dairy man's troubles, and the potato growers' insect and fungus enemies.

How this will be done can best be answered by telling how it has been

done in some concrete cases. The planting of trees in the semi-arid portion of the United States has long been one of our national aspirations. Free land was offered to settlers who would plant woodlots of as specified size. But the results were meager until the problem was attacked painstakingly. The species best able to withstand the dry conditions were determined, the exact size to use, and the best time to plant were worked out with the result that trees now grow where they never were able to get a foothold before.

The question of the exact effect of forest cover on runoff had long been a moot point. Arguments were urged on both sides with equal vehemence but the question is settled once for all now. Two watersheds, one forested and one not, were watched for a term of years and the run-off carefully measured month by month.

For a long time the conditions under which Douglas fir reproduced were unknown. The evidence collected from the cutover areas was contradictory. Experiment and checked observations showed that no seed trees were necessary after cutting. There was enough seed stored in the duff to cover the area completely. This single fact means the saving of thousands of dollars.

But granted that a forest experiment station is desirable, can we afford even desirable expenditures in these times of stringency? Certainly nothing in the nature of extravagance should be tolerated. But all that is to be attempted is a modest beginning which will cost much less than a half cent an acre of forest land. Such an economical and prudent people as the Swiss spend nearly double that. Certainly here in New Hampshire with over half our area better adapted to tree growth than any other purpose and wood using industries one of our principal sources of income, a forest experiment station is merely a cheap form of insurance to a vital industry.

# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, as suddenly as the thought struck him, when he and a friend of his, who long ago described it to me, were hunting for a lost poem together: "I should like to have an anthology of the one-poem poets!"—in sympathy with which fugitive wish the poems to be published under this heading from month to month have been selected, though it is not presumed their authors have not, in some cases, written other poems which to some tastes are of equal or perhaps even greater merit. It is probable that some at least of the poems here published will be collected later in book form. Suggestions will be welcome.

A. J.

## DEDICATION

(Of Lord Vyet and other poems)

BY ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

Friend, of my infinite dreams,  
Little enough endures;  
Little howe'er it seems,  
It is yours, all yours.

Fame hath a fleeting breath,  
Hopes may be frail or fond;  
But Love shall be Love till death,  
And perhaps beyond.

## LORD VYET

What, must my lord be gone?  
Command his horse, and call  
The servants, one and all.  
"Nay, nay, I go alone."

My Lord, I shall unfold  
Thy cloak of sables rare  
To shield thee from the air:  
"Nay, nay, I must be cold."

At least thy leech I'll tell  
Some drowsy draught to make,  
Less thou should toss awake.  
"Nay, nay, I shall sleep well."

My lady keeps her bower:—  
I hear the lute delight

The dark and frozen night,  
High up within the tower.

Wilt thou that she descend?  
Thy son is in the hall,  
Tossing his golden ball,  
Shall he my lord attend?

"Nay, sirs, unbar the door,  
The broken lute shall fall;  
My son will leave his ball  
To tarnish on the floor."

Yon bell to triumph rings!  
To greet thee, monarchs wait.  
Beside their palace gate.  
"Yes, I shall sleep with kings."

My lord will soon alight  
With some rich prince, his friend,  
Who shall his ease attend.  
"I shall lodge low tonight."

My lord hath lodging nigh?  
"Yes, yes, I go not far,—  
And yet the furthest star  
Is not so far as I."

## A PALAESTRAL STUDY

BY EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY

The curves of beauty are not softly wrought;  
These quivering limbs by strong hid muscles held  
In attitudes of wonder, and compelled  
Through shaped more sinous than a sculptor's thought,  
Tell of dull matter splendidly distraught,  
Whisper of mutinies divinely quelled,—  
Weak indolence of flesh, that long rebelled,  
The spirit's domination bravely taught.

And all man's loveliest works are cut with pain.  
Beneath the perfect art we know the strain,  
Intense, defined, how deep so e'er it lies.  
From each high master-piece our souls refrain,  
Not tired of gazing, but with stretched eyes  
Made hot by radiant flames of sacrifice.



The old "Peg Mill" at East Landaff where the memorable Town Meeting was held.

## THE BUNGA ROAD

### An Exciting Controversy at Landaff

By G. G. WILLIAMS

**T**HE old fashioned Town Meeting with the excitement of its political and factional controversies, has, in most towns, become ancient history—some of which makes interesting listening in these days.

In many of these struggles the manoeuvring was worthy of a better cause on account of the selfishness underlying the action of both sides. Many and bitter, and more or less prolonged, have some of these struggles been and perhaps none have answered to all the above conditions to a greater extent than the "Bunga Road," which was a "bone of contention" in the town of Landaff, N. H., during the decade, 1850—1860.

The cost to the town, before it was finally settled, was some twenty thousand dollars beside all that was spent out of the private funds of individuals; and the expense of its

building had to be added to the above amounts.

This highway began at Bowen Hill in the east part of the town (now Easton) and practically followed the valley of the Wild Ammonoosuc river to the village of Swiftwater in Bath, a distance of some seven miles.

The residents of the eastern and southern parts of Landaff, together with the citizens of the adjoining town of Benton, were anxious for the road, because it made a quick and easy outlet for wood and lumber.

The residents of West Landaff (now Landaff,) opposed it on the ground that they would derive no benefit from it and so did not propose to pay toward the cost of its construction.

So bitter was the feeling relative to it that family ties, for the time, were severely strained, as in the case

of James C. and Rufus C. Noyes, brothers, who for years were pitted against each other for the office of Moderator.

Party politics was forgotten and the candidates for the various offices were voted for, because of their attitude toward the "Bunga Road."

Thus the contention went on from year to year.

Voters from other towns were imported by both factions and kept long enough to give a color of voting residence, only ninety days' residence then being necessary.

Young men were given their board and allowed to attend school during the winter so as to have them vote on this road question at the annual March election.

It has been handed down by tradition that one voter living a few rods over the line in Franconia next to East Landaff, and known to be in favor of the road, went to bed one night in Franconia and the next morning waked in Landaff, his house having been taken across the line while he was apparently asleep.

He voted for the road and soon after that the house moving experience was reversed and he awoke again in Franconia where his house had formerly been.

Perhaps it would be incorrect to openly make accusation of bribery in the matter, but in those strenuous days, candidates and their associates were inclined to be friendly to those who stood in need of friendship.

Although no portion of the road was in the town of Benton, yet the excitement ran as high and practically the same conditions obtained, as in Landaff and its influence entered into the political, social, educational and religious life of that town—the rival candidates for Representative to the Legislature, being brothers-in-law.

As an illustration of local conditions, this incident may be mentioned. Sarah Glasier, a comely young woman of Benton, promised Henry Sisco that she would marry him if he would vote for George W. Mann for representative to the Legislature.

Henry would preferably have voted for Daniel Whitcher, but the promise and prospect of the attractive Sarah was too much for him

and he faithfully performed his part of the contract, but when he came to claim Sarah's hand, she told him that she "could never think of marrying a man base enough to sell his vote."

On March 10th, 1857 the voters in Landaff favoring the road came into the ascendancy and the next year the annual Town Meeting was held in Moses Howland's Hall, which was in the old "Mansion House."

This house stood a short distance north of School-house No. 2, in what is now Easton and was built by Nathan Kinsman, who came to Landaff in 1783 and for whom Mt. Kinsman was named.

This house was burned in the year 1858.



Probably no one spent more time and money in the fight than did Daniel Whitcher



The "Union Meeting-house" in Easton was built the same year, although the pews were not installed and in March, 1859, the Annual Town Meeting was held in this building.

Here the Bunga Road advocates were again victorious in the election of officers, with Sargent Moody as first Selectman.

The last town-meeting held in East Landaff as such, was in March, 1860, and was held in the building known as the "Peg Mill" on the crossroad leading from the Main Highway, near Easton Postoffice, to the present residence of Charles A. Young.

Little did anyone realize that morning what a tornado was to race through the room on the second floor of this building, before the sun had reached meridian.

Rumblings of it, however, were heard as the voters arrived.

Sargent Moody called the meeting to order, read the warrant and voting proceeded for a Moderator, as was the custom.

When the result was announced, it was found that James C. Noyes had been elected and the Bunga Road was now assured, for that faction had control of the election.

Some of the West Landaff voters raised the cry "Seize the check-list" and a rush was made for it to destroy it and so make the meeting illegal, but as they came toward the rail which enclosed the officers, Sargent Moody drew from the desk a revolver and pointing it at the leaders of the movement, he thundered, "The first man who dares come inside this rail will have a funeral tomorrow."

William Shattuck seized an old-fashioned chair and pulling it apart, handed the several pieces to his friends to use for defence, if occasion seemed to demand it.

The East side voters had secured as counsel relative to the matter of the check-list, the late Judge Harry Bingham, a lawyer of Littleton,

while Rand and Cummings of Lisbon represented the west side voters.

Charles O. Whitcher, now of Tilton, N. H., and George C. Judd of Easton, then small boys, relate that their fathers, seeing that affairs were getting serious, told them to go down stairs and wait until quiet was restored.

Mr. Bingham, the lawyer, also noting the same thing, thought the fresh air would be beneficial and so started for the exit clearing the whole stairway at one bound, remarking as he struck the ground, "I don't think it is counsel they want, but more room, and they can have all I am occupying."

Otis Willey had allowed his curly hair to grow all winter without being cut. Some one with whom he was arguing grabbed him by it and started dragging him about, but as soon as he could free himself, he rushed to a neighboring house and got the woman living there to cut off his curls regardless of style and then he returned to the room again.

He had hardly entered when he came in contact with John (Buck) Chandler in an argument. To a statement he made, Chandler retorted, "That's a——lie." The words were hardly uttered when Willey swung his right hand to Chandler's mouth, which left "Old Buck" minus four front teeth.

The more conservative of the voters from the West side, seeing that they were defeated, went home and those in power voted to build the road.

Probably no one person expended so much money and energy in this controversy as did Daniel Whitcher, whose portrait we present herewith.

He was the leader in the litigation in favor of the road and when it was built he supervised its construction.

After the road was built, those who opposed it recognized its value, old enmities ceased, and those who had before been so bitter against each other became reconciled.



Langwater Holliston: The greatest sire of the Guernsey breed.

## GUERNSEYS THAT PAY

### Some Champions at the Rockingham Farm

By H. STYLES BRIDGES

**T**HE finest herd of Guernsey cattle in New Hampshire, and one of the outstanding herds of the country is found at Rockingham Farm in Salem, New Hampshire. The farm is located about one and one-half miles from Salem Depot and is on the main road to Manchester, on what was formerly known as the Boston-Concord Turnpike. The farm is approximately half way between Boston and Concord. It is owned by D. G. Tenney and has been in the Tenney family for three generations.

The farm itself is a typical New England farm, comprising about 360 acres of which one hundred are under cultivation. The farm is managed by C. E. Tisdale, a very able man, who formerly had charge of the dairy herd at the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

The herd was founded by the present owner's father, Mr. C. H. Tenney, in 1913. The foundation herd was comprised of five imported females purchased from the late F. S. Peer. In 1915 Mr. Tenney purchased from the Langwater Farms the bull Langwater Holliston 28055, the present senior herd sire of Rockingham Farm and probably

the greatest living bull of the Guernsey breed. Langwater Holliston up to 1919 had very little opportunity to show his worth as the former Mr. Tenney, during his life, did no advanced registry testing and many of the get of this bull were disposed of at an early age, the bulls to the butcher and many of the heifers the same way.

To-day, Langwater Holliston has ten Advanced Registry daughters and five Advanced Registry sons, and is the sire of two daughters that were world's champions in their classes and the grand-sire of three granddaughters that are world's champions. Once in a long time you find a bull that will sire good females and occasionally one which will make a reputation through his sons. But it is only once in a generation that you find these two attributes combined in the one animal. Langwater Holliston is just as famous for his sons as for his daughters. The above record shows the value of this famous bull and goes to prove him what he is, the premier living sire of the Guernsey Breed.

With a sire like Langwater Holliston, heading the herd, one could expect to find some wonderful animals at this



Brilliant Lassie: World's Champion in Class EE. She can open and shut the gate of her stall and turn on the electric light when she needs it.

farm, and in this one is not disappointed.

Rockingham Farm has produced two world champions of the E. E. class and at present holds six state championships in New Hampshire. The first world's championship was won by Early Dawn 83549, a daughter of Langwater Holliston. Her record was 10882.6 pounds milk and 686.7 pounds butter fat in class E. E. Early Dawn has since been sold to J. C. Penney of Emmadine Farm, Hopewell Junction, New York, for \$5,000.

The second world's champion produced at the farm was Brilliant Lassie 86425, a granddaughter of Langwater Holliston, and a daughter of Lord Methuen 39442. Her record was 749.21 pounds butter fat in E. E. class. She made a wonderful record and dropped a calf in less than a week after she had finished. Not only is Brilliant Lassie a world's champion, as a producer, but she can lay claim to it in intelligence. She is kept

in a box stall and can open and close the gate, turn on the electric light when she is feeding, or needs it, and turns it off when she is through.

She has many other achievements along this line and Mr. Tisdale, Manager, states her equal has yet to be had, either in production in her class or in intelligence.

The cows holding New Hampshire records are Branford May Bessie, Class G. G., with 504.91 pounds butter

fat; Violet of the Barras Class F, with 646.38 pounds butter fat; Hillswold Floss, Class F. F., with 509.26 pounds butter fat; Brilliant Lassie, World's Champion in E. E. class, of course holds the New Hampshire record for this class as well as in Class E.

The Junior herd sire is Langwater Model, a bull of excellent dairy type by Langwater Advocate, and out of Langwater Pauline. This bull has a very enviable record for a bull that has had no chance, for he has just recently been purchased by Mr. Tenney. He has two



Early Dawn: First world champion produced at Rockingham. Now in possession of J. C. Penney, Hopewell Junction, New York.

A. R. daughters, one of which is Langwater Sheen who has a record of 757 pounds of butter fat and sold for \$5,000 also Langwater Leading Lady, 570 pounds butter fat, who sold for \$2,500.

The bulls at the farm are given plenty of exercise, and are worked yoked up, unloading hay, hauling rocks and in various other farm work.

This probably accounts for the fact that both of the herd sires at this farm are such sure breeders at an advanced age.

The whole Rockingham herd would appeal to any lover of good stock, and particularly to a Guernsey enthusiast. In looking over the herd, one very noticeable thing stands out: whenever a descendant of Langwater Holliston is viewed, the animal is almost sure to have very striking dairy conformation and to show great capacity.

Guernsey breeders from all parts of the country eagerly seek his sons and daughters and grandsons and grand-



Imp. Starlight of the Fontaines: An imported cow with a record of 583.22 lbs. butter fat. Class F.

daughters as well for the purpose of building up herds of similar blood line and the Guernsey breed in general.

Langwater Holliston sons head some of the most famous Guernsey herds in the country. Lord Methuen—39442, is herd sire at the Sorosis Farm, Marblehead, Massachusetts; Langwater Senior—39431 is herd sire at Abbyleix Farm, Penllyn, Pennsylvania; Langwater Ultimas—38637 is herd sire at Westview Farm, Pauling, New York; Langwater Eldorado—39136 is herd sire at A. W. Lawrence Farm, Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin; and Langwater Traveler—38325 is herd sire at Chicon Farm, Chinook, Washington; Langwater Holliston of Rockingham—67366 is junior herd sire at the Upland Farm, Ipswich, Massachusetts; Rockingham Holliston—84230 is Junior herd sire at Coventry Farm, R. L. Benson, owner, Princeton, New Jersey.

The farm itself is as a whole very productive, having medium loam soil that is well drained, and very fine crops



Godolphin Phylis: A. R. record 420.97 lbs. butter fat. Class F. F.



Imp. Belle of Rockingham has an A. R. record of 622.23 lbs. butter fat. Class A. A.

are produced. All the roughage consumed is raised on the home farm. Clover hay, mangels, and corn silage constitute the main roughages. Plans are being made, however, for the growing of alfalfa in the near future. The buildings are, as a whole, simply ordinary farm buildings, the main barn having good light and ventilation.

The herd is expanding to such an extent that plans are being made to erect a new dairy barn.

Mr. D. G. Tenney, the owner of Rockingham Farm, although having

business headquarters in New York, spends considerable time at the farm, and at his summer home in Methuen, Massachusetts, which is only a few miles from there. Mr. Tenney takes a great interest in the breeding of purebred Guernseys. He has just imported several fine animals, and the animals imported and with his already fine herd go to make up one of the country's leading dairy herds, it is needless to say that

Rockingham Farm Guernseys will continue to rank exceptionally high in the dairy world.

This farm with its fine herd of Guernseys is one that New Hampshire is proud to have within her borders. It is not a show place, as many would suppose, but a real New England farm where the best producing cattle of the breed are raised under ordinary farm conditions, cattle that are bringing renown to the State, and making Rockingham Farm a paying proposition for its owner.

## SHIPS

BY HAROLD VINAL

These ships that wear the moonlight at their prows  
Will seek a lonely harbor at the last,  
As lovers seek a woman's lips and brows,  
They shall see quiet there for many a mast.  
A hill of plum and beautiful, frail trees,  
Shall bring them healing only at the end,  
For only hills can comfort such as these,  
And they shall seek them as one seeks a friend.

For hills remember when they took to sea,  
How they were proud as only women are,  
For hills remember more than wind and tree,  
Something of ships is on them like a star.  
Hushed at the last they ease their aching hulls  
In a dim harbor where the water lulls.

# HOW THE HOUSE WAS ADJOURNED

## When the Circus Came to Town

BY JAMES O. LYFORD

THE session of the legislature of 1881 was held in June. In those days "Barnum's Great Moral Show" came to Concord the first of the summer months. One day early in this session several newspaper men were in front of the Eagle Hotel when Mr. Thomas, the advance agent of Barnum's circus, came along. Thomas was popular with the newspaper fraternity and received a cordial welcome. After the usual felicitations and introductions, one of the number said jocosely:

"Mr. Thomas, what would it be worth to you if a resolution were introduced in the House adjourning the legislature to attend 'Barnum's Great Moral Show.'" The resolution will not pass, but the fact itself can be telegraphed to all the metropolitan newspapers."

"Boys," Thomas replied, "you may have all the tickets you want for yourselves and friends."

A member was readily secured who was willing to introduce the resolution, and the Speaker to oblige the newspaper men agreed to present it to the House. In those days during the first hour of the morning session when only routine business was transacted, the members generally were perusing the newspapers taken for their benefit by a vote of the House. At the appropriate time the Barnum resolution was sent to the Speaker's desk.

As the Clerk proceeded with the various whereases, members one by one began to drop their newspapers so that when the Clerk reached the end of the preamble and read the resolution the whole House was alert and attentive. For a second or two there was a profound silence. Then the House aroused itself to its sense of dignity. Several members in succession secured recognition and vehemently denounced the resolution as an insult to the assem-

bly. For a time it looked as if the introducer of the resolution would be rebuked for his temerity. Then one of the leaders secured recognition and in a very courtly way poured oil upon the troubled waters and concluded his speech by moving that the resolution be laid upon the table, which motion the House promptly voted. The purpose of offering the resolution had been accomplished and all the metropolitan newspapers carried the story on their front page the next morning.

The day of the circus arrived. All the newspaper men doing legislative work, and quite a number of the members were in the secret. Every effort was made to finish the day's work before one o'clock. Through a motion made and carried, the afternoon business was advanced to the morning session. When the third readings of bills had been disposed of, it looked as if adjournment was at hand, but one member not in the secret proposed to call up some unfinished business of the day before. This was likely to produce debate and prolong the session. The clock was rapidly moving towards one after the meridian and the circus began at two o'clock. At this point before any actual motion was made to take up the unfinished business of the day before, a member from the north country secured recognition and announced the death of a fellow member from a neighboring town, and moved that the House adjourn out of respect to his memory. The House at once responded in sympathy. The Speaker put the question and the House adjourned. The announcement was greeted with a loud guffaw at the reporters' desk.

The legislature at that time was elected in November but did not meet until the June following. The member whose death was commemorated died in December following his election.

# BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

CONDUCTED BY VIVIAN SAVACOOB

## Granite and Alabaster

BY RAYMOND HOLDEN

The Macmillan Co.

SINCE the words granite and New Hampshire are synonymous, the title of this book of poems, *Granite and Alabaster*, will intrigue many New Hampshire readers especially as the second word also cannot help but suggest the white expanses we have all had confronting us in the long winter just passed. When we open the book, we find words no less descriptive of New England characteristics and activities: "Sugaring," "The Plow," "Firewood," "Fishing," and "The Woodman" are suggestive of rural life, but here transformed and glorified by a writer responsive and thrilling to the beauty he sees and feels everywhere.

There are seventy poems in this collection, two of which "Rock Fowler" and "The Durhams" are dramatic narratives with delicate nature allusions and such striking depictions of men as the following:

"Rock Fowler is as free as wild things  
are  
Of all but the fear of reaching for a star,  
But there come moments to men so made  
free  
When man seems an impossible thing to  
be."

and

"Old Durham, with some ice in heart and  
beard  
Stood in the doorway brushing off his  
boots."

The other poems are expressions of the author's reaction to life, and are therefore introspective, but are so simply written as to be entirely charming. He is always searching for a solution to the mystery of life and turns to nature as a possible source for revelation. He is absorbed by her every phase, feeling her passion, her yearning, and her calm. He even transfers to nature his doubt, his uncertainty about "the beauty of that power I almost know" as when,

in the poem "Lost Water," he ends with the line,

"A doubtful noon, a doubtful world and  
I" .....

Mr. Holden's ability in detailed descriptions of nature is unusual. At times the distinctness with which the individual object is presented almost obscures the whole picture but in the end the minute detail aids in giving the desired effect. When he talks about snow rain as "fingering the sinking snow," he is as vivid as Frost who uses "silver lizards" to describe the tiny rivulets upon the hillside in the spring thaw. There is as keen a response to effects of light in his line, "Through spruces lightened by a flash of birch," as E. A. Robinson gives us in "Isaac and Archibald" when he describes "the wayside flash of leaves." Other rare glints are the "dark dusks" of berries, the line in "Fishing," "Where wise trout flash their darkness," "black-breasted night" and many others, some of the most beautiful of which may be found in "Rock Fowler." It makes no difference of what season he writes or whether it be winter or in summer that you read his poems, so true is his response to the outdoors that you sympathize with all his expressions of its changes as fully as when he says of spring,

"The murmurings of Spring are such  
One almost understands."

Here again we see his wistfulness to find that which always eludes him. He is constantly comparing the ways of men with those of nature only to be baffled by the inexplicable differences he tells of in "Paradox."

All the poems seem to throw a white light on the soul and mind of their creator, not a cold light, however, when

warmed by his concrete simplicity of expression, his intense interest in people and when colored with "ineffable hues" by his imagination. There is not the hardness of granite in his poetry but rather the patience of his granite mountain which "rises, grave, and great, and high" "in devout dissent from too much human triumph, too much stir of the absurd infinitesimal."

It is wisest to say no more. The following, exquisite poem will speak more

eloquently than I can of the delights in store and will be the only invitation needed for all to read "Granite and Alabaster."

#### THE SEASON'S END

This is the end of Summer,  
This is the end of all,  
The sap is running back into earth  
And the red leaves shudder and fall.

If I could shake myself down  
From the stem that has ceased to flow  
Would there be a cool dark earth to close  
Round the things I have come to know?

## THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

### About Transitory Things

**J**UNE. The Commencement month. Across the rose garden floats the faint thunder of oratory and the air is electric with a surcharge of idealism and the reform spirit. As the almanac might put it: high pressure areas existing in the vicinity of our institutions of learning will disintegrate as the month goes on and dissipate without producing great atmospheric disturbances; meanwhile look for local showers. The rumble of far thunder affects us strangely, and that is why we have written at the head of this page a title which might well form the theme of a baccalaureate sermon or a valedictory oration.

But we don't mean much by it: it is inspired chiefly by the thought that things are not always what they seem,—just when the Legislature appeared to be settled down to a life job, it suddenly flitted.

The Republican Senate, that brave little Thermopylae band, have wrapped their togas around them and clasping to their bosoms those inkwells and ash-trays which they fought with such fervor to retain, and which, they say, are inscribed with the motto of the session, "On ne passe pas," have gone home for a peaceful rest.

The Democratic House likewise has retired, after an exhibition of heroic devotion to duty which has no parallel in history but the devotion of the boy who stood on the burning deck. Like him, the House smilingly watched its platform burned plank by plank under its feet and sill stood firm upon it.

And the state, saved by a Republican Senate from a Democratic House and from a Republican Senate by a Democratic House, has weathered another session.

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." And while we do not quite agree with the editor of an up-state weekly who remarks that, with the departure of the Legislators, the Capital City is in fitting mood and condition to receive the convention of undertakers so soon to take place here, still something has gone out of life. Even the Jewellers and the Spanish War Veterans and the Shriners combined haven't been able to reconcile us to the change.

We should have known, of course, that all Legislatures end some time, but one learns of the transitoriness of things only by experience.

A man high in the seats of the mighty



told us the other day, with just the faintest suggestion of a swagger, that he "knew New Hampshire as a man knows his own room in the dark." It has always been our experience that just when we get that confidence about a room it gets rearranged and a large obstacle creeps just athwart our pathway

the next time we enter without a light. We certainly hope that the distinguished gentleman is not going to stub his toe one of these days, and discover that, even in New Hampshire, the world do move.

—H. F. M.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### In This Issue

MISS JESSIE DOE is an active member of the Appalachian Mountain Club which has done so much toward furthering interest and enthusiasm in mountain-climbing in our New Hampshire hills. She is also a familiar figure in New Hampshire public affairs, and in the session of 1921 served in the Legislature as representative from Rollinsford.

MISS DAISY WILLIAMSON, as head of the Home Demonstration Service at New Hampshire University, is doing interesting and valuable work for New Hampshire. Some phases of this work she describes in this magazine.

Another New Hampshire University person who writes for us this month is PROFESSOR K. W. WOODWARD of the Forestry Department.

HAROLD VINAL is the editor of the little poetry magazine called "Voices" and a poet of growing reputation. He was the winner of the Brookes Moore poetry prize in 1921.

G. G. WILLIAMS is at present in the

real estate business in Concord, but in one capacity or another he has made himself well acquainted throughout the state. The story of the Bunga Road controversy is only one of many good yarns that he tells of the old days of New Hampshire politics.

The adjournment of the Legislature of 1923 brought into JAMES O. LYFORD's mind the story of another adjournment in which, from the press table instead of the legislative seats, he played an important part.

The 1923 Legislature seems to have succeeded in pleasing both parties. ROBERT JACKSON, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, tells in this magazine why the Democrats are pleased; and OLIN CHASE, Secretary of the Republican League, gives the reasons for Republican rejoicing.

The articles on dairy herds by H. STYLES BRIDGES, Secretary of the N. H. Farm Bureau, are proving of exceptional interest not only to farmers, but to the general reader as well.

# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## A Page of Clippings

### Senator Moses Comes Home

Senator Moses has returned from Europe and assails the world court plan which President Harding favors.

It will be noticed the senator is back in ample season to participate in the spring planting.

—*Laconia News & Critic*

Moses is home; two months looking Europe over; finds her full of hate; doesn't know which they hate worse; each other or us. No use for the court, or Harding if he presses it. The Hague is a sufficient tribunal. And Moses is right once more.

—*Granite State Free Press*

Mr. Moses seems to be further away from his country men than he was in the transmarine hotbed of hate, but what of it? It is a joy to all collectors of rare birds to know that this specimen is more curious than ever, incomparably impervious to mere facts, and with his gall ducts unintermittently active.

—*New York Times*

George Moses of New Hampshire appears to be somewhat pessimistic about the senatorial outlook from a Republican viewpoint in 1924. He might recall the optimism of the unfortunate man who fell from the roof of a 10-story building. As he dropped past the sixth floor a frantic man leaning out of the window, horrified at the sight, heard the falling man say: "Well, I'm all right so far!" Cheer up, Mr. Moses. The elections of 1924 are a good distance in the future. Meantime, the Senate is to meet, next December. The Republicans can give an exhibition next winter that may help the party; may. Republicans need to worry more about the Senate of

next winter than about the senatorial elections of November, 1924.

—*Whiting in the Boston Herald*

### The Late Departed Legislature

Hurrah for Jackson! He says he is satisfied; his party fulfilled its pledges. Not a party measure was enacted. How much did any party to those bargains—Labor, the Women, or the Democratic leaders—gain. Nasty politics on the part of all concerned. Republicans, on the other hand, stood by their convictions, votes or no votes—as repeatedly as heretofore. It is not best for New Hampshire to enact a 48-hour law now; better make that country-wide, by congress. We are going to. It was not best to repeal the woman poll tax law, unjust as it is; the law needed rational modification; not repeal.

—*Granite State Free Press*

Governor Fred H. Brown has been true to all the pledges he made in his election campaign so far as his own action and purpose are concerned. The House stood with him on his measures, but the Senate, of opposite political faith, did not always agree. Indeed, it had a pretty consistent policy of disagreeing with the House. But the gasoline tax and the tax on the income of intangibles were adopted and the State tax has been reduced, by cutting appropriations, from \$1,500,000 a year to \$1,150,000 a year, a very substantial reduction of 23 per cent.

—*Somersworth Free Press*

We congratulate the departed legislature, with all its faults, on having achieved the distinction of killing a larger proportion of the bills introduced than any other legislature in

this state in the past thirty years. It is a record to be proud of.

—*Rochester Courier*

The attitude toward Bass was one of the interesting manifestations to follow. While he was one of the most forceful debaters in the House, he usually worked on his own hook without prearrangement with the Republican leaders many of whom showed open hostility to him. Bass made some of the best speeches of the session and he invariably had the close attention of the members. It was generally conceded that the Senate let the woman's poll tax bill go by the board because the only substitute that could be offered was Bass' amendment to have a straight two dollar tax for men and women, in place of keeping the three dollar tax for men and letting the women off without any tax.

—*Concord Monitor*

Some one remarked "that the least said about the present legislature session the better." We don't feel that way about it. It did a mighty good job, especially when it adjourned. That probably was the best thing it did during the whole session. But there were other commendable things it did. It refused to pass many bills, which originated in the house, carrying large appropriations of state money, which the state could not finance under its present restricted income.

Four men stood out strong as leaders during the entire session. These were Stevens, Bass, Lyford and Martin. Without these experienced politicians, parliamentarians and debators, the members of the House would have been lost much of the time.

—*Milford Cabinet*

## The Keene Normal Veto

Governor Brown pocket vetoed the bill for a building for the state Normal school at Keene. This may have been necessary in view of the fact that the

state is hard pressed for revenue because of the disposition of the legislature which reduced the state tax. However, it seems to be natural to scrimp on appropriations for education, and it may be necessary to fight for the cause a little more diligently.

—*Laconia News & Critic*

Governor Brown, wisely as we think —pockets the Keene Normal School appropriation. This is no time for such enterprises.

—*Granite State Free Press*

## Give One Party the Power

We can stand an occasional negative legislature, but let us pray to be saved from a succession of negative legislatures.

In last fall's campaign, the Democrats presented a definite program of state policy, which they have faithfully attempted to carry out. A Republican Senate has blocked this program. Substantially the same Democratic program will doubtless be presented in the next campaign. People who find it satisfactory would do well to vote for all the Democratic candidates who have to do with legislation. People who disbelieve in its provisions would do well to vote for the Republican candidates. The point is to give one party or the other control of the legislative machinery.

—*Argus and Spectator*

"Tilton School," and "University of N. H." are titles more easily spoken and written than were the old names, but there are many who will feel as though they had lost a dear friend.

—*Franklin Journal Transcript*

Well, the Concord hotel men and boarding house keepers are sorry to have the legislature depart, anyway.

—*Rochester Courier*

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## JOHN J. DONAHUE

Insurance Commissioner John J. Donahue of Manchester dropped dead May 8, while testifying in court in a case in which his department was interested. Mr. Donahue has been prominently identified with Republican affairs in this state for many years. He was appointed insurance commissioner in 1919 by Governor John H. Bartlett, and he carried on the duties of his office competently and thoroughly up to the time of his death. Mr. Donahue was a native of Keene and he was sixty-four years old when he died.

## ALBERT SHEDD

Ex-Mayor Shedd of Nashua died in that city on May 3. A native of Billerica, Mass., Mr. Shedd came to Nashua in 1863, where he began work for E. P. Brown and Co. When the F. D. Cook Lumber Co. was formed he transferred his connection to that company, of which he held the office of President from 1879 until the time of his death. As early as 1866 Mr. Shedd was prominent in city affairs. As superintendent of streets, Member of the City Council, Member of the Board of Aldermen, Member of the Board of Assessors, Member of the Legislature in 1879 and 1901, and as Mayor of the city, he served his city faithfully and well. His name is also identified with the city's humanitarian organizations, such as the Memorial Hospital, and with several Masonic bodies. He is survived by a widow and one son, Willis Albert Shedd of Nashua.

## WILLIAM BURLINGAME

On May 3, William Burlingame, aged 85, one of Exeter's most prominent citizens, who had lived in the city for 56 years, died. He was agent of the Exeter Machine works from 1867 until 1909, when he retired. He had served as trustee of Robinson Female Seminary, on the Police Commission, and was at one time director of the Exeter Gas Works. In 1878, he was a member of the New Hampshire Legislature.

## NATHAN A. WIMPHEIMER

Somersworth's oldest dry goods merchant, Nathan A. Wimpheimer, died on April 26. He had for years been prominent in civic projects in his town.

## OLIVER A. FLEMING

Oliver A. Fleming, one of Exeter's oldest business men, died on April 27 at the age of 80 years. For nearly 40 years he had been engaged in the undertaking business. He was prominent in Masonry, being a member of the Blue Lodge, chapter, council and commandery, and also a member of Sagamore Lodge, I. O. O. F., Friendship Council R. A. E., and Wehanonowit Tribe I. O. R. M. He is survived by a widow.

## WILLIAM H. JACKSON

William J. Jackson, aged 84, died at his home in Chichester, April 25. He was a veteran of the Civil War and a member of E. E. Sturtevant Post G. A. R. of Concord. He leaves a widow, three daughters and two sons.

## WALTER F. PERKINS

Walter Francis Perkins, president of the Derry Shoe Company of Derry, N. H., died May 16, after an illness of three weeks. He was sixty-four years of age. He is survived by his widow and two sons.

## JOHN WILLIAM JOHNSON

On April 27th John William Johnson died, after a long and distressing illness, at the age of twenty-seven. He was the first man to enlist in the World War from his home town—Bath. He offered himself April 6th, 1917; and was sworn in the following week. He was in active service in the navy during the whole period of the war and many times crossed the submarine infested Atlantic. His career is described in the Granite Monthly for December, 1920. Mr. Johnson was an adopted son of Kate J. Kimball, by whom he is survived and by a twin brother, Jack William Johnson.

## GEORGE H. MOREY

George Henry Morey, a locomotive engineer, long in the service of the Concord and Boston & Maine Railroads, died at his home on Broadway, in Concord, May 4, 1923.

He was a native of the town of Wilmot, son of Jeremiah and Betsey (Cheney) Morey, born August 20, 1849. He came to Concord in 1872 and engaged in the employ of the Concord Railroad, first in shop work, but soon entered the train service as fireman. He was promoted to engineer in 1883, and so continued till November last, when he quit work on account of ill health, gradually failing until death. He had long been regarded as one of the most faithful and efficient engineers in the service.

He was an active member of Division No. 335, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, had holden most of its important offices, including that of Chief Engineer, and was a representative in the Grand Lodge at Ottawa, in 1894. He was also a member of White Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Penacook Encampment. Politically he was a life-long Democrat, and in religion a Universalist. Although devotedly attached to home life, he was ever a good neighbor, a faithful friend, and a loyal citizen.

He married October 17, 1874, Miss Myra Cheney of Warner, who survives him, with one daughter, Helen, wife of Harvey W. Phaneuf of Concord.

—H. H. M.



Vol. 55. No. 7

July, 1923

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY



THE CONNECTICUT RIVER AT HANOVER

In This Issue—AS THE ROAD UNROLLS

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Boston & Maine

THE UPPER FALLS OF THE AMMONOOSUC  
Bretton Woods, N. H.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 55

No. 7



JULY 1923

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### The Canaan Fire

**T**HE chief news event of the month of June, 1923, in New Hampshire, was the conflagration which, on Saturday, the 2nd, devastated the village of Canaan. Children playing with matches in a hay barn kindled the blaze and a high wind took it with almost incredible speed through the business section of the village, literally burning it flat. Help was summoned and came with all speed from points as distant as Concord, but to little avail because of the lack of an effective water supply and other adverse conditions. The scene of blackened desolation created by the fire has been a point of attraction for thousands of motorists throughout the month.

Inspiring was the spirit of resolute courage with which the people of Canaan faced the disaster and heart-warming was the manner in which sympathy and substantial aid poured in on them from all directions. The New England Red Cross at once made an appropriation for the relief of suffering and sent its agents to assist in the administration of that and other funds which came by the thousands of dollars from the cities and towns of New Hampshire.

Arrangements were made for the immediate payment of insurance losses; banks made liberal provisions for aid in rebuilding the burned section and in resuming business there; the town authorities took action to lay out the new village on better lines than the old.

All in all the manner in which the Canaan disaster was met and is being overcome increases one's faith in the survival among us of the old New England virtues.

### The Burroughs Memorial Fund

**A**NOTHER good deed of the month was the raising of \$50,000 as a permanent fund for the work of the New Hampshire Children's Aid and Protective Society. By securing this amount from its friends the Society receives an additional \$50,000 from Hon. Charles H. Greenleaf of Franconia and thus assures the continuance and perpetuation of its indispensable social, moral and physical service to the unfortunates among the children of the state.

### An Important Meeting

**A**NOTHER agency which is accomplishing much good was called to the public attention during the month by a meeting in the state Hall of Representatives of the New England Congress on diseases of cattle. Commissioner Andrew L. Felker of the department of agriculture and Dr. Robinson W. Smith, state veterinarian, arranged a splendid program, with the co-operation of the other New England states and of the federal government, and all phases of the work of the congress were ably and fully presented. It was good

to hear that the work of eradicating bovine tuberculosis is making excellent progress and the public health thereby guarded and benefitted to an extent not generally realized.

### Commencement and Flag Day

**A**S usual in the sixth month of the year brides and bachelors (of Arts, Letters and Science) held the public eye in New Hampshire, as elsewhere. The first degrees given by the University of New Hampshire at Durham were received by a larger class than ever graduated from its predecessor, the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts. Dartmouth College at Hanover at the close of its 154th academic year also graduated the largest class in its history. Dartmouth's list of recipients of honorary degrees this year included Governor Fred H. Brown, Master of Arts; Rev. Chauncy C. Adams of Burlington, Vt., and President Myron W. Adams of Atlanta University, Doctor of Divinity; John Drew, distinguished actor, Prof. Fred L. Pattee and Prof. Nathaniel W. Stephenson, Doctor of Letters; Louis Bell (posthumously) and William Hood, Doctor of Science; Governor Channing H. Cox of Massachusetts, John W. Davis, former ambassador to Great Britain, and Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes, Doctor of Laws.

At the alumni luncheon on Commencement Day Secretary Hughes was at his best in an address upon the subject of the World Court and the participation therein of this nation.

Some notable addresses were given at various places in the state on Flag Day, June 14, the local lodges of Elks being in most cases entitled to the credit for arranging the observance. In the proclamation of Governor Brown calling for the celebration of the day he said:

"Love of country is a virtue, lacking which nations perish and civilizations decay. The flag of our country is the symbol of its authority and its achieve-

ments, its protective might and its helpful aspirations. As the Star Spangled Banner passes by we should stand at attention, respectful to its dignity and power. We should thrill with emotion at its beauty and meaning as it flies in the breeze. To foster in our state these feelings and manifestations of patriotism I hereby proclaim Thursday, the 14th of June, as Flag Day in New Hampshire. Let the National Banner be widely displayed among us on that day; and let us all, as we give it due reverence, renew therewith our active allegiance to our beloved country and to its great and good ideals."

### Appointments to State Offices

**D**URING the month the governor and council accepted with regret the resignation of Rev. Harold H. Niles, because of his removal from the state, as a member of the board of trustees of the state prison. Mr. Niles, who has built up the Universalist church in Concord wonderfully during a five year pastorate, goes to Denver, Colorado, to take charge of the work of his denomination there. Twice chaplain of the legislature, in 1919 and 1921, Mr. Niles has an unusually wide acquaintance throughout the state and his departure is universally regretted.

In his place on the state prison board Levin J. Chase of Concord, well known publicist, has been appointed. Rev. Fr. John J. Brophy of Penacook has been continued by the same appointing power for another term on the state board of charities and corrections.

Figures made public by Secretary of State Enos K. Sawyer during the month showed that legislative agents engaged to promote and oppose various measures in the 1923 session of the New Hampshire General Court received a total compensation of \$32,522, the largest amount since the law was enacted requiring the filing of such agents and their fees. The contest over the proposed 48-hour law caused the heaviest expenditure,  
—H. C. P.



Boston & Maine

Mt. Washington from the Intervale: It is this part of the White Mountains which Whittier especially loved.

## AS THE ROAD UNROLLS

### Some Impressions of an Early Summer Motor Trip

**T**HE summer boarder is our best and biggest crop in these parts."

The remark is quoted from a magazine published before the beginning of the century and the shrewd old countryman who spoke did not live long enough to see much more than the beginnings of the influx of summer tourists which has been brought about by the coming of the automobile and the development of New Hampshire's roads. If the summer boarder was a big crop in those days, how are we to describe it now, when the records of each year are consistently smashed by each new harvesting?

We started on our trip through the mountains early this year, the first week of June. Spring comes slowly in New

Hampshire, and along the road farmers were busy with their planting. From all indications the summer tourist crop was also in the plowing and planting stage. The great hotels, especially those which are really up in the hills, were shuttered and barred. Some showed signs of preparation—lawns being trimmed, painters and carpenters at work,—but most of them proclaimed with eloquent silence that the time of the harvest was not yet. We stopped one night at the Hotel Monadnock in Colebrook, a well equipped, newly remodeled hotel which normally accommodates many travelers, and we were the only guests. The experience was a pleasant one, especially because of the real hospitality shown by "mine host," but it showed us one



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reason why we had passed so many closed hotels. The tourist invasion does not begin until July.

For many years a summer resort. New Hampshire's winter possibilities are a recent discovery; and it is pos-



Boston &amp; Maine

Crawford's Notch is gentler scenery than Dixville. To many tourists it is the best loved part of the Mountain Country.

ish beyond reason to claim that in a five-day trip one could even begin to know the mountain country. For that one must live with the hills.

Yet there is a value in the short trip: it heightens contrasts. It gives one, better than any long study could do, a sense of the variety of this New Hampshire country. A day's trip takes one from the broad fertile valley of the Connecticut to the foot of the Presidential range. In the space of a hundred miles one may compass the logging country of the upper Androscoggin, with the corduroy roads leading into the forests and the cabins of lumber camps; the country of mountain passes, beautiful beyond belief with its sharp peaks and wooded ravines; and the lake country with its small farms and busy towns. In a single day one can stand looking up at the jagged peaks in Dix-

ville Notch and be charmed by the softer, but no less majestic beauty of Crawford's. It is only a day's journey from a busy manufacturing town like Franklin to the fisherman's country about the Connecticut Lakes.

To recall some of the towns we passed through in our five day's journey is to record something of this variety. Keene, first, a busy city with a metropolitan air, the shire city of a wealthy county; Hanover, a quiet academic village, unhurried and thoughtful; Plymouth, Gateway to the White Mountains, alert and hospitable to the tourist throng; Thornton and Woodstock and Franconia, flourishing centers for the summer boarder crop; Bethlehem, city of hotels, the only place, so they say, from which the presidential range is to be seen in perfect perspective, and also the only place where hay fever is abso-



Boston &amp; Maine

From Bethlehem and Whitefield one sees the Presidential range in its true perspective.

lutely non-existent; Groveton with its piles of lumber being transformed into wood pulp; North Stratford, an ugly machine-made town in a beautiful environment; Berlin, the newest city in the state, the industrial city of the north, whose development is a thrilling story of alertness and enterprise; Intervale and Conway and Chocorua, villages more rich in legend than any other section of the state:—the list is too long to give in full.

It is worth a good deal to get this sense of the scope of New Hampshire's interests in a quick impressionistic tour of the state. And then one should go back and really get acquainted, stay long enough in each place so that the past as well as the present becomes real. There are stories in the hills, but the swift purr of the automobile engine drowns them out. They will tell you at Lancaster how a dare-devil member of the Rogers Rangers,

a boy who had been a bound servant in Connecticut until released by this service to his king, passing that way on an Indian raid, took a fancy to the location and picked out the site where the busy little town now stands. At Jefferson, you will hear of Granny Stalbird, servant to Col. Whipple, who back



Photo by Phil M. Riley

Courtesy Photo Era Magazine

Mt. Tecumseh from Waterville is a bit off the main tourist road but it makes a rewarding side trip.



Boston &amp; Maine

Lake Winnepesaukee is the largest of New Hampshire's many beautiful lakes.

in 1763 won for herself the love and gratitude of the people of the countryside by her knowledge of healing herbs. The country around Conway and Chocorua will yield a hundred tales of the old days, among them the familiar story of the Indian chieftain who, standing on the height of Chocorua, hurled his curse upon the land of his white enemy and then leaped to his death rather than die at the hands of his pursuer. One should take a volume of Whittier in his pocket when he goes into this section, for there are beautiful passages descriptive of lake and river and mountain which breathe

a real understanding of the spirit of the place.

As one learns to know the hills one thinks with sympathy of Molly Ocket. Molly was a squaw of the Pequawket tribe who saved the life of Colonel Clark by warning him of an Indian plot



Photo by Phil M. Bailey

Courtesy Photo Era Magazine

Mad River and Cone near Thornton.



to kill him. In gratitude the Colonel took Molly to his luxurious city home in Boston and planned to give her every possible advantage that his own daughter might have. But Molly grew homesick and her benefactor was wise enough to guess the trouble. He brought her back to her woodland and built for her a wigwam in the wood, and there, the story goes, she lived happily ever after.

City-dwellers though we are, we all experience something of Molly Ocket's sense of release when we get out into the open country of New Hampshire.

"Doubtless," said wise old Isaac Walton, "God could have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless also God never did." The same sentiment applies to New Hampshire's vacation country. We will not assert that a bountiful Providence exhausted its resources to build it, but the fact remains that there is no spot on earth more favored. And in these days of evolution theories, it is well to state that, however the rest of the world may have

evolved from chaos by slow stages, New Hampshire was formed by special act of the Great Spirit.

Ages and ages ago, before the memory of the paleface, a lonely redman wandered the snowly wastes of the north country and cried aloud to the Great Spirit to pity his hunger and his coldness. The Great Spirit heard. And suddenly the Indian was deafened by the noise of an earthquake and saw with astonished eyes, great piles of jagged rocks rise up out of the earth. Then as he watched he saw also, from the cloud which hung over the newly formed mountains, streams of ice-cold sparkling water come flowing down through the rocky slopes. And a voice out of the cloud said, "Here the Great Spirit will dwell forever with his chosen children."

The red hunter and his kinsmen, who named so many of the Mountains with the Snowy Foreheads have disappeared; but surely those whose fortunes lead them even for a brief holiday to the Waumbek Methna are more than other men chosen of the gods.—H. F. M.



Courtesy Photo Era Magazine

The road leads past comfortable farm houses.

# FUTURE POLICIES OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

## Three New Hampshire Leaders Analyze the Situation

### I

#### A Revival of Party Loyalty Wanted

BY SENATOR GEORGE H. MOSES

**P**OLITICAL parties do not forecast their policies in advance with accuracy. They cannot—any more than a man, by taking thought, can add a cubit to his stature. Political policies are shaped by events; and so much water will run down the Merrimack between now and the next election that no one can foretell the ebb or flow of the tide which will lead to Republican fortune in 1924.

My personal hope is that the issues will be so clearly drawn that the unmistakable difference between our party and our opponents will be undubitably set forth in our platform to the end that there can be no question regarding the interpretation of the mandate which I am sure we shall take from the voters.

The fundamentals of Republicanism are fully established; and while these are unchanged, and as I think, unchanging, there has never been the slightest hesitation, among New Hampshire Republicans, at least, to meet the new issues which an advancing age insists upon pressing for solution. There have been great reforms in New Hampshire, for instance, in the last twenty years—and I choose this period because, at its beginning, the old regime was at the height of its power. These reforms have been secured through the agency of the Republican party; and not reluctantly. Every man, every woman, every child in New Hampshire who has a sense of betterment arising from the long series of legislation which has maintained our state in the front rank of progressive commonwealths knows that it is due to the enlightened judgment and action of the long-dominant

party which has moved forward, in an orderly fashion, to provide all that reasoned public opinion has required. I doubt, in fact, if any state in the Union has proportionately, when one thinks in terms of population and wealth, gone forward as far or as fast as New Hampshire.

Therefore, future Republican policies in New Hampshire connote merely a continuance of Republicanism.

Republicanism, not only in New Hampshire but through the country generally, has fallen from its high estate of the yester-years chiefly because the party ties have slackened. My views on the causes of this are too well known to require re-stating here; but it is wholly pertinent for me to say in this connection that there can be no continuance of Republicanism, and that there can especially be none of the renaissance of Republicanism such as New Hampshire so sorely needs, if we are not to have a revival of the party spirit. It is thirty-four years since I first began to have any direct connection with public affairs in this state. At that time the voters were either Democrats or Republicans—and there was no doubt about it, either. In those days a conscientious town committee could make a canvass which would reveal within the narrowest of limits exactly how the vote would be cast on election day. Now, such a thing is impossible. In those days a party nomination was made and all members of the party felt bound to support it. They had had their day in the caucus and in the convention; they had conducted their fight within the party lines; if they had lost, it was their party business to pick

their flints and wait for the next chance. To-day, and dating back for a good many years even before the adoption of the direct primary—which has failed so signally to meet the expectations of its proponents, to say nothing of its general failure to realize their personal ambitions—I have seen voters take part in every preliminary to the making of a party ticket and then feel themselves at perfect liberty to support it at the polls or not as they saw fit. This is not Republicanism. It may fit an absurd and strained construction of the spirit of the times, but it is subversive of party government—and party government is a necessary adjunct of the constitutional form of government to which the United States still adheres, though it must be confessed that its substance has become much diluted.

Unless we are to have a larger sense of party responsibility, not only among those who hold office in a party name

but among those who lay claim to a party membership, it will make no difference after a few years what the policies of the Republican party are. There will be no Republican Party. Nor will there be any other party as we now know parties. There will be a congeries of groups, such as I have lately seen in some European Parliamentary Chambers, where a Right, and a Left, and a Center, and an Extreme Right, and an Extreme Left, and a dozen other less distinguishable blocs will hold the stage; and our Constitution will be a complete failure.

New Hampshire put the Constitution into force. I hope New Hampshire will have no part in putting the Constitution out of business. And I can think of no more effective means for giving the Constitution renewed vigor than to have a revival of party spirit. Why not start the movement here by having a revival of Republicanism!

## II

### A Party Program

BY MAJOR FRANK KNOX

**T**HE future of the Republican party as the dominant political factor in New Hampshire is essentially bound up with the problem of re-establishing the interest in the party and its welfare of the young manhood and womanhood of the state. Unless this is speedily accomplished the Republican party in New Hampshire faces a long and deserved period of minority activity. Almost universally throughout the state one finds the active leaders of the party to be men on the shady side of fifty, with many of them over sixty years of age. It is the exception when a young man or woman in a position of party leadership and authority is found.

This statement should not, however, be presumed to mean that this is wholly the fault of the older men. There may be instances where age is jealous of youth and refuses to yield authority, but

in most cases old men remain on guard solely because of the failure of the younger generation to take any active interest in the party and its success.

This condition of impending senility in party organization cannot be corrected by merely scolding about it. We cannot bring the young men and women into political activities by preaching duty at, and to, them. It may only be accomplished by providing the Republican party of this state with a PROGRAM that appeals to the young man and the young woman. Always, everywhere, there is a natural and inevitable tendency, where control rests upon the shoulders almost exclusively of those who are long past their youthful enthusiasms and interests, to gravitate into a posture of satisfaction with things as they are, with reluctance to undertake new methods, with timidity toward proposals designed to

meet new needs. The Republican party in this state stands in grave peril of becoming a static instead of an energizing force. It suffers from a disposition to over-emphasize the preservation of the good things achieved, and to neglect the vigorous treatment of new problems as they arise.

Thus, in the evolution and enunciation of the sort of program which will invite the interest and active co-operation of the younger generations, praise and adulation for past achievements, and former leadership which made achievement possible, may well be subordinated to recognition of pressing present problems and the means of their solution. We need less to "recall with satisfaction" than we do to "view with alarm," and well may our recent political experiences incline us to the latter! For unless we do feel "alarm" and coin that sense of alarm into aggressive and determined energy, our party's future in this state is precarious.

Merely for the purpose of inviting discussion and trying to arouse a general interest in the party's immediate future, I submit the following suggested program as possibly one which would invite interest and co-operation from the young men and women of the state:

1. Complete separation of state and local taxes.
2. Immediate enactment of the needful legislation to procure the prompt development of every horsepower in our streams.
3. Creation of a state commission to

study and recommend useful state action designed to promote better relations between employer and employee, this survey to include the various methods successfully employed in industry elsewhere to bring about co-operation between capital and labor.

4. A careful survey of food production in this state, the broadening and enlarging of the functions of the state marketing bureau with the utmost of state encouragement to soundly organized co-operative enterprise among the food producers both for buying farm necessities, and selling farm products.

5. The creation of a bureau of publicity in some existing department of the state government which will supplement and co-ordinate all private enterprise designed to repopulate our farms and increase food production, to advertise our attractions as a summer and winter resort, and to present attractively to the business world the advantages of New Hampshire as a manufacturing region. This bureau's work should include concrete effort to get on the land as productive units some of the thousands of former soldiers in the World War which the vocational training bureau of the United States Veterans' Bureau is now training for agricultural pursuits.

This program by no means is to be regarded as complete, nor in final acceptable form. It is put forth, as I have said, to precipitate that needful and essential discussion which must precede constructive and helpful party action.

### III

## A Forward Looking Party

By HON. FRANK MUSGROVE

**A**LL that one might wish for the Republican party in the approaching campaign in New Hampshire could be expressed in one terse sentence: "It should be a forward looking party."

There are three fundamentals for

party success, Issues, Candidates, Organization. These three fundamentals should be so thoroughly co-ordinated as to produce complete "team-work;" they should be responsive to popular needs and demands.

First as to Issues: We must avoid the

danger of living upon our record of past achievement, glorious as that record is. In politics, as in business, a past is of value only as a basis for further progress. It has been demonstrated over and over again (was demonstrated in the election of 1922) that the issues of any particular campaign mean more to those who have votes to bestow than past accomplishments mean. In the present state of political unrest it especially behooves us to give intelligent thought to issues before we enter the next campaign.

The most important issues seem naturally to group themselves under three heads, (1) Equalization and alleviation of the tax burden; (2) Utilization and development of our natural resources; (3) Labor legislation.

The people are clamoring for taxation relief. Specific means for substantial relief are difficult to find under the barriers imposed by our Constitution, especially while high costs prevail, but there are some sources of legitimate revenue which have not yet been utilized and always economies may be effected. Republicans should go into the next campaign with a carefully thought out program for such utilization of new sources of revenue as will more equitably distribute the tax burden; should give assurance that such new revenue will not mean increased appropriations; should present a definite program for retrenchment. We should oppose the creation of further commissions, oppose the undertaking of new, expensive enterprises, should urge the elimination of certain commissions now existing and the consolidation of others.

**Utilization and Development of Our Natural Resources:** We should contemplate generous encouragement of agriculture and the greater utilization of that wealth inherent to us in the water systems of the state.

We are only beginning to realize the importance of agriculture. The farmer, if you please, should receive every possi-

ble legislative aid. He is our only real producer. It is obvious that as year by year we see a decrease in the number of such producers the effect upon the costs of the necessities of life is definite. The Republican party should offer a definite program of aid to agriculture.

New Hampshire should take her place by the side of those states which have come to recognize the importance of their natural water system, the possibilities of creating storage basins to save the supply which annually runs to waste. It is unfortunate that the last legislature did not do something with the project which was then presented. It would be good strategy for the Republican party to get behind such an issue in the next campaign, presenting it in a manner to convince that the project may be carried out without adding materially to present state charges and pointing out the economies which would ensue by reduction in fuel costs.

**Labor Issues:** We should advocate further improvement in liability and compensation statutes. But of course the big labor issue will center around the question of hours of labor. The Republican party should get squarely behind the 48-hour proposition. But, the answer will be, the Democrats will again espouse that issue. So much the better. If both parties endorse it Republicans who believe in it will vote with their party in the next campaign, while those who do not so believe can do nothing else as there will be no anti-party to which they can go. There is no need for further investigation. The politician knows how he stands on this important question, the voters know what they want. The 48-hour week is coming, and it is right.

Speaking of issues, New Hampshire Republicans should remember that the next campaign will be a presidential campaign, and they should stand squarely behind the national administration. Examine the state platform of the party during any presidential campaign and it

will be noted that this endorsement has always been given.

President Harding is committed to the full enforcement of prohibition. Whatever we may think of prohibition as such, whatever our belief as to what should constitute the alcoholic content to be defined in actual operation of law under prohibition, the fundamental political issue in prohibition is that of upholding the Constitution. Upon this question the Republican party should stand foursquare.

Then we must back up the President in his advocacy of the World Court. The party cannot be divided upon this question and win. Our participation in this World Court as a possible war deterrent is the least we can reasonably do and still avoid entangling ourselves as seriously as we would by actual membership in the League of Nations as such. Opponents of the World Court talk much about the "mandates" of the last presidential election; but President Harding was elected quite as much by the votes of those who expected him to give us some reasonable participation in world obligations, minus the Wilson objections, as by those who wanted no participation at all.

Only a word as to Candidates and Organization: Both should typify a sane progressivism. It should be remembered that in recent years the most successful campaigns from a Republican standpoint have been waged around progressive issues and with candidates of progressive thought. Most of the legislation in which we take pride as a party was enacted by liberal legislatures. One would-be gubernatorial candidate openly

declares that before we enter another campaign we must divorce the independent from the party. But grass widows and grass widowers seldom come back to their first love. It is better strategy to put some one at the head of the political family who will hold the family together. The independent vote will control the next election. The Republican party can hold that vote if it presents proper issues and candidates.

As to Organization: One may thoroughly approve of the real life which the party has recently shown in this regard. Now let us take in a sufficient number of liberal thinking men and women, a sufficient number from among the new voters, to become thoroughly representative. Do not remove those who have done previously effective party service, but liberalize without such removals.

Finally, to build for the future it should be stated that that party which will drop politics with an election, and in the halls of legislation vote upon measures according to their merits and without political considerations, will at once become secure in the affections of the electorate. It may sound paradoxical, but the best way to build politically is to forget politics—at the proper time.

New Hampshire is naturally a Republican state. Given liberal issues, liberal candidates, and a representative organization in the next campaign, the Republican party in this state will resume its rightful position. Then, if it will drop politics with the convening of the next General Court, Republican supremacy will be secure for years to come.

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## A GROWING BUSINESS

It is only a few years since a representative in the legislature from Berlin passed around at the State House some of the first cans manufactured by the Brown Company of his city of a vegetable oil substitute

for lard. To-day the news comes that the Browns are buying 60,000 acres of the Florida Everglades for the raising of peanuts to furnish oil for this one branch of their business.

—*Concord Monitor*



## POLAR

Because rain spoiled a man's fishing trip, tourists this year along the Mousilauke trail will find four miles from Plymouth a new landmark and a new adventure prepared for them. The approach to the adventure is quiet enough: a plain frame pavilion by the road, in which Mr. Collishaw, quiet, courteous, enthusiastic over his discovery, is waiting with a cordial welcome; a short walk through the woods where red squirrels scold from the trees; a winding walk over rustic bridges; so one comes to the Polar Caves.

In a sense they are not caves: they are formed by the tumbling together of a huge mass of boulders, around which, and over which, and under which the human insect can crawl with impunity. There are rock chambers as large as a room and small narrow passages through which one crawls on hands and knees. And the weirdness and mystery of the place is enhanced by the strange shapes of the rocks. A soldier, wearing a Confederate cap, stands guard on top of the cliff, a profile, small hut nearly as distinct as the Old Man of the Mountains; another cliff discloses the face of a sleeping giant; strange animals confront one at the openings of caves. On the hot days of the summer the caves will undoubtedly be the refuge of many dusty tourists, for the name, Polar Caves, is well taken, one



## CAVES

finds ice there the year round. In June the snow in some of the chambers is knee deep.

There is nothing new about the caves of course. They have been there for centuries. The story is that they were the haunt of Indians and the refuge of smugglers in the early days. And in the more recent past, the villagers used to send the small boys of the neighborhood to the ice caves for the ice needed in freezing the Fourth of July ice cream. But the stranger in the locality, driving along the road, would never have guessed the existence of the caves; he sees only a rocky cliff with scrubby growth on its sides and young trees below it—a pleasant bit of landscape, but not such as to cause one to stop to explore. In fact, as we have already said, it took an interruption in a fishing trip, a rainy day with nothing to do, to bring these caves to the attention of their present owner.

Mr. Collishaw has a business in Exeter, and he has spent vacations in Rumney for many years. Last year he discovered the caves. They fascinated him and he had imagination enough to see that they would interest others. So he promptly bought the land and set about making the approach to the caves easy for the tourists. That is the story; stop and see for yourself next time you pass that way.







Chicks from an Accredited Flock.

## THE DAY-OLD CHICK INDUSTRY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### Meeting the Increasing Demand for New Hampshire Chicks

BY A. W. RICHARDSON

**W**ITHIN the last three years there has been developed in the state of New Hampshire a specialized branch of the poultry industry—the day-old chick. Prior to this time comparatively few such chickens were sold by the New Hampshire poultrymen either within or outside the state. The one thing which probably has most to do with the development of this day-old chick business is the fact that several flocks of poultry tested for white diarrhea have been found absolutely free. This disease has been the curse of the chicken industry, probably causing fifty per cent of the mortality, and has been widely spread throughout New England. Scientists have found the only practical method of controlling the plague is by raising uncontaminated stock. The object, therefore, of the Poultry Department of the University of New Hampshire in its campaign against white di-

arrhea has been to get healthy chicks into the hands of as many people as possible, or, in other words, chickens which will live and grow. Those men who possess the flocks found free from white diarrhea infection have been able to sell chickens because the chickens which they have sold lived and thrived.

In the season of 1922 there were sold from these flocks known to be free from white diarrhea, over 250,000 day-old chicks. While the figures for the present season are not all in, there is every indication that there will have been sold over 300,000 day-old chicks. These chicks have gone as far south as Virginia and as far west as Iowa, and the state is establishing a reputation for Rhode Island Reds which live well and grow well and, when mature, lay well. There is every indication that this reputation and market will steadily increase and those

poultrymen who have foresight enough to see the possibilities are certain to make money even though there comes a time when the competition becomes keen, because previous to that time they will have established a reputation in many localities for their chicks.

This phase of the poultry business is a very profitable one, and those men who have increased their incubation capacity and are in a position to sell chicks report the best financial year they have ever had.

An example of a successful man in the day-old chick phase of the business is Oiver Hubbard of Walpole. This young man graduated from New Hampshire College in June, 1921. Previous to this time his father had carried from 600 to 1000 laying hens each season. Young Mr. Hubbard went directly home from college to assist in the development of the poultry business. The Hubbards have now increased the number of their laying hens to 1800 per year. They have an incubation capacity of 20,000 eggs, and will in all probability sell this season over 40,000 chicks.

Another example is Dr. J. L. Piper of Northwood. Up to four years ago he was a country dentist. He started in the chicken business with approximately 100 hens, and has developed his plant to 1500 laying hens. This season he will sell approximately 25,000 day-old chicks.

Lewis Hoyt of Goffstown, one of the most successful chicken men in the state, has been in the poultry game for thirty years; he has kept from 1200 to 1800 laying hens, but has developed the chick end of his business within the last three years. He will hatch and sell at least 40,000 chicks this season.

Almore Burns, a young man who was in the service from the first to the last of the war, returned to his father's farm in Goffstown, after being discharged. His father had been keeping about 800 hens; but

the two, working together, have increased the business to approximately 1800 laying hens and will sell this season about 300,000 chicks.

Among others who have developed the day-old chick phase of the poultry business are: Samuel Bickford, Epsom; William Cole, Fremont; David Atwood, Franklin; Frank Webster, Farmington; James Towle, Fremont; Ernest Paige, North Weare; Marion C. Purington, North Weare; Russell Hilliard, East Kingstown; T. J. Brackett, Greenland, and C. R. Hayes, Dover.

The average mortality of the chicks which were sold from the accredited New Hampshire farms during the season of 1922 was less than six per cent. Compare this with the mortality of forty per cent from shipments of 40,000 chicks into this state from outside hatcheries, and it is plain to see that the poultrymen and farmers are going to buy more and more chicks each season nearer home. There are many advantages in such purchases: first, we have an opportunity to know personally the man who produces the chicks; second, we have an opportunity to see his growing chicks and his laying hens several times during the season and to know under what conditions his stock is grown; third, the shorter the distance that the chicks must be carried, especially early in the season, the better will be the chance that they will live; for if the chicks are a long time in transit and pass through several junction points, they are very likely to become chilled and once chilled are almost certain to die. If the people of the state who buy chicks can be persuaded to purchase nearer home, everybody—both the producer and the purchaser—will be benefited.

It is significant that orders for next season's chicks are already being placed. In fact, the men who are producing white diarrhea-free chicks were unable during the past season to hatch enough to supply the demand.

# THE ROAD TO LARIAT

## The Story of a Disappointment

BY GRANT CARPENTER MANSON

**Z**EBRA Butte is a roughly conical eminence of that striped clay, or "gumbo," so peculiar to the semi-arid regions of our West. Its so evident name was undoubtedly the product of an imagination wearied by overwork in the art of giving cognomens. Its more gentle or westerly slope looks over the hazy distances of the Mizpah Valley. At its foot Mizpah Creek, a torrent in March, a dry, sun-baked ditch in August, picks its crazy course through the valley. There are no trees, with the exception of some very old and gnarled pitch pines on the crests of the long line of hills forming the western boundary of the valley, their whimsical shapes outlined against the sky, and some patriarchal cottonwoods growing at intervals along the banks of the creek. Everywhere is the long grass and the brittle, blue-green sage brush of the Cattle Country. Over all, broods the intense peace of a vast and sparsely populated region.

One summer evening Ben Sharp came trudging across the path that leads over the summit of Zebra Butte. The valley before him lay in the tremendous glory of a Montana sunset, the sunset that brings with its flaming presence the welcome cool of evening. Twice he stopped to remove and replace laboriously the barbed wires of a fence. There were no gates. He was nearing his home.

Ben surveyed the familiar scene. He always did. His homestead appeared its best from a distance. There were the cornfields and the plot of oats (which, by the way, was doing very poorly this year), the well-worn path to the little spring at the base of a gumbo cliff, the vegetable garden, the corral, the indifferent barn, and the one-room loghouse on a rise just above the creek, dominating everything.

A wisp of thin blue smoke rose

straight into the freshening air from the tin chimney. "Be glad for supper," thought Ben. Then: "Awful like to git that extry room built on this year. It'd shore tickle the old woman to pieces," he said briskly. He talked about a resplendent new addition every year, but the house still remained a one-room affair.

Ben descended the hill and entered the barn, whence he fetched a three-legged stool and a pail. He went toward the home cow, Bess, who was waiting by a fence near the creek. Bess was finicky, and had to be approached in a certain gentle manner. Ben was not always successful in managing the cow; this evening, as usual, it was only after much manoeuvring and swearing that the sharp, pleasant sound of milk flowing into a tin pail could be heard. Soon Ben's son, Johnny, came dashing from the house and watched the milking absorbedly, as though he had never seen it before.

When Ben reached the house, with his pail of warm milk, he found his wife bending over the stove. As they had nothing to burn but pitch pine, this stove was a miniature kiln, and a constant source of distress to Rose Sharp. The stifling heat of the early afternoon still lingered in the room.

Ben took a stoneware basin from a nail and washed perfunctorily on the damp wooden bench outside the door. Two large hens came clucking cautiously near his feet, ever searching the stray morsel. The odour of the supper in preparation assailed his nostrils. He said: "Better have some onions fer supper."

His wife's voice responded from the dim interior of the cabin: "They won't be none left, if you don't git to waterin' the garden soon. My peas is dryin' up, too."

Ben went to the garden and plucked

a handful of young onions from the dry, powdery soil. He placed them in a glass on the center of the table. Fresh vegetables were a luxury to be given the place of honour.

The air grew rapidly cooler, and the heat from the stove became less obnoxious. During supper, Rose divided her time between trips to the stove and little services to the baby, Dorothy. Rose was blond, and one could easily imagine that she had been pretty, though a life so far from other people had caused her to become careless of herself. She was the daughter of a farmer who lived in the wooded Paradise of the western part of the state, in a snug little valley near the city of Billings. Her mother came from Iowa, and kept house superbly with an ice-box and an oil range. As a consequence Rose felt bitterly toward her adopted environment.

The heavy meal finished, she washed the dishes, and busied herself with mending, meanwhile indulging her latent passion for fashion magazines. They were all very old issues, which she had collected from time to time. To her mind gowns and hats were a rare form of beauty—a beauty for which she starved.

Presently an unexpected visitor rode up. Rose was pleasantly agitated. It was Mrs. Ott, a large, mannish Swede, who homesteaded in an energetic manner a few miles up the valley. She greeted them in her harsh, charming voice:

"Hi! Well, I thought I'd drop in."

"Yes, do come right in and set down, Miz Ott."

Preliminaries were exchanged, the baby admired, and the weather discussed. Then Mrs. Ott said:

"D'you remember Ed Kanzer's wife up to Lariat, Miz Sharp? She run the Parus Millin'ry Store."

"Oh! shore," exclaimed Rose. Mrs. Kanzer's store made an irresistible appeal to her nature. She often dreamed of running a millinery establishment.

"Well, what d'you think?" continued

Mrs. Ott, "she wants to sell the store, and she wrote me a letter only yesterday to buy it. She's a second cousin to me by my husband's side. She knows I got some money by, eh? Well, what with my new hired man an' all, I ain't got the time to run it myself. But I been thinkin' it over, an' it's a awful good buy. Money in it. Now I got a scheme. What if you should go up to Lariat and run it, eh, Miz Sharp? You all could move to town. I'll buy the store, and you don't do nothin' but let my brother run yore place, eh?"

Rose flushed. "D'you mean fer me to run the Parus Store in Lariat? My! ain't that grand! But I don't know z'I could do it, Miz Ott. But——"

Ben interrupted: "Why, Miz Ott! How did you know we'd ever even think of leavin' the ranch an' all?"

"Well, maybe I shouldn't ask you all. But somehow I didn't reckon you'd think meanly of it. 'Course there's the Linders farther on——they're kinda restless."

"'Tain't that we mind that way," spoke Rose quickly, "is it, Ben?"

"Course 't ain't, Miz Ott. It's a good proposition fer the woman here. An' I ain't been up to town myself fer a consider'ble space."

Mrs. Ott beamed. "Well, it's got good points, shore. You'd be able to see yore folks more often, an' I hear z'ow they got a fine noo grammar school fer the kids, an', what's more, Miz Sharp would be makin' good money."

"Jest how did you say we'd run the store, Miz Ott," asked Rose. "I'd like to get an idee."

Ben said: "Got to close up the barn. You ladies kin jabber about it." He put on an old sweater and ran to the barn dancing about awkwardly, as one unresponsive to the rhythm of life, his joy welling up in this clandestine moment. He gazed long and steadily at the sky. Clear and opaque, it was transfixed with the bright stab of myriad stars.

"Rain, darn you, and water that gar-

den!" he threatened, waving his arm aloft. "In Lariat, you don't need no rain, though," he added.

When he returned, the women were still talking and planning—to Mrs. Ott, business arrangements, to Rose, arrangements about the gates of Heaven. Soon Mrs. Ott took her departure, remarking: "I'm shore you'll find a good business with the ladies in Lariat, Miz Sharp; and it's a nice, genteel business, too. If you decide to go, all will be right pleased."

She rode off into the inscrutable night, and the sound of the hoofbeats of her horse grew faint and were heard not at all.....

Her proposition was ingenious. She had suddenly been burdened with an indolent brother. He had wanted a ranch. Mrs. Ott had wanted to extend hers. By establishing her brother on the Sharp ranch, he would not have to begin with virgin soil (though the Sharp's ranch was in poor condition), and she herself would be well on her way to acquiring an adjoining piece of land for next to nothing. In fact, it would cost her only the hundred dollars which Mrs. Kanzer had asked for her emporium.

Rose blew out the lamp, being in spite of her excitement, extremely careful to see that the wick was well extinguished. She and Ben discussed the subject volubly and rather aimlessly, as do people whom change habitually catches unprepared. The plan was a direct challenge to the fundamental weakness of the head of the Sharp family. Ben was a nomad in spirit. Rose breathlessly saw her dream coming true. The plan was a challenge to her unhappiness. Eagerly, the two Mizpah Valley homesteaders reached for the prostrate gauntlet.

"Ben, all you got to do," said Rose finally, "is to go to Miz Ott an' say 'yes.' Then you mosy up to Lariat and see Lem Hullmer; he'll give you back that job on the N. P. you had when we was married. I kin remember jest as

plain as day when he fired you. He says, 'Ben, I like you first rate. If you kin ever come back to me an' prove that you been dead sober fer a year, the job is yore's again.' We came right out on this ranch then, an' you been almost always all right ever since; an' that's more than eight year ago come next May. You jest tell Lem Hullmer that, Ben Sharp, an' everything'll work out grand."

Thus it was settled.

Rose got up long before the rising sun had burnt away the damp chill of the night. She combed her hair in a large wave and scrubbed her hands to see if the rough, red appearance could be done away with. She posed before the mirror and imagined herself the suave proprietress of the Paris Millinery Store, lisping affected sentences and over-delicately mincing her words. Suddenly her husband stirred and she hurried about the business of getting her little household in order for the coming day. Once more the stove roared. A kettle of water began to bubble and give off little wisps of steam.

Dawn burst upon the valley, and with it came the first waves of the heat which was to last throughout the day. Rose heard her chickens stirring in the little enclosure beside the door, and the soft, incessant call of some turtle doves in a neighboring cottonwood. In Lariat, thought Rose, there was already pleasant activity and colorful bustle.

After breakfast, Ben saddled the gray mare, Trixie, and rode to Mrs. Ott's ranch-house. On his return, he had fifty dollars in cash with him, which Mrs. Ott had given him (not, indeed, without grave misgivings) to close the bargain with the widow Kanzer. He then left for Lariat, to see Mrs. Kanzer and Lem Hullmer. He felt free and elated. Rose hovered about him with a new injunction for each minute. She watched him till his figure grew minute and disappeared altogether.... In the evening he would return, brimming with news, once more a citizen of Lariat....

Dinner over, the cabin was bathed in

the fierce heat of the noonday sun. At this hour, Rose usually rested as far as possible from the blistering stove. Today she made some brown sugar candies. She ate them with an absurd elegance of gesture. She planned. She felt nervous and luxurious, and read and reread her fashion magazines. She got out a small wicker basket decorated with a bow of faded pink ribbon, and gazed at the well-thumbed post-cards within.

She was thus occupied when Mrs. Ott appeared. Rose chatted gayly. She proposed tea.

"That'd be right nice if 'tain't too much trouble," assented Mrs. Ott, taken a bit by surprise.

"T'ain't no bother, I'm shore, Miz Ott. Tea is sech a refreshin' drink of an afternoon, don't you think?"

Over their tea (which was black as coffee) the two women talked of the future of the store. Mrs. Ott exclaimed:

"You jest bet Ed. Kanzer's wife made ten dollars in some weeks! I know her. The only reason why she's sellin' it fer a hunder dollars is because she's got to leave fer Ioway; and she's only got a few hats left, anyways, the ladies was all so crazy after 'em."

"I'll get a few real stylish hats from Billings an' copy 'em myself," proposed Rose.

"Yes. 'Course you got to be real clever an' smooth an' all.'" She leaned toward Rose confidentially. "Some ladies has told me that you got to call 'em 'chapoze' to git the real trade!"

When Mrs. Ott left, Rose lay down. She had been dismayed at Mrs. Ott's disclosure. "Well, they ain't no cause to worry," she decided. "Guess I kin be jest as stylish as anybody."

The long day wore on. The heat danced on the parched ground, and reflected in shimmering waves from every object. The silence of the afternoon was intense, its calm was majestic. Once a far distant bellow drifted across the open prairie.

With the coming of the first faint

coolness of evening, Rose set about preparing the supper. She descended into the cavernous cellar, dug into the side of a small hill, whence she brought forth some moist bacon and potatoes. She opened a fresh jar of choke-cherry jam as a welcome to Ben.

Fifteen minutes, a half hour passed. Ben did not come. Stabs of uneasiness struck her in rapid succession. She ran the whole sickening gamut from annoyance to worry—to despair. "S'pose I better feed the kids," she said, and laid the meal, by now quite cold, upon the table.

Suddenly, as if by intuition, she knew distinctly what had happened in Lariat. A wave of emotion passed over her and left her benumbed.

The cow, Bess, was lowing. Rose threw a shawl over her shoulders and went to do the milking. When she returned to the cabin she found herself expecting to see Ben there. Of course she knew he wouldn't be. She put the children to bed, and walked to a little rise behind the house. She was dressed warmly against the approaching chill of twilight. From the rise she could see the Lariat road winding, dipping, twisting down the valley. On its whole length there was no traveler.

She looked at the glittering side of Zebra Butte, its crimson hues paling in the fading light. Instinctively, in her bitter disillusionment, her first thought was of her children. Oh irony, oh immutability of Fate! Her boy might have enjoyed the advantages of schooling. He might have grown up a fine, intelligent man. Dorothy might have come to maturity in Lariat! Eventually she might have gone to parties; Rose would have sat up late working on her filmy dresses, taking pains that every stitch was perfect. Rose was merely called upon for one of the sacrifices of life. She bowed in submission.

"I don't know," she spoke aloud, "but that it ain't a good deal better this way. We tried Lariat once. It ain't no place fer us. We've been temptin' Provi-

dence. I wanted that store so bad I fergot Ben's failin's. 'Course we got some bad troubles to git out of, now the money's gone. Ben kin hire out free to Miz Ott, an' I kin do somethin'. Anyhow we still got our ranch. Maybe, when we settle up with Miz Ott Ben kin build on that bedroom we've wanted so long..... I could uv run that Parus Store grand, though! Some red hangin's in the Front Street winders would have helped. I kin git nice red repp fer twenty cents a yard."

She shivered a little. Night was coming on fast. Far down the Lariat Road she could distinguish a figure on horse-

back, moving slowly. As it approached, she could hear that the rider was singing in a high, unsteady voice. She waited patiently.

Ben rode up, smiling vacuously. He gazed at the bright, full moon, just making its appearance behind the butte, and sang loudly in an exaggerated falsetto:

"Give me an angel fer a foe,  
Fix now the place an' ti-i-i-me."

He wore a flaming red silk shirt, its full, new folds fluttering in the gentle breeze.

With difficulty, Rose assisted her husband from his horse, and led the weary animal to the barn.

## THREE WOMEN WHO LEAD NEW HAMPSHIRE CLUB WORK

### The New Federation Officers

**A**FTER a hard-fought battle, the Sheppard-Towner bill passed the New Hampshire Legislature. A bill calling for the removal of the state supervision system in connection with public schools in the state was killed: two facts which are very simple in themselves, but significant because they mean that for the first time in New Hampshire's history the organized power of the women's opinion has been successfully marshalled and their voice has been heard with no uncertain accents in the halls of the lawmakers. The first time—but not the last, for as the women's clubs through the state are tending more and more to become civic clubs instead of literary or culture clubs they naturally take more active part in state affairs. According to some, the task of steering an even course between patianship on the one hand and ineffectualness on the other is a very grave problem. But when one meets the officers recently elected to guide the State Federation of Women's Clubs, one feels that here are women who, by sheer force of common sense and good judg-

ment, can meet that problem and dissolve the difficulties. The officers of the Federation, representing as they do 14,000 club women of the state—14,000 of the most intelligent, most public spirited women in New Hampshire—are more than ever before important public officials in the state. The entire board is worthy of notice, but space here allows for the introduction of three only, the President, and the first and second Vice Presidents.

### Mrs. Clara Fellows

#### President

"**T**HE Federation is going to do just what it has always done: carry on legislative work for measures benefitting women and children. We have always stood for education and we are going to continue to stand for it even if it means fighting for the educational system we have helped to build. We are solidly behind any measure which benefits women and children. If the Federation relinquishes its practice of working for legislation along these

lines, it becomes a bee without a sting."

Mrs. Fellows, President of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs, spoke with directness and conviction, two qualities which are characteristic and which have undoubtedly contributed to her success, not only in women's club work, but also as the head of a successful insurance business in Tilton, and even, perhaps with that Sunday School class of boys of whom she is so proud, and who

evidently hold her also in affectionate regard. "If one of them gets a new bicycle, he has to come up right away before breakfast and show it to me," she says.

But Mrs. Fellows is not mainly concerned with the problem of the place of the Federation in political matters. That is only one phase of the work.

"Last year the clubs of the state spent \$25,000 for charities and welfare work. There is scarcely a movement in New Hampshire which touches education or state development or public health which does not owe a large debt to the New Hampshire Federated Clubs. The Children's Aid and Protective Society received much help from the Federation early in its history. Now we hope that the Sherman Burroughs Fund will provide for that work so that the clubs can go forward to other pioneer fields of



Mrs. Clara Fellows of Tilton, President State Federation of Women's Clubs.

service. The Scholarship Fund of the Federation, ably managed by Mrs. Hill of Concord, touches another state problem. It helps New Hampshire girls to get an education, with the stipulation that the service rendered by the Federation to the girls, be passed along by the girls in service to the state. Forestry, the Audubon Society, Tuberculosis prevention work, Hospitals, Red Cross, Near East Relief—

these are a few of the things the clubs are interested in."

For the future, Mrs. Fellows has many interesting plans. She hopes to work out some educational conferences for club women, conferences in which club members can receive instruction, in concentrated form, in the many matters pertaining to club work. She hopes also to organize junior clubs which will interest young girls in the work of the Federation.

"'There are too many gray heads and too few brown'—That's a criticism which is frequently made," she said, "and we are going to try and build into the Federation the enthusiasm of young people. We need it."

We predict that this enthusiasm will be forthcoming in large measure, and that, under Mrs. Fellows' guidance, the Federation, already a factor in New





Mrs. G. E. Speare of Plymouth,  
First Vice President.

Hampshire affairs, will go forward to even broader fields of usefulness.

### **Mrs. G. E. Speare First Vice President**

**M**ODESTY is a rare virtue. Consequently the very evident reluctance of Mrs. G. E. Speare of Plymouth carried a rather refreshing sensation to her interviewer. The memory of a prominent legislator who protested vigorously against having his picture appear in a certain publication while he sidled eagerly toward the door to pose for said picture, came back in marked contrast to the sincere objection of Mrs. Speare which revealed itself in her manner rather than her words.

Extreme caution seemed to govern Mrs. Speare's statements concerning the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs of which she is first vice-president. That caution is evidently characteristic for she declared her opinion very firm-

ly against too much participation in political issues by her organization. "I should prefer," said she, "that we endorse only a few measures and do so effectually because we are united, than to participate in many political struggles and run the risk of sacrificing the harmony which now exists among us."

As an illustration of this point, Mrs. Speare mentioned the active efforts of the Federation for the child welfare measures of the last legislature as well as their opposition to the repeal of the present system of education. "We could support them unitedly," she said, "for they were measures which really affected the welfare of children."

The vice-president's greatest anxiety seemed to be the task of keeping the Federation away from partisanship. "I am connected with no party," she said, "and I do not wish to be, for I feel I can do my work more impartially by keeping clear of partisanship." In reply to a question concerning the possibility of keeping the organization non-partisan Mrs. Speare predicted very confidently that it could be done. "We have strong Republicans and equally strong Democrats," she said, "but they unite on real issues for which women should strive."

Those opponents of women's participation in political life on the ground that it injures the home should visit Mrs. Speare in hers. They would find a woman in whom a keen intellect and a penetrating glance detract nothing from a quiet charm and grace. They would doubtless meet her husband, Plymouth's popular superintendent of schools, who would make a few jocose remarks about his wife's work in the club—but the pride in his face belies his words. They would read the "New Hampshire Federation Bulletin" of which she is the founder and editor, feel the stimulation of her lively interest, and come away wondering whether they had interviewed her or she had interviewed them.

## Mrs. George F. Morris

### Second Vice President

OUR first meeting with Mrs. Morris, Second Vice President of the Federation, was in the narrow dark passage which goes down under the Aziscoos Dam. The second time we saw her, she welcomed us into the refreshing coolness of her home in Lancaster and introduced us to her cat and dog. And on both occasions our impression was of a capable and gracious personality, informal and genuine. She seemed to us a woman who accomplishes much because she is careful of detail but never so meticulous that the drudgery of a task obscures its larger phases. That is a good quality for the officer of any organization.

We spoke a little of the question of the Federation's stand in regard to political affairs and found Mrs. Morris in entire agreement with the other officers of the Federation.

"The representation of the clubs on the executive board is very widely distributed. We have also the district conferences and the president's conference which takes in the presidents of the clubs throughout the state. It is not difficult to get a very exact consensus of opinion on any issue without actually taking a vote of each club."

Like the other members of the board, Mrs. Morris recognized the dangers of too much participation in political affairs on the part of the Federation, but she felt that these were slight compared with the advantages which come from making it possible for the Federation to accomplish needed reforms and to work for the welfare of women and children through the channels of legislation.

Mrs. Morris is particularly interested in the possibilities of the Women's clubs as agencies for civic betterment.

"If Lancaster wants anything done, the town calls on us," she said. "The



Mrs. George H. Morris of Lancaster,  
Second Vice President

last thing we accomplished was to secure the lighting of our park. The things a club can do for a small community are numberless, and the tendency seems to be for clubs to realize this and turn their attention more and more to civic affairs. The old literary study club is being replaced by the civic club."

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The officers of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs elected at its annual meeting in May were:—President, Mrs. William B. Fellows, Tilton; First Vice President, Mrs. Guy S. Speare, Plymouth; Second Vice President, Mrs. George F. Morris, Lancaster; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Grace W. Hoskins of Lisbon; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. M. Ingalls of Tilton; Treasurer, Mrs. James H. Weston of Derry; Auditor, Mrs. Harry W. Carpenter of Milford.

# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, as suddenly as the thought struck him, when he and a friend of his, who long ago described it to me, were hunting for a lost poem together: "I should like to have an anthology of the one-poem poets!"—in sympathy with which fugitive wish the poems to be published under this heading from month to month

have been selected, though it is not presumed their authors have not, in some cases, written other poems which to some tastes are of equal or perhaps even greater merit. It is probable that some at least of the poems here published will be collected later in book form. Suggestions will be welcome.

A. J.



## WITH FLOWERS

By EMILY DICKINSON

If recollecting were forgetting,  
Then I remember not;  
And if forgetting, recollecting,  
How near I had forgot!

And if to miss were merry,  
And if to mourn were gay,  
How very blithe the fingers  
That gathered these to-day.

## RENOUNCEMENT

By ALICE MEYNELL

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,  
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—  
The thought of thee—and in the blue heaven's height,  
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng  
This breast, the thought of thee waits hidden yet bright;  
But it must never, never come in sight;  
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,  
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,  
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,  
Must doff my will as raiment laid away,  
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep  
I run, I run, I am gather'd to thy heart

## THE WHARF RAT

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN

The wharf is silent and black, and motionless lie the ships;  
The ebb-tide sucks at the piles with its cold and slimy lips;  
And down through the tortuous lane a sailor comes singing along,  
And a girl in the Gallipagos isles is the burden of his song.

Behind the white cotton bales a figure is crouching low;  
It listens with eager ears, as the straggling footsteps go.  
It follows the singing sailor, stealing upon his track,  
And when he reaches the riverside, the wharf rat's at his back.

A man is missing next day, and a paragraph tells the fact;  
But the way he went, or the road he took, will never, never be tracked!  
For the lips of the tide are dumb, and it keeps such secrets well,  
And the fate of the singing sailor boy the wharf rat alone can tell.





Mr. Gould in a promising block of McIntosh.

## GOULD HILL FARM

### How a Fine Apple Orchard Grew from Small Beginnings

By G. F. POTTER

**G**OULD Hill Farm lies at the summit of the great bluff east of Contoocook, N. H. Through the rows of fruit trees one may look down into the valley with its winding river and the white houses of the neat New England village. Beyond, the hills roll upward to the distant blue summit of Mount Kearsarge.

One day in the summer of 1879 a man drove his horse slowly up the steep hill road and into the dooryard of the farm. It was no other than Charles H. Pettee, now Dean of the University of New Hampshire, then a young man just beginning his long term of service with the institution. His errand that afternoon was to garner one or two more students for the little school then at Hanover. It was before the days when agricultural colleges were popular.

"I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday," says Robert T. Gould, the 18-year-old lad, whom that afternoon the Dean sought to interest in his school. But the boy was not to go. Although he was fifth in a family of seven, the older boys had left the hillside farm. They had gone as members of that army of the "Iron Breed" which for years has flowed from the hill farms of New England into the ranks of business and professional men of the cities. The father, for forty years an old-fashioned schoolmaster, was failing in health and unable to take care of the farm which had occupied his attention during the summers. Three years later, at the age of twenty-one, Robert took charge of the farm, and when he was twenty-seven it became his by agreement. This does not

mean that he paid off the other heirs. The care of the old folks went with the farm and the responsibility was greater than the value of the eighty acres on the hill. The others simply signed off without compensation.

In those days beef production had been one of the leading lines of industry throughout the country, but it had been overdone and become unprofitable. The young man therefore turned to dairying as a most promising line of business to make the old farm pay. From small beginnings a herd of thirty to thirty-five Guernsey cows was built up. With his own hands he made butter, which was delivered to a private trade in Concord for a period of fifteen years. Two things bespeak the quality of the work which was put into the industry. At the end of the fifteen years the original customers were still upon the list and Mr. Gould still shows a bronze medal of the World's Columbian Exposition. His product stood third among all samples of dairy butter exhibited at this world's fair.

Good, but not exceptional, returns from the dairy business paid the way and made it possible to build a new home on the hill, a home constructed with all the substantial honesty which characterizes New England houses of that period. When the responsibility of the parents was no longer upon his shoulders, he brought his bride to this new home.

It was in 1901, that an almost accidental occurrence changed the course of progress at Gould Hill Farm. Here and there beside the stone walls and in rocky places unfit for other purposes, seedling apples had sprung up and, with typical New England thrift and skill, had been grafted over to Baldwins. Mr. Gould is still a master of the art of top-working. Each year uncared for and without encouragement these old trees contributed a small amount to

the income of the farm, generally enough to pay the taxes. But in the spring of 1901 it happened that there came a period when the other work of the farm was done and Mr. Gould and his hired man spent a day or two in pruning these old veterans. Then they hauled out a few loads of stable manure and scattered it about the roots. A year later, responding to the first encouragement that they had ever known, the old trees produced 400 barrels of good Baldwin apples, which returned an income of \$800. In 1903 they bore again and produced 300 barrels which sold for \$700. The sum of \$1500 was not to be despised and it seemed to have come almost as a gift.

Robert Gould was then more than forty years of age. Many a man would have hesitated to turn his hand to the planting of a large orchard, knowing that it would be many years before his trees would reach their prime. But one hundred Baldwins were set out that year and the following year one hundred Ben Davis. The Ben Davis trees for one reason or another failed to thrive and soon were replaced with more Baldwins. Two years later the borers came and well-nigh nipped the new project in the bud. They were discovered just in time, the trees properly cared for and the orchard continued to thrive. Having set his hand to the plow Mr. Gould never looked back. Steadily year by year, the plantings were increased, never by large amounts, frequently two hundred trees a season, until today 2200 trees crown the crest of the bluff.

Approximately one-half of these are of the old standard Baldwin variety which reaches perfection in this region. About 500 are of the newer favorite, McIntosh; and 400 of the earlier variety, Wealthy. Approximately 150 Gravensteins, 50 Williams Early and 30 Spy complete the list of the varieties which are planted in



The Gould homestead: A home constructed with all the substantial honesty which characterizes New England houses.

quantity, although there are representatives of many others. At a recent fair Gould Hill Farm was represented by a collection of twenty-seven different kinds of fruit. "If I were planting today," said Mr. Gould, "I would plant Williams Early, Gravenstein, Wealthy, McIntosh and Baldwin. This gives a succession of varieties with which one may utilize his picking and packing crew from August until the first of November."

As the orchard has grown, the attention given to the dairy necessarily decreased. Still Mr. Gould does not believe in having all his interests in one line of farming and a smaller herd is still kept upon the farm. Today it consists of sixteen pure-bred or high-grade Guernsey cows all tested and certified to be free from tuberculosis. Within a short period it is probable that this herd will be upon the government accredited list. The butter route was long since discontinued and for many years the product of the herd has been sold as whole milk. There are times when

the rush of orchard work makes it impossible to do justice to the cows, but most of the time the two industries go well together.

Practically all of the orchards are now in sod, the system of culture which appears best adapted to the rolling hillside orchards of New Hampshire. Most of the trees were cultivated during the first three to four years after they were set out. At the present time most authorities recommend that trees in sod be fertilized generously with nitrogen either in the form of stable manure or as artificial fertilizer and this practice Mr. Gould is following conscientiously with the result that his trees are thrifty and promising.

Although at the outset there were relatively few insects and diseases to affect the fruit, spraying soon became an essential part of the fruit-growing operations. The lad who was denied a college course came to his state institution and there gathered the essentials of preparation and application of sprays. For a number of



Here are some of the original trees which started Mr. Gould in the fruit business.

years he was a regular attendant at the one-week farmers' courses at the college. His first sprayer was a barrel pump, a small machine but efficient in the hands of one who is not afraid of work. When this had become inadequate, there followed the larger type of hand-lever pump affording greater pressure and more efficiency. As more trees came into bearing, a  $1\frac{1}{2}$  H. P. sprayer was used and at the present time Mr. Gould has a large 4 H. P. machine of the most modern type.

As the orchard on Gould Hill Farm increased in size and importance it came to the attention of the horticulturists at the State College, who began to make a practice of visiting it from time to time. Thus Mr. Gould has had at his disposal the best advice upon the various problems which he has had to meet. He, himself, is a frequent visitor at the University campus at Durham and the contact between the institution and the farm has become closer as the years go by.

In pruning Mr. Gould has always been conservative and it is of inter-

est to note that the best authorities of the country now hold views very similar to those to which he has constantly adhered. To prune a tree until the bearing area is very much reduced and to remove from it the foliage which is essential to growth and vigor is not now considered to be the best practice. Careful, conscientious thinning of those branches which are so thick that they exclude light from the bearing spurs has been the policy pursued at Gould Hill Farm.

From the beginning much of the fruit from this farm has found its way to the foreign markets. "R-T-G" is a brand well and favorably known in the markets of England. "Notwithstanding that 25,000 barrels of apples of foreign and domestic production were on sale, yours brought the highest price of the day," wrote a prominent Liverpool firm who have handled the apples season after season. War and post-war conditions have made it impracticable to ship in recent years, but still the buyers ask when they will again see the "R-T-G" Brand. Practically all the fruit has gone



from the farm in barrels honestly and skilfully packed. At the present time there is much interest throughout New England, especially in the territory which markets through Boston agencies, in the use of the new Boston box which is of the same capacity as the oblong western box in which Pacific Coast fruit is regularly packed. Many growers believe that the better flavored fruit of New England, if packed in a distinctive box with the skill and care equal to that used by western growers, will find an almost unlimited market. This is especially true for the earlier and dessert varieties such as Wealthy and McIntosh. This package will probably be tried for the first time this season on Gould Hill Farm and the results will be of interest.

Mr. Gould is very modest regarding the returns from his orchard project; but it need not be doubted that the apple trees have paid and paid well. Most of them are only now coming into the prime of bearing and the best days for this orchard are just ahead. Production has reached 1500 barrels per season, and much larger crops will undoubtedly be harvested in the immediate future.

The story of Gould Hill Farm is of tremendous importance. The income which this orchard has yielded thus far is a small matter compared to the value of the farm today. What heir would now sign off, without compensation, an interest in the magnificent orchard on the bluffs above Contoocook? It is of interest too because it tells how little the trees did until they were cared for and illustrates what they may do on many another New England farm if given a chance. When given proper attention they instantly responded and created a new industry more profitable than any other which could be

pursued upon the hill top.

Generous, kind hearted, and modest to the extreme, Mr. Gould has never been a man to push himself forward. Various organizations, however, have recognized the value of the service which he could render. For several years he has been active in the Farm Bureau movement, both in the local organization of his own county and in the State Federation. As occasion has demanded he has traveled to various meetings of this organization, even outside of New Hampshire. In 1922 when the office of President of the State Horticultural Society became vacant through the resignation of Stanley K. Lovell of Goffstown, Mr. Gould was chosen to head this organization. About the same time the State Department of Fisheries and Game was in need of a man of mature judgment to estimate the damage to the orchards of New Hampshire, which had been done through dis-budding by partridges in the winter of 1921-22. Mr. Gould was engaged for this work and gave his services to it throughout the summer of 1922. His position was one in which no man could satisfy all parties concerned, but the estimates which he made are an example of extreme honesty and fairness. The necessity of remaining at home on account of a large apple crop during the present season makes it impractical for Mr. Gould to continue the work of last season. However, as head of the State Horticultural Society he has given his labors unstintedly during the winter to make certain that the fruit growers of the state will have a just adjustment of their claims for losses which have been serious during this past season.

We must honor Robert T. Gould as a fruit grower, a generous friend and as a man whose achievements have demonstrated the possibilities of New Hampshire hills.



Five champions of the Putnam herd. These five cows lead any five cows in any herd in the state in butter fat production.

## A GOLD MINE IN JERSEYS

### George M. Putnam's Herd of Champions

BY H. STYLES BRIDGES

**A**BOUT two miles from the village of Contoocook on the main road to Concord, is located the Mt. Putney Farms, the home of as fine a herd of purebred Jersey cattle as can be found in the state of New Hampshire, and without question one of the leading herds in the New England states. George M. Putnam the proprietor of these farms, is a man well known throughout the country. The farms are made up of what were formerly three farms, the original farm has been in the Putnam family since 1863, being purchased at that time by Mr. Putnam's father. This farm is a historic spot, being on the site of the old Putney Tavern on the stage route between Vermont and Boston, in the days before railroads came into fashion. The farms comprise over two hundred and fifty acres of which seventy-five acres are tillage. The buildings are typical of what may be found on many New Hampshire farms.

The history of purebred livestock on Mt. Putney farms dates back some twenty-five or thirty years to a time when the dairy cattle on this farm were grades and were not producing and returning the revenue they should. Mr. Putnam realized this fact and decided to start anew with purebreds. He made a start with Devons, but in a few years disposed of them, and, after some deliberation and thought, chose Jerseys, because to his mind they were the most economical producers of butter fat. His record in late years has amply justified this early judgment.

Mr. Putnam began the breeding of purebred Jerseys in 1904, at that time purchasing four heifer calves from one of the best Jersey herds in New England, following this the next year, with a purchase of a purebred bull, strong in St. Lambert blood, from one of the leading herds in New York. His second sire was from the famous Dreamwold herd of Thomas W. Lawson. This bull was



"Colonel Lee's Janet" state champion Jersey cow for all ages in milk production. Taken after finishing year's test. Held by George M. Putnam, Proprietor.

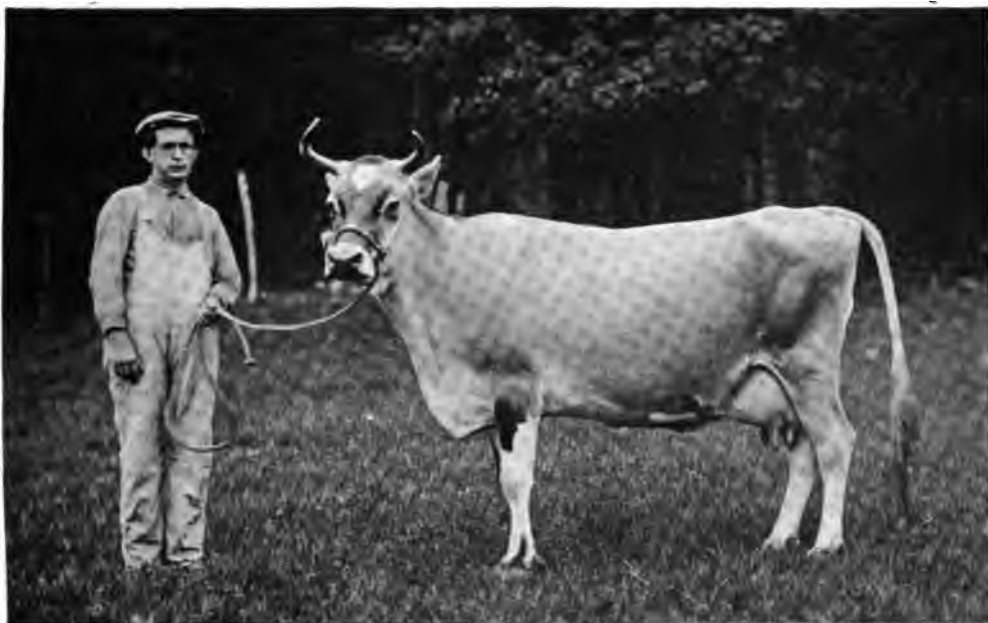
a double grandson of Flying Fox, and a grandson of Fygis, the first prize cow at the St. Louis World Fair. The blood of this bull nicked finely with that of the daughters of the first sire, and it is the result of this cross that is largely responsible for the many enviable records now held by animals in the Mt. Putney herd. His third sire used in

the development of the present herd was one that combined the blood of the previous herd sires, and that of the now famous Owl Interest family. The present herd, built up from the foundation females, purchased in 1904 and 1905, and three herd sires purchased at later intervals, is one of the very best in the country. The herd comprises about



"Pretty Maid's Inez"

ninety animals, and holds the majority of the state championship for the Jersey breed. Cows in this herd hold the Jersey cow butter fat championships of all ages, the mature Jersey cow butter fat championship, the mature Jersey cow milk championship, and also the Jersey cow milk championship for all ages, the senior four-year old Jersey cow butter fat championship, the Jersey cow senior two-year old butter fat championship. Members of this herd won the first two gold medals ever awarded New Hampshire Jer-



"Clever Little Lady"—state Champion Jersey cow for all ages in butterfat production. Taken after finishing test. Held by Edward Clay, herdsman.

seys, and at present the herd is credited with two gold medals and another gold medal already qualified for, and one silver medal. The herd also has the distinct honor of having the only cow in the state, Dream's Miss Jane, that holds both a gold and silver medal. Clever Little

is holder of a state championship.

Colonel Lee's Janet, another very remarkable cow has just finished a record of 14,412 pounds milk and 704.27 pounds butterfat, taking the Jersey State championship in milk production from one of the cows in the herd of Ex-Governor Robert P. Bass. She

Lady, one of the greatest cows of the breed and the first gold medal cow in New Hampshire, is holder of the Jersey state championship in butter fat production for all ages. She is the only cow of any breed in New Hampshire ever to produce over seven hundred pounds fat in two consecutive years; her records were 767.99 and 728.89 pounds of butter fat. She was also the leader in butterfat production of all breeds in cow test work in the state for year ending 1923. She has the distinct honor of being the only state champion cow that has a daughter who



"Oxford Owl's Clever Lucy"—State Champion Jersey Senior two year-old.

has qualified for a gold medal.

Oxford Owl's Clever Lucy, a daughter of Clever Little Lady, is one of the most promising younger members of the herd holding the state butterfat championship as a senior two-year old, with a record of 7,312 pounds of milk, and 472.66 pounds of butter fat and whose average test for the year was 6.46%.

Five cows in this herd: Clever Little Lady, Dream's Miss Jane, Pretty Maid's Inez, Colonel Lee's Janet, and June Molly Figgis, hold the state record for butterfat production for any five cows in any herd in the state. Their records are as follows:

	Milk	Butterfat
June Molly Figgis	11,404	545.16
Pretty Maid's Inez	10,401	576
Colonel Lee's Janet	14,412	704.27
Clever Little Lady	12,456	767.99
Dream's Miss Jane	12,752	718.76

Mr. Putnam states that he has always borne three things in mind in building up this truly wonderful herd. They are production, size, and dairy conformation, and no one who views this herd and sees the records made can doubt this, for practically every animal is a living proof of the principle he has followed.

Mr. Putnam, besides his farm duties, takes a great interest in public affairs, and is considered one of the most prominent agricultural leaders of the country. He is rendering a great service to the agricultural world, and holds many positions of trust and honor, serving as president of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation, member of the exe-

cutive committee of the American Farm Bureau Federation, member of sub-committee American Farm Bureau Federation in charge of its principal project, co-operative marketing, president Merrimack Farmers' Exchange, president of the Concord Dairy Company, director of the New England Milk Producers, Association, and treasurer of the Granite State Dairy-men's Association.

Mr. Putnam has been fortunate during the past few years in having as a herdsman, a very competent man in Edward H. Clay.



"Dream's Miss Jane." The only Jersey cow in New Hampshire to have won both a gold and a silver medal.

Mr. Clay's skill as a feeder and caretaker has much to do with the fine record of the Putnam herd.

One of the things that has helped Mr. Putnam in the selection of his stock and in the building up of his present herd, is, that since 1904, each milking from every cow has been weighed as regular as clock-work, tests made for butter fat monthly, and feed records computed.

The present herd is a combination of Owl Interest, St. Lambert, Oxford Lad, and Flying Fox blood and to which Mr. Putnam will introduce still more Owl Interest blood, because he feels that the ordinary farmer, dependent upon production for profits, can best secure it in the blood of this famous family. To carry out this idea, he recently purchased, at the Sibley Farms, the foundation head of Owl Interest Jerseys, a young bull to be the future herd sire of Mt. Putney Farms. This young sire is an excellent individual showing fine conformation, being backed

# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## A Page of Clippings

### The Value of a Straw Vote

Straw votes for President are now on. A straw vote is as easy and just as reliable as is a guess what weather conditions will be a year hence. A person can bring about a straw vote in favor of any individual or policy if he only sends his questionnaires to the right parties. As a rule the result of straw votes is pretty sure to indicate the state of mind of the promoter.

—*Somersworth Free Press*

### Who Against Harding?

A Boston newspaper man, in town this week, wanted to know who was New Hampshire's candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination; what was thought here of the Henry Ford candidacy; how many friends besides Gordon Woodbury has William G. McAdoo in New Hampshire; does the strong commendation of Governor Al Smith's course by National Committeeman Murchie offset the very "dry" position taken by State Chairman Jackson?

A Concord man recently returned from a trip to the Pacific Coast, who made it a point to read as many local newspapers as possible along the way, found some reference to the Henry Ford candidacy in every one of them; most of the comments unfavorable to the candidacy, but giving it free advertising nevertheless.

Democrats say that the interest taken in the matter of the presidential nominee of their party indicates a general belief that whoever he may be he will be successful at the polls in November, 1924. Republicans, most of them, reply that the reason why less talk is heard as to their candidate is because it is practically certain that President Hard-

ing will be renominated and re-elected.

But when New Hampshire holds the first presidential primary of 1924 we look for a large amount of interest in it all over the country on the part of both Democrats and Republicans. At any rate it will give us a chance to see whether or no as New Hampshire goes, so goes the nation.

—*Concord Monitor*

### The Canaan Fire

Canaan has general sympathy in the grievous loss it sustained last Saturday by a fire which swept its main village, consuming railroad station, the town's chief manufactory, hotel, churches, and scores of other buildings. Generous aid was quickly forthcoming. To the direct property loss, approximately half a million, must be added that from suspended business and the expected profits from summer visitors. Another loss of no slight magnitude is that of the beautiful trees which lined the streets. They cannot soon be replaced. The Canaan fire has its lesson for every community, and that is that every precaution should be taken against the outbreak of fire.

—*Exeter News Letter*

Those who are of the opinion that with the close of the war the Red Cross became an unnecessary organization should take notice of the relief it gave to stricken Canaan. The New England division, American Red Cross, has presented Canaan with a check for \$5,000; and the rehabilitation committee will assist the families to re-establish themselves. The check was payable to the Lebanon chapter, as the first installment of such sum as may be necessary to carry out the relief work. Mrs. R. W. Husband of Hanover, division field representative and chairman of the Hanover branch

of the Red Cross; Arthur H. Hough, treasurer of the Lebanon chapter, and Mrs. J. B. Wallace of the Canaan branch, have been appointed a committee to have charge of administering the fund. Canaan also receives over a thousand dollars from Concord. It is expected that the \$10,000 will be available through the Red Cross by the end of this week.

—*Bristol Enterprise*

### The Gypsy Moths

Now here comes a correspondent in the News and Critic and stirs us all up with the prediction of a poor blueberry crop this summer. The gypsy moths, he says, are playing havoc with the blueberry bushes, as well as with the apple trees. Darn the gypsy moths. This is the worst blow they've dealt us yet.

—*Rochester Courier*

### Who Pays the Fine?

Some rather queer things are being told about the few laws passed at the last session of the state legislature. It looks as if some one put something over on the members. For instance the law against changing time was supposed to be strengthened by adding a fine of \$500 for every clock publicly exposed which was set according to daylight saving. The fine is to be assessed against the city, and when paid, goes back to the city. Therefore, if the city employs its own officers to serve the papers, its own solicitor to prosecute the case, and tries it in its own municipal court, we fail to see how the city is greatly punished, whether there be one or a hundred clocks exposed. Another law, which no one this way appears to know anything about, will greatly increase the number of town poor and decrease the number that can be charged to the county. The printed laws have not yet been announced, but it is rumored that other inter-

esting things will be found when they are published.

*Franklin Journal Transcript*

### Hours of Labor

The ever-existent question of hours of labor has attained fresh prominence throughout the country by the declaration of Elbert H. Gary that the employment of steel mill workers in twelve hour shifts will continue. Against this decision immediate and vigorous protest is made by the Federation of Churches on the ground of the moral and spiritual degradation, as well as the cruel physical exhaustion, which such hours of labor entail.

Charles Rumford Walker of Concord stated the issue in the most succinct manner possible when, in his book, "Steel," he quoted one of his fellow-workers as declaring in regard to this twelve hour shift and its accompanying high wages, "To hell with the money. No can live."

The steel industry in America is of very great importance. It is a large factor in the industry and prosperity of our nation. But no industry is great enough or important enough or essential enough to justify murder. And that is what the twelve hour shift in the steel mills amounts to.

Judge Gary is an able man. Perhaps if he knew both sides of this question as thoroughly as he knows one side he might change his decision as to the necessity and advisability of the twelve hour shift. He is too old a man to try the twelve hour shift himself. But possibly there is some young man in whom he is deeply and personally interested who would go through it as Charles Walker did. If such an experiment could be conducted we believe that at its end Judge Gary would say in regard to his profits and his workers "To hell with the money. Let them live."

—*Concord Monitor*

# OUR EDITORIAL BOARD

## Prominent Men Who Will Help Shape the Policy of the Granite Monthly

TO make the GRANITE MONTHLY a magazine truly representative of the varied life of New Hampshire is the single aim of its publishers. In working out this policy the small group upon whom falls the task of planning and preparing the magazine have felt the need of counsel from the men and women who stand out as leaders of New Hampshire affairs. This counsel we have asked, and the response to our request has been generous beyond our hopes. We are very glad to introduce our new board of Associate Editors, who will help us determine the policy of the magazine and work with us in making the GRANITE MONTHLY an increasing power for the best good of New Hampshire. The names of all the Associate Editors are too familiar to need more than a brief word of introduction.

Two college presidents head the list: President Ralph D. Hetzel of New Hampshire University, and President Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth. Then come two lawyers of prominence: John McLane of Manchester, son of ex-Governor McLane, and one of New Hampshire's Rhodes Scholars, and Elwin L. Page of Concord, who during some months of last year acted as editor of this magazine. Harlan Pearson of the Concord Monitor, is known to all Granite Monthly readers as

*The*  
GRANITE MONTHLY  
EDITH BIRD BASS .....*Publisher*  
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JOHN McLANE       WM. S. ROSSITER  
ELWIN L. PAGE       EATON SARGENT  
JOHN G. WINANT

one-time editor of the magazine; we count ourselves fortunate that his advice is still to be a factor in shaping its policy.

The President of the Farm Bureau, George M. Putnam, who is introduced at length on another page in this issue, stands out as a leader in New Hampshire agricultural affairs. William S. Rossiter, Presi-

dent of the Rumford Press, has been instrumental in making Concord, N. H., the largest center of magazine publishing in New England; he is also president of the American Statistical Association and has this month contributed to the ATLANTIC MONTHLY a study of Northern New England, which is scholarly and penetrating. Eaton Sargent of Nashua is president of the New Hampshire Manufacturers Association; his own business in the White Mountain Freezer Company, situated in Nashua. John G. Winant, formerly Vice Rector of St. Paul's School and member of several Legislative sessions in both House and Senate, is a young man whose influence is making itself felt throughout the state.

With the help of these men, representing New Hampshire's industry and farming, her professional and academic life, we feel sure that the GRANITE MONTHLY is going forward to a very bright and promising future.

—The Editor



## A PREFACE FOR ANY BOOK

BY CARL HOLLIDAY

*A thousand times these things were said  
Ere they were written here.*

When slaves to Cleopatra read  
From tablets baked, she doubtless heard  
Old tales of lovers, or some word  
Of battles gory and their dead.  
But what of that? Think you she'd sneer,  
"A thousand times these things were said  
Ere they were written here?"

*A thousand times these things were said  
Ere they were written here.*

When Plato sat with bowed head  
In columned Athens long ago  
And, with his finger lifted—so,  
Explained the parchment as he read,  
Did he remark with cynic leer,  
"A thousand times these things were said  
Ere they were written here?"

*A thousand times these things were said  
Ere they were written here.*

Aye, so they were, and ere time's sped  
Will oft be told by other bards.  
But what of that? The playing cards  
Of this old game called Life, when spread,  
Show forms unchanged—yet how we peer!  
A thousand times these things were said  
Ere they were written here.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## OLIVER J. PELREN

Probably no man in New Hampshire had a wider acquaintance among the traveling public in New Hampshire than Oliver J. Pelren, manager of the Eagle and Phenix Hotels in Concord, who died June 4, after an illness of some months.

Born in Concord in 1856, Mr. Pelren began his hotel career very early, starting as bell-boy in the Phenix hotel when he was fourteen years of age. In 1890 he became manager of the Eagle and Phenix hotels. During those days made famous by Winston Churchill's books, when the politics of New Hampshire were managed from a room in the Eagle, Mr. Pelren naturally became a prominent figure in state affairs and the stories which he told of those old campaigns were many and fascinating. For the most part he preferred his position on the sidelines to any active part in political affairs, but he did serve as a representative in the legislature of 1899.

For many years Mr. Pelren served as president of the New Hampshire Hotelman's Association. He was a member of the Wonolancet and Snowshoe Clubs in Concord, the Derryfield Club in Manchester and of the Councord Council, Knights of Columbus, and a charter member of the local lodge of Elks.

He is survived by a son, Harry J. Pelren, and a grandson.

## EDWARD E. BROWN

Edward E. Brown, for many years manager of the Durgin Silver Company, died June 3 at his home in Concord. Mr. Brown was born in Concord and educated in the Concord schools and in Colby Academy.

He was employed for a few years by the Boston and Maine, but began his work for the William B. Durgin Company in 1898. When he was forced to retire because of failing health two years ago he held the position of manager and member of the board of directors.

Mr. Brown is survived by his second wife, Mrs. Josephine Shine Brown, and by the two sons of his first wife, Robert Webster Brown and Richard Webster Brown.

## DR. HARRY W. ORR

On the eve of his 69th birthday anniversary, Dr. Harry W. Orr, a member of the Old Time Telegraphers, and for twenty-five years connected with the Associated Press and International News Service, died May 21 at his farm in Marlow. Before Dr. Orr took up newspaper telegraph work, he practiced dentistry in western Pennsylvania. He was a graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College. His widow and one son survive him.

## MISS ARIANA S. DUDLEY

Miss Ariana S. Dudley died in Concord May 31 at the age of 72 years. She was born in Brentwood and had been a Concord

resident for thirty-five years. She was one of the earliest graduates of Robinson Female Seminary of Exeter. She is survived by one brother, S. S. Dudley of Brentwood.

## JOHN W. SPINNEY

John Wallace Spinney, who has conducted a blacksmith shop in Dover for more than thirty years, died at his home on June first at the age of sixty-three years. He was born in Nova Scotia and came to Dover forty years ago. He was a member of Dover Lodge of Elks; Mt. Pleasant Lodge of Odd Fellows; Wonolancet Tribe Red Men; Dover Grange and Purity Lodge Rebekahs. He leaves a wife, one son and two daughters.

## GEORGE S. LOCKE

On June 1, George Sheldon Locke, a lifelong resident of Penacook, died in that town at the age of 61 years. Mr. Locke organized the Fisherville Saw Company. He was a member of Horace Chase Lodge A. F. & A. M., Trinity Royal Arch Chapter, and Mt. Horeb Commandery, K. T. His widow and a sister survive him.

## GEORGE McDUFFEE

On June 3, Rochester lost by death one of her most valued citizens, a man who had been for many years prominent in business and public affairs, George McDuffee.

Mr. McDuffee was born in Rochester, January 9, 1845, the eighth son of John and Joanna Hanson McDuffee. He was educated in the Rochester schools and New Hampton Literary Institute. In 1879 he formed a partnership with John Hanscom and for many years they conducted a grain, lumber and grocery business. This business was the oldest in Rochester and continued for over fifty years.

Mr. McDuffee was prominent in Masonic affairs; a member of Humane Lodge, A. F. and A. M.; Temple Chapter, R. A. M.; Orient Council Royal and Select Masters; James Farrington Chapter, O. E. S.; and Palestine Commandery, K. T. He was first treasurer of the Knights Templar.

For many years he was director of the Rochester National Bank, an institution founded by his father. He was affiliated with the Congregational Church.

He leaves a widow and one son.

## CLINTON S. MASSECK

Clinton S. Masseck died at his summer residence at the Weirs, June 2, at the age of sixty years. Although a native of Lowell, Mass., most of Mr. Masseck's life was spent in New Hampshire and for more than thirty years he was interested in the Weirs. For the last seventeen years he has conducted the Weirs Gift Shop. He was fond of travel and had traveled widely. He leaves a widow, one son, and three sisters.

# HISTORY

## of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire

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The exhaustive work entitled, "History of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire," two volumes of over eight hundred pages each, from the settlement of the town in 1777 to 1917, by the Rev. Josiah Lafayette Seward, D. D.; and nearly completed at the time of his death, has been published by his estate and is now on sale, price \$16.00 for two volumes, post paid.

The work has been in preparation for more than thirty years. It gives comprehensive genealogies and family histories of all who have lived in Sullivan and descendants since the settlement of the town; vital statistics, educational, cemetery, church and town records, transfers of real estate and a map delineating ranges and old roads, with residents carefully numbered, taken from actual surveys made for this work, its accuracy being unusual in a history.

At the time of the author's death in 1917, there were 1388 pages already in print and much of the manuscript for its completion already carefully prepared. The finishing and indexing has been done by Mrs. Frank B. Kingsbury, a lady of much experience in genealogical work; the printing by the Sentinel Publishing Company of Keene, the binding by Robert Burlen & Son, Boston, Mass., and the work copyrighted (Sept. 22, 1921) by the estate of Dr. Seward by J. Fred Whitcomb, executor of his will.

The History is bound in dark green, full record buckram, No. 42, stamped title, in gold, on shelf back and cover with blind line on front cover. The size of the volumes are 6 by 9 inches, 2 inches thick, and they contain 6 illustrations and 40 plates.

Volume I is historical and devoted to family histories, telling in an entertaining manner from whence each settler came to Sullivan and their abodes and other facts concerning them and valuable records in minute detail.

Volume II is entirely devoted to family histories, carefully prepared and containing a vast amount of useful information for the historian, genealogist and Sullivan's sons and daughters and their descendants, now living in all parts of the country, the genealogies, in many instances, tracing the family back to the emigrant ancestor.

The index to the second volume alone comprises 110 pages of three columns each, containing over twenty thousand names. Reviewed by the New York Genealogical and Biographical Record and the Boston Transcript.

Sales to State Libraries, Genealogical Societies and individuals have brought to Mr. Whitcomb, the executor, unsolicited letters of appreciation of this great work. Send orders to

J. FRED WHITCOMB, Ex'r.  
45 Central Square, Keene, N H.

Vol. 55. No. 8

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August, 1923

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY



To MISS TANNER FROM  
E.C. TARBELL

PORTSMOUTH'S TERCENTENARY POSTER

In This Issue—WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR RAILROADS?



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Near this spot, the highest point in Dover, the first event of the celebration will take place.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 55

No. 8



AUGUST 1923

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### The Vacation Season Begins

**J**ULY in New Hampshire means certain well defined things: invading tourists who swarm up over our borders in automobiles, railroad trains, and even this year by airplane, which, according to the first airplane passenger to arrive at the Balsams, is the best means of locomotion of all; summer camps, ranging all the way from the sophisticated art colonies of Peterborough and vicinity to the rough and tumble of a camp of Boy Scouts; summer schools, at Keene, Exeter, University of New Hampshire, etc., where lost time of last winter may be recaptured or spare credits piled up against the coming year. These things, against a background of fragrant hay fields and accompanied by the crackle of fireworks and the tramp of military feet en route to the summer encampment at Devens, mark the month.

There have been a goodly number of meetings and conventions, too. Every month is convention month up here. In the past few weeks we have had the Episcopalians at St. Paul's, the Undertakers at Concord, the Pharmacists at Lake Sunapee, the Automobile Manufacturers at Dixville Notch, and the Unitarians at the Isle of Shoals. The Sons of Veterans and the Merrimack County Farmers' Exchange have held state meetings. The New Hampshire Bar Association has entertained a distinguished visitor, Ex-Senator Beveridge, who spoke also in Manchester. And at

Bristol, in the closing days of June, was organized a State Chamber of Commerce which will undoubtedly do much in furthering the progress of New Hampshire.

### The Craig Controversy

**S**UMMER is the season for hornets and the Rev. Ora W. Craig, State Prohibition Commissioner, discovered a most lively nest when he issued his report of conditions in the state. The report called attention to some "wet" places, with particular emphasis on Hillsboro County, and accused some local enforcement officers with "unwillingness to co-operate." The local officers, particularly those in Manchester and Nashua, were inclined to resent the implication and for a time the air was filled with recrimination, some of it of a personal and undignified character. Mr. Craig finally modified his statements and the storm passed. But close observers of the political situation believe that the end is not yet. Mr. Craig is reported as saying, "I know that I'm done politically because of this. I wanted to arouse the citizens of my native state to a sense of their obligations toward law enforcement—but I guess it didn't work out quite right." To complain of a discrepancy in logic between the two parts of this statement would be quibbling. However, the fact that a new candidate for the mayoralty of Manchester has just



announced himself gives force to the opinion that the Commissioner has lost out there. Meanwhile the survey of New Hampshire made by the federal officers reports that the state is the driest in the country, with one exception.

### Keyes to Try for Re-election

NOT much of political importance transpires in the hot weather, but Senator Keyes' announcement that he will be a candidate for re-election answered the questionings of many curious ones. Whether the Senator would have chosen this time to make his candidacy known if the disturbing Mrs. Poin-dexter had not taken it upon herself to announce that Mrs. Keyes was to run in his place is not certain.

### "The Gypsy Moth"

A new method of fighting gypsy moths was tried out at Henniker early in the month and the results of the experiment are awaited with interest. A government dirigible, flying over the infested areas of that vicinity in the early mornings, sprayed the trees with a poison powder. Although engine trouble and holes in the gas bag forced an early end to the experiment, sufficient work was done so that it may be ascertained whether the new method of fighting the pest is to be successful.

### Code Commission Appointed

THE Governor and Council have been busy in spite of the hot weather. Their most important action, undoubtedly, was the appointment of a commission to revise and codify the New Hampshire laws. This commission consists of Judge Robert J. Peaslee of the supreme court, Judge Christopher H. Wells of Somersworth, and Clerk Arthur E. Kenison of the Carroll County superior court. Major Arthur H. Chase will act as Secretary of the Commission, and in order to accept this position he has resigned from his office as State Librarian, Miss Alice Pray, for many years his assistant, succeeding him. The

Council has also made a number of other appointments, awarded contracts for the new buildings at the State Hospital, and turned over to E. Wyatt Kimball of Concord the job of restoring the portraits in the State House.

### Business Developments

THE Rumford Press of Concord announced this month that they have been awarded the printing contract for the *Youth's Companion*. In Laconia, the proposal to consolidate five hosiery mills is creating much interest. It is understood that a New York syndicate is behind the proposition. At East Milford, the new plant of the White Mountain Freezer Company, replacing the one burned last fall, is complete. Claremont is to have a new industry, to be known as the New Hampshire Mop Wringer Corporation. Work on the dam at Bristol is progressing rapidly, and at Marlboro authority has just been granted to the Ashuelot Gas and Electric Company to build a dam on the Minnewawa brook. These are a few of the month's business developments.

The new hospital at Peterborough opened on the last day of June, the appropriation by the town of Claremont of \$60,000 for a new school building, the proposed building in Rochester of a new Episcopal church, these also speak of an alert and progressive New Hampshire.

#### *The*

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# WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR RAILROADS?

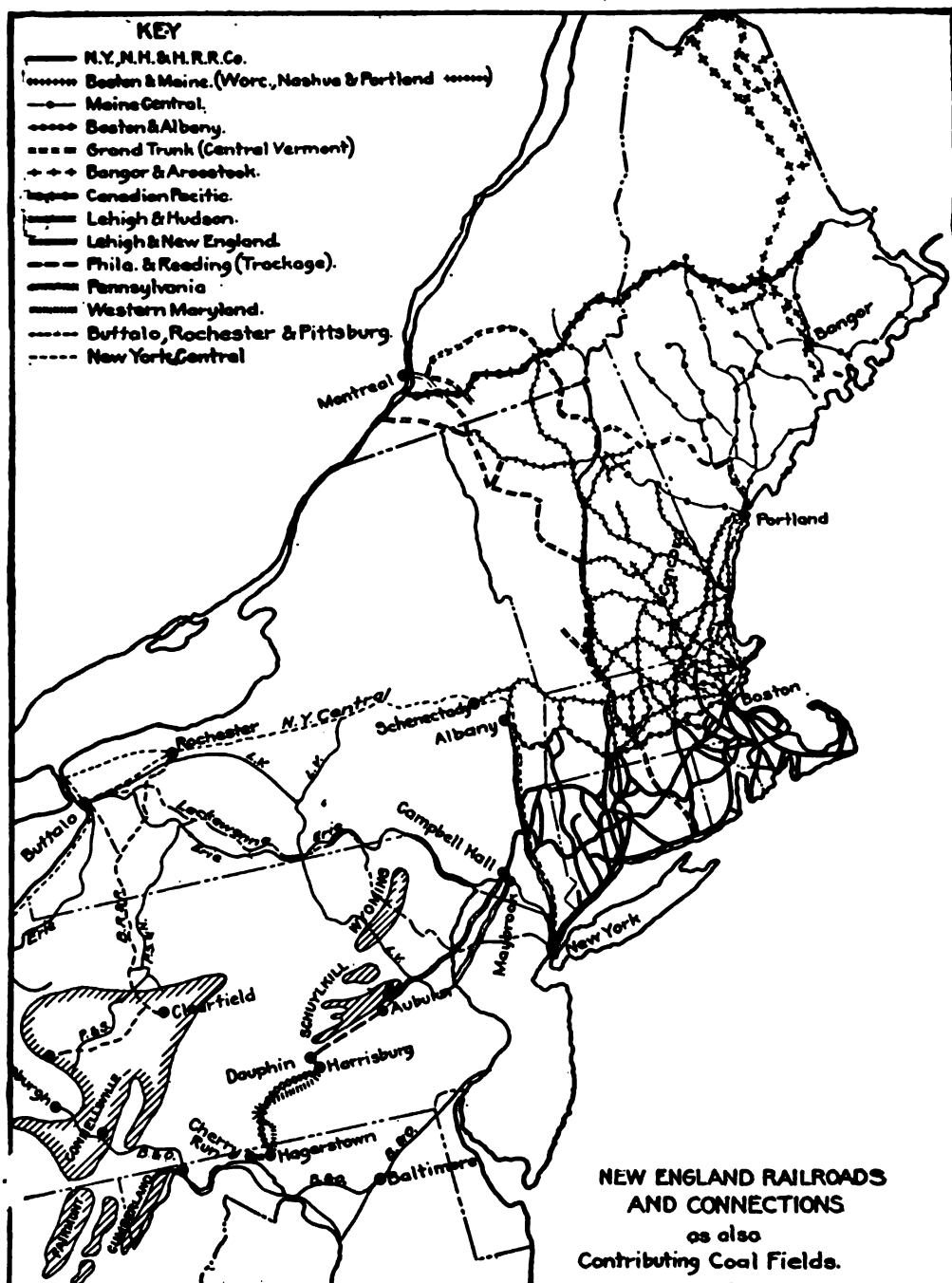
## Shall We Consolidate or Sell Out?

UP at Poland Springs last month the Governors of the New England States, with the exception of Governor Brown of New Hampshire, listened to the report of the joint commission which, under their direction, has, during the past twelve months, been studying and analyzing the New England Railroad problem. That report has already created an enormous amount of discussion, both in the newspapers and among business men throughout New England. Another meeting of the Governors in August will further consider the report. The Interstate Commerce Commission will hold hearings upon it during the week of Sept. 24. And out of it all will come, it is hoped, a constructive plan which will put an end to our present outstanding transportation difficulties.

Much of the Storrow report is too technical for the lay reader. But the main problem of the New England railroads comes so close to each citizen of New England that it is well worth while to study the broad principles which underlie the report. New England is, of all the sections of the United States, the most dependent upon railroads, the most completely at the mercy of freight rates. Into these states comes raw material brought over the railroads from all points of the country; out of these states go quantities of manufactured articles which must, in turn, be distributed over the railroads to all parts of the country. Business prosperity and effective railroads go hand in hand up here. And, sadly enough, there are few portions of the country where the railroads are less stable, less effectual, less adequate. New England has four railroads of her own. Only one, the Bangor and Aroostook, is operating at a profit. The Maine Central and the Boston and Maine are going along preca-

riously. The New York, New Haven and Hartford, is practically bankrupt. How can these roads be put on their feet? How can they be made assets to New England, instead of liabilities and heavy weights around the neck of her business prosperity? These are in the main the problems confronting the Storrow Commission.

But one must go back a little to understand how the Storrow Commission happened to come into existence, and to know why their report recommending the grouping of New England lines under one management is more than just Utopian theorizing. One must go back, in fact, to the Transportation Act of 1920. To a public accustomed to legislation restraining large combinations of capital and to strong opposition to many railroad mergers proposed in past years, the Transportation Act of 1920 is avowedly a reversal of policy. It directed that the Interstate Commerce Commission "prepare and adopt a plan for the consolidation of the railway properties of the continental United States into a limited number of systems." The significance of the Act is that for the first time Congress realized that it is possible, in pursuing its policy of protecting the public from exorbitant freight rates, to impose such onerous conditions on certain branches of the United States railroad service that they could not possibly render the adequate service which the public rightly demands. Next came the perception that so long as the railroads of the country were of such differing lengths and strengths the determination of fair rates was impossible. A rate on which a large, well-equipped road could operate at a profit would not even meet the expenses of a poorer and weaker road. And the solution of this dilemma is



### THE NEW ENGLAND ROADS

The importance of New England's railroads in her industrial welfare cannot be over-estimated. Here are shown her roads and their connections, the routes over which raw material comes to us and our finished products are delivered to their consumers.

*Reprinted by permission from The Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission.*

being sought through consolidation of weak roads with strong ones until the steam carriers of the United States shall be, not 200 roads of varying lengths, some rich and some poor, but a small number—a score more or or less—with a reasonable equality of opportunity for service and for profit.

Having received instructions from Congress, the Interstate Commerce Commission set about its task. It enlisted the services of Professor William Z. Ripley of Harvard University, who is probably the most eminent authority on railroads in this country. And in August, 1921, the Commission made its report, which, under the terms of the law was submitted to the Governors of the States. And here is where the New England problem begins to get more complicated. The Commission report, recommending the consolidation into nineteen roads, presented three possible solutions for New England. One of these, called the "New England and Great Lakes System," has not received serious consideration. But around the other two strenuous fighting has been going on; and the end is not yet. Briefly the problem is this: Shall New England combine her four rather weak roads into an all-New England system, on the theory that in union there is strength and with the hope that concentration of management can untangle the knots in the present systems; or shall we give up the struggle, sell out to the big trunk lines—the Boston and Maine to the New York Central and the New Haven to the Pennsylvania—and let them 'straighten things out and put the roads on their feet?

Among the chief proponents of the New England system is Professor William Z. Ripley. This fact is especially significant in view of Professor Ripley's connection with the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is his opinion that this plan is not only better for New England, but that it

fits in better with plans for the country as a whole. As to its advantages for this territory, he says:

"Every consideration from an operating viewpoint favors the New England idea. First and foremost, is the interest of the shipper in a free choice of routes beyond the New England gateway. This they have enjoyed for many years. But any trunk line which assumes the liability of supporting a New England unit will naturally exact as a price that the business of that unit, in and out, shall, so far as possible, be diverted to its own rails. Of this there can be no possible question. And unless these outside trunk lines thought they could get this business, despite all shippers' rights as to routing, to the contrary, they would not consider the proposition for a moment. The same objection to the trunk line plan concerns the development of the coastwise traffic. Any trunk line getting a good foot-hold in New England would use every effort to draw that traffic to the Southwest or to the Pacific Coast, all rail. By every known means they would discourage a short haul to the nearest seaport, giving up the business thereafter to a steamship line down the coast, or through the Panama Canal. Many other considerations, special and political, support the New England proposition."

Equally prominent on the other side of the question is a colleague of Professor Ripley's, Professor William J. Cunningham, Professor of Transportation of Harvard University. Professor Cunningham has been retained as adviser by the Boston and Maine and he very naturally looks at the situation first in its relations to that road. He says:

"It is in the financial factor that the desirability of Trunk Line consolidation is compelling. With their reserve financial strength, funds would be available to make the much-needed improvements, particularly on the Boston and Maine, in which New Hampshire has a great interest. A consolidation of the Boston and Maine with the New York Central would solve the financial problem and should place the Boston and Maine in a position to handle a greater volume of traffic and give better service."

There is similar divergence of opinion among the railroad heads, as shown in their testimony before the hearings of the Interstate Commerce Commission. As we have already indicated, the Boston and Maine favors the trunk line merger. In taking this position, President Hustis makes it

clear that he takes into consideration his duty to his stock-holders. A very potent argument in his mind is his belief that he can bring to the stock-holders better returns by selling his road to the New York Central. The president of the New Haven road was not so sure he wanted to be interfered with at all. But if some sort of combination must come he believed that the only feasible plan was the all-New England system. At a meeting of the New England Bankers Association in June, the Vice-President of the road declared that there is money enough in the New England states to support New England's transportation systems and ability enough to run them: the only question is—Will money bet on brains? The fact that the opinion of the New Haven was increasingly in favor of the all-New England system is manifested by the formal vote of its directors favoring this plan soon after the Storrow report. It should be borne in mind that the New Haven road is in the most precarious position of all the New England roads and the most in need of immediate assistance. The president of the Maine Central took no position, declaring himself willing to cooperate in whatever plan the Interstate Commerce Commission might select. And President Todd of the Bangor and Aroostook, while expressing a very natural preference for being let alone—a preference natural because his is the only New England road which is earning its way at present—favors the New England plan. President Todd, formerly second in command in the New Haven road, is in many ways the ablest of our New England railroad presidents and his support of the all-New England plan carries much weight.

It was this divergence of opinion brought about by the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission which led to the appointment of the

Storrow Commission, by the Governors of the New England states in the summer of 1922. This commission was composed of five members from each state and was headed by James J. Storrow of Massachusetts. The New Hampshire members were: Lester F. Thurber, chairman; Benjamin W. Couch, Clarence E. Carr, Arthur H. Hale, and Professor James P. Richardson. The scope and thoroughness of the Commission's investigations cannot readily be grasped by one unacquainted with the technicalities of the subject and the manner in which a study of railroads involves, before it is completed, an industrial survey of the business of the district. For ten months the committee has been at work; and at the end of that time made its contribution to the solution of the railroad problem of New England in a 300 page report copiously illustrated with maps and diagrams.

And the gist of that report is "New England should be allowed to run its own railroads." The Commission sums up the matter as follows:

"The Committee is satisfied that such a compact railroad system as that represented in the proposed New England consolidation would involve a minimum of the evils, and, with conditions as they are in New England, would produce a maximum of the benefits possible to result from consolidation under the provisions of the Transportation Act of 1920.

"But the Committee believes that such consolidation is neither advisable nor equitably possible until each of the two major New England systems shall first have been rehabilitated and shall have shown the financial and operating results it is capable of producing under normal conditions and with restored credit."

"New England would like to wear its own breeches," says the report: "We submit that it should be allowed to do so, unless a clear case can be made out why one leg should be handed over to the Pennsylvania road or the Baltimore and Ohio, and the other to the New York Central." "It is in the interest of every one in New England, whether a shipper, a traveler or a security holder in one of these roads, that we should get together and set our two major systems in order at once."

One very significant sentence reads:

"If New England industries are ever forced

into a position where they chiefly depend on standard trunk line rates, they are bound to suffer, but if New England can hold its own knife and fork and feed herself to a balanced ration of standard rates, differential rates and water rates, we see no reason why we should not maintain full bodily vigor and continue to meet changing conditions by new adjustments of our industries and enterprises."

The arguments which have already been touched upon in Professor Ripley's statement are all set forth at length in the report. The preservation of existing gateways; the insuring of continuation of competition in through traffic into and out of New England; the continuance of favorable differential rates via of the Canadian roads; the avoidance of absentee-landlordism—all these would be better served by the New England system. The report lays special stress, too, on the possibilities of port development. According to the findings of the commission, by using water transportation New England can lay down shoes, automobile tires, pianos and cotton piece goods on the Pacific coast at a lower rate than Chicago can by rail. That is good news to a territory dependent on its manufacturing and inclined of late to pessimism about it. New England should certainly pause before making any arrangement which would probably turn her face from the sea. As an appendage to the trunk lines, New England roads are handicapped by distance from her markets and her sources of supply. As a compact unit, having the added advantage of easy access to water routes and to Canadian lines, these same roads have an enviable position for bargaining with the trunk lines.

But the Joint New England Commission realized that the crux of the argument lies in the financial phases of the matter; that the opponents of the New England plan willingly admit most of the foregoing arguments and bob up smilingly with the statement—"All very fine in theory, but it can't be done. Combining four weak roads will never make a strong

one." They are hard headed business men, these opponents. The Commission's report, therefore, presents, with its recommendation that New England run its own roads, a plan for so rehabilitating these roads that they can be made to bring in a reasonable return to their stockholders and provide adequate service to the public. The plan involves aid from the federal government in the shape of reduced interest rates on loans; aid from the bond-holders through the extension of the date of maturity on certain bonds falling due before 1935; and aid from the respective states by a remission of taxes, to be made if the earnings of the roads fall below a certain point in a given year. In exchange for the aid from the states, the commission proposes to give the state predominance in railroad control, by providing for a trusteeship of ten years during which time the affairs of the roads shall be under the control of representatives of the six New England States, appointed by the several Governors.

It is of course this part of the Commission's report which is drawing most fire just at present. The trusteeship is assailed at once as savoring of state socialism, and the other provisions are also being received with a storm of criticism. The *Manchester Union* is shocked by the whole idea:

"This newspaper is unreservedly opposed to those recommendations of the committee dealing with rehabilitation which involve remission of taxes by states, counties and towns where interest on fixed charges is not earned, the guarantee of interest on new securities by the respective states, and the substitution of state-controlled for privately controlled management. All this carries the strong, and to us utterly distasteful, flavor of state socialism, and is damned by the sorry results of every other essay into that field made in the past."

but this is by no means the only point of view expressed. In fact it is worthy of note that the New Hampshire committee, while not wholly assenting to the Commission's report, did not base their dissent on the re-

habilitation plans. In fact their statement reads:

"We believe that the two major New England railroads can obtain substantial rehabilitation by the plan described in the report, but we believe that, if consolidation must then follow, they should be with the trunk lines."

And there are many New Hampshire business men, harassed by freight delays and ineffective service, who will echo the sentiment of a very prominent Boston business man who says:

"If it is wise for Massachusetts to expend \$25,000,000 per year on the highways, which autos and trucks use with inadequate returns to the state, why is it unreasonable for the state to extend credit to the railroads, which every one admits are absolutely essential to the industrial prosperity of the community?"

This, then, is the situation: The Storrow commission has made its report, and out of the report and the discussion created by it will come eventually a consolidation plan. What will happen, then? As matters stand now it is up to the railroads; they may or may not accept the plan offered. It is probable, however, that before the plan is formulated Congress will have "put teeth into the transportation act" by making adoption of the Interstate Commerce Commission's final plan compulsory. The President of the United States favors such action. In his Kansas City speech he said in this connection:

"It is being seriously proposed that the next step be to further amplify the provisions for consolidation so as to stimulate the consummation. It is my expectation that legislation to this end will be brought before Congress at the next session. Through its adoption we should take the longest step which is now feasible on the way to a solution of our difficult problems of railroad transportation."

One word more. New Hampshire's railroad experiences have not always been pleasant. It is perhaps only human nature that the much-abused public should adopt a "burned child" attitude of suspicious dissent from any plan for railroad consolidation which may cost anything. And yet, when Mr. Hobart Pillsbury writes in the Boston Herald:

"The Storrow report did not arouse any

excitement in New Hampshire.....General public opinion favors sitting tight for a while. Schemes for consolidation are not favored, nor is the plan to have the state lend its credit to rehabilitate,"

one cannot believe that he voices the best and most enlightened opinion of the state. One's thoughts go to the closing words of the committee's report:

"At least we hope what we have done will spur New England on to save herself, and will prevent her from sitting quiescently on her doorstep waiting for chance aid from the outside."

According to Mr. Pillsbury, New Hampshire's attitude is well described in those words. If he is right in his statements, then those critics who accuse New Hampshire of fatalistic inertia, are also right.

The Storrow Commission has put the discussion of the New England Railroad problem on a very high plane. "Rehabilitation through co-operation" is the keynote of all their recommendations. Common sacrifice for the common good is the principle back of the plan which they have formulated. On such fundamentals however widely we may differ on the details of reconstruction, we can all agree. Here is the common ground on which we may meet and come to a final solution of our problem. It is essential that this be kept firmly in mind through all discussions of the problem. New England must solve her railroad problem or she faces industrial death, Indifference, selfishness, "knocking"—these can never result in a constructive policy. But, if, following the lead of the Storrow Commission, the energies and resources of the New England public are bent toward the discovering of the solution which will bring the greatest good to the greatest number—the problem is as good as solved already.

"New England has shown courage and resourcefulness in the past. We believe New England is ready to do so again."

This is the challenge of the Storrow Commission.



An Invitation to a Birthday Party: Dover's Tercentenary Poster.

## HOW DOVER GREW

### The Development of her Factories

**T**HE commerce of Dover consists chiefly of lumber. The material is daily diminishing, and in a short time will probably fail. Whether a substitute can be found by the inhabitants, I am ignorant." Thus, with a trace of pessimism as to the future progress of the town, Dr. Dwight presents his analysis of Dover in 1796,—a town which has prospered but whose prosperity, if one may judge from plainly written signs, is a thing of the past.

It is quite evident that the Reverend gentleman had never examined the town records to find a significant item under the date of 1643: "George Webb was presented by the Court 'for living idle like a swine.'" Such intolerance of idleness is a guarantee of enterprise whether or not the forests become exhausted. And indeed, the

Doctor had scarcely turned his back upon the town when portentous events began to transpire.

In 1798, a young man by name Jeremiah Stickney began a new enterprise in Dover, the manufacture of cotton and woolen hand cards. Until the manufacture of cards by machinery superseded the old process of setting in the teeth by hand, he kept his little factory running, largely through the employment of children. He gave up his business in 1822, but lived to see the cotton and woolen business in Dover, to which his mill contributed, reach surprising proportions.

The cotton industry started first. In 1813, with a capital of \$50,000 the "Dover Cotton Factory" was incorporated. At five o'clock on January 19 in that year the proprietors of the





On this spot in 1623 was founded the first permanent settlement in New Hampshire.

factory met at Mrs. Lydia Tibbetts' house and laid the foundations of the organization which in later years was to develop into the Cocheco Dept. of the Pacific Mills. Mrs. Tibbetts appears to have been a guardian spirit of the infant industry, for when in 1821, with an increased capital of \$500,000, the Dover Cotton Factory laid the foundation stone of Mill No. 2 at the Lower Falls, it is recorded that "the brethren afterwards partook of a collation at the house of Mrs. Tibbetts, and spent the evening in characteristic harmony."

It was ten years before the woolen business began. In 1824, "Mr. Alfred I. Sawyer commenced the business of cloth dressing at the place formerly

known as Libby's mills, which was the foundation of and has since grown into the Sawyer Woolen Company." So read the old records. The Sawyer Woolen Company in its turn has become a part of the American Woolen Company and still turns out large quantities of fine woolen and worsted goods.

In 1823 the Dover Cotton Factory changed its name to Dover Manufacturing Company, once more increased its capital to \$1,000,000 and built Mill No. 3. Five years later, in a time of business depression, the business changed both name and management, becoming the Cocheco Company.

That this business prospered is evidenced by a note from a Boston paper of 1829: "the last weekly Dover Packet from New Hampshire, brought nearly as many cotton and woolen goods to this market as were brought by the packet ship Dover, and more than were brought by the packet New England from Liverpool. Cotton goods which were



Two warlike Dover citizens met at this point to fight a duel, thought better of the idea and went home without drawing their swords, but the place is called Bloody Point.



This spot will figure largely in Dover's celebration. It is Guppy Park and on August 22 a great Community Picnic will take place here.

once purchased in England for 38 cents, and thought remarkably cheap, were not better cottons than can now be purchased here at 20 cents."

That the business was not without the troubles and vexations which modern mills are heir to is indicated by a brief note in the town records of 1834: "March 4.—Mills of Cocheo Manufacturing Company stopped for three days in consequence of a turn out of the female operatives, occasioned by a reduction of their pay."

Perhaps the most interesting chapter of Dover's mill history is the visit of Lafayette. The General came to Dover in June, 1825, was received with all manner of honor and celebration, and in his sight-seeing was taken to the mills of the Dover Manufacturing Company. The account of his reception gives a picture of the cotton mill of 100 years ago. We quote from a newspaper report:

"On arriving opposite the Cotton Factories the carriages were halted,

the Great Gate of the Factory yard was thrown open, discovering a double line of females employed in the Factory, to the number of nearly 200, tastefully and handsomely dressed in white with blue sashes. The General, on entering the Factory yard, was repeatedly cheered with the huzzas of hundreds from the tops of the buildings surrounding the Factory yard; he was conducted by Messrs. Williams and Bridge into the Factory, the porch of which was tastefully decorated with wreaths of evergreen and roses. The Factory was still for a moment, but as if by magic it was instantly in full operation, attended throughout by the girls who had received the company on entering the yard, each at her proper place and busy in her proper employment. On leaving the Factory, the General was conducted to his carriage and escorted by the committee of arrangements and marshalls of Dover to the line of the state of Maine."



Pomeroy's Cove, where the early settlers landed.

The account goes on to tell of the appreciativeness of the distinguished visitor. Evidently the tastefulness of attire and decorations made its impression on the General. He declared that the mills were "much more perfect than any he had witnessed" and that the quality of goods was "far superior to any he had seen in the country."

And the account closes with a paragraph which, though having little bearing on Lafayette and his visit, is nevertheless interesting as a bit of Dover mill history:

"It was a subject of regret that he could not have examined more particularly the machine shop, where nearly all the parts of the whole machinery for the establishment are manufactured from the raw material, where some valuable improvements have been made in the mode of preparing the important parts of the machinery, as well as highly valuable alterations made upon those generally in use in the larger manufacturing concerns."

Three hundred years ago, a tiny settlement of English merchants. Two hundred years ago, a village struggling in the midst of Indian

wars, in days of such danger that schools had to be closed for fear of Indian raids, yet a village going pluckily forward in enterprises of bridge building and the laying out of roads. One hundred years ago, a town standing at the very beginning of a business enterprise which was to change its whole life and character. Today, one of the most important manufacturing towns in New Hampshire. That is Dover. And her celebration of her three hundredth birthday brings from all parts of New Hampshire and from the world outside the hearty congratulations one gives for work well done.

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### NOTE

It is with great pleasure that we add this month to our editorial board, announced in the July issue, the name of Raymond B. Stevens of Landaff. Mr. Stevens is a prominent figure in public life, a member of the national House of Representatives not many years ago, a member of the New Hampshire Legislature at the last session, and a man whose name figures largely in conjectures and prophecies of the coming campaign.



One hundred years old:  
The Strafford Savings Bank of Dover.

## THE SAVINGS BANK CENTENNIAL

### The One Hundredth Birthday of Two New Hampshire Banks

BY JAMES O. LYFORD

**T**HIS year is the Centennial of New Hampshire Savings Banks. The legislature of 1823 granted two savings bank charters, one for the Portsmouth Savings Bank, at Portsmouth, and the other for the Strafford Savings Bank, at Dover. This was seven years after the first savings bank was chartered in this country. Four years earlier, in 1819, an attempt was made by the citizens of Portsmouth to obtain a charter. A bill was introduced in the house and passed that body, but it was defeated in the senate. There is nothing in the records of the legislature or in the newspapers of that year that shows why the bill failed to receive the approval of the senate; but in 1823, when the charter for the Portsmouth Savings Bank was passing through its various stages in the house, a leading member remarked that as the principles of the bill were new and required some consideration he would move that it be referred to the judiciary committee. That committee prompt-

ly made a favorable report. It was probably conservatism in dealing with a novel proposition that postponed for four years the starting of savings banks in New Hampshire. The charter for the Portsmouth Savings Bank was signed by the governor June 26, 1823, and that for the Strafford Savings Bank, July 1, 1823. The Portsmouth Savings Bank received its first deposit August 20, 1823, and the Strafford Savings Bank, February 28, 1824. These savings banks have had an uninterrupted existence ever since they opened their doors.

From 1823 to 1838 six additional savings banks were chartered, only two of which are now in operation,—the New Hampshire Savings Bank at Concord, which opened in 1830, and the Laconia Savings Bank at Laconia, which began business in 1831. The third savings bank chartered failed in 1841, and for a few years the legislature refused to grant applications for charters. It was not

until 1846 that the Manchester Savings Bank was chartered, and six years later before the Amoskeag of Manchester was authorized to begin business. These two Manchester savings banks are now the largest in the state.

Philanthropic motives were the basis of the inception of savings banks in this state. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century manufacturing establishments were multiplying. The employes were drawn from the rural communities of the state because of larger wages than could be obtained on the farms, and because wages were paid in cash by the mills, whereas employment in the rural communities was largely a matter of barter, or payment in the products of the farm. There were periods of adversity in manufacturing which threw the mill operatives out of employment. Improvidence in spending during the prosperity of the mills brought as a sequel suffering to the operatives in times of industrial depression. This is set forth in the petition for the charter of the Strafford Savings Bank, in which it was alleged that nearly one-fifth of the population of Dover and the surrounding manufacturing towns were likely to become public charges. The establishment of savings banks was the means used to teach the people habits of thrift and to make them independent when adversity came. Well have they served the purpose of their creation.

The savings bank was an institution of slow growth for many years. It had to win the confidence of the people. There was no experience elsewhere for its officers to draw upon. The fundamental principle of the savings bank was that it should be a safe depository for the savings of the wage earner, and that the savings should be so invested that there would be no loss of deposits and a reasonable interest gain. What are safe investments is always a question

of human judgment, and this judgment varied with individuals. Many things were done and other things were left undone which in the early years continually impaired the confidence of the public. If there were space in this article, an interesting story might be written of the trials and vicissitudes of savings banks through a long period of their history. It required many object lessons to teach savings bank officers and trustees, and even the public, the plain, homely truths regarding the care of trust funds. In the first hundred years of their existence the losses through the dishonesty of savings bank employes were comparatively small, and the instances infrequent; but mistakes were made which were incident to experimenting in an untried field. Yet the fact that the first two savings banks have stood the test for a century, that two others are approaching one hundred years of uninterrupted existence, and that over half of the whole number have an age exceeding fifty years, speaks well for the integrity and business sagacity of a large majority of savings bank officials.

For the first half century of their existence the management of savings banks was almost wholly philanthropic. The treasurer was the only paid official; and the trustees, who served without pay, were generally parsimonious in the compensation they allowed him. The treasurer was not only responsible for the funds of the institution, but in numerous cases in the early years he supplied the bank with quarters at his home or place of business. As late as my first service as bank commissioner, beginning in 1887, there were several savings banks that were adjuncts to country stores, and in two cases were located in the houses in which the treasurers resided. The store safe, possibly fire proof but not burglar proof, was the only security vault for the books and assets of the bank.

Such bank treasurers received for their services and responsibility and the quarters they furnished a munificent stipend running from one hundred to three hundred dollars a year.

The trustees were usually successful business men whose names gave the bank credit in the community. Very few of them gave much attention to the affairs of the bank they were chosen to supervise. If the treasurer were an enterprising man, he very soon dictated the policy of the bank. The responsibility that goes with an election as trustee or director of a bank was not brought home to these officials until near the close of the nineteenth century. It was comparatively late in their history before the legislature awoke to the importance of savings banks and the marvelous growth of their deposits. It required the panic of 1893, with its numerous closing of savings banks to arouse the law makers to the necessity for legislation regulating their management and prescribing their investments. Prior to that time, little savings bank legislation was enacted except to provide severe penalties for acts of dishonesty by bank officials.

There were commercial banks, or banks of discount, in this state long before savings banks were started. As early as 1814 these banks were required to make returns of their condition to the Governor and Council, who submitted these reports to the legislature. A few years later a committee of the legislature was required to visit the banks and examine them. In 1837 the first act creating the office of bank commissioner was passed and approved by Governor Isaac Hill. The bank commissioners were not required to examine savings banks until 1841. This was the year when the first savings bank failed. There were then eight savings banks in the state, but their aggregate deposits were less than one million dollars. Yet a million dollars in the early forties

was a very large sum of money.

Three bank commissioners were provided for by the act of 1837, with terms of one year. This abbreviated term of service continued until 1881, when the number of commissioners was reduced to two and their appointments were made for two years. Until 1881 the commissioners were paid for their examinations by the banks, at the rate at first of two dollars per day and ten cents a mile for travel. Subsequently the per diem was increased to three dollars. and in 1885 to five dollars. Salaries were first established in 1889. There was little continuity of service of the bank commissioners until after 1889. Several served but one year, a number had but two years' service or the one re-appointment that came from the governor who originally selected them, a limited few three years, and only one reached five years of service during the first fifty years of the existence of the bank commission. Some resigned after a year or two of service, and three men declined the appointment. The subsequent career of some of the bank commissioners is evidence, however, that the governor and council endeavored to select men of ability.

Jonathan Harvey, of Sutton, one of the first appointees to this position, was afterwards a congressman from New Hampshire for three terms. Amos Tuck of Exeter, one of the pioneers in the promotion of the Free Soil and the Republican parties, was in congress from 1847 to 1853, and afterwards Naval Officer of Customs at Boston. Titus Brown of Francestown, represented the state in Congress two terms. John S. Wells, John G. Sinclair, and Henry O. Kent, were candidates of the Democratic party for governor in later years; and a number of others were subsequently active and prominent in state affairs.

That these commissioners for the first half century of the bank com-

mission did not accomplish more was not their fault. Successive legislatures were indifferent to their recommendations. They were improperly paid by requiring them to collect for their services from the banks they examined; and their compensation was inadequate for the service rendered. When I first came to the commission, in 1887, it was fifty years after the bank commission was created. During all that time the commission never had an office in the state house or elsewhere, nor was provision made for one until 1885. There was not a scrap of paper on file anywhere to show what the commissioners had done during that period outside of the published reports; and the bank commission had not even a set of these reports. The examination papers of the commissioners had been regarded as the personal property of the commissioners, and were either lost or destroyed. Yet there were 66 savings banks at that time, with aggregate deposits of \$50,000,000. My first work after my appointment was to hire and furnish an office and secure a hand-press with which to copy letters. For four years I was my own amanuensis, wrote in long-hand all letters of the commissioners and copied them by the use of this press. Then for two years the commissioners paid the salary of a stenographer before one was provided by the state.

At the time of my first appointment in 1887, officers of savings banks looked upon the bank commissioners as a necessary evil to be patiently endured during the time that they were making examinations. Nor is this strange when it is considered that the commissioners were practically without authority, except to close a bank that could not meet its obligations. Having little continuity of service, they could establish no policy in their examinations. Investments were practically unrestricted.

There was no law to regulate the management of savings banks. Bank officials looked askance at the suggestions of the commissioners, and their recommendations to the legislature were unheeded.

In 1889 a bank commission of three members, appointed so that the term of only one member expired during a given state administration, was created. From this time dates the effective work of this commission. The legislature began to give heed to their recommendations. Bank officials saw the value of their co-operation and soon welcomed their examinations. The public realized that the savings institutions of the state are New Hampshire's greatest asset, and that their supervision exceeded in importance that of any other state activity. Since 1915, the savings institutions of the state have had an association, meeting semi-annually for the consideration and discussion of subjects pertaining to the management and investments of these institutions. It is an open forum to which the bank commissioners and experts from other states are invited. Trustees and directors of the savings institutions now comprehend the responsibility resting upon them, and in the main have personal knowledge of the work of the treasurer and his subordinates. All this change in the relations of the commissioners with bank officials and with the legislature is not solely the work of the commission. It has been promoted by the progressive bankers of the state, who came to realize that any weakness of one savings bank was a peril to others; and that in so large an industry there must be legislation and supervision to regulate the management and the investments of these institutions.

To the close of the Civil War, the savings deposits were not a large factor in the interests of the state. In

1865, there were 29 savings banks, with 42,572 depositors out of a state population of 326,000 and not quite \$8,000,000 deposits. This represented 42 years of growth. At the end of the next decade there were 68 savings banks, 96,938 depositors, and \$30,000,000 deposits. Adding another ten years and we find the same number of banks, with 121,216 depositors, and \$43,000,000 deposits. The next eight years were years of continued growth, the number of savings institutions having increased to 83, the number of depositors to 184,210, and the volume of deposits to nearly \$78,000,000. Then occurred the panic of 1893. It was especially disastrous to New Hampshire savings banks, due to the fact that the banks were without restrictions as to their investments and management until two years later. The next six years were years of recovery, and the deposits dropped to less than \$62,000,000, and this amount included the deposits of several banks in liquidation.

Then the tide turned as confidence was restored; and with the exception of one year during the world war, every year has shown an increase of deposits. From 1900 to the present year the deposits have grown from \$62,000,000 to \$162,000,000. This in a period of 23 years, which is in the recollection of the greater part of the people now living, is phenomenal. The depositors in our savings institutions include more than half the population of the state. If the total deposits were divided among the inhabitants of the state, each man, woman and child would receive \$350. A few comparisons will emphasize this growth.

This volume of deposits is more than three times the taxable value of the railroads of the state, more than twice the value of all its manufacturing plants, half the value of all the lands and buildings of the state, and

one-fourth of the value of all the property of New Hampshire as assessed for taxation.

These deposits are for the most part the accumulations of wage earners, clerks, farmers and people of small income, the average deposit being about \$500.

Such, in brief, is the story of the savings institutions of New Hampshire and their growth in one hundred years. For the last twenty years no savings bank of the state has failed. In fact, only one savings institution has suspended payments for thirty years that was not primarily involved in the panic of 1893; and this institution in liquidation paid its depositors one hundred cents on the dollar. No other state has so clean a record. Perhaps nothing has contributed so much to this situation as the co-operation of bank officials with the bank commissioners, a co-operation that has been constantly growing more sympathetic and cordial for thirty years. Another factor which has been contributory to the success of all has been the absence for the most part of unfriendly rivalry of savings banks covering the same field of depositors. With very few exceptions the savings banks of the state have united for two years in joint advertising of the benefits derived from their use by the people. In the two instances that have occurred in the last two decades of unfounded alarm of savings bank depositors of any one institution, neighboring banks have come promptly to the rescue by taking over securities of the imperilled bank and furnishing it with cash. With such a spirit prevailing among the officers of the savings institutions, and between them and the officials who are supervising them, there is much to be expected of their future usefulness to their depositors and to the business welfare of the state.



# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

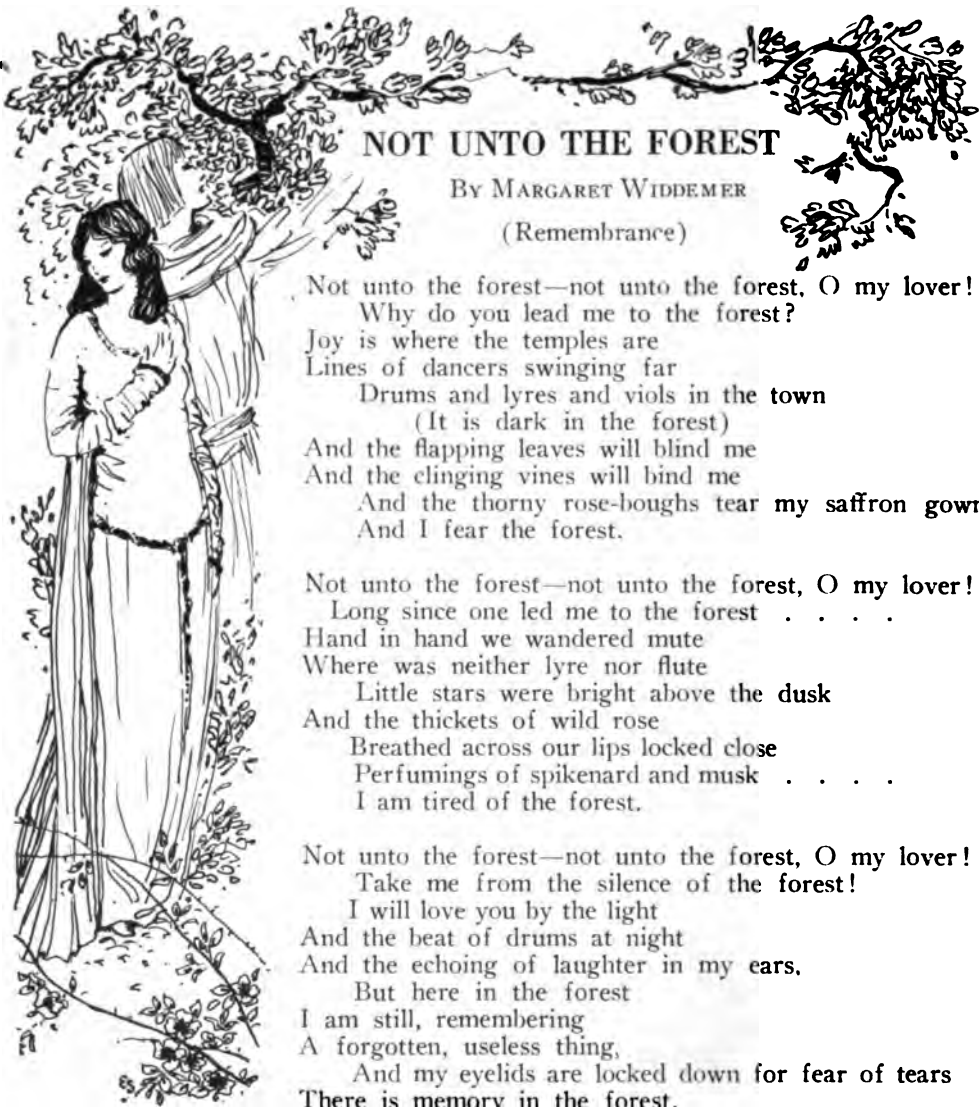
ILLUSTRATED BY ELIZABETH SHURTLEFF

## LIGHT

BY FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON

The night has a thousand eyes,  
The day but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes.  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When its love is done.



### NOT UNTO THE FOREST

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

(Remembrance)

Not unto the forest—not unto the forest, O my lover!  
Why do you lead me to the forest?

Joy is where the temples are  
Lines of dancers swinging far  
Drums and lyres and viols in the town  
(It is dark in the forest)

And the flapping leaves will blind me  
And the clinging vines will bind me  
And the thorny rose-boughs tear my saffron gown—  
And I fear the forest.

Not unto the forest—not unto the forest, O my lover!

Long since one led me to the forest . . . .  
Hand in hand we wandered mute  
Where was neither lyre nor flute  
Little stars were bright above the dusk  
And the thickets of wild rose  
Breathed across our lips locked close  
Perfumings of spikenard and musk . . . .  
I am tired of the forest.

Not unto the forest—not unto the forest, O my lover!

Take me from the silence of the forest!  
I will love you by the light  
And the beat of drums at night  
And the echoing of laughter in my ears,  
But here in the forest  
I am still, remembering  
A forgotten, useless thing,  
And my eyelids are locked down for fear of tears . .  
There is memory in the forest.

## PANDORA'S SONG

BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

Of wounds and sore defeat  
I made my battle stay;  
Winged sandals for my feet  
I wove of my delay;  
Of weariness and fear,  
I made my shouting spear;  
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,  
And swift oncoming doom  
I made a helmet for my head  
And a floating plume.

From the shutting mist of death,  
From the failure of the breath,  
I made a battle-horn to blow,  
Across the vales of overthrow.  
O hearken, love, the battle-horn!  
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!  
O hearken where the echoes bring,  
Down the gray, disastrous morn,  
Laughter and rallying!

## ON A FAN THAT BELONGED TO THE MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

Chicken-skin, delicate, white,  
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,  
Loves in a riot of light,  
Roses and vaporous blue;  
Hark to the dainty frou-frou!  
Picture above, if you can,  
Eyes that could melt as the dew,—  
This was the Pompadour's fan!

See how they rise at the sight,  
Thronging the Oeil de Boeuf thru,  
Courtiers as butterflies bright,  
Beauties that Fragonard drew,  
Talon-rouge, balbala, queue,  
Cardinal, Duke,—to a man,  
Eager to sigh or to sue,—  
This was the Pompadour's fan!

Ah, but things more than polite  
Hang on this toy, voyez-vous!  
Matters of state and of might,  
Things that great ministers do;  
Things that maybe overthrew  
Those in whose brains they began;  
Here was the sign and the cue,—  
This was the Pompadour's fan!

### ENVOY

Where are the secrets it knew?  
Weavings of plots and of plans  
—But where is the Pompadour, too?  
*This was the Pompadour's Fan!*





The small boy picks the first apple from the orchard which is to educate him.

## AN ORCHARD AND A COLLEGE EDUCATION

### How They Helped Each Other

BY G. F. POTTER

A few weeks ago in the College Gymnasium in Durham, 140 young men and women passed over the platform before their admiring parents and friends and received their diplomas from President Hetzel. Among these graduates was one whose college course was made possible through an unusual endowment by his parents. The college training of this young man is dedicated to the development of New Hampshire's resources and the story is so interesting that I think it is worth telling.

The story of how this man came to college traces back to a hill farm in West Hopkinton, settled more than 150 years ago, and one of the first farms in that section of New Hampshire to enter the commercial fruit industry. There

the original owner planted trees principally of the Russet variety. These apples stored through most of the long winter in the farm cellar were drawn by ox team to Concord to be sold or shipped to Lowell and Lawrence. One old tree still stands on the farm, a relic of this early venture in the apple business.

When the grandfather of our college lad purchased this farm some fifty odd years ago, the chief business was beef production. Nevertheless, he was aware of the profits in apples and, like many another New England farmer, he thriftily grafted with Baldwin cions every seedling tree which sprang up in the corners of the stone walls and other odd places about the farm. He went

farther than this and farther than most of his neighbors, in that he made a practice of fertilizing some piece of ground heavily to make it into a productive garden and then planting fruit trees in the garden. As the trees grew and required all the space, the process was repeated on another piece of ground. Thus when the farm passed into the hands of his son, and his son in turn looked down upon a one-year-old baby boy, there were possibly two hundred trees on the farm in fence corners and in little lots where the gardens had been. It was with the resolve that this newest son might go to college if he chose that Levi French set one hundred and fifty apple trees on a piece of what might be called worn out pasture land. They were of the Baldwin variety. When with his father Levi French had engaged in the business of buying fruit,—often purchasing a neighbor's crop on the tree, picking and packing it and sending it to market,—the best fruit and the greatest profits had always come from orchards in which the Baldwin predominated. Hence when he came to make a planting for his boy, the trees were all of this variety upon which he could count for high class fruit.

It may be said with literal accuracy that the boy and the trees grew up together and that each helped the other to develop. There were times when the sod around the trunks had to be dug away with a large old-fashioned grub hoe, and "Al" remembers still how heavy that tool could get at the end of a day. He remembers, too, how sacks were placed around some of the trees which were backward in order to hold moisture and keep down the grass around the trunks, and how as he cultivated those trees the teeth of the cultivator sometimes stuck in the burlap with disastrous results.

The orchard was started in the days when there were relatively few orchard pests, and spraying was practically an unknown art. But before the project had gone very far, it was threatened by

an attack of plant lice. A journey was made to a distant neighbor from whom a formula could be obtained for the old-fashioned kerosene emulsion. Before the days of commercial tobacco extracts, this material was the standard control for sucking insects. Carefully mixed according to the formula and applied with a cattle sprayer, it did the work and the trees were freed of their pests. The business of spraying could not long be conducted upon this scale, however, and it was not long before father and son found themselves in attendance at a demonstration at the village of Hopkinton where one of the professors from the college at Durham was teaching the use of spraying machinery. At first the demonstration did not bid fair to be a success. The man on the pump handle struggled violently while the college man holding the nozzle constantly exhorted him to give "more pressure." The long whiskered pessimist on the edge of the crowd grumbled that this was what you would expect from a college "perfesser" but on investigation it was found that a part of the pump had been lost in shipment. After a hurried visit to the nearest plumber, a new valve was improvised and soon the mist like spray was covering the trees in the proper way. The apple worm, or codling moth, was then the most important pest, and the sprays applied consisted principally of poisons such as lead arsenate. The demonstration proved successful; for a considerable amount of spraying with this material was done in the vicinity that year. The following season Mr. French and one of his neighbors purchased a similar barrel pump, which was used to keep the apples in the new orchard clean until replaced by a power sprayer.

While the orchard and "Al" French grew together, progress on the college career was going forward at the same time. Some of my friends tell me of meeting a small boy with a dinner pail almost as large as himself, trudging down from the hills to school. In due season he passed to the Hopkinton High



Crafted trees in the corners of the stone walls at the French farm.

School at Contoocook, journeying there by train, getting home on some winter nights when the snow was deep, as late as midnight, but always keeping the goal of college in sight.

In 1917, on the occasion of a football game between New Hampshire State and the boys from the Massachusetts Agricultural College, "Al" came down with a number of his schoolmates and caught his first glimpse of the institution. In 1919 he came to stay.

The orchard too was ready to do its share. The fruit which had previously sold to local buyers was now marketed to better advantage, sometimes on the foreign markets and sometimes on the late winter market of Boston after cold storage for a considerable period. It was good fruit, as the returns from the commission firms of Liverpool and Boston attest. The checks which came back were sufficient to accomplish the object for which the trees were set. Funds from other sources were necessary, it is true,—for instance the proceeds from college news items written up for the newspapers of the state,—but in the

main it has been the orchard that has borne the burden.

In college his record is one which few students will surpass. Alfred French was elected to the agricultural honorary fraternity for scholastic merit at the first election after he had been long enough in college to meet the standards of the organization. When the fraternity of Phi Kappa Phi was organized to admit from the entire institution a dozen or fourteen of the most talented students, Alfred French's name again was in the first list of initiates from his class.

Now the college course is over and the work for which it has been a preparation has commenced. To a man with a record of this sort more than one opportunity is sure to present itself. A few weeks ago there came to my desk a request from a great university of the far west calling for talented students to take up positions as assistants while continuing their college training with a view to entering the professional field in agriculture. There were not many whom I could recommend for work of this type but "Al" French was one and I called



"Al" French and his father in the orchard which provided his education.

him in. During his junior year he had made an analysis of the net returns on the farm. It had revealed an income which a young man in professional work could hardly hope to equal. I think, too, that the task of bringing a productive and paying industry to New Hampshire's hills seems worth while to him. At any rate there was scarcely a moment's hesitation before he answered: "I guess that the job of raising apples in New Hampshire is good enough for me." Thus, when the ceremonies of Com-

mencement were over, "Al" French turned home to take back the best that science can give him for the care of the four or five hundred trees now on the old home farm. We expect that before long more promising orchard land in his neighborhood will be planted to trees. We may be glad that the opportunity which New Hampshire presents in this industry is one which will attract educated and trained young men of more than usual ability.

## Program for Portsmouth's 300th Anniversary

- Sunday, August 19**—*Morning*: Appropriate services in all churches; *Afternoon*: Sacred Concert at The Pines; *Evening*: Historical Address at the Portsmouth Theater.
- Monday, August 20**—*Morning*: Historical address and band concert at the playgrounds; *Afternoon*: Grand Tercentenary Parade; *Evening*: Military Band Concert at the Pines. Grand illumination of The Pines for first time. Fireworks display at Pines showing episodes of state's history.
- Tuesday, August 21**—*Morning and Afternoon*: Baseball, Marathon races, golf and river races, band concerts; *Evening*: Grand opening of the pageant at The Pines.
- Wednesday, August 22**—*Morning*: Drill and dress parade by United States Marines at the playgrounds. Music by massed bands. *Afternoon*: Afternoon performance of the pageant; *Evening*: Second evening performance of the pageant.
- Thursday, August 23**—*Morning*: Final morning band concert; *Afternoon*: Dedication of Memorial Bridge; *Evening*: Final appearance of pageant with grand finale features. Finale fireworks display.



Portsmouth's New Memorial Bridge: a modern note in a city of the past.

## WHERE THE PAST LIVES STILL

### A Town of Memories

**E**VERY New England town has historic landmarks. One comes upon them usually in the heart of a brand new district sitting aloof from the life about them with the air of an old grandmother placidly watching the young life of the household in which she is a loved but inactive member.

But Portsmouth is not like that. In the long elm-shaded streets the spirit of the past walks with familiar tread; it is the present which intrudes upon the attention as something not quite in keeping with the whole. It is the new Memorial Bridge which is an anachronism, not the old packing-box houses with their beautiful doorways, carved with the artistry of a bygone day. Even the people who throng the streets, and the motorists who come in such numbers each summer day, are less real, less vividly alive than the personalities who, in days past, came and went along the Portsmouth ways. The Wentworths, proud aristocrats representing the royal control of New Hampshire; Governor John Langdon, first President of the United States Senate, who administered to Washington and

Adams the oath of office as President and Vice-President of the new republic; Tobias Lear, private secretary to Washington in those early days; John Paul Jones, gallant adventurer, who waited in Portsmouth while they fitted out the *Ranger*; Daniel Webster, as he was when, a young lawyer, he brought his bride to the house on Vaughn Street: all these have left their impress upon the town as though they were its leading citizens of the present.

Now and then one reads of a bereaved family which keeps for the one who has gone a place at table always set, a room in readiness, as though some day the lost one might come back. Had Victoria's Prince Consort happened back to earth, he would have found his dinner clothes in readiness and the water for his bath all drawn. Portsmouth keeps similar vigil. Into the house on State Street which he left when the *Ranger* sailed, John Paul Jones might step today without feeling of strangeness. The canny Scot, Macphedris, after nearly two hundred years might cross the threshold of the fine house he built at the corner of Chapel and Daniel Streets, and



"Into the house which he left when the *Ranger* sailed John Paul Jones might step without a feeling of strangeness."

find still on the walls those portraits of Indians with whom he traded and those other mural decorations representing historical and Biblical scenes which, covered by several coatings of paper, had been lost until a chance scraping of the walls disclosed them again. Or that later owner, by whose name the house is familiarly known today, Hon. Jonathan Warner, should he revisit his old home, would find old scenes vividly recalled: that stain on the carpet—Lafayette spilled his wine there; that lightning rod—it recalls a visit from Franklin himself, a visit in which the scientist complained that he had difficulty in persuading people to use his new invention on their houses. "You can put one on mine if you like," said his host; and the rod is there today.

Standing in the beautiful hallway of the Colonial Dames House on Market Street, one has an irresistible feeling that the English gentleman and ship-master, Captain John Moffat, stands at one's shoulder, pointing out

the wood carvings of Grinling Gibbons, telling with just a touch of homesickness of the old English home of which the American house is a reproduction, leading one through the terraced garden with its glory of phlox and larkspur into the counting house from which, looking out across the water, one almost expects to see Captain Moffat's ship starting on its journey with masts from Kittery Point for England.

But it is not only the great ones whose presence one feels in Portsmouth, not only Governors of Provinces, and statesmen and soldiers whose names are known far beyond the limits of Portsmouth and even of New Hampshire. There is more humanness perhaps in the traditions which have to do with Portsmouth's plain people.

Yet it is very difficult to say, in connection with this town, just who may be classified as plain citizens. It is recorded, for instance, that a negro steward, engaged by Captain Charles





The Marvin House: The doorway and the window above are of exceptional grace and beauty.

Coffin for a voyage to Russia, so attracted the attention and the admiration of the Russian emperor that he became a royal butler and when he returned to Portsmouth some years later he came resplendent in gold lace for the purpose of taking his dusky wife back to Russia to enjoy with him the glory of court life. Even the humblest in Portsmouth appear to possess an aristocracy which marks them.

There are two quiet human stories which are eloquent of the atmosphere of Portsmouth. One is of two old-school gentlemen. Captain Thomas Manning was a gentleman of some wealth and to accommodate a friend, he loaned to Abel Harris a sum of money. The time agreed upon for payment was a few days past when Captain Manning met Mr. Harris on the street.

"Harris," said Manning

abruptly, "come down and settle your note."

Angered by the tone of the remark, Harris answered with equal abruptness. The Captain grew red and furious and threatened to bring suit. The two friends stalked away from each other each with an air of deeply wounded dignity. A few rods and the edge had gone off their injury. Harris turned and called to Manning,

"I'll come half way," was

the reply; and with measured step the friends approached each other again. They met and Harris promised to pay his debt within the day. He appeared punctually with the money. He found Manning waiting. He presented the payment and his creditor solemnly handed it back again:

"Mr. Harris, I don't want this



The Langdon House: Benjamin Franklin's lightning rod still protects it.

money—you can have it as long as you wish—only be *punctual* when the pay day arrives.”

The other story is a graceful love story, full of the quaintness and charm of another day.

Nicholas Rousselet, so the story goes, loved Miss Catharine Moffat, but not until one Sunday morning as they sat together in her father's pew did he gain courage to bring matters to a head. He handed the lady a Bible in which he had made the first and fifth verses of the second epistle of John: “Unto the elect lady. . . . And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another.” And Miss Catharine, sitting demurely at his side, fluttered the leaves of the book, marked another passage and handed

it back. It was the first chapter of Ruth, beginning with verse 16—“Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also if aught but death part thee and me.”

Such are the personalities from out the three hundred years of Portsmouth's history which dominate her life even today. And in mentioning them one must not forget the one to whom in part they owe their immortality, that entertaining gossip, with boundless interest in his fellow men, Charles Warren Brewster, author of *Brewster's Rambles*. This brief sketch owes much to him, and we earnestly recommend him as guide to those of you, who will make a pilgrimage in this tercentenary summer to the town which was his home. He is a ready guide and a genial companion.



Winslow Pierce House in Haymarket Square. A beautiful old mansion.



The Moffatt Ladd House: Now in the possession of the Colonial Dames.



"Here are benches under cool maples. A group of men.....are listening to an expert point out the characteristics of a good horse.

## FARMERS' AND HOME-MAKERS' WEEK

### A Vacation at School

BY HENRY BAILEY STEVENS

**V**ACATIONS, like nearly everything else, depend upon your point of view. If you are a student, for example, you may take your recreation by sojourning on a farm; but if you are a farmer, you may find it in going back to school. For several summers it has been possible to watch this process at New Hampshire University, nee College—one group leaving for new pastures, another coming in hilariously to take their places. It is a sort of Box and Cox arrangement, which keeps the buildings around the campus perennially busy, and helps to deprive the janitor of a historic summer rest.

Education today no longer stops with a college diploma, and mature people are not ashamed to admit that it is still possible and profitable for

them to learn. This is the significance of the Alumni Lectures at Dartmouth and of the new Summer School at Durham. It is a point that has long been recognized by farmers, who have such a variety of occupations to master that they have no difficulty in keeping an attentive mind.

Farmers' and Home-Makers' Week at Durham has become an annual institution during the third week of August. It is unique in combining many of the advantages of a college lecture course, a

country fair, an efficiency exhibition and a village picnic, and in aiming at instruction without formality and without interfering with the joy of life.

Here, to illustrate, are cool benches underneath tall maples. A group of men, some in shirt sleeves, some without hats, are listening to an ex-



pert point out the characteristics of a good horse. When he has finished, one of them asks him a question. The others lean forward. You can read in the eyes of the questioner eagerness for knowledge, respect for experience and that independence of judgment which characterizes the true scholar. The specialist answers his question. The answer raises another. You begin to realize that this is the sort of class where the students conduct the examination. The professor elaborates the point at issue. Meanwhile, the horse lazily switches his tail, and you can sit back, half dreamily and feel green things growing. Apparently the questioners are satisfied. For some time after the close of the more formal discussion they talk with each other. The man from East Swanzey gets acquainted with the man from New Boston. That is one of the best features of meetings like these; they make you feel that your neighborhood is larger than you had supposed, that it includes the whole state of New Hampshire.

Over there several people have started out to the poultry plant. Another group who missed the special horticultural meetings of the day before are on their way to the University orchards. The experimental work comes in for close consideration—the series of soil rejuvenation plots, the corn variety test, the potato disease investigations, the orchard showing various types of pruning, the garden



The largest load of hay ever seen in New Hampshire.  
Over four tons of the state's biggest hay crop.



Merrimack County girls in parade.



A relic of ancient days—the original Daniel Webster plow.

fertility experiment, the nutrition laboratory, and the other projects, many of which have attracted national interest. At the dairy barn is a herd that has been built up under ordinary farm conditions to a point where it includes several state champions. The stock barn shows promising beef cattle, sheep and horses. There are the piggery, with its enormous Berkshires, and the sheep barn, where breeding experiments, conducted along Mendelian lines, are said to be the best de-

vised of any of their kind in the world. While these attractions are interesting most of the men and a few of the women, another group, composed entirely of women, is holding a meeting in a lecture room at Thompson Hall. A public health nurse is telling how a change in diet has overcome malnutrition in several of the families in her community. All of the various agencies working for better health—the State Board of Health, the Red Cross, the Tuberculosis Association, the State Board of Charities and Corrections—are represented. You feel the concentrated effort of organized groups to solve a great and intangible problem, and—what is better—you feel that they are making tangible headway.

It is the desire of the administration of the University to make the campus a meeting-place for all organizations interested in the state betterment; and while the interests represented at Farmers' and Home-Makers' Week are for the most part

rural, they are not inevitably so. Women citizens, parent-teachers, ministers, librarians, injured soldiers, these are some of the groups that have taken the opportunity to join in the general forum at this time. The

dormitories are thrown open, and more and more people seize the opportunity to come for the whole week. The main sessions have usually been held by poultry growers, livestock owners, orchardists, beekeepers, potato growers, women's club members,

health agencies and home demonstration workers.

Perhaps the most picturesque group has not been composed of adults at all, however, but of boys' and girls' club members. Last year 150 youngsters came as delegates from clubs all over the state to the annual Junior Extension Camp and Short Course, which is held throughout the week. This number swelled on the final day to nearly 500. The Busy Bees of Alstead, Hasty Pudding of Loudon, Hoecanoonic of Milford, Pequawket and Chataque of Conway, Sunshine, Jolly Eight, Sugar Valley and nearly four score other clubs had performed in original circuses, sold popcorn, contrived booths at fairs, given lawn parties, held neighbors up for soap orders, picked berries, or in some other way raised the necessary funds to pay the expenses of their delegates. These fortunate ones now slept in College dormitories, ate in the College Commons, walked in the College woods, and



The week is not all work. Here are students busily engaged in pitching horseshoes.

held a track meet on the College athletic field. This was the sauce, while the main fare consisted of talks by specialists and leaders on phases of garden work, canning, clothing, potatoes, and other club projects, and demonstration contests to determine the teams to be sent to the Eastern States Exposition.

The first three days of the sessions are more or less specialized ones; but the final day is a free-for-all. Then it is that the state moves into Durham and swamps it. Whole clubs come in on trucks gaily decorated, singing their club songs. As far as the eye can see, the street is lined with the noses of parked cars. Groups picnic on the campus and swarm into the exhibition halls, where new points on farm and home practices, electric and gas machines, specimens of pests and diseases, handy implements and other attractions hang or revolve. At one o'clock in the afternoon comes the roll of a drum. A band appears and heads the annual Farm and Home Parade. Behind it decorated floats,

contrived by Farm Bureaus, Granges, the Marketing Association, the fruit growers, poultrymen and others, long lines of club members that occasionally overflow with a cheer, novelty features such as huge crawling bugs that represent the Enemy, proud and sometimes unruly animals, pass in review before the Governor. For over a mile the column extends, effectually refuting the idea that only a big city can stage a real parade. The procession ends at the new grandstand at the Memorial Field, where the audience tastes the more solid fare of addresses by national farm leaders. By five o'clock the trucks are chugging homeward; the campus is deserted; and Farmers' and Home-Makers' Week is over till another year.

In such manner do the farm people of the state play the part of the student for a week each August. Who shall say that—considering the amount of time involved—this is not as real and vital a part of the educational program as though a college degree were at stake?

## A NEW HAMPSHIRE CRUSADER

**N**EW Hampshire has never failed to be in the forefront of every movement for the moral uplift of man. We can turn back the pages of her history with pride and read of her sturdy sons who were preaching abolition while Wm. Lloyd Garrison was being dragged through the streets of Boston, and condemning intoxicating beverages before the W. C. T. U. was known. Those who heard Representative Sibley's fervid pleas for his eight-hour-sleep bill and the later pronouncements of Ora Craig regarding enforcement of the liquor law, have no fear that our glorious record will not be maintained. It is doubtful, however, if any one realizes that a new movement is being launched in this state which may soon be of nation-wide significance.

The movement referred to is Commissioner John F. Griffin's crusade against the practice of promiscuous osculation upon the public highways.

Prior to the opening of the present motoring season Mr. Griffin gave no indication of being more romantic than any other Commissioner of Motor Vehicles. He resided in state in his huge apartment at the State House, wallowing in number plates and statistics. Perhaps last winter the reek and powder of battle-scarred Manchester, where his home is situated, stirred a martial note in his soul, for it is said, he came to Concord a changed man. The first evidences of the change manifested themselves in certain week end tours which he took to various parts of the state,—notably Portsmouth and the sea-

shore. His march to the sea resembled Sherman's in that he left terror and destruction in his wake. The wails of the wounded filled the newspapers. No lovelorn youth who allowed his languishing gaze to wander toward the fair one at his side, or worse yet, tried driving with one hand, escaped the Commissioner's eagle eye. It is rumored that even parked cars whose occupants felt that the love light within made up for the lack of dimmers without, found themselves in the iron grip of the law.

Having heard this crusade discussed in various parts of the state and having listened to some of the groans of the maimed, a representative of the GRANITE MONTHLY hastened to interview Mr. Griffin in his office. The interview was rather disappointing as he seemed to have become the prosaic man of affairs once more. However, a glint in his eye and a certain tightening of his square jaw as he spoke of the necessity of law enforcement and referred somewhat maliciously to "bobbed haired flappers" gave one a little thrill and proved that here was a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, who, though calm in his office, might be

an avenging tornado upon the road.

The state of New Hampshire may rest assured that its highways will be made safe if Mr. Griffin can do it. The possibilities of the situation are most interesting. Doubtless the issue involved will figure in the next campaign. Those accustomed to political phraseology will not be surprised to read in the platform of the Republican party under whose regime Mr. Griffin was appointed, "We view with grave concern the increase of promiscuous osculation and petting and point with pride to the fearless efforts of Commissioner Griffin to suppress this menace to the prosperity of our great state." It would surely not be strange if the Democrats upheld the "personal liberty" of young people.

But, joking aside, the Commissioner is doing a good work and deserves the co-operation of every New Hampshire citizen. When each day's newspaper carries headlines of fatal accidents on our highways, the office of Highway Commissioner takes on added importance among public offices. It is gratifying to find a man who takes his duties seriously as does Mr. Griffin.—N. H. C.

## THE HIGH SCHOOL ESSAY CONTEST

### Prize Announcements

By ERWIN F. KEENE

**A**S I understand it, the object of this contest was two-fold: first, to demonstrate the development of the faculty of observation; second to show New Hampshire people that their sons and daughters could record their observations with accuracy, simplicity, and in good readable English.

Mrs. Harriman, Mr. Pearson, and Mr. May most kindly consented to read and judge the manuscripts, and their selection of prize winners and of two more for honorable mention is a credit to the students and to the magazine, and a vindication of the faith which prompted the offer of the prizes.

The very titles of most of the manuscripts are alluring, but only the very best could be regarded as prize material by the committee of expert writers and teachers. Judging from the few essays I have seen, it is a foregone conclusion that some of these young people will in time distinguish themselves in one or more branches of the noble art of writing.

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Winston Emery of Keene High School, who won chief prize with his nature study, "An Hour in the Woods," shows those remarkable powers of observation which are most highly devel-

oped in lovers of nature. Mr. Emery will astonish no one if he elects to become a poet, forester, biologist, or naturalist. Some one said that "five out of seven of us are wasted in unsuitable occupations," and it is mainly because the so-called failures do not take up a life work into which they can throw themselves with enthusiasm.

If Mr. Emery has not already read these authors, we suggest a study of the writings of W. H. Hudson, William Beebe, Thoreau, John Muir and Burroughs; they will talk to him in the language of his own heart, for his world is their world, and they and he worship at the same shrine.

Second prize: "What High School Has Done For Me," by Catherine E. Paige of Weare High School.

In these days we rightly lay great stress on the human document, as diary or autobiography, or as revealed in letters and 'fugitive' writings. Cellini, Pepys, and Evelyn are now familiar to many high school students and to thousands of men and women at colleges; Amiel and 'Barbellion' (as Bruce F. Cummings styled himself), Marie Bashkirtseff, the letters of Shelley and R. L. S. are quarried for the garnets or diamonds of self-revelation which former commentators may have overlooked. W. H. Hudson, in his last book, while confessing his debt to Shakespeare, records his love for Chaucer: "But where is Shakespeare all this time?" he says, after looking in vain through the Bard's works for a hint of his own personality; "I find him not..... Chaucer revealed himself in every one of his creations, in every line he wrote .....the sense of brotherhood is, however, more to me than artistry, even of the godlike aloofness of Shakespeare."

Miss Paige reveals herself with a satisfaction to the reader that is pleasing and wholesome. The life on a farm, the burgeoning intellect at grammar school, the healthy growth at high

school under wise guidance and invaluable tuition, and now the sure promise of full flowering at college and in later life. If we often wonder why devoted teachers give their lives for the advancement of the race, and at a salary which hand-workers would scorn—the answer is here.

In "The Feeling of an Immigrant" by Louise Mantegani of Robinson Seminary, we read with reverence another tribute to the noble women and men who teach our youth. A little Italian girl, speaking no English, on her first day at school she felt the hostility of race for race, and worshipped her teachers with the love "of the moth for the star," and was rewarded by receiving all those teachers had to give, then and later, through school and in the seminary. Her essay exhibits a correct feeling for punctuation and for paragraphing, and the choice of words and arrangement of ideas is admirable. Knowing as I do several Italian immigrants in various parts of the United States, their fine citizenship, industry, and the respect in which their American-born friends hold them, I can assure Miss Mantegani that she will not be alone in her class when she goes out into the world. One of the silliest catchwords of this century is "The Melting Pot." With such teachers as New Hampshire has in gracious abundance, the melting pot may be dropped down the nearest quarry—to crack or cool or rust in decent forgetfulness.

Miss Muriel L. Seymour wrote on "Our Trip to 'The Old Man of the Mountain.'" Her article is timely, the subject is attractively treated, and she writes with discernment and that lack of self-consciousness which is so pleasing among our modern young people. A certain artlessness enhances the art of the best writers—as anyone can find out for himself if he tries to write like John Bunyan, for example—and Miss Sey-



mour takes us up and over Profile Mountain with her simple and unposed descriptions, then plants us where we can regard the profile of The Old Man, and quotes about it one of the finest things which Daniel Webster—that other giant—ever said, and which we hope the GRANITE MONTHLY will reprint.

#### FIRST PRIZE

### An Hour in the Woods

BY WINSTON EMERY

Keene High School

THE brown dust sifted lazily between his bare toes as he walked along the narrow country road, now and then whistling a snatch of an old time song. He was too lifeless to whistle a song that would require more energy for it was a spring afternoon. He wasn't more than fifteen years of age. He had a thatch of brown hair, large expressive eyes of the same color and a face thickly populated with freckles. He was average build for a boy his age, but his tattered grey shirt and his khaki pants were a little shy of being large enough.

He neared a thickly wooded area and as he came up to it his step grew more springy and his face lit up with anticipation. He turned into an old patch that led into the woods. No twigs snapped under his feet. Surely he seemed a part of the forest as he glided along through the trees. The countless insects set up a humming as he entered the woods. The very trees seemed to bow before him. Here was a boy who was a part of nature.

He stopped and looked undecidedly at a small plant with deeply cut leaves and a blossom that resembled a round ball of fuzz. Quickly he sank to his knees and his long fingers expertly followed the one root of the so-called "ground nut plant." The root extended into the ground for some half a foot and then his fingers found the sought-for prize and brought it forth. It was a small brown nut about the size of a marble. He dug several of these and put them in his pocket after which he continued on his way.

A whirr-r-r-r-r-r of wings greeted him as Mrs. Partridge flew a ways and then lit and ran invitingly in front of him. He smiled wisely and went to the spot where the bird flew up. There came two sharp clucks from Mother Partridge and numerous greyish brown balls of fuzz were hidden from view in the leaves and ferns. He smiled again; this time an affectionate smile that only one of the woods can understand. He stooped and reached under a leaf that stirred slightly and pulled forth a baby partridge. It was like a baby turkey only many times smaller. He pressed it

against his cheek and the chick seemed to understand for he peeped a little. Regrettingly he released it and watched it scamper away. A baby partridge a day old is impossible to catch. Another thing is, the male partridge is not allowed near the nest by the Mother Partridge. He started back to the path. A late mayflower looked longingly up at him as much as to say, "Where are all my brother and sister mayflowers?" It looked lonely and perhaps a little wistful there alone. A bluejay shrieked at him,—the pirate of the woods! A beautiful grey squirrel sauced the jay immediately and frisked down the trunk of the old oak, chattering all of the while at nothing. Then he scampered over to the boy who stooped and picked him up. They were great companions, were these two. As soon as the squirrel was loosed he dove into the boy's pocket and brought forth a nut, chattering triumphantly and daring any other woodfolk to do the same.

Two pine siskins sat side by side on an old branch cooing to each other lovingly for it was the mating season for the woodfolk. A hermit thrush trilled out a clear, mellow and tremulous song. It sounded as though he was afraid that some other bird would find how to make such a beautiful sound. A song sparrow took up the cry and poured forth one nearly as beautiful. He sat high on a branch and his dusky throat trembled a bit as he sang his happy frightened song of love and joy.

The boy started forward again but he had not gone far when a handsome female goldfinch coated with feathers of soft yellow and brown, hesitatingly sang a sobbing, broken cry of despair. Its little throat quivered with emotion for beside it on the ground lay its gorgeously colored mate. Never again would the woods hear its joyful cry! Never again would it croon songs of love to its mate, and never again would it feed insects into the hungry, waiting mouths of the clamoring young ones! The female bird put her head close to the male's and then with a catching sobbing cry departed. The boy cried softly and then buried it in the leaves. He noticed beside it a large blood red trillium. Even the flower seemed sad for it drooped towards the dead body of the bird. An evening breeze stole whisperingly through the pine, crooning a soft cheer up song to the mother bird. Even the bluejay and the squirrel were still during that moment of reverence that the woodfolk give in respect of the dead. A cotton tail rabbit broke the silence by thumping along under the small pine. Before the boy knew it dusk fell and the dark leaved evergreen trees made the woods shadowy and still. Nothing stirred. It was the point where the day woodfolk had gone to sleep and before the nightfolk have awakened. A lone white birch stood out against the hemlocks like a white rose on the dress of a nun. The insects of the night were waking. There

came a patter of feet; a rustle in the leaves. A whippoorwill started its rhythmic song. All of this any one may see by spending one little hour in the woods. Nature favors none and what she will show to one she will show another.

## SECOND PRIZE

### What High School Has Done For Me

BY CATHERINE E. PAIGE

#### Weare High School

NATURALLY, you wonder who "me" is. "Me" is a girl in her last year of High School, who realizes, partially, at least, what the high school has done for her.

The first year of the Weare High School there were twenty pupils enrolled. One of them was "me." This high school had only the bare necessities to start with, but it flourished, because of the perseverance of the teachers and pupils.

I, as well as the majority of the pupils, live on a farm. I could not sew or cook, was bashful, and was, in fact, a typical country girl, just graduated from grammar school.

At Weare High School, I learned to make my own dresses, to plan meals wisely, and to make myself generally useful at home. The budget kept at school in the Household Management Course taught me to keep a budget of my own and, also, to help my father in his accounts.

Grammar school pupils usually carry the habit of depending upon the teacher, on to high school. I was no exception and often felt abused when the teachers made me use my brains and think things out for myself. One of the studies in the second year was geometry. I shirked at first, because I thought that the lessons were too hard. One day, a theorem was given to me to prove, but I had not studied the lesson and completely failed. That night, I took my geometry home and studied on the next day's lesson. Soon I became interested in working out the problems. It was then that I realized that my brains were made to use in studying, instead of inventing ways to get the teachers to help me.

In Weare High School, I learned to meet people, from my mingling with the other students. The debates in which I took part, no doubt, will be of great importance in my future life, for they will teach me to talk easily and to say what is necessary without "going all around Robin Hood's Barn." The course in English taught me to think and talk correctly. This is most important as one goes through life.

The incidents of three years have impressed on my mind the necessity of honesty, truthfulness, efficiency; and last, but not least, the meaning of school spirit.

School spirit should be in the heart of every pupil. It is not always called "school spirit," but whatever name it goes under, whether loyalty or patriotism, it means the same.

After much thought on the subject, I have decided that college is my aim. There are many chances to work in the different shops near my home, but by the time I was ready to decide, something made me want a higher education. College became the inevitable and New Hampshire State was the place.

The Home Economics Course showed me how to do housework properly so that soon it became a pleasure instead of a hated task. I took great delight in doing work as it ought to be done, learning that, "Do what you do, well," is a most reliable motto.

Another important thing which I have learned is to look for the more serious things in life, and to develop a liking for the deeper thoughts of great men and women. Literature has opened before me a new world; and all books are now a source of inspiration to me. Even novels are read for the style of the author instead of the mere story part of it. Literature has taken me to foreign countries and introduced me so that I do not feel like a stranger.

The fundamentals of education are laid in grammar school, but they are expanded and firmly rooted in high school. There the pupil forms habits which last the rest of his life. The firmer the foundation, the stronger the building. It is for all of us to do our best and take advantage of the many opportunities which high school offers.

## HONORABLE MENTION

### The Feeling of An Immigrant

LOUISE MANTEGANI

Robinson Seminary

IT is now nearly eleven years since I first saw the Custom House at Boston. I was then only a little immigrant of about eight years of age. When I walked down the gang-plank, and set foot on American soil, a thrill of joy elated my whole being. At last, after much preparation and a seemingly eternal voyage, I had arrived in the wonderful land which Father had written of. We went to a department store to buy our first American clothes. I was filled with pride and happiness, but even then my keen senses perceived that some people were not over-joyed at seeing us. One may ask how a child of eight could ever have noticed such little things, but one must remember that an Italian child of eight is much older than an American child of the same. Even as I noticed the chilling glances that passers-by gave us, I attributed them to our strange appearance in foreign garb, to our non-acquaintance

with American ways and to the indifference of city people.

We came to Exeter, and made our home here. When I had learned but a few words I entered the public schools. I shall always remember my first day at school. As I entered the room, all the children turned around and regarded me as a very queer child. I was introduced to the teacher, and she assigned me to a seat in the front row. I watched the teacher's every movement, and I am afraid the children watched me most of the time, as they seemed very absent-minded when they were called on to recite. At recess the children forgot me. Only one little girl edged timidly up to me and made signs that she was friendly. I was very shy, therefore, for a long time I made but few acquaintances. My real friends were my teachers whom I worshipped from afar. I was eager to learn, and they did all they could to teach me both the language and the customs of my adopted country.

As I passed from one grade to another, I began to realize that those first chilling glances which I had felt, were the bywaters of the strong current of national feeling which exists in America. To gain practice in my new language, I read the papers. There I found many evidences of that strong current of national feeling. Sometimes I heard that even court cases were decided on nationality. This fact grieved me; but whenever any one spoke of it, I would always find excuses for it. I do not want people to be embittered by that strong under current, for I began to feel that such a feeling exists all over the earth, wherever two nationalities mix.

From the public schools I entered the Seminary. Here again I was thrown among strangers. I was awe stricken as I marched up stairs for the first morning exercises, and watched all the other girls march in. I never had thought there were so many girls in the town. As I also watched the teachers take their places on the platform, I wondered if I should have to have all of them in one day. As I listened to Mr. Bisbee's speech, one sentence of it remained in my mind. "It makes no difference to me who your parents are, what they do, or what you wear. It's what you do and make of yourselves that I am interested in." I breathed a great sigh of relief; for, here, at last, I had found a place where hated current of national feeling is almost exempt. As he finished his short but impressive speech, I was sure that I should like the school. I made up my mind to do my best and to be graduated from it, no matter how hard the work proved to be.

I have advanced from one class to another, and at the beginning of each year the same impressive speech has been made by Mr. Bisbee. Each time a thrill of joy has passed through me; and I have wondered how many of these first graders have been impressed as I was. At last I have reached the Senior Class, the goal I

have set my heart on. To be sure I have not gone through the ordeal without difficulty; for many a stumbling block has stood in my way, and often I have been almost discouraged.

During my five years at the Seminary, I have come to know that the feeling between nationalities has always existed, but only the thoughtless and ignorant would harp on such a delicate subject. This wonderful land cannot be blamed for the conditions which exist within it. It is the duty of each individual to do his bit to rectify them.

I am sure that with my training and education, I can help foreigners to become good citizens. In what better way can I show my gratitude to America?

#### HONORABLE MENTION

### Our Trip to the "Old Man of the Mountain"

BY MURIEL LYDIA SEYMOUR  
Whitefield High School

IT was early dawn when we started on our trip to visit "The Old Man of the Mountain." Our party consisted of four girls and three boys, with Rev. Guy Roberts of Whitefield as our guide.

Arriving at the Profile House, we parked our cars and after a short rest, made ready for our climb up Profile Mountain.

The day was warm, but a cooling breeze made the first part of the climb very enjoyable. At the base of the mountain, we noticed that the trees were extra tall and as the foliage was exceedingly dense, the sun did not shine directly on us, for which we were truly grateful.

As we slowly made our way up the winding path, which led to the summit of the mountain, we found that the ascent was gradually becoming steeper and steeper. In these steeper places small streams of water trickled over the rocks, making them so slippery that it was almost impossible for anyone to pass without help.

At last we came to a less steep path, where the sun burst forth upon us warming our bones, which had, in spite of the difficult climb, become chilled by the dampness of the woods.

In answer to our inquiries, Mr. Roberts told us that we were near the top of the mountain and drew our attention to the fact, that the trees were becoming scarce and stunted in growth. He explained that the severe winters and the heavy winds tended to check the growth of the trees and made them very brittle, which we found to be true when we tried to break the branches.

After another climb we reached a flat rock, the summit of the mountain, from which we could see the surrounding country. On the north and south of us, valley after valley and hill after hill stretched out, and on the east of us Lafayette mountain

overshadowed the valley beneath, revealing its deep ravines and gulches. Behind us we saw the dense woods, through which we had just come. The beauty of the scenery was truly a wonder in itself.

Leaving this rock, we started down the opposite side of the mountain toward the top of the head. The guide preceded, and we followed him closely, as there were no paths or landmarks of any kind to show us the way. The trees and small scrubs had now entirely disappeared, and only bare rock faced us. These rocks were very steep and sloping, so we slid rather than walked for about one hundred feet, until we came to smoother ground, where we once more gained our feet.

When the guide had hunted over a vast area of land, he found a large pointed rock, which directed the way to the exact rock forming the head of "the Old Man." He allowed us for the first time a real rest from our climb.

During our rest Mr. Roberts told us the story of the Profile. These are the facts he told us as we sat there:

The Profile was first discovered by white men in 1805. For quite a few years it was not visited except by those who lived near, but since the highway and the railroad have been built through Franconia, multitudes have viewed with admiration 'the Great Stone Face' and have gone their way satisfied to see it in its sublime grandeur as outlined against the sky, and have carried away a never-to-be-forgotten picture of it.

The Profile is formed on a shoulder of what was called Cannon Mountain, and juts out into space some twelve hundred feet above Profile Lake. It is made up of five layers of granite, one exactly above the other. Of these, one forms the chin, another the upper lip, a third the nose, and the remaining two form the forehead. In height, the Profile is ninety feet from the bottom of the chin to the top of the forehead.

Some forty years ago certain members of the Appalachian Mountain Club located these Profile forming ledges; and in doing so discovered that one of the large rocks, which forms the prominent part of the forehead was in danger of falling off. The discovery was written up and printed in several publications at the time, and a further examination was made by the proprietor of the Profile House, with the decision that owing to the size of the rock, nothing could be done to 'save the face' of "The Old Man of The Mountain." Here the matter was dropped and in the main forgotten.

At this time, Mr. Roberts was interrupted by a hungry one of our group, who felt it his duty to suggest that we should eat our lunch. While eating our guide continued his story as follows:—

"When for the first time, I gazed spell-bound upon this marvel I wondered how, when the Profile was slowly moving toward its doom, men could stand calmly by and

let such a disaster go on.

"I investigated the matter and a little later mentioned it to the Proprietor of the Profile House, who again reviewed and investigated the former discovery. But the matter was left as before, in spite of the expressed conviction that 'it was only a question of time before the Profile would face its destruction.'

"Several years came and passed before the possibility of carrying out the plan of saving the Profile presented itself. But finally it came.

"Mr. E. H. Geddes, manager of the C. H. Hardwick Company's granite quarries in Quincy, Mass.; being a personal acquaintance of mine, examined the head with me, and after we had taken measurements and made models in brass, a means was found by which the Profile could be saved.

"With the help of the state, the slipping rock making up the forehead was fastened to the ledge from which it had been pushed by the melting of snow and ice, by means of Lewis-blocks and turn-buckles. These were so fastened that they formed a kind of hinge for the rock to swing on, as it often does in a heavy storm. In this way New Hampshire's most wonderful attraction has been saved to posterity."

By this time, we had finished our lunch, and Mr. Roberts made ready to paint the rods and buckles which held the rock to the ledge. He explained that the buckles had to be painted every year to prevent them from rusting. Each one in the party helped to paint portions of the rods and we were elated by the fact, that we had had the honor of painting the "hairpins" of "The Old Man" as Mr. Roberts called them.

After taking several snapshots of the various views, we reluctantly turned our backs and retraced our steps back over the route we had come. It took us but a few minutes to go down the mountain, and soon after reaching our cars, we were on our way to see the wonder we had been told about while on the summit.

We arrived at the site where we could view the features of "The Old Man," and while looking for the first time upon Nature's curiosity, The Profile, this passage which Daniel Webster once said, and which I had once learned, came to my mind.

"Men hang out their signs indicative of their respective trades; shoe-makers hang out a gigantic shoe, jewelers a monster watch, and the dentist hangs out a gold tooth; but up in the Mountains of New Hampshire, God Almighty has hung out a sign to show that there He makes men."

We hurried our departure as it was becoming late afternoon, and were soon on our way home. Our party was very quiet during the trip back, first maybe because we were tired and secondly because our minds may have been questioning the same as Laura S. Grey did in her verse:—

"Is he watching for the morning  
When these hills shall pass away?  
Is he waiting for the dawning  
Of the Grand Eternal Day?"



BEAM SCALES—Weighing the Thanksgiving Gifts

## A KITCHEN OF 1825 IN A THRIVING NEW ENGLAND TOWN

### The Heart of Our Ancestors' House

BY ELINOR STEARNS

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**I**N the basement of one of those old brick houses built nearly a century ago in one of our fast-growing seaport towns was the old kitchen, as I remember it, low studded and dark except in days of bright sunshine. The vast kitchen of colonial days, with its broad beams fringed with pendant ears of corn and dried meat, its spinning-wheel, loom and reels, still held the place of home-factory in the country, but in the city it was no longer possible to be independent and self-sustaining. There the kitchen ceilings were plastered to hide the beams, walls were painted, the breadth of the fireplace reduced and no longer could city children see the stars through the wide mouth of the chimney. While coal had not replaced wood, nor gas and petroleum succeeded lard and whale-oil lamps, in my younger days, still our kitchen would have been considered a model of progress to the country cousin of that period. The pendant hams had been relegated to a smoke-room connected with the chimney in one of the attic chambers, where inside a brick and soapstone closet, with a door opening like an oven, meat was hung on rows of hooks to be cured or smoked in preparation for the long New England winter. But such was the stride of progress that by 1850 many of our neighbors had dispensed with fireplace cooking and considered our methods of a previous generation primitive and clumsy. In truth, our practice was something between that of eighteenth century days and the beginnings of an ingenious saving of labor of the middle of the nineteenth century.

In my youthful days the well-equipped, comfortable kitchen was the heart of the house and when the lamps were lighted and the barred shutters closed and a great wood fire sent out its flickering glow, the room became irresistible to every member of a generous-sized family. The kitchen was some twenty feet square with windows recessed in the deep walls of the house and secured against cold and intrusion

by folding panelled shutters which were held firmly in place by wooden bars fitted into sockets half way up the case-ment. One of these same bars I remember was often placed across the backs of two square-topped Windsor chairs and from it was suspended the flannel bag containing the viscid composition of real calves-foot jelly that must be strained while warm into a great yellow-ware bowl set below it. And this same bar or one of its mates served in similar position to hold the scales with their three-foot beam, the scoop on one end and the leaden weight-holder on the other, set up the day before Thanksgiving to weigh out the butter, sugar, and flour for some of the poor families of the town.

The fireplace, the glowing eye of the room, of course, was the center of attraction. Although not of the generous dimensions of its colonial forerunners, it easily held the hickory logs "once cut," ten cords of which were annually piled in the great barn adjoining the house after being sawed and split at the sidewalk edge by some itinerant wood-sawyer. In a leathern, apron-like strap, which when folded over the wood was lifted by its handles, one at each end, after the manner of a carpet bag, supplies were brought in daily to fill the kitchen woodbox. And the kindlings! None of the motley, machine-cut odds and ends of wood, the refuse of mills and box factories, but the delicious smelling, old-time, hand-made "cooper's chips" flaked off in great curving pieces from country oak at the coopers' shops "down town" by the wharves where barrels and casks were made to hold New England rum and New Bedford whale oil. And to make certain that the fire would burn

quickly, there was the bark pile in the barn, a good supply of which was always kept on hand.

On the crane in the fireplace was hung, besides the smaller kettle and the pot for boiling potatoes and the like, a great three-gallon water kettle with a long spout and faucet from which hot water could always be drawn without tipping it. Heavy wrought-iron fire-



The Vinegar Barrel in the Barn

dogs or andirons stood beneath the crane with hook-like brackets on the back, toward the fire, on which to place a temporary spit, not, as in modern ornamental imitations, absurdly holding a poker, which, in this position, would be too hot

to handle. In the fireplace, too, was the comparatively newfangled introduction, the "copper back log," which contained a coil of piping and supplied hot water to a tank and to the bathroom above. These came in about 1840 and disappeared with the introduction of coal fires and ranges with water-fronts. But the iron "fore-stick" must not be forgotten,—it held the heaping firewood in place and kept the fire within prescribed limits and served, too, as the basis of the thrifty housekeeper's joke, "Oh! yes! we save a great deal of wood by having a copper back-log and iron forestick."

And then there was the water supply, of which our town was proud to be in advance of some of its bigger neighbors in the date of installing. All the way from the "fountains," some miles beyond the town, were laid wooden logs bored with a three-inch hole and fitted into one another. These logs were connected at right angles with the house log which stood beside our sink. There was, of course, no upstairs supply until a force-pump was set up later, but many a kettle-full of water was



The house log and wooden sink.

to a tempting pool thence to be poured over the broil when dished for the table. No such delicious cookery can be secured by any other process.

But the pride of the old kitchen was the battery of boilers and ovens with fire-boxes beneath them on either side of the fire-place. First came the

drawn from the wooden fauncet which had a curious way of popping out unexpectedly so that it must be forced back and pounded into place with a hammer.

Before the fireplace was set the "tin-kitchen" in which were roasted the turkeys, chickens, cuts of beef, and legs of mutton. Spitted and skewered in place, these were every now and then given a half-turn by the crank at the end in order to bring the other side of the roast to the fire, for the clockwork "jack," a survival of colonial days, was then not much used in city houses. Frequently, too, the door at the back of the tin-kitchen was opened and with a long-handled spoon the roast was basted from the drip pan below. And the delightful bed of coals that evolved in the old fireplace! And such succulent beefsteaks and mutton chops as were cooked over them on the heavy gridiron, the small grooves of which leading to a large groove near the handle, conducted the juices

copper wash-boiler, with its individual fire-box, ready for Monday observances; next it was the ham boiler, a two-story affair of thick tin, constricted above and topped by a smaller detachable steamer for plum puddings and the like, but being seldom used, it served to hold the stock of sulphurous friction matches; this, too, had its own fire-box below. Beyond the large, open fire-place, again with an individual fire-box, was the Rumford oven, always in great demand just before Thanksgiving and Christmas. This invention of the famous Count Rumford may still be found in old kitchens and possibly still may be used in some of them, but it is a curiosity to most persons of the present generation. Made of iron, deep set in the brickwork, its door opened by a brass handle, while two small ventilators below and another above leading to the chimney flue regulated the temperature. When the door was thrown open a cavern some three feet deep was disclosed with a slatted iron shelf in the middle, which could be

pulled forward by means of rods with brass knobs outside the frame of the oven. In it, not only the daily bread, or delectable cake and the "Molly Saunders" gingerbread, but a full dozen pies could be baked at one time.

Beyond the oven was the closet for the family of pots and kettles of iron, brass, and copper scoured fresh and bright, with curious skillets and frying pans and the long-handled breadtoaster hinged at the junction of the handle and rack so that, by an easy swinging of the affair, the slices of toasting bread could be turned without reaching in where the fire was too hot for comfort. The kitchen had a more distant closet where larger things were kept and big roomy store closets for groceries and the usual kitchen supplies. The tongs, poker, and fire shovel were always standing near the fireplace in an angle of the brickwork; the turkey wings, saved to sweep up the hearth, hung on the oven knobs; the bunch of iron meat skewers was swinging from a nail higher up; and on the soapstone frame of the ham boiler was kept the friendly bellows ever ready to assist in putting new life into a pile of dying embers.

With this elaborate and tenderly cared for outfit for the roasting and toasting, the baking and broiling of good things, it is a wonder that the day of days for the children of the family was the day before Thanksgiving? It was the custom in that homogeneous age to weigh out and measure out flour, sugar, tea, potatoes, butter, etc., and with small turkeys, chickens, and legs of mut-



The smoke room in the attic.

ton to pack tempting baskets for families less fortunate than our own in worldly goods for their Thanksgiving celebration. It was a busy day and the kitchen was the centre of activity. Bundles and cloth bags—for paper ones had not then appeared—were carefully stuffed with good things. It is easy to recall our sturdy old darky, who for that day was pressed into the service as express man, with his huge market-basket, a head of celery protruding from one of its double covers and the yellow legs of a pair of chickens from the other. The Rumford oven was in full blast, the matches were taken out of the boiler top, the fire-lighted beneath; even the wash-boiler was called into service and the whole battery was engaged. While real pies were being made at a great table, we children made our toy ones; that is, we had a piece of dough



to keep us quiet and that dough resembled brown-bread dough before our pie was moulded to our taste.

Only previous to a dinner party or Thanksgiving were these wholesale preparations for feasting undertaken, so that it is not strange that the New England feast day brings easily to mind,—not the ordering of a few baskets of

fruit by telephone—but a cosy twilight room, littered with heavy, curious implements, reeking with good smells, noisy and cheerful consultations and laughter, and at last, out of chaos, an orderly pile of interesting packages appearing to have spilled out of a full larder no corner of which was left empty.

## WHAT QUALITIES MAKE FOR SUCCESS?

### Some Prominent Women and Girls Answer the Question

**W**HAT qualities or characteristics are most necessary to the attainment of success in this world? We asked the question of a group of successful and prominent women in the state. We asked it also of some girls in high school. The answers need no editorial comment, but perhaps the keynote of the replies may be summed up in the words of Hugh Walpole: " 'Tisn't life that matters; it's the courage one brings to it."

DR. ANNA B. PARKER

New Hampton, N. H.

*President of the N. H.*

*League of Women Voters*

Success is, first of all, a vision of achievement so well worthwhile that it fires the spirit with enthusiasm and courage to undertake its fulfilment.

The second requisite is faith in the power and intelligence of the hidden self to turn all circumstances and events of life toward the final goal.

The final demand is for hard and persistent work that refuses to admit defeat or allow any discouragement to paralyze or lessen effort.

It is also a great help to feel there is no urgent need of hurry.

EMMA L. BARTLETT

Raymond, N. H.

*Member of the New Hampshire*

*Legislature*

Be yourself—and forget yourself. Cultivate the "human touch." Be sym-

pathetic alike with beggars and kings. Help all in every way you can. Be especially considerate of the cast down in spirit, the weak who have fallen, and charitable to the self-righteous—who need to fall. Radiate courage and good cheer and keep alive a fine faith in God and your fellow men.

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

Washington, D. C.

*Wife of Senator Henry W. Keyes*

It seems to me that, first of all, a girl must have a tiny spark of that flame we call talent.... Given that little spark the rest of the formula is simple. I heard a great sculptor say once that it could be expressed in three words—"Work—work—work." I should alter that a little and say, "Work—fight—pray."

DAISY DEANE WILLIAMSON

*State Home Demonstration Leader*

*New Hampshire College*

A real vision of life's work, stability of character, energy, good judgment, reliability, leadership, promptness in action, "stick-to-it-iveness" and a pleasing personality.

LILIAN S. EDWARDS

Many years ago I heard a fine lecture by Professor Drummond on the requirements of a complete life as shown in the picture, *The Angelus*, namely, worship, love or companionship, and work.

## EFFIE E. YANTIS

Manchester, N. H.

*Member New Hampshire Legislature*

I happen to know two girls who both made failures of their first lemon pies.

One said, "I will never make another lemon pie;" the other, "I shall never give up till I learn how to make the best lemon pie anyone ever tasted."

To carry on no matter what happens is the only road to success.

## LYDIA ELEANOR BLODGETT

Woodsville High School

*Class of 1925*

Three characteristics of an individual which of themselves must bring forth success are Character, Reputation, and Personality. Character is like an inward or spiritual grace. Reputation should be the outward or visible sign. Personality is that which distinguishes a person and is made up of conscientious, character and will.

## ROSAMOND FOSTER

Stevens High School

Claremont, N. H.

I have always thought that if anyone is determined enough to be successful, he can certainly carry out his desire. He must have will power and ambition. Then, too, he must be conscientious and honest and willing to work hard.

## VERNA B. FRIEND

Laconia High School

Laconia, N. H.

No matter what a girl's ambitions may be, no matter what natural talent and mental ability she may have, it is the steady work, day by day, that counts. A girl must also be able to think clearly, to understand human nature, to be sympathetic and free from narrow-mindedness.

## IYLA K. TRACY

Concord High School

*Class of 1923*

I believe there are two things necessary to the attainment of success in this world—vision and concentration.

Before a painter can put one stroke of the wet brush on the canvas, he must have in mind a perfectly clear vision of how that canvas is to look when completed. Then, with this vision always before him, he must concentrate all his mind and energy on making every stroke tell of some progress made toward the final perfection of his picture.

So it is that when we begin to plan our lives, we must first gain an objective toward which to direct our efforts and then by concentration make every day contribute something to the attaining of that end.

## Program for Dover's 300th Anniversary

**Saturday, August 18—Evening:** Bon fire, fireworks and grand illumination.

**Sunday, August 19—Morning:** Union Service at City Hall, including an historical address; *Sunset:* Vesper Service on the site of the old meeting house with 300th Anniversary chorus in colonial costume.

**Monday, August 20—Open House and Band Concerts.**

**Tuesday, August 21—Governor's Day—Morning:** Historical pageant at Dover Point to include water features; *Afternoon:* Reception to distinguished guests. Historical address. Drill by Strafford Guards, (Oldest Military organization in the city.) *Evening:* Band concerts.

**Wednesday, August 22—Morning:** Firemen's Parade; *Noon:* Community Picnic at Guppy Park. Program of sports during the afternoon; *Evening:* Street dancing to the music of the band.

**Thursday, August 23—Morning:** Annual Meeting of Society of Colonial Wars. Civic, historical and industrial parade; *Evening:* Mardi Gras Carnival Night.

# BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

CONDUCTED BY VIVIAN SAVACOO.

## Comrades of the Rolling Ocean

BY RALPH D. PAINE

Houghton Mifflin Co.

"COMRADES of the Rolling Ocean" is another of the adventuresome, salty sea tales which Ralph Paine has written. This one, like the others, is fascinating because the facts stated seem to be fiction but are indeed facts stranger than fiction, as many of the incidents in the book are taken from his own experiences at sea. It is needless to tell the people of New Hampshire about Ralph D. Paine. He is a New Hampshire man, and those who do not know him may learn about his interesting life in his autobiography "Roads of Adventure."

This sea yarn deals with the period after the war when the construction of a splendid merchant marine for usages of war presents to young men an opportunity for a career which will not only be a source of happiness and success to them but a chance to help their country by aiding the United States in maintaining her fine fleet and establishing permanently her return to the sea. For at the present time many of our boats are not only manned by a foreign crew but the officers are also foreigners who are attracted by large salaries and better conditions to sail under the American flag, although they have no respect for our service or desire to make it stand for all that is best in the life of the sea. The danger which Mr. Paine perceives is that this country will lose the place she has regained among the most powerful nations on the ocean.

In answer to this need young Judson Wyman leaves North Dakota and journeys to Virginia to begin his life as a sailor. "Kid" Briscoe, "the hard-boiled guy," is also one of the group traveling to Newport News. From dislike, suspicion, and fighting evolves a true friendship between the two boys which makes them forever loyal to each other and

true comrades of the sea. Their pact is sealed by the heroic grit and strength of Judson which saves "Kid's" life. "Kid" becomes an ardent ally in helping Judson maintain the ship's record without a smirch. A most valuable ally he proves himself to be in bringing to light the plans for smuggling rum entertained by Maddigan, one of the group of students, and later in watching the mysterious, dangerous Mendoza. A third is admitted to their pact, however, after their return from their first trip on a steamer of the Shipping Board fleet to learn the sailor's trade. The third of the three Musketeers of Blue Water, as Mr. Paine calls his heroes, is Spencer Torrance, a scholar and professor in the college in North Dakota which Judson attended. He begins his career as a super cargo, but he finds himself doing many things outside his official duties.

They are all thrilled and inspired by hardship and dangers, inspired to "carry through" always and to maintain past traditions. They have a chance to prove their spirit, courage, and ingenuity first when, left alone in a shattered half of a boat in the perilous North Sea, they try to navigate her back to port. Again, in the Pacific, it is only by nimble wits as well as courage that they are able to save a comrade and to preserve their own lives until rescued.

If the author's purpose is to make his readers feel the lure of the sea because of its mystery and ever-changing surface, to see the fascination which lies in the adventures it offers, in the chance it gives to see the world, Mr. Paine has succeeded. His own love of the sea, his wealth of detailed knowledge about sea customs, sea men, and sea life, and his enjoyment of spinning a yarn make success inevitable.

# THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

## About Unofficial Pageants

**W**HEN the impending epidemic of pageants has swept over New Hampshire, leaving its victims nursing mosquito bites and vaguely bewildered in an effort to distinguish between history and symbolism in the spectacles they have witnessed, it will undoubtedly seem that the whole gamut of pageant possibilities has been run, that all material suitable for pageant use has been exhausted. But this is not the case. On every side, in the every-day experience of every one of us, is pageant material which will never in all probability be dressed up in costume for an audience to pay box-office prices to witness.

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The very preparation of a pageant is an unofficial Pageant of Pageants. Cast in regulation form, it would have great possibilities. There are two versions: first, the professional pageant, in which the spot lights focus on a directing personality, around whom are grouped in attitudes of reverent adoration, bebies of committees, functioning solely as background; and second, the amateur pageant, with a spotlight for each performer, a self-appointed central figure, usually the author, engaging in a perpetual whirling dervish act, committee groups which mingle in confused mazes of dance or tugs of war, and in the background, Legend and History tangled up in a boxing bout. The first version is more correct and expensive; the second affords more thrills. In one or other of these pageants, nearly all of us have, at some time in our lives, played at least a minor role.

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Another unofficial pageant, very seasonable just now, might be called the Pageant of Relatives. Its prologue shows the weary housewife, standing at daybreak at her door and scanning the horizon for approaching cars. Like all real pageants it plays up surprise at-

tacks, not by Indians, but by cousins and nephews who arrive in seven-passenger motor cars on Saturday night after the stores close, expecting to spend the weekend. It is divided conventionally into Episodes, one of the most thrilling being when your Uncle Henry and your wife's Uncle James, sworn enemies and business rivals, arrive, both unexpectedly, one from the north and one from the south, on a night when you have only one guest room left.

It is said on good authority that every citizen of New Hampshire, during the months of July and August, plays either an offensive or a defensive part in this pageant.

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And for historical pageants—what a wealth of material is afforded each day! It is interesting to speculate upon the sort of performance which will be staged along about 2223, when a grateful posterity celebrates the Tecentenary of Us.

Our "Fred the Silent" at the State House—what a grand figure he may cut in a pageant procession when three hundred years have cast about his basefall uniform and bat the glamor of romance! Think of the thrill which may pass through an audience confronted by the man whom many believe destined to next occupy the Governor's chair, as gun on shoulder and followed by hordes of hounds, he emerges from his mountains to enter the thick of the fight! How heroic an episode may be woven about our Senior Senator, standing with a finger in the hole in the dike and holding back, by his unaided efforts the floods of radicalism which threatens to drown out the Republican party! For knightly figures, with crusader spirit, who could be more worthy to be celebrated in pageant and song than those two brave souls, Commissioners of Prohibition and Motor Vehicles, riding forth to do battle with the twin vices of "booze" and "mush." And for the chorus, the mob, so essen-

tial in any pageant production, what could be more effective than the host of those who, at the next election are to

become—if their own guess is correct—either Governor of New Hampshire or United States Senator? —H. F. M.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

**F**ROM various sources it has come to our attention that many readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY have a mistaken impression that personality write-ups which appear in these pages are, in one way or another, paid for by the persons written about. In justice to ourselves as well as to those whose photographs have been used in the magazine during the past few months, we wish to take this opportunity of correcting this impression. There are many people in New Hampshire who, because of the work which they are doing or the positions which they hold, are of unusual interest to their neighbors. The GRANITE MONTHLY wants, so far as space will permit, to bring such people to the attention of its readers, but it does this without asking any return whatever. We do not even ask that the person written up buy the cut used with the article, and in some cases, the photograph from which the cut is made is itself paid for by the monthly.

The Kearsarge controversy referred to in the July issue is evidently not yet a thing of the past. Hardly was the magazine off the press when we received a visit from a staunch defender of the Merrimack County Kearsarge, who gave us to understand in no uncertain terms that investigation by the Historical Society had established beyond question the fact that that mountain is the one, only, original Kearsarge. We pointed out the fact that our claims had nothing to do with disputes about priority, but were based on the single assertion, backed by the highest authority in the country, that a battleship had been named for the Carroll County mountain. If this was the wrong mountain, that was the battleship's misfortune.

Our cover design is the drawing used on the posters of the Portsmouth Tercentenary celebration. It was drawn by the famous artist, E. C. Tarbell, especially for the occasion.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### In This Issue

HENRY BAILEY STEVENS of New Hampshire University is familiar by this time to all GRANITE MONTHLY readers. In his capacity of publicity director of the University, he has done much to extend its influence and to spread the knowledge of its good work, so that men and women and boys and girls from all over the state are eager to take advantage of the Farmers' and Home-makers' week of which he writes in this issue.

JAMES O. LYFORD has been Bank Commissioner for many years. His story of the Savings Banks of the state, therefore, is both an account of an enterprise

in which he is tremendously interested and a record of progress for which he has himself been partly responsible.

ERWIN F. KEENE is a writer who makes his home in Concord, and who is much interested in the work done by high school boys and girls in English Composition.

PROFESSOR G. F. POTTER is head of the Horticultural Department at New Hampshire University. This is his second article which has to do with successful orchards in New Hampshire,

# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## A Page of Clippings

### Our Summer Visitors

AUTOMOBILE picknickers should remember to take care of the rubbish created by them. A person's character and real worth are indicated by the amount of "clutter" he leaves undisposed of behind him.

—*Somersworth Free Press.*

Automobiles have increased so rapidly this year in New Hampshire that Commissioner of Motor Vehicles John F. Griffin says that "an automobile for every family" will soon be the saturation point to be reached.

While the commissioner of motor vehicles is highly gratified at the rapid increase, because each automobile brings in revenue to his department, one of his fellow-commissioners, Andrew L. Feller of the department of agriculture is somewhat put out because many of the cars are used by city folks to make raids on farmers' market gardens. An increasing number of motorists feel that possession of an automobile makes it superfluous on their part to have gardens of their own. They can use their cars to go to the farmer's garden, eliminate the middleman and solve the transportation problem by an application of the cafeteria system to farm products. Self-service is all right in some lines, but the commissioner of agriculture says that the farmers will never get rich on the patronage of motorists who help themselves but neglect to notify the farmer that they are taking away his crops.

—*Hobart Pillsbury in the Boston Herald.*

For years there has been a steady campaign educating the American people in the preservation of their woods and forests. Still there are fires, for the hardest thing in the world to teach the human race is self-protection and the

most difficult defect of character to remedy is carelessness.

Those who enjoy Nature should be the first to care for her and the last to destroy her.

—*Laconia Democrat.*

### The Coming Campaign

The Monitor-Patriot makes the interesting announcement that those who are close to Huntley N. Spaulding understand that Mr. Spaulding will soon announce that he will be a candidate against Senator Keyes in the forthcoming primaries for the Republican United States Senatorial nomination. The same paper states that Major Frank Knox and former Governor Bass are possible candidates. If Senator Keyes is to experience opposition he probably would prefer to have all three enter the field that he might the more easily carry off the nomination with the opposition divided. Mr. Spaulding is probably as strong an opponent as the present Senator could expect to meet and a contest between the two would be most spirited. It is recalled, however, that Mr. Spaulding ran against Moses once upon a time and lost by a considerable margin. A defeat is never a valuable asset for another campaign, and Mr. Spaulding will have that record to overcome, although as an offset he can bank upon the fact that Moses was a bigger vote getter than Keyes will be. But it must not be forgotten that Mr. Keyes himself will be stronger to-day than when he was first nominated.

—*Hanover Gazette.*

Congressman-elect Rogers has declared himself unequivocally in favor of the enforcement and strengthening of the prohibition law. Despite all the chaos and confusion on this subject, we believe that Mr. Rogers will gain,

rather than lose, votes in the first district by this stand. The late Sherman Burroughs proved that.

—*Rochester Courier.*

The voters of New Hampshire will have an opportunity to return Henry W. Keyes to the senate for another term, and we anticipate a ready acceptance of the opportunity. Mr. Keyes has proven himself of great value in Washington not only to the country as a whole but especially to the citizens of this state. He deserves an easy election.

—*Franklin Journal Transcript.*

According to the Boston Globe, the latest joke in Washington is as follows: Question—"How many members of Congress are there now?" Answer—"Too." This joke can also be used with splendid success in discussing (or cussing) the New Hampshire Legislature.

—*Exchange.*

## Ford for President

Henry Ford is one of the dozen individuals in this country who pay income taxes on over a million dollars each. What other qualification has he that you can name for the Presidency?

—*Rochester Courier.*

Current discussions of Henry Ford for president leave some doubt as to whether he's expected to run as a flivver or a Lincoln.

—*Keene Sentinel.*

## Liquor on Foreign Ships

There is no wet or dry issue in more than five or six states. There is no danger of either party adopting a wet plank. That danger is past. But we are not surprised that it is found difficult to force ships sailing to and from foreign ports to stay dry all the round trip. It takes two nations to determine that. And there

is no other nation that wants dry ships. Let us do what we can in that line; wait patiently till other nations come, as they will, to realize that dry ships are safest and best. The world was not made in a day; it will not be made dry in a day. It is nearer to it now than we expected to live to see it.

—*Granite State Free Press.*

The breaking of the seals of foreign vessels in American ports in order to seize liquors under the Volstead act is serious business, but it would be much more serious for prohibition if foreign ships were allowed to bring loads of booze to this country on the pretence that they were intended for use on the return trip. There would be no return trip for ninety-nine hundredths of the liquor so brought here.

—*Somersworth Free Press.*

We all come in contact with citizens of repute who talk as though prohibition is the hugest joke of the times. Perhaps in most cases their open attitude of opposition is thoughtlessness but the question is becoming of great enough moment to place a stigma of un-Americanism upon all persons so heedless they are not by this time acquainted with the seriousness of this national menace of growing disrespect for law.

Various police and county officials of Hillsborough county take Commissioner Craig to task for questioning their spirit of co-operation in stamping out the rum evil. Their self defense is petty and such charges as those that the commissioner is not a big enough man for his job are undignified and lay those officials making them open to similar accusations. All this haranguing is getting New Hampshire nowhere for the officials in question are only proving what Mr. Craig said; they show a lack of willingness to co-operate. —*Concord Monitor.*

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## DR. LORIN WEBSTER

A cablegram was received in Concord on July 6th, telling of the death in Pekin, China, of Rev. Dr. Lorin Webster, for many years headmaster of Holderness school. The doctor died suddenly of heart trouble.

Doctor Webster went to China last August to become professor of English at Pekin Medical college, an institution maintained by the Rockefeller Foundation. He was born in Claremont, July 29, 1857, was educated at St. Paul's School, Concord, and Trinity College.

Doctor Webster was ordained in the Protestant Episcopal church in 1883. He was rector of St. Mark's church, Ashland, eight years, 1884-92, and then he became headmaster at Holderness school. He was also proprietor and director of Camp Watchusett for boys at Asquam Lake. He was a well known writer of sacred musical compositions, was a member of Phi Upsilon, Phi Beta Kappa and was a Mason.

He had been president of the New Hampshire Educational council, New Hampshire Schoolmasters' club, the New Hampshire Music Teachers' association and was prominent in other state societies. His wife, who survives him, was Jennie Josephine Adams, of Springfield. She was prominent in women's clubs of New Hampshire at the time she went to China.

There are three children, Harold Adams Webster, state commissioner of weights and measures; Dr. Jerome Pierce Webster, who is assistant surgeon of the Rockefeller Foundation hospital of Pekin, and Mrs. William Starr, Jr., of Hope House, Easton, Maryland.

## WILLIAM JONES LADD

William Jones Ladd, a Portsmouth boy of many years ago and a descendant of Captain John Mason, grantee of New Hampshire, son of Alexander H. Ladd and grandson of Alexander Ladd and William Jones, all three in their time prominent citizens of Portsmouth, died at his home at Milton, Mass., June 25th, at the age of 79 years.

Captain Ladd was an officer of the 13th Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry in the Civil War and was on the staff of General Devens when the Union army entered Richmond Va., in April, 1865. A recent editorial in the Boston Herald tells the story:

April 2, 1865 was a day of tense watch-



Dr. Lorin Webster

ing and expectation to the federal troops about Petersburg and Richmond. Soon after midnight of that day the lurid light of fires in the direction of Richmond and along the line of the James below the city indicated that the rebels were burning and abandoning their fleet and their capital, so long the object of the federal arms. A little later a wide awake officer of Gen. Devens' staff saw unmistakable signs of the evacuation of the rebel lines about Richmond and sent word to his tent-mate, Major William J. Ladd, also of Gen. Devens' staff, that the fall of Richmond was imminent and that he must come on if he would be "in at the killing."

Major Ladd, having a fleet horse, was soon on the spot and about 5 a. m., started, with a Vermont officer who was compelled to turn back, on the road into Richmond and within an hour Maj. Ladd rode alone into Capitol Square, was attacked by a rebel sailor whom he had no difficulty in repelling, made a brief circuit through two or three streets and returned to his command. The whole story is vividly told in Lt.-Col. George A. Bruce's "Capture and Occupation of Richmond," the most graphic account of this dramatic episode of the war, and



while other claimants to this achievement have appeared from time to time Col. Bruce declares, upon the personal knowledge of one who was in a position to know, that "Whatever of honor or distinction attaches to the man who first entered the Confederate capital belongs, without a doubt, to Maj. Ladd."

At Capt. Ladd's funeral, eight grandsons, three sons-in law and a nephew were honorary bearers.

### JUDGE PARKER

Judge Edward Everett Parker, one of the best known residents of Nashua and Brookline, died at St. Joseph's hospital, June 24th, following an illness of nine weeks. He was born in Brookline, Jan. 7, 1842, the son of James and Devered (Corey) Parker, descendants of English families who came to this country about 1660 and settled in Tyngsboro and Groton, Mass. His great grandmother, Prudence Cummings Wright, wife of David Wright of Pepperell, Mass., commanded the patriotic band of women that arrested the famous Tory, Col. Lenoard Whiting, at Jewett's Bridge in April, 1775, on the morning after the fight on Lexington Green, as he was on his way from Canada with dispatches for the British in Boston.

Judge Parker attended the district school in Brookline and then became a student at Phillips-Exeter. In 1863 he left Exeter and entered Appleton Academy, where he graduated in 1863. He enlisted in the U. S. navy, Aug. 20, 1863, and served on the brig Perry, the last sailing brig admitted to the service. He was appointed yeoman, which position he held until he was discharged in 1865. He entered Colby Academy in the spring of 1865 and graduated in the summer and, entered Dartmouth in the autumn where he graduated in the class of 1869, being the centennial poet at the commencement exercises held that year. Following graduation Judge Parker accepted a position as principal of Warrensburg Academy, at Warrensburg N. Y., and a year later he became principal at Wareham, Mass., High



Judge Edward Everett Parker

School. He later decided to make law his profession, so he entered the office of Thomas Cummings, at Warrensburg, N. Y., later returning to New England to become principal of Middleboro, Mass., high school.

In August, 1871, he entered the office of General Aaron F. Stevens and while studying law was principal of a Nashua evening school. He was admitted to the Hillsborough bar at Amherst in 1873 and immediately afterwards formed a partnership with General Stevens, under the firm name of Stevens and Parker, which continued until 1880. He was city solicitor in 1876 and 1877 and in 1879 he was appointed judge of probate by Governor Cheney, a position he held until he reached the age limit in 1912 and retired. He served as a member of the Board of Education for six years.

He was well known as a historian and writer and he edited the History of Nashua, published in 1897, and the History of Brookline, published in 1913.

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September, 1923

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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY



THE GRAND ARMY VETERANS AT THE WEIRS

In This Issue—FUTURE POLICIES OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

**Edson C. Eastman Co.**

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PRESIDENT CALVIN COOLIDGE

Photo by Havelock Pierce

First New England President Since Franklin Pierce.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 55

No. 9



SEPTEMBER 1923

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### Fire!

**A**UGUST has been a month of fires. The extended drought has caused our lowland rivers to dwindle into mere brooklets, winding across a sandy waste, and has robbed us of our highland streams, leaving beds of jagged rock stretching along the green mountain sides like gaping scars under the blistering sun. This same drought has seeped the moisture from every object and left forest, field and roof the easy prey for the first spark of fire.

The fire was not long in making its appearance. As a people dwelling in a peaceful valley hears the first rumors of an approaching enemy and see reflected along the horizon the red glare of burning villages, so the people of northern New Hampshire awoke to find clouds of smoke forming a haze over their villages and heard with growing alarm of the forest fires raging in different parts of the state. For six days the people of Waterville and Sandwich battled with a devastating conflagration, while the whole Pemigewasset valley lay smothered in smoke. No sooner had this outbreak been checked, leaving thousands of acres of charred mountain-side and having caused the loss of one life, than the attention of the state was turned to Belmont where mill buildings as well as woodland were destroyed. Meanwhile the north wind was constantly bringing

evidences of activities of the fire demon in the north country beyond Dixville and over the Canada line, while thousands of dollars worth of sawed lumber was wiped out in a fire near Orfordville.

Then, to employ the simile further, the warfare was carried into the heart of the state and the people were stabbed into a terrified awakening by swift and dreadful raids. On August 2, during the lunch hour, fire suddenly broke out around the eaves of the beautiful Profile House in Franconia Notch and within four hours the entire hotel, as well as the colony of cottages about it, was burned to the ground. Three hundred guests including Gov. Channing Cox of Massachusetts and several other people of note, were obliged to seize their personal effects and escape. Three hundred other people, the employees of this beautiful mountain establishment, were thrust out of employment. Property of untold value was burned and still more stolen. All of which is insignificant compared with the fact that an institution which has been a pride of New Hampshire since 1852 was lost. With lightning rapidity the marauder struck again, for during the early hours of the next morning the Mount Livermore House at Squam Lake was burned with a loss of one hundred thousand dollars.

## The Weirs Encampment

THE actual physical fires, however, are not the only ones which have been burning within New Hampshire in the month that has past. The fires of patriotism which, according to Congressman Wason, "smoulder latent in the hearts of New Hampshire's stalwart sons," have been flaming up with renewed brightness. The cause for this new birth of public sentiment is the annual convention of the New Hampshire Veteran's Association at the Weirs, August 13 to 16. Here the veterans of three wars gathered for the forty-seventh encampment since the association was first founded by the G. A. R. The activities at Camp Joseph H. Killourhy reached their climax on Thursday afternoon when a huge gathering of citizens, both soldier and civilian, gathered to hear a distinguished list of speakers. The guest of honor from outside the state was Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., veteran of the World War and Assistant Secretary of the Navy. It was an item of interest that Mr. Roosevelt's distinguished father spoke from the same platform twenty years before. Secretary Roosevelt delivered a forceful speech upon the Americanizing and democratizing effects of the war, and upon the necessity for a continuation of this work by the American Legion. The speaker's personality and mannerisms which reminded many of the late President Roosevelt were very attractive and secured for him a hearty and enthusiastic reception. Governor Fred H. Brown in a brief address pled for a more general Americanism. Ex-governor John H. Bartlett, with tears in his eyes, called for a rebirth of devotion to New Hampshire, while Senator George H. Moses, casting rather contemptuous glances at Gov. Bartlett's white flannel trousers, took issue with him and declared himself to be optimistic regarding the future of our state. Congressmen Wason and Rogers spoke at the end of the program.

## Anniversaries and Old Home Day Celebrations

THIS is the Old Home season and during the week of August 19 to 26 local patriotism, love of home, tender memories, and fond reminiscences have been the fires which have warmed the cockles of New Hampshire hearts. The most important celebrations of course were the Tercentenary Anniversaries at Portsmouth and Dover. For one entire week these two cities were replete with pageants, concerts, historical addresses, band music and soft drinks. We are told by those who witnessed the pageantry of the celebration that their portrayal of the scenes of early settlements was very impressive indeed. The whole state has pictorial proof of the beauty of the costumes and the realism of the characters. Undoubtedly their presentation of the early scenes and struggles of the founders of our state was very genuine, but we suspect that if the two cities had seen fit to stage for the public even one incident of the long battle which has been waged between them to determine which was the real "First Settlement of New Hampshire," it would have surpassed all the rest of the program. Seriously, however, the gathering of able men at these celebrations, the wealth of sentiment stirred by them, and the faithful toil of those who have prepared and directed them must be a source of helpful inspiration. This week marked the opening of the Portsmouth bridge by a simple but impressive ceremony in which Gov. Brown of New Hampshire and Gov. Baxter of Maine clasped hands at its center.

Jaffrey, Whitefield and Milford celebrated their sesqui-centennial anniversary and sixty-eight other New Hampshire towns have welcomed back their old friends and former inhabitants at Old Home Day celebrations. It is fortunate, perhaps, that the radio has not yet been sufficiently developed to make



broadcasting stations common. For if it had been so developed the old Granite State would have been a perfect Babel of voices. Outcries for and against prohibition, League of Nations, partisanship, government ownership of public utilities, the state development of water power and the bounty on hedge-hogs would have resounded from one end of the state to the other, forming one confused uproar. Imagine "listening in" on George H. Moses, the irreconcilable, at Whitefield, Rev. Raymond H. Huse, the World Court proponent, at Concord, and Raymond Stevens, the League of Nations orator of Landaff, at the same time, having your ear saluted by interruptions from Andrew Felker preaching prohibition and Robert P. Bass urging development of the state's water power. Unquestionably the squeakings and wailings of the receiver would be a relief. It is well to remember that under cover of the cannonade of oratory these Old Home Days have been marked by the warm handclasp of old friends and the re-awakening of public interest.

### President Harding's Death

**I**N the early part of the month amid the excitement and hurry of preparation and the lighthearted buoyancy of the vacationist, there came a note of sadness which caused the people of New Hampshire to pause and reflect sadly upon the serious things of life. This was occasioned by the death of our late President, Warren G. Harding. In response to the request of President Coolidge, almost every city and town in the state held fitting memorial services. The Governor issued a proclamation expressing the love and appreciation of the people, and the Mayor of every city prescribed various forms of public mourning. All these things, however, constituted only the official expression appropriate to the solemn occasion. Far more important and more significant were the little incidents and words upon the streets and in the public places of our cities and towns. It

was there that the people themselves revealed the depth of their grief, and the fact that they seemed to feel they had lost one of their own kindred proves that the good old American stock of our Granite State are as closely linked to their country and its visible head as ever their fathers were.

### Calvin Coolidge

Vermont was once known as the "New Hampshire Grants" and the boundaries of colonial Massachusetts extended to Winnepesaukee. Therefore, New Hampshire shares with these states a sense of proprietorship over our new president.

If a reversal of the old saying "that the rats forsake a sinking ship" is true, his future is indeed bright for our political stages from the highest to the lowest are vieing with each other in endorsing him and are already, according to the Concord Monitor accusing each other of being "band-wagon jumpers." Without intending any reflection upon them we feel that New Hampshire's real feeling for the president is not political but patriotic. His quiet strength appeals to the people who are all expressing their confidence in him. With the sad memory of our last two presidents who were broken by the responsibilities of the position and its constant storm of criticism, we are all "band-wagon jumpers" in that New Hampshire citizens of all parties pledge their loyal support to President Calvin Coolidge.

—N. H. C.

#### The

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# THE LEGION AT THE WEIRS AUG. 13-16

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.  
"There are no class distinctions  
in America."

GOVERNOR FRED H. BROWN  
"Let us strive for a rebirth of  
Americanism."



**A GROUP OF PROMINENT LEGIONNAIRES: (Left to right)**  
Past Commander, Charles S. Walker of Keene; Department  
Commander William E. Sullivan of Nashua; Senior Vice  
Commander, Harold K. Davidson of Woodsville; Depart-  
ment Chaplain, Rev. William H. Sweeney of Tilton. On  
the step behind these men are Junior Vice Commander,  
Frank N. Sawyer of North Weare and Department Adjutant,  
George W. Morrill of Concord.

**EX-GOVERNOR JOHN H. BARTLETT**

"We must stand by New Hampshire. She deserves our  
support."





At Camp Killourhy, named in honor of Major Joseph Killourhy, gathered notable New Hampshire men and women from all parts of the state. In the picture above are (left to right) Ex-Governor John H. Bartlett; Major J. W. Bean of the 5th New Hampshire Volunteers, of Attleboro, Mass.; Major Frank Knox, past Commander of the Department; Governor Fred H. Brown. Councillor Thomas J. Conway; and Judge Advocate of the Department, Maurice Devine of Manchester. Behind the Governor one can see two other councillors, Col. Cole and Mr. A. P. Morrill.

At the lower right of the page are some of the women most prominent in the work of the American Legion Auxillary. They are: (Front row, left to right) Mrs. George W. Morrill of Concord; Second Vice President; Mrs. Flora L. Spaulding of Manchester, State President; Dr. Zatae L. Straw of Manchester, National Committee Woman; (second row) Miss Charlotte Wright of Portsmouth, Historian; Mrs. H. K. Davidson of Woodsville, Publicity manager; Mrs. Alma D. Jackson of Woodsville, Treasurer.

CONGRESSMAN  
EDWIN H. WASON  
"The ladies are here to greet  
Senator Moses."





## SCHOOL TIME

BY GRACE BLANCHARD

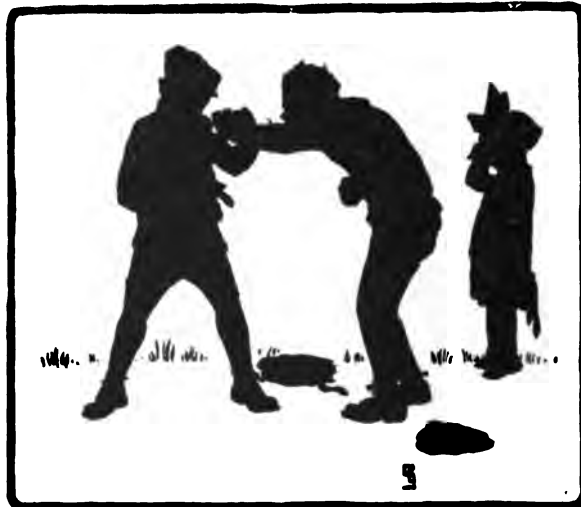
Illustrated by Elizabeth Shurtleff

I live opposite a schoolhouse;  
 And  
 Some days  
 The children troop by  
 Cherubic, playful,  
 "Hope of the world," ay, truly.  
 In this one's hand a nosegay;  
 Another has for "teacher"  
 A cherished orange;  
 Their merry laughs and gambols  
 Put youth into my world.  
 Shout while ye may,  
     Dear kiddies.  
 I am glad I live where I do.

And  
 Some days  
 The self-same boys and girls  
 Pass by and seem young cyclones;  
 Each with a whack for t'other,  
 All with a ready fist and taunt,  
 Hateful as they can be;  
 Their howls and jeers  
     Afflict me.

I will advertise my house for sale.

Of course this means that  
 Some days  
 I am cross.



# FUTURE POLICIES OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

## I

### Forty-eight Hours, Taxation, and Water Power

BY RAYMOND B. STEVENS

**T**HE Democratic program on state issues in the coming campaign will be substantially the same as outlined in its platform the last election.

There are three questions of major importance to the welfare of the state which require immediate action. First, the fixing by law of an eight-hour day or forty-eight hour week for women and children employed in the industries of the state. The election of 1922 turned more on this one issue than any other. The refusal by the Republican Senate in the last legislature to concur with the House in the passage of such an act will make this question the chief issue in the next campaign unless in the meantime the employers grant the demand for an eight-hour day.

The only objection raised against such a law was the fear of Southern competition because longer hours are allowed in the South. The thorough investigation by the Labor Committee of the house clearly proved that this fear is ungrounded. While it is highly desirable that there should be a national standard for all industrial states, there is no compelling reason why New Hampshire should wait for Federal action. Moreover, the movement for an eight-hour day for all industries in the United States has been gaining great strength, due chiefly to the force of public opinion. The steel companies are now committed to abolishing the twelve-hour day in the steel industry and substituting therefor three shifts of eight hours each. When this is accomplished, by far the greater part of the industrial workers of the United States will be on the eight-hour schedule.

Taxation will also be an important issue in the next campaign. The tax burden in New Hampshire is not only

heavy but most unfairly distributed. A more just distribution cannot be secured without amendments to our Constitution. The last legislature did practically all that can be done under the present Constitution, and while the changes made were undoubtedly an improvement in our tax system, the chief inequalities still exist. Over 80% of the tax burden is laid upon the holders of real estate, and other classes of wealth, which equal or even exceed the value of real estate, escape with little or no contribution. This not only creates injustice as between different tax payers, but has serious results upon the general prosperity of the state. The industry of farming, which already labors under serious difficulties which are nation-wide in their scope and beyond the power of the state of New Hampshire to modify, suffers severely from an unjust burden of taxation.

Also our present tax system is having a most injurious effect upon our lumber industry. The taxation of partially matured timber at its full market value compels the owners to cut as soon as possible since the increase in growth will not meet the carrying charges of taxation and interest. No reasonable system of taxing timber lands is possible without an amendment to the Constitution. The amendment as submitted last year was criticised on the ground that it was too broad. The form of the amendment is not of essential importance. Whatever that form may be, the effect of it must be to eliminate the effect of the word "proportional" in our Constitution as construed by the Court. This was most conclusively shown by the decision of the judges on the questions presented to them by the House of Representatives

in the last session of the legislature.

The state of New Hampshire possesses two natural resources, water powers and timber lands. So far the state has done practically nothing towards the development of these resources. In fact, its system of taxation is tending to seriously injure our timber lands. The water powers of the state have been developed to the fullest extent possible by private capital; that is, the available water power sites have been developed to a maximum capacity with the natural flow of our streams. The creation of storage reservoirs at the headwaters of our streams would probably nearly double the water power of the state. The creation of such reservoirs cannot be done by private capital. An increase in the flow of the stream is a benefit to

every water power on that stream, and as these powers are held by a great variety of owners it is impossible to secure voluntarily proper distribution of the cost of the development of the reservoirs. The state seems to be the only agency which can, therefore, make this development.

An attempt to start a comprehensive policy of water power development was made in the last session of the legislature. The bill introduced by Ex-governor Bass, providing for the use of the credit of the state in the development of storage reservoirs, was passed by the House and defeated in the Senate. A more comprehensive plan along the same lines should be worked out and made an essential part of the Democratic program.

---

## II.

### The Democratic Party of the Future

BY EATON D. SARGENT

**I**N point of service, the Democratic Party of the future will be the Democratic Party of the past reshaped only in the policies necessary to meet the exigencies of post-war conditions.

Its origin is traced in the grey dawn of the country's birth. Its inception dates from the dark days following this Republic's first lusty struggles. When Thomas Jefferson dickered with Napoleon Bonaparte for the famous Louisiana Purchase—a vast empire far flung from the Mississippi to the Pacific—the Democratic Party was, even then, delivering master strokes in the destiny of the so-called American government experiment.

Down through eventful decades it has been always the safety valve of the nation's stability and honor at home and abroad. Beginning with Andrew Jackson's time, the Democratic Party has had a continually recurring renaissance of fervent belief in a higher civilization

and the cause of human progress. For one hundred and forty-two years it has kept burning brightly the unquenchable fires of government by the majority, civic righteousness, and faith of the fathers.

When the problems of the present become dusty with the years and the history of generations yet unborn shall have been written, the Democratic Party will still remain a powerful factor in the political life of this nation—an unfading tribute to the survival of the fittest. It has stood the acid test of time and changing conditions because it was conceived in the cardinal principles of the greatest good for the greatest number.

It has weathered the storms of calumny and detraction because, like a faithful servant, it has never dissembled but has stood four-square to the best interests of the country, both at home and overseas. Through brief periods, its steadying and hopeful influences have

been curtailed. Its progressive leadership in state and federal affairs has, at times, been reduced to a minority position but its purpose to combat the foes of forward legislation and effective party service has never wavered. At recurring intervals, misguided adherents have followed after strange gods, only and always to return to the party fold after their pilgrimage of delusion had ended.

Through the vicissitudes of some thirty-three presidential campaigns the star of the Democratic Party has alternately ascended and descended, but has never set. Flaming aloft in the political firmament, in the dawn of another great presidential election, it is right now lighting the way back to tried and proven paths of good government—to sane and sensible democratic principles.

The Democratic Party has never been the torch-bearer of class-consciousness, it is the party of the everyday American citizen—it is still the party of the plain man Jefferson, who rode to his inauguration ceremony on horseback.

It is not within one party member's vision or ability to be able to forecast, at this early day, the issues that will be incorporated into the party's platform next June. But standing as it has always stood upon a record of signal achievements for the welfare of the majority, rather than for favors extended

to any class, clique or clan, I am certain that the Democratic Party of the future will remain true to the ideals of the past, and therefore, will champion only those reforms and policies calculated to enhance the happiness and prosperity of the country as a whole.

It is not likely that its agenda will call for wrestling with reparations, World Courts, Leagues, and other international imbroglios until the house of Uncle Sam, and our own business, has been put in order. We do not require any political savant to tell us what ought to be done. The people know. We do not need any political prophet to forecast the problems the next administration will be called upon to solve. The economic and reconstruction mistakes of the past few years are all too evident. Every thinking man and woman can determine for himself or herself what will happen if our good sense does not lead us out of the wilderness of industrial unrest, hectic business conditions, and general dissatisfaction prevalent everywhere.

But when things go wrong, the American people have a happy habit of coming back to their great redresser of grievances, to the party that, through the years, has espoused the cause of justice to all, and special privileges to none—to the old, yet ever new, standard of the Democratic Party.

### III.

## For the Rights of the Average Man

BY GEORGE E. FARRAND

**I**T is difficult in these days of political unrest, with the continual shifting of political winds, to determine in advance the lines upon which the next campaign will be conducted with regard to national issues.

Conditions of life may bring forward new issues in addition to the tariff, the international problem and the needs of

labor and Western agriculture. I believe the Democratic party will adopt a liberal attitude with regard to platform and candidates. The Republican party appears more likely to represent the conservative forces at the present time.

In the state campaign of 1922 the Democratic party adopted a platform declaring unequivocally for such policies

as the eight-hour day for women and children in industry, the re-adjustment of our system of taxation, genuine home rule for cities, the abolition of the poll tax for women, etc. With forward looking aggressive candidates it entered the contest and won the victory, although the party had no group of wealthy men to appeal to for financial support and the usual campaign advertising was entirely eliminated.

Then the legislature met, a body composed of earnest intelligent men from all walks of life that will compare favorably with any legislature of recent years in leadership and membership, and an honest endeavor was made by the Governor and the legislative leaders of the majority party to carry out its election promises, assisted by some of the more progressive Republicans. The platform measures were passed by the House, but were killed in the Senate by the Republicans. These issues still remain unsettled through no fault of the Democratic party or its leaders. They will again be a part of the state issues to be fought over in the next campaign.

Democrats may well look for success at the next election if their party continues to take a forward position toward solving the perplexing troubles of the average man. The recent session of Congress, Republican controlled, was a

disappointment to the country. The next session bids fair to be more so.

The action of the Republican majority in the State Senate was a disappointment to a majority of the voters of New Hampshire.

Senator Moses appeals for a revival of party loyalty as a solution of the troubles of his party and states that in the old days "a conscientious town committee could make a canvass which would reveal within the narrowest limits exactly how the votes would be cast on election day." Those were the good old days, but in the language of the cartoonist, "Them days are gone forever." The votes can no longer be counted before they are cast. The people are doing their own thinking and realize that the men whom they support with their votes are only their instruments through whom they hope to improve their political condition of life. They are not pawns owned by a political party to bring victory or defeat to this or that group of political leaders.

It behooves the Democratic party to continue to sail a direct course, take a definite position on all public questions, fight for the rights of the "average man" and win the right to the support of all liberal minded men and women, be they Democrats, Republicans or Independents.

---

## "THREE SENTINELS OF THE NORTH" AND THE DURHAM MEETING

BY JOHN G. WINANT

**W**ILLIAM S. Rossiter of Concord contributed to the July issue of the Atlantic Monthly an article entitled "Three Sentinels of the North" which ably represented the economic crisis through which the northern New England states are now passing. Mr. Rossiter, formerly a high official of the United States Census Bureau, is the head of the National Association of

Statisticians and has a wide and well earned reputation for ability to make important, valuable and truthful deductions from carefully obtained and assembled figures. His deep and sincere interest in Northern New England made his article in the Atlantic Monthly a forceful appeal as well as a convincing argument; it is encouraging to find that it is receiving the thoughtful attention

it deserves in this section of the country.

We need people of a strong resourceful type, and yet we are told that 500,000 of our native men and women have left our north country and are living out their lives and earning their living elsewhere.

There is no co-operative effort made to-day either to persuade our boys and girls to remain in New Hampshire or to encourage young men and young women to come East and settle in old New England.

As Mr. Rossiter pointed out, our first step is "organization." An economic survey should be made and a program formulated; and yet before we can successfully turn migration northward and eastward, we must find a livelihood for those people who now make up the citizenry of our state. For although it is true that man cannot live by bread alone, yet it is equally true that men cannot live without bread. Sentiment may encourage us but it cannot feed us. State loyalty is a fundamental virtue, yet state prosperity is equally essential.

The most representative gathering thus far held to discuss a program of action was at Durham, Thursday, August 23. This meeting was called by Dr. Ralph D. Hetzel, President of the University of New Hampshire. Dr. Hetzel acted as Chairman and all the leading organizations of the state were represented. The chief feature of the meeting was an address by Mr. Rossiter in elaboration, explanation and further emphasis of his magazine article. Former Governor Robert P. Bass, Major Frank Knox, President George M. Putnam of the State Farm Bureau Federation, President Hetzel and others ably discussed the subject and object of the meeting.

A committee of three was appointed to draft resolutions from which the public could gain an accurate understanding of the position and aims of this gathering.

The report of this committee as unanimously adopted was as follows:

It is apparent from statistics that have been presented to this meeting that new economic and social conditions call for a readjustment of many of those activities which have in the past maintained the people of our state.

"This fact is well illustrated by the stationary population of the entire state, the steady and continuous decline both in rural population and production, and the intensified pressure of industrial competition.

"To meet this situation, a full knowledge of the facts is the first essential. We recommend that an accurate survey be made covering the following:

"A. Agriculture, including timber.

"1. State production; increase and decrease in products—by products.

"2. Analysis by towns.

"3. Markets.

"B. Manufactures.

"1. State production: increase and decrease in value of products.

"2. Analysis by towns and cities.

"3. Markets.

"C. Mineral and other products.

"1. State production: increase and decrease by unit or value.

"2. Analysis by towns and cities.

"3. Markets.

"D. Population.

"1. Changes since 1870.

"a. Communities having less population in 1920 than in 1870; those showing maximum at some census prior to 1920; those having less than in 1910.

"b. Nationality changes since 1900.

"1a. Where they occurred.

"2a. Relationship, if any, between population and nationality changes and agriculture and manufacture and increase or decrease of population.

"E. Water Power.

"F. Transportation.

"G. Education."

It was voted that a committee of five be named with authority to employ a trained investigator to make an exact economic survey of this state. The necessary funds were contributed by those present. The committee will make a report based upon the findings of the survey at a future conference to be called by the Chairman.

Before adjournment the thanks of those in attendance were voted to Mr. Rossiter and Dr. Hetzel for bringing about and making of value this meeting.



## NEW HAMPSHIRE LOOKS BACK

### Some Scenes from This



Etheldreda Seabury as  
Martha Hilton.

**N**EW Hampshire has been looking backward this month.

The famous men and women of history have walked our streets again. At Portsmouth and Dover, the earliest settlement of the state, the splendid days of the Royal Governors have lived again. In the cities and towns throughout the state centennials and sesqui-centennials and Old Home Days have turned people's thoughts toward days that are gone. And out of it has come, not a passive pre-occupation with glories that are past, but a determination, significantly exhibited by that meeting at Durham, to make the days to come of equal brightness with the past.

With the exception of the picture of Adonijah Howe, Jaffrey's beloved physician of the old days, these pictures are of the Portsmouth pageant. But they might be matched by hundreds of others from the celebrations of the sixty-eight towns participating in New Hampshire's Old Home Week.



David Thompson reading to his wife a list of provisions recently received. Men in advance of Miles Standish of the Plymouth Colony are also in the group, anxiously waiting to learn if Portsmouth can send provisions from their supply just received to the starving people of Plymouth.

## OVER HER SPLENDID PAST

### Month's Celebrations



Photo by George P. Duncan  
Dr. Adonijah Howe returns to Jaffrey in the sleigh in which he used to go about among the sick of the town.



Dorothy Adams, whose tireless work and pleasing personality permeated the whole pageant.



An interpretative dance interlude. The group includes, (left to right) Vivian Goldsmith, Lucille Jacques, Bertha Cohen, and Virginia Fournier.

# "ARE YOU A HIKER?"

## Some Suggestions for Campers

BY H. REYNOLDS GOODWIN

*Diagrams used with permission of the National Council from the Handbook for Boys, Boy Scouts of America.*

**I**T has long been a truism that the American man is what he is because his ancestors were compelled to wrest their living from a hostile wilderness. The connection between the harsh conditions of the old days and the present sturdiness of character for which the typical American is noted is a real one, and in this fact there lies a serious lesson for us of softer days. We no longer must fight the wilderness for life, but we shall lose something very precious from our national life if we do not find a substitute for that struggle. Our Pioneer Days, winter carnivals and camping trips show that we recognize this fact. More and more every year the love of the trail and the mountain stream makes its converts.

The American Order of Hikers

and Campers is growing by leaps and bounds. It has no officers, no headquarters, no membership fees, no anything except members and a genuine spirit of fraternity. This last is very real, as every hiker knows. On the trail men and women of all classes meet and mingle with the utmost good fellowship, swapping grub, cooking over the same fires, laughing at each other's jokes. You can join

this order this year. Just shoulder your pack and strike for the woods. One night in the open, lulled by the whispering breeze and exasperated by the humming mosquito, and you are a member. You will be a member for life, too, for once a man gets the smell of balsam and the sound of a

brook by night into his system, nothing can eliminate it. Once a hiker, always a hiker.

The first thing to do is to gather your outfit, and there are few things so absorbingly interesting as to assemble a kit which shall be ideal, that is, very light and very inexpensive. The absolute essentials are a pack for the grub and blankets to roll up in at night. To these you add as much as you think will be necessary for comfort. The ideal is to carry not an ounce of superfluous weight,

and yet to leave behind nothing which is really needed to make the trip enjoyable. You do not want to be a traveling sporting-goods store, but neither do you want to eat half-cooked food or loose sleep at night from being cold. And the best fun of all is to see how many articles of equipment you can make for yourself.

Take the match-safe for example. You can buy a very good one at any

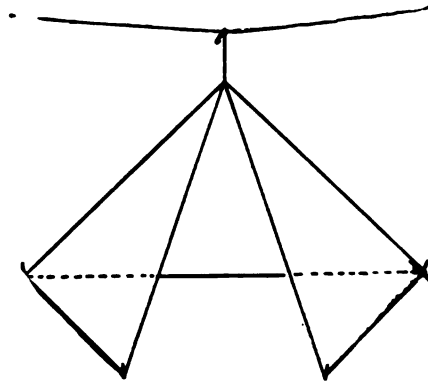
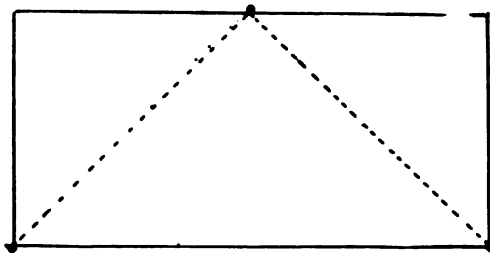


Fig. 1. The rectangle tent, showing (below) how rings are arranged and cloth stitched. The corners are pegged and the peak supported by being secured to an overhead branch.



store which handles sporting goods, but you do not need to. Take a metal box such as shaving soap used to come in before the new holder-top was invented, and glue a disk of sandpaper into the inside of the cover. This makes a very convenient and reasonably waterproof container for your matches at no expense, and the sandpaper affords a good place to scratch matches in wet weather.

You will probably want a tent. Personally I prefer to sleep under the stars, but I always plan to have the tent near at hand in case of rain. A pup tent is good, but the manual used by the Boy Scouts shows how to make several styles of tent from one piece of cloth, and by following this plan you can save the money which would otherwise pay for the stitching and other work in a ready-made tent and to invest in a better grade of cloth.

To prepare the tent cloth, first hem it to prevent fraying and tearing. Then sew rings to the edges as follows: Supposing that your cloth, when hemmed, measures 7 by 14, sew a ring in the upper right-hand cor-

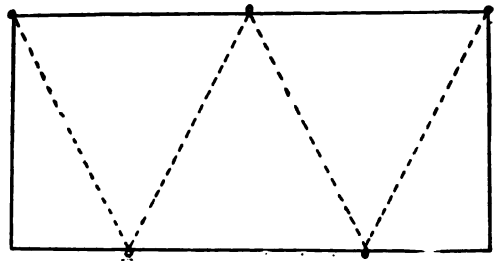
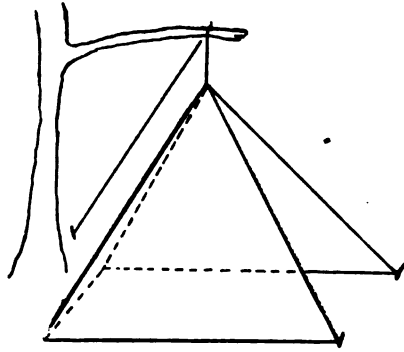


Fig. 3. The lean-to with triangular front.

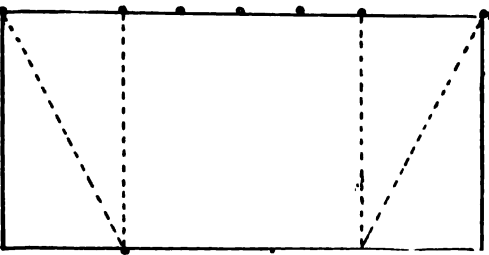
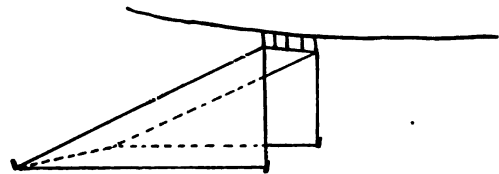


Fig. 2. The plain lean-to with back to the wind and open side to the fire, makes a very practical and comfortable shelter. Note that the top is supported by four or five suspensions which may be tied to an overhead rope or to a convenient branch.

ner, and another in the upper left-hand corner. Measure in  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet from each of these rings and sew on two more. Between these two, sew three rings at intervals of  $1\frac{3}{4}$  feet. The upper edge of your cloth will now resemble that of Fig. 2. On the opposite edge, place two rings,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet from each corner. Any one of the three tents here shown can now be easily made. When setting up the tents, drive stakes or pegs for the corners, and then tie the rings to the pegs, rather than driving pegs down through the rings themselves.

The cloth should be waterproofed, and clear directions for that process can be found in almost any book on camping.

A better idea of the different tents than any sketch can convey, may be obtained by making paper models of them. Simply cut your paper twice as long as it is wide, and fold on the dotted lines. Incidentally, this will help a lot when you come to erect the real tent.

Another item which can be home-made is a camp cook-book. Get a vest-pocket memorandum book and write "Camp Recipes" on the cover. Then every time you see a recipe for anything which sounds as though it could be prepared over a campfire, jot it down; and every time you invent a camp dish of your own, as you will in time, write down the directions for making it. When completed this book will mean far more to you than any that you can buy, and its pages will fairly smell of the trail.

The pack may be made at home, although it is perhaps more satisfactory to buy it. In either case see that it is large enough, that the shoulder straps are strong and broad, and that they are stitched so strongly to the bag that no yank, however vigorous, feels one of the straps give way. The one knows the importance of this until, miles from any settlement, with twenty pounds in his pack, he jumps down from a rock or fallen tree and feels one of the straps give way. The pack should have a cover to shut out rain, and of course should be waterproof.

Army blankets are best for night covering, being both light and warm. If you feel that a rubber blanket is necessary, get a poncho, as it will serve not only as a blanket on wet ground but as a raincoat on a rainy day.

Any of the good books on camping will furnish detailed descriptions of the proper clothing to be worn. It should be light, warm and comfortable. Woolen underclothing is best for all seasons. Be very sure to have comfortable shoes, for nothing will so surely take the fun out of a tramp as shoes that hurt the feet. A sweater is a good thing to have along, but not the best thing to wear through woods unless you wear something over it, as it catches very easily on

twigs and bushes to its own great detriment.

Another fascinating indoor sport is laying out the route. If the territory through which you are to hike has been mapped by the Geological Survey, get one of their maps from Washington. These are contour maps, and show the exact character of the land, every ravine, ridge, swamp, brook, trail, everything. After a little experience you can almost see the landscape by studying the map.

Lay out the route according to your tastes. If you want to fish or hunt or climb mountains or see points of special interest, plan accordingly. See that the route provides good camping places for every night. As for the length of the trip, that depends on your age and experience as a hiker.

If possible, plan to cover the ground wherever there is a roadway by auto rather than on foot, saving your strength for the trail. To tramp miles along a good road with a heavy pack is not as much fun as one might think. If you can leave the car in a convenient place and use it as a base of supplies while you make short all-day or over-night hikes into the woods, that is a good arrangement.

When the time for the trip draws near, make up the grub list. Select food that is light, compact, nutritious and easy to prepare over a camp-fire. These rules are especially important if you intend to pack all the food on your back. Such things as soup are taboo entirely, being very heavy in comparison with food value. Raisins stand at the other end of the list. If you are inexperienced, do not plan to do any elaborate cooking on the trip, for it much harder to bake bread or pies on the trail than it sounds in the books. Do not rely on your ability to get sufficient food from the woods and streams, or you will certainly go hungry.

When the day arrives, put into

your pockets the small articles you expect to use most frequently, and the rest into the pack. Roll the blankets and tent into a long slender bundle to be slung over one shoulder, or into a short compact bundle to be worn on top of the pack. Then leave dull care behind and start off.

You will be eaten alive by mosquitoes, stung to desperation by midges, tired out by hard tramping. You will start at the weird squeal of the porcupine at midnight and perhaps have to chase him away from the provisions. Bugs will get into your food and so will ashes. The bottle of fly dope will break and spoil

half the grub. The rain—but find out for yourself. The more agreeable features have been so well advertised that they need no reiteration here. As for the other things mentioned above, you must learn to enjoy yourself in spite of them if you would be a genuine hiker.

Stay out long enough to get broken in to trail life. That is the only way really to develop the rugged self-reliance which is the birthright of every American. It is the only way to bring back the old pioneer blood. And it is the best way, you will agree when you have tried it, to have a glorious good time.

## A FOREST FIRE

### When Destruction Sweeps Our Woodlands

BY E. E. WOODBURY

**I**N one of our most beautiful towns a forest fire was raging. Smoke rolled up from the valleys and down from the mountain tops, smoke that could be seen in twenty-five townships. At night the heavens were illuminated by the glare of the fire demon as it swept from hill to dale, from mountaintop to valley. People watched the scene with awe. An atom of fire—a match or a discarded cigarette stub—had been carelessly turned loose; hence this great conflagration was sweeping over thousands of acres of forest lands recently logged, and hundreds of acres of growing timber lands, destroying all in its path: logging camps, equipment, log piles and logging trucks.

A mountain watchman in the employ of the New Hampshire Forestry Department discovered a small fire at 1.10 P. M. July 12th on the south slope of Flat Mountain in the town of Waterville. The fire broke out in or near a deserted lumber camp and, having everything possible for its encouragement, it destroyed part of the buildings before the alarm given by the watchman could

bring help. The ground about was parched because of protracted dry weather, and the evergreen slashings caused the fire to spread in all directions with such rapidity that it was soon beyond control. Up over the mountain one mile away was Camp 10. Around this unused camp the belated fire fighters battled all night and, finally, saved the buildings. When the morning sun of July 13th appeared above the crest of Whiteface Mountain it looked like an orb of fire so dense was the smoke. During the forenoon the fire swept across the plain north of Flat Mountain pond and around the south on the mountain towards Sandwich. One mile east of Camp 10 was Camp 11 and one and one half miles further was Camp 12. Both these were being used and the crews were on the fire line one-half mile to the west preparing to meet and stop the fire and save the camps. From 10 A. M. to 12 M a light breeze from the east retarded the flames; from 12 M to 1 P. M. a dead calm prevailed which gave strong hopes of stopping further destruction. But alas, down from the top



Here was a log pile which the fire devoured hungrily.

of Sandwich Dome swept a strong western gale, flames along the whole fire front leaped into the air, embers from the burning slash leaped the fire line and within ten minutes the whole area approaching camps 11 and 12 was a seething, roaring hell of destruction. Twenty-five men on the fire line near camp 11 found themselves surrounded by fire, the only avenue of escape being a bog hole into which thirteen of them plunged while the others rushed for the shore of a pond close by where they were obliged to remain close to the ground until the flames had swept by. For two hours we lay listening to the roar of this messenger from hell while it rushed on to the east destroying Camps 11 and 12 and licking up everything that could possibly burn. Deer, rabbits, squirrels and other fleet-footed animals were able to keep out of the way but forty hogs and several pigs at the camps

perished in the flames and probably hundreds of hedgehogs saved the state the possibility of paying bounties for their noses.

The men detailed to clear a fire line for the protection of camps 11 and 12 contentedly ate their dinners, the cooks were laying plans for supper little expecting that inside of two hours their woods home would be a smoking mass of ruins. From the west came the hissing roar of the flames as they leaped from one tree top to another driven by the gale that carried the fire over the center line. The camp foremen, being experienced woodcraftsmen, knew in an instant that the camps were doomed. Retreat via the roads and log railroad was cut off; every instant the fire was getting nearer and nearer until its hot breath was the signal for the foremen to give the order; "Men, save yourselves."



Not only the trees and all vegetation are destroyed by the on-reaching flames. The soil itself is impaired and it will be long before it can support timber growth again.

The men at Camp 11 "beat it" over the mountain and on down into the Waterville Valley to the north while the men at Camp 12 "hit the trail" down the valley to the south into Sandwich. Right here is a sad result to record. One of the fire fighters, an elderly man, became exhausted and could not keep up with the younger men. He sat down to rest. On came the fire fiend; the man saw his fate. Hastily he wrote on a scrap of paper and pinned to his coat, "John Gray died July 13th." The following day the body was found. The man evidently fell upon his face where he died from smoke suffocation.

July 13th was a day long to be remembered by the beautiful hill town of Sandwich. The forethought of the woods foreman caused the large number of horses to be harnessed and driven to safety through the woods down the valley into the town. Later came men

from all quarters fleeing from the fires on the mountain. It reminds us of the lines of Whittier in one of his popular poems which we will here quote by changing one word. "Over the mountain winding down horse and foot into Sandwich town." "All day long in Sandwich street sounded the tread of marching feet" while the fires swept the beautiful south slope of the Waterville mountains.

The fire, sweeping over the fire line, divided the men into four groups: the men surrounded by fire, the two camp crews driven from the woods and the men at camp 10. For two hours the former and the latter did not know the fate of either group and it was not until in the evening that the fate of the crews from 11 and 12 was known. Then reports from different towns came in stating that men were coming out of the woods in several places. The full



truth was not known until the following day when all were accounted for except one man who was found exhausted in the town of Sandwich and cared for later.

Saturday morning July 14th the sun looked down on a blackened area of 3500 acres. That beautiful wooded area that envired one of the most attractive lakelets in the Waterville mountains was denuded of its products of forest cover that had been several generations in the making. While the fury of the fire had spent itself, much of it still lurked on the mountain tops to the north and was not finally squelched until the welcome rain of Sunday, July 15th.

This forest fire, one of the most destructive fires of which we have a record, caused an enormous loss not only to the owners of the timber lands but a loss beyond computation to coming generations, for no valuable growth will follow on this burned area while any of us, regardless of how young some of us may be, are living. Reforestation such as future wants will demand was set back one hundred years. Not only has the commercial value of this area been wiped out but the beauty of the wooded growth is gone. From the beautiful wooded slope of the majestic Sandwich Dome to the peak of Whiteface Mountain will extend a scar that our great-grandchildren can look upon when they are old people.

Notwithstanding this great commercial loss of the present, this loss to the future, this loss to the scenic beauty, and the damage caused to the watershed, let us hope that much good will yet come from it after all. Let this fire be a warning to people who are too optimistic about our forests; let it be a warning to people who are careless with fire; let it be a warning to cigarette smokers and all other smokers who are not decent and sane about it.

As a rule we are not disposed to measure the full value of our forests. We do not show proper respect for the

woods from which come our homes. Our intent greed for wealth regardless of what the future may need drives us to destroy rather than conserve. From our forests come the homes of the nation, the fuel to warm its people, the furniture that is necessary to equip a home. We cannot open our eyes in the morning without having revealed to our vision some product of the forest. Wherever we are, on land or sea, some part of the forest is there to aid and protect us.

When our country was young there were forests everywhere and it is small wonder that people of that time did not foresee the need of conservation but, as the cities and towns grew larger and lands were cleared for farms, the forests grew smaller. In other words the rapid growth of population demanded homes faster than the forests could furnish the material, hence the great need of strenuous conservation of growing timber. Timber is a crop and should be harvested in such a way as to encourage another crop to follow. The greatest enemy to conservation of forests is fire. Why should we not use due care to keep this greatest enemy away from the chief asset of our present civilization?

Ours is a literary nation and literature depends on the forests. Our forests make possible all our books and libraries, all our daily and weekly papers and, in fact, the news and doings of the world are broadcasted by printers' ink on the product of the forests. We might go on enumerating the uses to which the products of our forests are put but it is not necessary. The one great thing that should be made a paramount issue from now on is, to use fire as a servant not as a master. Let us hew close to the line of conserving for ourselves and our descendants this most important natural asset. Let this unsightly scar high up on the southern slopes of the Waterville mountains warn us to be cautious.



At the very beginning of the work. This picture was taken on March 13.

## THE BRISTOL DAM

### An Important Water Power Development

BY H. M. NABSTEDT

**T**HERE is being constructed near Bristol, N. H., by the Ambursen Construction Company of New York City, and for the Utilities Power Company the initial installation of a rather extended power development which should be of great interest to the people of New Hampshire who are interested in conservation and in the development of the natural resources of the state.

The dam now being constructed is the lower 52 feet of what is finally to be an 82 foot dam. The type of construction is known as the Ambursen Reinforced Concrete Dam. The spillway will be 300 feet long and is designed to take care of a fourteen-foot overflow of water, this being considerably more than the largest known flood. Provision has been made in the construction for the extension of the buttresses or piers downstream and upward when it is decided to increase the height of the dam.

The entire structure will be about 550 feet in length. Besides the spillway of

300 feet there will be about 100 feet devoted to the intake and powerhouse, the remainder being used for abutments, log sluice, etc. In order to store water to the maximum to take care of the dry spells the dam will be provided with flash-boards five feet in height, thus very decidedly increasing the available storage.

The dam itself being of the hollow reinforced concrete type, of which about 150 have been constructed throughout the United States, Cuba, Porto Rico and Canada, is particularly adapted to this particular site. The piers or buttresses are triangular in shape and provide for a very large base thereby increasing the stability of the dam and making it impossible for the structure to slide out or turn over. The upstream face of the dam is at an angle of 45 degrees so that each additional foot of water held back by the dam also means an added tendency of holding the dam in place. The piers support a reinforced concrete deck or water barrier and this concrete slab



View taken April 25 from the river bank toward the west. This shows the westerly end of the dam, concrete mixer, storage bins, and unloading platform.

is carried over the top and down over the downstream end of the buttresses for the purpose of carrying off the overflow of water. The structure is an improvement over the mass type of dam which has been in use for centuries in that the upstream face, which is commonly practically perpendicular in the mass dam and consequently is subjected to the maximum destructive tendencies, is replaced with a sloping face which permits of the added load of water having a tendency toward stability.

The construction forces first appeared at the site about January 1st. Since then the forces have been increased until now about 150 men are engaged on the work. The past winter was a very unfavorable one and while an attempt was made at excavation the efforts were largely directed toward the construction of a camp to house the construction forces, the construction of cottages for the administrative forces and the installation of construction plant and equipment. The first concrete was

placed in the latter part of April and since that time concrete has been flowing rapidly so that at the date of writing the dam looms up as a rather formidable structure.

The spring floods and ice conditions were rather severe during the winter and spring and no attempt was made toward coffer damming. Immediately after the freshets work was commenced and the north portion of the river was dammed off. At the date of this article that foundation work through the greater portion of the river bed has been completed and with favorable weather it is merely a matter of a few days when the water will be turned through the present work and the remainder of the river bed will be coffer-dammed and construction will proceed toward the south embankment, at which place considerable work has already been done in the intake and power house section. The favorable weather conditions of the past two months have aided greatly in advancing this construction.



View taken from the unloading platform showing buttresses on June 13.

The present power installation is to consist of three units of 3351 horsepower each. This will later be changed to three units of 5808 horsepower each when the height of the dam is increased. Already the four transformers are at the site of the work. The water wheels, electrical generators, governors, penstocks, etc., are on the way to Bristol. This massive machinery is being taken to the work by means of a specially constructed vehicle. At the work an inclined railway is being constructed to take the machinery down the high embankment and a trestle for taking the machinery across the river is being constructed.

There will be constructed in connection with this work several interesting appurtenances such as sluiceways to lower the water whenever necessary, a log sluice to take logs through the dam, flashboards for temporarily storing an additional amount of water and intake provisions for conveying water to the power house equipment and the controlling of this flow.

While New Hampshire has taken advantage of its waterpower since its earliest days in a small way, a study of the trend of waterpower development will indicate that its value has always been appreciated but a comprehensive manner of taking advantage of this invaluable resource has never been carefully carried out. Many states have made this feature of development an issue, and the development of water power is under its control to a limited extent. While this control has its disadvantages nevertheless there are advantages which ultimately will mean much more than a haphazard development at this time. An increasing number of states are appointing Commissions to give the development of water storage and power careful attention. Plans must be submitted to these Commissions before work can be commenced. New Hampshire just recently has done this and the structure at Bristol is under constant state supervision.

The town of Bristol has a splendid illustration of wasteful development of



On July 4, the work had progressed to this point. The picture was taken from the coffer dam.

water resources. There is a considerable fall between Newfound Lake and Pemigewasset River but since there are numerous owners of power rights on this small stream only a portion of the power available is being utilized. The waste is variously estimated at 60% to 90%. Ultimately such conditions cannot exist. Yet the Bristol illustration is only one of many existing in the state. Further the state formerly had numerous small developments which have gone out of use. The modern trend is to assemble many of these small developments into larger ones thereby reviving the power developments to a more efficient degree and by the use of transmission lines provide for an outlet where the power is required.

Each new development on any stream and its tributaries is an advantage in that each serves as a regulator of the flow of water. Excess water is stored in large bodies and when the rainfall is least this storage is drawn upon and if the power developments are in use only a portion of the day water

is stored during the remainder of the day. The situation develops itself to the point where every person interested in any one development is benefitted by following all developments, those at the lower portions of the stream can well afford to co-operate with those above and still more decidedly the state can well lend its co-operation toward this development of the water powers as a live help in the conservation of other natural resources.

The Ambursen Construction Company has made a specialty of the design and construction of water storage and power dams for many years. Among those on which the writer has worked are the one for Oklahoma City which recently withstood a very severe test in taking care of extreme floods, another at Tulsa, Oklahoma which is 80 feet in height and 1000 feet in length, another at Ardmore, Oklahoma. The power development at Bristol is the largest now under construction in New Hampshire and when it is finally raised will be the largest in the state.

# THE STORY OF A KENSINGTON WARRIOR AND LEGISLATOR

BY SAMUEL COPP WORTHEN

## PART I.

THE writer contributed to the May-June issue of THE GRANITE MONTHLY for the year 1917 a very brief account of Major Ezekiel Worthen of Kensington,—chiefly with a view to clearing away certain errors which had gathered about the name of that sterling New Hampshire patriot. The object of this article is to present somewhat in detail the facts of his life and to give an outline of the principal events in which he participated.

Ezekiel, son of Ezekiel and Abigail (Carter) Worthen was born at Amesbury, Mass., on Mar. 18, 1710. He married about the year 1732 Hannah, daughter of William and Rachel (Sargent) Currier, who was born at Amesbury on June 26, 1711. A few years after his marriage he removed to Kensington. He became a leading citizen of Rockingham County, and had the exceptional privilege of serving his country well in three important wars. He played a creditable part in some of the most stirring scenes of our early history.

In 1744 the conflict in Europe called the War of the Austrian Succession,<sup>1</sup> plunged Great Britain's North American colonies into one of those periodical struggles in which their frontiers were ravaged by the French and their border settlements became a prey to the murderous scalping knife of the savage. As a measure of retaliation Gov. Shirley of Massachusetts adopted the bold plan of striking with a force of farmers and fishermen, unaided by regular troops, at Louisburg on Cape Breton Island, the strongest French fortress in America. It had been twenty years in building and had cost \$6,000,000. It was surrounded by walls of solid masonry from twenty

to thirty feet high and was regarded by the French as impregnable.

On the first of May, 1745, this stronghold was besieged by Gen. William Pepperell, a merchant of Kittery, Maine,<sup>2</sup> with 3,000 New England militia,<sup>3</sup> including a regiment of about 350 New Hampshire men, besides 150 others from that Colony in the pay of Massachusetts. The New Hampshire troops were conspicuous in the operations. At the outset they spent fourteen nights in dragging cannon over a deep morass between the landing place and the camp, under the guns of the enemy. This is described as "a labor beyond the power of oxen" and without which the expedition would have been a failure. They took part in all the important movements, including the erection of the "Lighthouse battery" which aided materially in the reduction of the fortress. The commandant, Duchambon, was compelled to surrender on June 17, 1745.

Ezekiel Worthen served in this expedition as ensign and lieutenant in a company commanded by Capt. Jonathan Prescott of Kensington, and is generally believed to have taken a prominent part in the siege. The Rev. George Osgood states in his history of the town of Kensington that he was present at the siege and "is said to have done good service as an engineer, building works against the enemy, probably the battery on Lighthouse Cliff."<sup>4</sup> However, it appears from the records that Capt. Prescott's company was recruited in New Hampshire as a reinforcement, and that Ezekiel Worthen was not enrolled until the very day of the surrender. No favorable news had reached New England, and these volunteers

1. Usually known on this side of the sea as "King George's War."

2. Afterwards Sir William Pepperell.

3. A large proportion of the men were recruited in the District of Maine, then a part of Massachusetts.

4. Sketch of the Town of Kensington by the Rev. George Osgood, in Hurd's *History of Rockingham and Strafford Counties, N. H.* p. 369.

doubtless believed they were embarking upon a venture which involved much hard fighting, as well as great danger. They proceeded at once to the scene of action, and did garrison duty at Louisbourg for about a year before they were relieved by the British regulars.

During this time the little garrison was in a most perilous position. Far from their base of supplies, in the midst of a hostile country, exposed to attack by land and sea, their leaders were under constant apprehension of a combined assault by a French fleet and an army of Canadians and Indians. The fortifications had been wrecked by the bombardment, and were hastily repaired and rebuilt. Perhaps the tradition concerning Ezekiel's engineering feats at Louisbourg is based upon the part taken by him in these defensive works.

After the surrender sickness prevailed to an alarming extent, and Pepperell's force was at one time reduced to less than 1,000 effective men. As winter approached serious apprehensions were felt, and Capt. Prescott and Capt. Waldron were sent to New Hampshire to appeal to the Governor and Legislature for relief.

On Sept. 24th Prescott and Waldron presented a petition of the officers of the New Hampshire Regiment at Louisbourg<sup>5</sup> together with a long supplementary memorial drawn up and signed by themselves, and on Oct. 5th the House voted:

"That there be paid out of ye Treasury, of ye money for ye Expedition, to ye officers & soldiers or their order that last went on ye Expedition to Louisbourg as a Reinforcement provided they have been so long in ye Service, two months wages. And that Capt. Jonathan Prescott who is from Louisbourg to provide necessary stores for his company now at Louisbourg have Liberty to draw out of ye Treasury for each of his officers & soldiers belonging to his company

two months wages as above, to provide private stores, &c. for his men."<sup>6</sup>

This resolution was approved by the Governor and Council, and the Captain returned with the much needed supplies. Soon afterwards he was taken ill with typhus fever, of which he died at Louisbourg on Jan. 19, 1746.<sup>7</sup> On October 1st, 1745, Ensign Ezekiel Worthen was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant.<sup>8</sup> Owing to the absence of Capt. Prescott and his subsequent illness and death, Lieut. Worthen was in active command of the company for a considerable portion of the term of its service. He returned home and was discharged on June 20, 1746.

In 1754 the French and English colonists began their final tremendous struggle for supremacy, in which as usual the most efficient weapon employed by the French was the tomahawk of the savage aborigines. With their hordes of painted warriors, evoked from the dark forests of the interior, the distant western prairies and the bleak woodlands of the North, they fell upon the thin line of British settlements fringing the Atlantic, in a whirlwind of ferocity which for a time threatened to sweep them into the sea. The conflict raged with especial fury along the Northern border, and none bore the brunt of it more bravely than the hardy woodsmen of New Hampshire.

In this momentous struggle Ezekiel Worthen of Kensington took an active part. For the "Crown Point Expedition" of 1756 the Province of New Hampshire raised a regiment of 700 men under Col. Nathaniel Meserve of Portsmouth. It consisted of twelve companies, the 8th of which was commanded by Capt. Ezekiel Worthen. The original muster-roll of his company and the receipt for its first month's pay, dated May 25, 1756, and written out in the Captain's bold, clear handwriting, are now in the possession of one of his

5. *Provincial and State Papers of New Hampshire*, Vol. V, p. 379.

6. *Provincial and State Papers of New Hampshire*, Vol. V, p. 386.

7. *Prescott Memorial* (Wm. Prescott, M. D. 1870) p. 235.

8. *Roll of the New Hampshire Men at Louisbourg, Cape Breton, 1745* (Geo. C. Gilmore, 1896) p. 45.



Photo by Mrs. Wendell B. Folsom of Exeter

The Old Worthen House at "Eastman's Corner," Kensington, N. H.

descendants, Miss Josephine P. Dow of Exeter. The object and proposed duration of its service are thus described in the muster-roll: "To remove French encroachments to the North of Albany or Eastward of Schenectada: to serve nine Months if the Expedition is not sooner over."

No important battle was fought on that front during the season, though some sharp skirmishes took place.<sup>9</sup> The woods were full of savages ready to strike down any soldier who became separated from his comrades even for a short time and to ambush small detachments or scouting parties; but Montcalm, on account of the large force of American militia confronting him, did not venture to attack Fort William Henry, as he is said to have intended, and the Earl of Loudon, who superseded Gov. Shirley in the command of our army, hesitated to bring on a decisive engagement. Meserve's regiment was not idle, however, being employed in building forts and batteaux and in other

useful works. These operations were conducted on a line extending from Fort Albany to Fort George. Loudon was so impressed with the qualifications of the New Hampshire men for this border warfare (their agility, skill and endurance as well as woodcraft) that he gave orders for the organization of three companies of "rangers" from that Province, which, under Robert Rogers, John Stark and William Stark, did excellent service during the war and were afterwards allowed half pay on the British establishment.<sup>10</sup>

Capt. Worthen acquitted himself creditably during this campaign and returned home when the regulars went into winter quarters and the militia regiments were discharged. It is probable that his engineering skill proved useful in the erection of the fortifications above mentioned. On Jan. 1st, 1757, the House of Representatives voted an allowance to meet the expenses of the expedition, including the pay-roll of Capt. Worthen's company.

9. *History of Queensbury, New York* (A. W. Holden) 1874, pp. 303-4.

10. *History of New Hampshire* (Jeremy Belknap) Vol. 1, p. 316. This type of soldier is aptly portrayed in Parkman's poem, "The New Hampshire Ranger," which appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for August, 1845.



A regiment of 500 men under Col. Nathaniel Meserve and Lieut. Col. John Goffe went to the front from New Hampshire in 1757. Most of the records of this regiment have been lost, and the captains of the 1st, 3rd and 6th<sup>11</sup> companies are the only ones mentioned in any official document known to the writer, though there must have been at least eight companies, judging from the number of enlisted men.<sup>12</sup> There is convincing oral or traditionary evidence that one of these companies was commanded by Capt. Ezekiel Worthen of Kensington. Col. Meserve with 100 carpenters and three companies of rangers went to join the forces under the immediate command of the Earl of Loudon at Halifax and the remainder of the regiment, including Capt. Worthen's Company (between 200 and 250 men in all) under Lieut.-Col. Goffe, marched to Number-Four and thence to Albany. Gen. Webb then posted them at Fort William Henry, at the head of Lake George, as part of the garrison under the command of Col. Monroe.

Meanwhile, Gen. Montcalm had assembled a large force, including a motley horde of savages in which forty-one tribes and sub-tribes, Christian and heathen, were represented. They had flocked in from regions as remote and widely separated as Acadia on the East, and the valley of the Ohio and the shores of Lake Superior on the West. There were present cannibals "from the Western Sea" never until then beheld in that country. The warriors were painted with vermilion, white, green, yellow and black, had rings of brass wire in their ears, and were "adorned with every ornament most suited to disfigure them in European eyes." Their hideous aspect and bestial habits rendered them objects of dread and disgust to the more humane of their French allies, several of whom have left records of the manner in which they devoured

the flesh and drank the blood of their victims. One states that "sometimes when mad with brandy they grappled and tore each other with their teeth like wolves."

Such was the demoniac crew with which on August 3rd, 1757, the Marquis of Montcalm descended upon and surrounded Fort William Henry. He also had with him 6000 Canadian and French troops and a train of artillery. Col. Monroe made a gallant defence, but on August 9th, his ammunition being exhausted, his fortifications battered, smallpox raging among his men and many having been killed and wounded by the bombardment, he was compelled to surrender. The terms agreed upon with Montcalm were most honorable, providing for the retention of personal baggage and a safe escort to Fort Edward, fourteen miles distant. No sooner were the gates opened, however, when the Indians rushed in and tomahawked the sick and wounded. A rather feeble attempt was made by the French officers to protect their prisoners and carry out the terms of the capitulation, but many were robbed and murdered, and the attitude of the savages continued to grow more menacing. The attempt of the survivors to march to Fort Edward under French escort is thus graphically described by Parkman:

"When after much difficulty the column at last got out of the camp and began to move along the road that crossed the rough plain between the encampment and the forest the Indians crowded upon them, impeded their march, snatched caps, coats and weapons from men and officers, tomahawked those that resisted and seizing upon shrieking women and children dragged them off or murdered them upon the spot. It is said that some of the interpreters fomented the disorder. Suddenly there rose the screech of the war-whoop. At this signal of butchery.

11. Potter's "Military" History" in *Report of the Adjutant General of New Hampshire for the year ending July 1, 1866, Vol. II, p. 179.*

12. The rolls and other records were probably lost at the time of the massacre below described.

a mob of savages rushed upon the New Hampshire men at the rear of the column."

Then ensued the most dreadful scenes of slaughter. The English were without ammunition and totally defenseless. The Indians stripped them to the skin and ruthlessly plied the tomahawk and scalping knife.

In the midst of this fiendish orgy of blood and terror Capt. Worthen did not lose his presence of mind. A number of savages rushed upon him, but while they were quarreling over the possession of his red waistcoat he made a bold dash for freedom. Seizing one of their guns he ran down a steep hill through the woods at top speed and when out of sight flung himself at full length on the ground beside a fallen tree. He pressed his body close up under the edge of the log and covered himself with pieces of bark. So cleverly was he concealed that the Indians following in hot pursuit leaped over the log and passed on without discovering his hiding place. At nightfall he resumed his flight under the cover of darkness and after incredible perils and hardships reached a place of safety—probably Fort Edward. He was completely exhausted and so nearly famished that it was deemed prudent to give him nothing but parched corn and water until his gradually returning strength enabled him with safety to take more substantial nourishment.

The Massacre of Fort William Henry aroused horror and hatred throughout the English speaking world and contributed materially to the speedy downfall of the French power in America. Its tales of terror were long repeated at New England firesides, and the memory of Ezekiel's miraculous escape is still preserved among many scattered branches of his posterity.

A musket of French manufacture brought home by Capt. Ezekiel from the

Wars long remained in the possession of his descendants. It was known as "The Indian gun" and was no doubt the same one carried away by him as above described from the massacre of Fort William Henry. It probably passed to his youngest son, Enoch, who remained on the home place. At all events it was subsequently in the possession of Enoch's daughter, Sarah (Worthen) Perkins, who died at Kensington in 1863 aged 92 years. Not long before her death she gave it to Ezekiel Worthen James of Boston, a great grandson of Hannah (Worthen) James, one of the daughters of Capt. Ezekiel Worthen, requesting him to transmit it to his son as an heirloom. Unfortunately, however, the son died in youth and Mr. James wishing to preserve the historic relic for the benefit of future generations, presented it to the Bunker Hill Monument Association.<sup>13</sup>

Though known chiefly to later generations as a military man, Ezekiel Worthen was not inactive in civil matters or in the affairs of the church. He settled in Kensington about the year 1738 soon after it had been incorporated as a parish. From the first he seems to have been considered a leading citizen, for he was called "Gentleman" in a deed dated as early as July 20, 1740. He was generally so designated in all the public records, but was occasionally described as "joyner" or "house carpenter." The town books<sup>14</sup> show that he was elected a selectman in 1748 not long after his return from Louisburg. Thereafter his name appears from time to time as surveyor of highways, constable, selectman and moderator at town meetings. He was a man of substance and had attained an honorable position in the region where he lived when disputes with the mother country culminated in armed conflict.

To be continued

13. The writer was informed of the circumstances under which Mr. James acquired the gun and donated it to the society above mentioned, by Miss Cornelia A. James of Manchester, N. H., a granddaughter of Hannah (Worthen) James of Deerfield. The facts are very clearly and fully stated in a letter written by Miss James after she had passed her 90th birthday. She is now deceased.

14. Examined for the writer by Mr. George Osgood of Kensington.

# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ELIZABETH SHURTLEFF

## UPHILL

BY CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

Does the road wind uphill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end.  
Will the journey take the whole long day?  
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?  
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin,  
May not the darkness hide it from my face:  
You cannot miss that Inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
Those who have gone before.  
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?  
They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?  
Of labour you shall find the sum.  
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?  
Yea, beds for all who come.



## THE NILE

BY LEIGH HUNT

It flows through 'old hush'd Egypt and its sands,  
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,  
And times and things, as in that vision, seem  
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—  
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands  
That roamed through the young world, the glory exteme  
Of high Sessostris, and that southern beam,  
he laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.

Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong.  
As of a world left empty of its throng,  
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake  
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along  
Twixt villages, and think how we shall take  
Our own calm journey on for human sake.



# THE BALLAD OF KEITH OF RAVELSTON

BY SIDNEY DOBELL

The murmur of the mourning ghost  
That keeps the shadowy kine,  
'O Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

Ravelston, Ravelston,  
The merry path that leads  
Down the golden morning hill,  
And thro' the silver meads;

Ravelston, Ravelston,  
The stile beneath the tree,  
The maid that kept her mother's kine,  
The song that sang she!

She sang her song, she kept her kine.  
She sat beneath the thorn,  
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston  
Rode thro, the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,  
His belted jewels shine;  
O Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew came,  
Comes evening down the glade,  
And still there sits a moonshine ghost  
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,  
She keeps the shadowy kine;  
O Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile,  
The stile is lone and cold,  
The burnie that goes babbling by  
Says naught that can be told.

Yet, stranger! here, from year to year,  
She keeps her shadowy kine;  
O Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—  
Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?  
The ancient stile is not alone,  
'Tis not the burn I hear!

She makes her immemorial moan,  
She keeps her shadowy kine;  
O Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!





Harold Hardy (left) and C. E. Hardy (right). These men have built up the splendid orchards described in this article.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE APPLES AT THEIR BEST

### The Orchard of Hardy and Son

BY G. F. POTTER.

**W**HENEVER there is an occasion to exhibit New Hampshire's fruit farms,—possibly to some national authority on fruit or to visitors from other states—there is one farm which is always included in the list to be seen, the farm of C. E. Hardy & Son at Hollis, N. H. There are larger orchards in New Hampshire and many of them splendid ones; there are orchards on more promising sites; there may be orchards which pay nearly or quite as well, but there is none where one can rely upon finding a higher quality of product or better demonstration of modern scientific orchard management. It is a fruit farm which has been built up through close co-operation of the father, C. E. Hardy, and his son Harold, a farm which has paid its own way along every step in its progress. Moreover, the notable success of this farm has led the way in making Hollis the largest fruit producing com-

munity in New Hampshire. Through the rows of trees of the Hardy orchard one may look out across the fields of neighbors, dotted with orchard planting.

The farm has been occupied by Mr. Hardy's people since 1849. Mr. Hardy's father, who was a cooper, plied his trade in a small shop near the present Hardy homestead. Fifty-seven years ago he purchased the field which is now the site of New Hampshire's most promising orchards, and started farming. The land at that time looked little as it does to-day. The field was full of brush and stone and a portion of it was poorly drained. It was used as a cow pasture but here and there were seedling apple trees some of which had been grafted with scions, which, it is of interest to note, came almost directly from the original Baldwin tree on the farm of John Ball at Wilmington, Mass. A barrier of boards had been placed around each grafted tree in order to



The storage and packing plant. 1200 bushels of fruit were handled here in 1922.

keep the cows away. The cooper in embarking in the field of farming made his chief industry that of producing market hay and dairy products, but he continued to graft and protect each seedling tree. Year by year, the brush and stones were cleared away, tile was laid under the low ground until there evolved a beautiful field of shale soil, which in New Hampshire almost invariably denotes a good orchard location.

In 1908 the elder Mr. Hardy passed away and the farm came into the possession of his son, Charles, who indeed had been actively managing it for some years previous. At that time Harold Hardy was at New Hampshire College where, from 1906 until 1910, he took the long course in Agriculture, majoring in fruit-growing under Professors Hall and Rane. During his senior year the Chair of Horticulture passed to B. S. Pickett, who took a considerable interest in the farm at Hollis and, after Harold's graduation, visited the place frequently and assisted in planning for its development.

Harold Hardy came home with his college education in 1910, and it was in the following spring that he and his father definitely started a fruit planting program. There were at that time about

500 to 600 trees on the farm. About one-half of these were the grafted seedlings which have previously been referred to, and the remainder were in a planting of Baldwin and McIntosh which had been made upon one of the higher fields. In 1911 an additional 600 trees were set, and in 1912 between 1300 and 1400 trees were put out. These were the two largest plantings, but in succeeding years plantings of from 100 to nearly 500 trees had been made until there is to-day a total of about 3800 trees upon the farm.

As compared to many other fruit farms in New Hampshire the proportion of early varieties is high. Gravenstein, an early market variety which succeeds well in some sections and often fails in others, has been found to be very well adapted to this locality. It forms a considerable proportion of the Hardy orchards. Wealthy, another early fall variety, has been used to a large extent. There are extensive plantings of the well known McIntosh Red. There are a large number of Wagener, a late variety, but one which bears at a relatively early age and for this reason is adapted to planting between the permanent trees of an orchard which are too



Hollis is developing into an apple center. Through rows of mature Baldwin trees one may glimpse young orchards on adjoining fields.

far apart to need all the space at first. The Wagener variety has proven itself especially well adapted to use as a "filler" because it is of upright habit and can remain a long time without crowding the permanent trees. In the early plantings of the Hardy orchard a good many Jonathan were used; but if planting to-day it is probable that this variety would not be included at all. It is not well adapted climatically to the conditions of southern New Hampshire and has given a great deal of difficulty on account of its characteristic disease known as Jonathan Spot. As in all other New Hampshire orchards the Baldwin is the main late variety.

The Hardy farm is one which is well adapted to the system of clean cultivation in the orchards, the plan which is followed in most of the largest producing orchards in this country although it is not the plan best adapted to many of the New Hampshire hills. The ground is tilled early in the spring and is kept thoroughly worked until about the first of July, when a crop is planted to be plowed under the following spring. Crimson clover is used to a consider-

able extent for planting these so-called "cover crops," and through its ability to fix nitrogen adds considerably to the fertility of the soil. In many orchards where the cultivation system is practiced there are grass and weeds next the trees, but a visit to a young orchard on the Hardy plantation discloses the trees cultivated as cleanly as a crop of corn. The most modern equipment for getting under the branches close to the trees is used. For the most part the motive power is furnished by horses. The tractor is tried, and where it proves more economical it is used to a certain extent; but in general the best results have been obtained by cultivating with teams.

When the first large plantings on the Hardy farm were made, the horticulturists over the entire country were recommending the type of tree which is known as the open-centered or vase-form tree, and this is the type which predominates in these early plantings. Experience here and elsewhere has shown that this type of tree is structurally weak; that it tends to break down under stress of storm and crop. In the later plantings,



A young orchard interplanted with shell beans. The trees are in their third season of growth.

therefore the Hardy's have adopted the more modern "semi-leader" tree, in which a strong trunk is induced to grow through the center of the head and a larger number of well spaced side branches produced along this trunk to carry the bearing area of the tree.

In the production of the high class apples perhaps the most important single operation is that of spraying. There have been years in New Hampshire when some of the growers were disheartened by the prevalence of disease, particularly the apple scab disease on the McIntosh. This variety, which is of highest quality and most profitable when clean from disease, is very difficult to protect against the fungus. The Hardy Farm, equipped with the most modern high power sprayers, has led the way in New Hampshire in demonstrating what can be done in the production of clean high-class McIntosh apples, even under most unfavorable weather conditions such as were experienced in 1922. Following accurately the recommendations of the college and applying each spray with the

utmost thoroughness, they have obtained results which have made other growers take heart and follow this example. Sometimes as much as six or eight gallons of spray mixture have been applied to a single McIntosh tree at one spraying, and these applications have been put on not less than six times a season. Thousands of bushels of perfectly clean fruit have rewarded them for the trouble and expense.

In 1912 the Hardys constructed the large storage and packing house, which is shown in one of the accompanying illustrations. In building a central packing house and transporting the apples from the orchard to the storage to be graded and packed indoors by the aid of sizing machinery and other special equipment, the Hardys marked a distinct advance over the method of packing in the field which was then practiced in most other New Hampshire orchards. The storage cellar is air cooled. It is probable that within a few years there may be added units with mechanical refrigeration, which will be of service in hand-



ling some of the more perishable varieties. The house is so arranged that fruit may be brought on the wagon into one compartment and, after the outside doors have been closed, unloaded and transferred into the main storage. In this way the fruit is brought in without allowing the cool air to escape and with the least possible changing of the temperature. In 1922 more than 12,000 bushels of fruit were stored and packed in this way.

In packing and marketing methods the Hardy farm has reached very high development. Harold Hardy is known as the most skillful fruit packer in New Hampshire, and there is no question as to his right to the title. Practically the entire crop of early varieties is marketed in the Boston Market Box, a relatively shallow square box, which when skillfully packed makes an exhibit package superior to the oblong box packs which come from the Pacific Northwest. Each apple is placed in position, layer on layer, row on row, with the result that the appearance of the completed box is most attractive. Buyers and sellers of New England early fruit agree in commending this package. The Hardy trucks carry these boxes by the thousand to the markets of southern New Hampshire and eastern Massachusetts.

Farm Management studies have shown that the seasons at which orchard work may be carried on are relatively limited. There are many times of year when there is little work to be done on the trees, and therefore it is usually most profitable to combine the orchard industry with other types of farming. At the Hardy farm there is a variety of by-products which without exaggeration keep the men busy every day in the year. In a small way the farm is still in dairy production, there being a herd of twelve head of cattle,—seven milking cows, all of them high producers. Between the

rows of the young cultivated orchards various truck and farm crops are produced. Thus, there is a full acre of strawberries and more than six acres of horticultural beans. The beans are grown from seed selected each year from the most perfect and best colored plants, for the public pays best for the dark red pods. It is forty-four miles by road from the Hardy farm to North Market Street in Boston, and on many an early morning in late summer the Hardy truck pulls up at the Boston market with its load of shell beans to be sold at an excellent profit. In season there are raspberries and again crops of sweet corn and cabbage. There are fields of field corn interplanted with pumpkins and plantings of tomatoes as large as on many another farm in which truck gardening is the chief industry. In another field one may find a planting of squash, mostly of the Blue Hubbard variety, and, like the beans, grown from seed carefully selected year by year. Thus, while the fruit crop is the main stay, the income from this source is ably abetted by returns from these other crops.

The record of achievement at the Hardy Farm is one of which its owner may be justly proud. When the fruit is exhibited at New England shows, a goodly share of the blue ribbons go home to Hollis; and the guest in the Hardy home may be shown an amazing collection of cups and trophies. It has not all been easy. There have been losses and discouragements. Mr. Hardy smiles a slow smile at the mention of *hail*. There was once when it was not a smiling matter. But the farm to-day is a splendid paying proposition, and it has been built from the ground up through the energy, skill and foresight of C. E. Hardy and Son. It answers the question as to what others can do with New Hampshire farms.



Dr. Anna B. Parker who heads the New Hampshire League of Women Voters.

## THE NEW HAMPSHIRE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS

### A Growing Power in State Affairs

**T**HE New Hampshire League of Women Voters enters upon its fourth season of activity inspired by a constantly increasing interest among the women of the state and a spirit of co-operation which promises high achievement of its purposes. One year ago it was decided that the ever-increasing need and demand for more intelligent and interested voters called urgently upon the League to push with energy a program of education in citizenship in this state. Such a program with outline of special activities was adopted and Dr. Anna B. Parker was elected to start the work during the last session of legislature when the minds of the people would be turned to political matters and it would be possible to secure a larger measure of success than at any other time. This campaign was

carried on from an office in the Patriot Building, Concord, for four months, starting January first. The results were most gratifying and at the annual meeting in May, Dr. Parker was elected State President of the League. Plans were made looking toward continued intensive effort during the coming year. The organization was strengthened by the election of active directors in every county and the enlargement of the board of general directors which is representative of every part of New Hampshire.

The National League of Women Voters came into existence a fully equipped and organized association, representing about two million women, by the transformation of the National Equal Suffrage Association into the League. Its purpose was to educate and equip women for intelligent participation in

public affairs. Women knew nothing about the management of public business up to that time excepting what a male electorate had failed to accomplish. They resolved to put the party system to the test of actual personal participation before they tried to change anything or improve upon it in any way. The purposes of the League, originally declared and since adopted by every state in the union, are simple and fundamental:

- To arouse women to their civic responsibility,
- To supply unbiased information on public questions,
- To urge women to become active members of existing political parties,
- To support needed legislation.

With these purposes the New Hampshire League is in full sympathy but it has decided that the need of education in citizenship should be met first of all and it believes that when women are awakened to their public responsibilities and learn to keep informed upon public questions they may be left to themselves to decide how their votes can be made to count most for efficiency in government. The work for the coming season will be continued on the strictly non-partisan lines of the past years. Local Leagues will be formed wherever called for in larger towns and cities. Study groups will be fostered in small towns for which the League will furnish teachers or material as desired. Work through civic and legislative departments of clubs and societies will be continued. Full co-operation in all efforts for the civic and political education of women, the answering of every demand made upon it by the women of the state, is the aim of the New Hampshire League of Women Voters. The year's plan includes two schools of citizenship, one in the late Autumn and one in the Spring, both to be north of Concord. The work will begin the middle of September in Carroll county.

During the season just ended two very successful schools of citizenship

have been held. The first at Keen home of the retiring President, Lula F. Lesure at which candidates for Governor, United States Congress and other offices addressed the women. Several notable men and women from New Hampshire and Massachusetts took part in discussing laws and policies the women need to know. Mrs. Maude Wood Park, President of the National League of Women Voters gave an inspiring address on the aims and aims of the organization nationally.

Just before the local city election in the Spring another school of citizenship was held by the Laconia League, one of the finest working leagues in the state under the leadership of Mrs. Minnie Thompson. Candidates for mayor and other offices appeared and outlined their conditions and their policies if elected. Able speakers discussed such questions as the direct primary, uniform laws for all states, the machinery of government and the County budget. In the evening a debate was held discussing the proposed taxation amendment to the constitution. This was broadcasted on radio and attracted a great deal of attention.

Dr. Anna B. Parker, the new president of the New Hampshire League of Women Voters is a native of the state though she lived for twenty-five years in Boston. Her father was William Dimick of Lyme, her mother was Mary M. Folsom of Gilmanton and on her mother's side her ancestry is of pure New England Stock. Her forefathers took part in every struggle in the early history of the colonies and she is eligible to membership in the society of colonial descendents in England. She was educated at Gilmanton Academy, the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston University and the New York Post Graduate Medical School. She practiced medicine in Boston twelve years and holds licenses to practice in New York and New Hampshire as well. She is also a ordained minister and preached six



The King farm from the road.

## MARSH KING--PRODUCER

### A Two-Man Farm With a Wonderful Record

BY HARRY C. WOODWORTH

**T**HE man who specializes in feeding cows for individual records may become widely known as a successful dairyman. The success of such a man is deserving of our attention and admiration as his work not only lifts the standards of the community, but provides the foundation stock for the ultimate betterment of the dairy industry of the state. But there is another type of dairyman who accomplishes much and yet may not be widely known. The man who produces large quantities of milk efficiently for a wholesale market must have marked ability, and certainly outstanding examples of success in this are deserving of our study and commendation.

Marsh King of Lisbon is one of the most efficient wholesale milk producers of the state. He makes no attempt to select a few high producers and force these for a record; but the whole herd is managed as a unit to secure as much milk as possible at a low cost.

Mr. King has developed a two-man farm. He and a year man do all the

work a greater part of the year; extra help is hired during haying and silo filling. The two men milk and care for thirty-three cows and about twenty head of young stock, and in addition work in producing roughage, work in the woods and do considerable teaming. In previous years the receipts from teaming and road work, etc., have just about balanced the total labor bill.

The most important factor about the business is the accomplishment per man. Last year 234,642 pounds of milk were sold from the farm. Can you picture 2,726 ten-gallon cans of milk in a row side by side, one half a mile long? Or can you imagine a row of 109,040 quart milk bottles in a row about seven miles long? Including the milk used on the farm each man produced over 120,000 pounds of milk. This achievement stands as a splendid record, especially when contrasted with the output of many small dairymen who are able to produce only 20,000 pounds per man. In these times we are beginning to assign definite values to denote ability.

If a man is able to build up an organization that turns out 30,000 pounds of 3.7 per cent milk per man, could we not think of him as a 30,000 pound man, and in contrast with this a man of marked ability as a producer like Mr. King could be thought of as a 120,000 pound man? He has the ability, the energy and vision to surround himself with an efficient organization that can accomplish much.

While good production per man is a very important factor toward success in wholesale dairying, yet this production must be secured by a low feed cost if the labor income is to be large. Valuing hay at \$18 a ton, silage at \$6 per ton and purchased feed at purchase price, Mr. King used \$3800 worth of feed in producing milk selling for \$5604.87 and stock selling for \$1006. In other words,



Most of the hay is taken from a permanent meadow in the river bottom.

he secured \$174 in sales from each \$100 worth of feed fed to cattle. For a large herd, including cows and young stock, this is a very good record, especially when milk prices were so low. Furthermore, Mr. King does not have the advantage of large amounts of legume roughage, as most of the hay is taken from a permanent meadow in the river bottom. The hay is fine in quality, yields well, but is not rich in protein.

The thirty-three Holstein cows averaged over 7,000 pounds of milk and Mr. King is confident that he will secure 8,000 pounds average in the present year. He compares each year's production with that of the previous year and is eager to do better each time. This comparison of one year with another is like a great game to him, and the attempt to beat the previous year's record fascinates him and holds his interest throughout the twelve months. And one



Mr. King hires extra help for haying and pushes the work so that hay is put up at the right time.



wonders if all this intense interest in his work may not be the biggest factor in his success. We may, in studying the cold figures of the year's business, point out that good production per man, good production per cow, etc., are the chief factors. But these *cannot* be maintained without the tireless energy which interest and faith alone create.

And yet this intense interest in his cows does not overbalance him in the management of his farm. He uses a milking machine, observes the cows with a critical eye while feeding, and then turns his energy toward other productive work. Several years ago Mr. King kept records of the time used in caring for the cows and at the end of the year the labor required per cow was estimated at 107 hours. This shows very efficient

use of time when compared to the average labor requirement of 150 hours per cow.

As one enters the cow barn and looks down the row of cows, the large size of the animals impresses one; and then later when the young stock is inspected, one is convinced that Mr. King believes in "growing out" the young heifers. The herd is maintained by raising the heifers from the best cows. In fact the herd has been brought up to its present efficiency by a program of breeding and selection rather than by purchasing high priced cows.

As a producer, Marsh King is doing a man's work. With a good farm, high producing cows and efficient use of labor he is making a splendid record of accomplishment.

## PROHIBITION

### A Test of Statesmanship

"IS he a real statesman or merely a politician?" is a question which people ask of themselves as they regard the various figures in public life. The answer to that question is not to be found amid the "tumult and the shouting" of a campaign, for a candidate for office is always an archangel and an archfiend, an honest man and a grafter, a law-abiding citizen and a wife-beater, if one is to believe all that is said about him. Public utterances are a poor indication of the real man behind them, for a carefully prepared speech usually sidesteps delicate or dangerous subjects by substituting thrilling passages on Democracy, Americanism, and the Star Spangled Banner. A public servant cannot always be measured by his official acts for there is usually some underling upon whose shoulders the blame can be shifted.

How then can we measure our public men? A former recruiting officer tells of a draft dodger who attempted to deceive the examiners into the belief that he was hopelessly near sighted.

After undergoing several tests and consistently proving that "none are so blind as those who will not see" he was informed that his sight was defective and that he was released. Thankfully seizing his hat he hastened from the office but as he went out he instinctively moved his head to avoid a thread which was suspended in the doorway. "Come back," said the Doctor, "that little thread is there for fellows like you."

Fortunately for our country there are and always have been little threads which measure the sincerity and manhood of our public figures. These threads are certain vital moral issues upon which feeling is bitter. Issues in which the politician can see little chance of glory for himself and which he will avoid if possible to escape the enmity involved. His "dodge" however usually proves his undoing. Slavery was such an issue. Henry Clay wrote a letter compromising himself upon it and lost the presidency. Our own Webster made a speech for the fugitive slave law to gain the friendship of the South and for years after

was despised by both North and South as a trimmer. Stephen A. Douglass answered a question at Freeport in such a way as to win Illinois and thereby lost the "Solid South."

To-day we have another issue upon which feeling is exceedingly bitter and which is about as attractive to politicians as a hangman's noose. The country watched the Governor of New York sweat blood for a week before he signed his name to a bill and declared himself for all time despite his desperate attempt to put his action on a basis of "states rights."

A prominent New Hampshire politician of a few years ago who began life as a clergyman was asked why he left the ministry. "Because I got tired of being such a damned hypocrite," he responded. If he were alive to-day we fear that he would return to the ministry, for it is the politicians who seem to be the hypocrites. They appear to resolve themselves into three classes:

First, the politicians who talk on both sides of the question. We have in mind a self-announced candidate for the next New Hampshire Senate who told us that he believed the 18th Amendment should be repealed, modified, or enforced. We

venture to predict that he will make a good senator.

Second, the politicians who talk on neither side of the question. We mean talk in public. Some of them are willing to speak quite heatedly in private conversation but are singularly loath to reiterate their statements where they may go on record.

Third, the politicians who talk one way and act another. It is rather amusing at times to see who our prohibitionists are. We almost sympathize with a veteran politician who made the remark to us, "I like a drink myself. I have every respect for the prohibitionist who is sincere but I hope that every man who voted for prohibition for political reasons may choke to death within sight of a beer barrel."

The GRANITE MONTHLY is interested in knowing who are the politicians in New Hampshire, and who are the statesmen. For that reason we propose to interview the leaders of both parties in this state in regard to their attitude on the 18th Amendment, give the results of our interviews to the people of New Hampshire in our October issue and let them determine the answer for themselves.

## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

CONDUCTED BY VIVIAN SAVACOOLO

### The Soldiers' Memorial

Portsmouth, New Hampshire

TERCENTENARY EDITION

A book has just been published by Rear Admiral Joseph Foster, Supply Corps, U. S. Navy, who during the last thirty years has gathered information about the lives and services of the Portsmouth soldiers and sailors serving the United States since that day when one of New Hampshire's citizens, William Whipple, numbered among the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The publication of the volume comes at a most appropriate time, just now when Portsmouth is in the midst of a tercentenary celebration, which makes all citizens of New Hampshire turn toward the past to view with pride the part their State has always played in the life of the Nation. This book will preserve for us and for coming generations a record of those who died to defend the free

institutions of America, will help to bridge the vast space of time between the present day and the Continental Congress of '76. It will help us to remember that the men of '61 were the sons of the patriots of '76 and that the pages of New Hampshire's history made memorable by Langdon, Whipple, Stark, Sullivan, and a host of heroes were again illuminated in the World War by the brave deeds of New Hampshire men.

In this volume a detailed table of contents and an "Indexed Record of the Graves we Decorate" enables the reader to find quickly information concerning the service of the men whose graves in Portsmouth and four adjoining towns are annually decorated. Interesting information about men of especial prominence is given in the reproduction of speeches delivered on historical and public occasions, as in the case of General William Whipple (1730-1785) and Admiral David Glasgow Farragut, U. S. Navy, America's great admiral who died in the Portsmouth Navy yard August 4, 1870. These two men stand for the things of which New Hampshire may be justly proud, her part in the defense of the flag on land and sea, and her voluntary response to her country's call to send her citizens out to fight and die for the traditions and ideals of America.

### The Missing Man

BY MARY R. P. HATCH

Four Seas Co.

"THE Missing Man" as may be surmised from the title is a detective story and one of more than usual interest. Even the most experienced lover of mystery stories will find here new material to stimulate his imagination in the ingenious, intricate plot which Mrs. Hatch carries through smoothly from start to finish with many surprising pitfalls for the

reader, an interesting climax, and with well-sustained suspense.

The story is based on the mysterious trips, lasting for two weeks, taken by Vane Hamilton every May to a place and for a purpose unknown even to his wife, Constance Hamilton. From one of these journeys he does not return and all clues lead to the belief that he has been murdered or that he is a scoundrel, a forger and bank robber, as well as a deserter of his wife and children in the company of Lenora, the beautiful woman with whom he was last seen.

A Vane Hamilton finally returns. Is he the respected bank president of the first half of the story? Is the mysterious Premier Edes the real Vane Hamilton or is he Henry Ashley, a scoundrel sought for by the police? A confusion of four identities arises based on memory lapses, mind reading, and hypnotism, thereby introducing the reader to a new atmosphere in the usual mysterious adventures of detective fiction. The psychic element in the book is thrilling and fascinating, although at times it is difficult to know whether the psychological incidents are based on the result of scientific investigation or are suppositions on the part of the author. Except for uncertainty on some of these points, the story, although crowded, is well told, and a fine piece of characterization created in the case of Constance, torn between the man who looks like her husband and the one who seemed like him, but who did not look like him.

And now, impossible as all this may seem, it is really true. Mrs. Hatch is a New Hampshire woman and she assures us that the Grovedale, New Hampshire, of the story is Littleton, New Hampshire, and that the plot of the story is drawn from the case of a resident of Littleton, who due to overwork, suffered from a lapse of memory and disappeared from his community.



# THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

## About Going Back to School

**W**ELL, that's over! For the coming nine months we need not have our food salted with wood ashes and sweetened with bits of green twigs and wandering insects. We can sleep in comfortable beds and wash in the hot water that emanates from shining faucets. Mosquitoes, black flies, ants, and their like have had their last succulent meal of our flesh for another year. No more will the Blue Book lead us, all unsuspecting, into quagmires of detours or facetiously land us, by meticulous directions, in the backyard of an irate householder. No more will we sit in the tortured boredom of hotel verandas. We have done our duty. We have taken our vacation. And now we can settle down in the accustomed harness, between familiar shafts, and jog along our well worn ruts for another year. Labor Day is well placed. Never does a desk well piled with work look so appealing, never are the glorious advantages of one's own kitchen versus the makeshifts of camp so apparent, as when one comes upon them after a strenuous bout of vacationing.

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The sound of industrial wheels beginning to turn more swiftly after the summer lull is a welcome one, but it is not so far reaching as another September sound, the ringing of school bells. Kindergarten and university, the little white schoolhouse on the back country road and the well-equipped brick plant of the large city, schools which specialize in professional training and schools which adhere sternly to the three R's—before the month is over they will all be full of young life and activity.

For New Hampshire the opening of school has special importance this year. For the first time in our his-

tory we have a state *University*. As we understand it, the difference between a University and a College is not size but diversity. A college turns out graduates fitted for one thing—just what has not yet been determined. But a University offers its students a choice of careers. Will you be a dirt farmer or a corporation lawyer? Will you specialize in medicine or mechanics? The larger the University the greater the range of choice. And this fact gave us an idea which amounts almost to inspiration.

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Last winter four hundred odd statesmen found employment in our legislature. This winter they are out of a job. There is no legislature, the new campaign is in a very embryonic state. What can they do? Why not let the state University profit by their vacation? Why not institute at Durham a course in that most widely popular of all New Hampshire's professions—Politics?

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We have broached the idea to several friends with disappointing results. One remarked that the only subject most politicians knew was Sychology; another suggested that a certain state Commissioner might qualify as Professor of Raiding and Writhing. But we have more serious thoughts in mind. In imagination we can see a Durham classroom with a group of eager young people entranced, listening to a gubernatorial candidate of Grafton County discoursing on "What the Well-Dressed Politician Will Wear." What a privilege to learn the fine art of publicity from a man who has been "spoken of" as a possible president of the United States! A course in real political economy, including lectures on "How to Live on Forty-eight

Hours a Week" could be conducted by a number of our prominent Republicrats. And any one of our tax reformers could make a regulation professor of higher mathematics open his eyes in amazement. —H. F. M.

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### Notes

Two letters regarding our August magazine have come to us, which we want to share with all our readers. One is from Mr. Elwin L. Page of Concord and questions the accuracy of a statement in regard to Dover. Some of the loyal residents of that place ought to be able to answer the charge.

"May I be permitted one criticism of a minor thing? The caption to one of the illustrations in the last number speaks of the settlement of Dover in 1623. I doubt if you can find a historian of any standing who will tell you that Dover was settled in that year. Of course, the Dover residents are anxious to have it appear that it was so, but that doesn't make it so."

The other letter is from Mr. H. D. Howie, Secretary to James M. Storow, chairman of the joint committee which has been investigating the New England railroad situation. It reads as follows:

"I have just read the article on the New England Railroad Situation in your August issue. I think it would have a very helpful effect if this article could receive wide distribution throughout New England. I am writing to ask if I may purchase 1000 copies of the August issue for that purpose."

We are very glad to announce, what many of our readers may already have guessed, that the donor of the prizes in the high school contest, awards for which were made in the last issue, is Mr. Erwin F. Keene of Concord, N. H.

Our cover picture is of the Grand Army men at the Weirs. At the head of the procession are Major R. H. Trickey and General Charles W. Stevens.

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### In This Issue

Three opinions on the Republican party which appeared in our July issue awakened so much interest that we are presenting in this magazine three corresponding articles on the Future Policies of the Democratic Party. The writers need no introduction. They are HON. RAYMOND B. STEVENS, one of the men most talked about as a possible Democratic candidate for Governor; PRESIDENT EATON D. SARGENT of the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association; and HON. GEORGE E. FARRAND, State Treasurer and former Chairman of the Democratic State Committee.

MR. H. R. GOODWIN is a hiking enthusiast of Milan, N. H.

PROFESSOR H. C. WOODWORTH, who writes of the Marsh King farm, is the extension specialist in farm management of New Hampshire University.

MR. H. B. NABSTEDT is the superintendent in charge of the construction of the Bristol dam. He has been with the Ambursen Construction Company for seventeen years and in that time has constructed fourteen dams of various sizes. He is a product of Phillips Exeter Academy, but is a native of Iowa.

MISS GRACE BLANCHARD is librarian of the Concord Public Library.

As district chief of the New Hampshire Forestry Department, MR. E. E. WOODBURY knows at first hand the destruction which fire brings to our forests.

MR. SAMUEL COPP WORTHEN is Genealogist of the New Jersey Society. S. A. R.

PROFESSOR POTTER's third article on New Hampshire orchards shows what can be done with New Hampshire farms.

# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## A Page of Clippings

### President Harding

Of Warren Gamaliel Harding as President no estimate could now be just. It will be viewed in the perspective of time, and in our belief will be accorded high place. Largely successful in private business, he had well served the state of his birth, and he was an outstanding member of the national Senate, when swept into the Presidency by a surging wave unprecedented in its volume. This was to him, for the time being at least, unfortunate. A Congress, nominally supporting, was, in its lower house especially, unwieldy, too large for effective control. Nor were many of its members, elected as Republicans, actually such. Blocs multiplied, and sectional demands were clamant. This severely taxed the President, as did the wearing grind of routine duties and the vexing problems which came as an aftermath of the World War.

These handicaps, demands and problems President Harding met with a calmness, decision and courage not yet duly appreciated. He had done much quietly and well. The conference of his calling for the limitation of armament and for other matters aimed at international peace will more and more be held as a supreme achievement, and there is much else in his too short administration to which time will pay due and deserved credit. He has won a high place among Presidents.

—*Exeter News Letter*

The death of President Harding reminds us that these strenuous trips have never resulted in any good and often seriously as in President Wilson's case. The President's job is a strenuous one without trying to shake hands with everyone from Florida to Alaska. From a political standpoint they have usually been a failure.

—*Hillsborough Messenger*

The cares of the Presidency these days are almost too great for the physical strength of any man. Some way of diminishing the less important ones should be devised if our chief magistrates are to render that sane and wise service which come with mental and physical health.

President's Harding's death is mourned not only in the loss of a chief executive, but also a true friend of the people, a strong, brave kindly soul representing the highest type of Americanism.

—*Somersworth Free Press*

There are certain peaceful and friendly commonplaces about him which cannot be else than valuable to the people, commanded so abruptly to contemplate him. Most people are average folk; they will under-

stand Mr. Harding, and how he lived and what he thought, and why. Commonplaceness can attain a greatness all its own and it is a greatness attainable by the most people. To the extent that Mr. Harding symbolized the great, friendly, simple, earnest American people, he is great enough. For his policies and his achievements, time alone can testify.

—*Laconia Democrat*

His was a great heart from which radiated kindness which is the greatest asset to mankind. Kindness must rule the nation; it must rule the world. President Harding set an example which none will forget.

—*Peterborough Transcript*

President Harding never made an enemy. There were those who did not always agree with him politically but they never doubted his sincerity or his honesty, his noble purpose and his desire to give his best to his country.

—*Milford Cabinet*

### President Coolidge

The extent to which the mourning of the nation for President Harding is mingled with faith and confidence in President Coolidge is remarkable and reassuring.

—*Concord Monitor*

There is a wholly unusual and exceptional equality of eagerness evinced by the American public to know more about the personality of the new President, Calvin Coolidge.

Perhaps it may be because at a time of unexampled vociferousness in a day when noisy demagogery is much in evidence, when the latest victor on the hustings was chiefly famous for his lung power, when statesmen maintain their own publicity departments, and when everybody quite generally is seeking a pre-eminence chiefly vocal, there appears a "man of silence." In a world of speech "Silent Cal" is unique. He intrigues the popular imagination because he is SO different.

—*Manchester Union*

As Calvin Coolidge grasps the helm of the ship of state he is received with general favor by the people of the country. Financial leaders are anticipating no crisis in the change of leadership. In fact, the G. O. P. of New Hampshire are warming up to Coolidge for nomination in 1924. His stand in the police fight and the circumstances under which he took the Presidential oath are admired by the party leaders. Whether or not of the same political persuasion, it must be true

that all minds of the country and of the world sympathize with him as he plunges into the rush and pomp and stupendous responsibilities of the presidency.

—*Bristol Enterprise*

It is indeed fortunate that, on the death of President Harding, there was so safe and level-headed a man as Vice President Calvin Coolidge to succeed to the high office. The new President is sound in his economic views, he has had wide experience in public life and has been in close touch with all the important problems before the administration. He has made no false steps and his speeches have been models of clear and patriotic expressions of true American thought. The question as to who will be nominated by the Republican party as their candidate for President in 1924 is now settled. That man will be Calvin Coolidge, the man of destiny.

—*Somersworth Free Press*

President Coolidge has a wonderful opportunity to accomplish something for the people of New England along industrial relations in the coal industry. Somehow we have a feeling that he will get results that no one before has attempted. Coolidge is from New England. He knows the strenuous winters we usually have. He knows how helpless we are without coal and we feel he will interest himself more than any of his predecessors in getting coal into New England. The coal miners also know Coolidge and know he is not to be trifled with and perhaps the operators may sense something doing not before attempted. We do not believe Coolidge will be made to believe that the coal shortage in New England is "psychological" and not real.

—*Milford Cabinet*

## The Johnsons--Magnus and Hiram

"I suggest to my conservative brethren that recent events indicate they must choose whether progressive things shall be done in a conservative way or in a radical way. You may have to take progressivism or radicalism will take you." —*Hiram Johnson*

After two years deflated prices for his product and inflated prices for anything he must buy the farmer, specifically the Minnesota wheat farmer, expressed his annoyance by electing Magnus Johnson to the United States Senate. It was not a victory for radicalism; it was a protest against keen distress. However, if laws could have allayed that distress, they would have been passed by the Republican Congress of last year. That Congress was entirely aware of the political consequences to themselves of failure to pass such laws. They did their best. They put through a mass of

legislation aiming to promote the farmers' special interests. But when the supply of wheat exceeds the demand its price goes down regardless of laws and distress and Magnus Johnson.

Nothing can keep up prices of commodities save co-operative control of supply and that is something for the farmers themselves to attend to when they resolve to get together, organize great grain holding companies, and ostracize any black legs who undercut the prices.—*Current Opinion*

If one is anxious to find a reason for the recent horizontal decline in the stock market, perhaps the election of Magnus Johnson, an ignorant Swede out in Minnesota, to the United States Senate, by an overwhelming majority, may afford a clue. Of course, the market has been declining for weeks and the election only took place last Tuesday, but the result is a symptom of a condition which causes thoughtful men to pause and ponder. Radicalism is rampant.

—*Rochester Courier*

A railroad man from the Middle West who is visiting his brother, a professional man in New Hampshire, they being, like Senator-elect Magnus Johnson of Minnesota, of Scandinavian descent, gives us a view of the new Senator and the reasons for his election which is thought-provoking.

"Magnus Johnson is not so much of a freak as you would think from reading about him," he says, "but neither is he a great man. However, he serves exactly the purpose of the people who elected him. The farmers of the Middle West are in danger and they are trying to signal their danger to the rest of the nation. Now a danger signal should show red and make a loud noise and Senator Johnson will do both of these to perfection. But do not think it is a false alarm he is giving. There is real trouble in the West and if neither of the great political parties offers a likely remedy for it, a third party is inevitable and would carry many states in our section of the country."

—*Concord Monitor*

"Hiram, Jack, Magnus and Pussy-foot are certainly a great quartet," remarks the Boston Globe. They can make noise enough, beyond a question. Their double forte passages ought to raise the roof. But we fear their voices may not blend perfectly and that some of them might fail to keep on the key.

—*Rochester Courier*

In reply to Senator-elect Magnus Johnson's general invitation to have a little revolution with him, Editor Al Weeks of the Laconia News and Critic replies: "We are getting along quite well here and could not possibly stop to aid in a revolution. Come to Belknap County where we are all cheerfully busy."

—*Concord Monitor*



## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

### GEN. JOAB N. PATTERSON

Gen. Joab Nelson Patterson, last survivor of New Hampshire's general officers in the Civil War and the only man from the state to be commissioned for active service in both that war and the war with Spain died in Concord on January 18th at the age of 88 years.

Of his interesting and varied career the Manchester Union comments as follows: To read the bare outline of Gen. Joab N. Patterson's life is to get the impression that here is material enough out of which to construct two or three lives. There is one whole life's work in his military record, that of a veteran of two wars and commander in the militia for many years. For in this relation General Patterson did not simply "belong to something." He opened a recruiting office at the outbreak of the Civil War, raised a company, won a commission, went into the fighting, was wounded at Gettysburg, rose to a brevet-brigadier generalship. Then for many years after the war he was in the militia service, attaining the highest rank and holding it for years. And then he served in the war with Spain. Or one may take his public service as an official, as a representative in the legislature, United States marshal, second auditor of the United States Treasury, superintendent of public

buildings in Havana. All this means a full life, a life having many contacts, a life all compact of interesting and immensely varied experience.

Incidentally, this soldier and public officer was an out-standing figure in the Dartmouth sesqui-centennial in 1919. He was the marshal of the academic procession at the hundredth anniversary celebration, and fifty years later was honored by being made the honorary marshal.

Best of all, this crowded life of many activities and great service was crowned with friendships without number.

During his funeral flags on the city building and the Capitol were at half mast.

The honorary bearers were Gen. Elbert Wheeler, Nashua, representing the Old National Guard; Maj. Wm. H. Trickey, Tilton, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion; Gen. Frank Battles, Concord, Grand Army of the Republic; Gen. Charles W. Howard, Nashua, National Guard; Henry W. Stevens, Concord, secretaries of Dartmouth college; Capt. John B. Abbott and John A. George, Concord, old Concord friends and families; Gen. John H. Brown, and Thomas Norris, Concord, Wonolancet club; Commander H. H. Amsden, Concord, American Legion; Harry M. Cheney, Concord, Masonic orders; Wesley Adams, Londonderry, State Senate, Dr. Sibley G. Morrill, Concord.



#### ASBURY F. TANDY

After an illness extending over several years, Asbury Fitch Tandy died at his residence in Litchfield, August 11th. Mr. Tandy was a native of Lempster and was the son of James A. and Lucy Fitch Tandy of Dublin. He was born April 27, 1850.

In 1880, Mr. Tandy was appointed supervisor of the New Hampshire State hospital, which he held for 23 years.

He is survived by the widow, Mrs. Anna Tandy, one brother, William E. of Greenland, and several nephews and nieces.

#### PROF. FRANCIS T. CLAYTON

Professor Francis Treadway Clayton, assistant superintendent of schools of Concord, died at the Margaret Pillsbury hospital, July 29th, after a long illness.

He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 3, 1875, and received his early education in the schools of that city, later going to New York University for three years of graduate study and one year at Harvard in special study toward a doctorate in English philosophy. One year was also passed in Europe in educational study. He came to Proctor Academy in 1911 and served there seven years as head master, coming to Concord, September 1, 1919.

#### JOHN J. CONNOR

After an illness lasting nearly a year, County Commissioner John J. Connor died July 23rd at his home in Manchester.

Mr. Connor had long been active in politics in Manchester. For eight years he had been alderman from Ward 10, and from 1918 to 1922 was inspector of plumbing. He was elected county commissioner last November. He was a native of Ireland, but had lived in Manchester 41 years. During the Spanish-American war, he served in the Sheridan guards.

#### HARRY E. MORRISON

Harry E. Morrison, one of three Grafton County Commissioners, died August 4th at the Woodsville Cottage Hospital.

Until ill health forced him to give up his farm and take up his residence in Haverhill Corner, Mr. Morrison was well known throughout the vicinity for his fine herds of pedigreed stock. He was prominent also in political affairs, and served as selectman in his town and as representative in the Legislature.

He leaves a wife, Frances (Buzzell) Morrison; one son, Samuel R., and one daughter, Mary Catherine Morrison.

#### DANIEL GILMAN

Mr. Daniel Gilman, one of Exeter's most prominent citizens, died on July 21st at the age of 72 years.

A member of an old and notable family, Mr. Gilman received his education in private schools, at Phillips-Exeter Academy and at Brown. Coming to Exeter in 1883, he organized the Rubber Step Manufacturing Company, of which he was president for many years. He served his town one year as selectman and in 1912-16 he was postmaster of Exeter.

He is survived by his wife and one son, Daniel E. Gilman.

#### FRANK EDGAR THOMPSON

Frank Edgar Thompson, for fifty years sub-master and head master of the Rogers High School, who in June was elected by the school, died July 31st at his home.

Mr. Thompson was born in Somersworth, N. H., March 31, 1849, and was graduated at Dartmouth in 1871. He taught for a little while at Phillips Andover Academy and then in 1873 accepted an invitation to become sub-master at Rogers. In 1890, he was made head master. For 23 years he was a member of the State Board of Education and in 1919 he was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Education by Rhode Island State College.

Besides his widow, Mr. Thompson is survived by a daughter, Miss Helen M. Thompson, of the High school, and a son, Colonel Edgar Thompson, U. S. A.

#### REV. LUCIUS WATERMAN

Rev. Lucius Waterman, D. D. of Tilton, retired clergyman of the Episcopal church, author and churchman recognized at home and abroad as one of the most profound scholars in his denomination, died July 26th in Washington, D. C.

Dr. Waterman, who had served as chairman of the Diocesan committee of New Hampshire, had represented the diocese in many important gatherings, and had been a member of the Triennial Convention, was born in Providence, R. I., March 29, 1851. He was graduated from Trinity College in 1871 and three years later received the M. A. degree. In 1892 he was given the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Among his notable literary works was "Post Apostolic Period," published by Scribner and "Primitive Traditions of the Eucharistic Body and Blood," from the Bishop Paddock lectures before the General Theological Seminary in New York in 1918-19. He also wrote many pamphlets.

Dr. Waterman was for five years rector of Trinity church in Tilton and had served as rector of St. Thomas church in Hanover, St. Luke's in Charlestown and Trinity in Claremont. He established St. James in Laconia and presented the church edifice and lot upon which it stands to the parish. His first pastorate was in Providence, R. I.

He is survived by his widow and one son.

#### MRS. ALBERT O. BROWN

Mrs. Susie J. (Clark) Brown, wife of Ex-Governor Albert O. Brown, died at the family home in Manchester, August 13th.

A highly cultured woman, albeit of quiet tastes, Mrs. Brown belonged to many clubs and organizations of a literary and scientific nature. She was a graduate of Wellesley College and was affiliated with the college Women's club of Manchester. She was a member of the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences, the Current Events Club, the Natural Science club, the Bird club and the Manchester Federation of Women's clubs.

#### COL. ELBRIDGE J. COPP

Col. Elbridge J. Copp, until recently register of probate for Hillsborough county for 45 years, died August 3d after a brief illness.

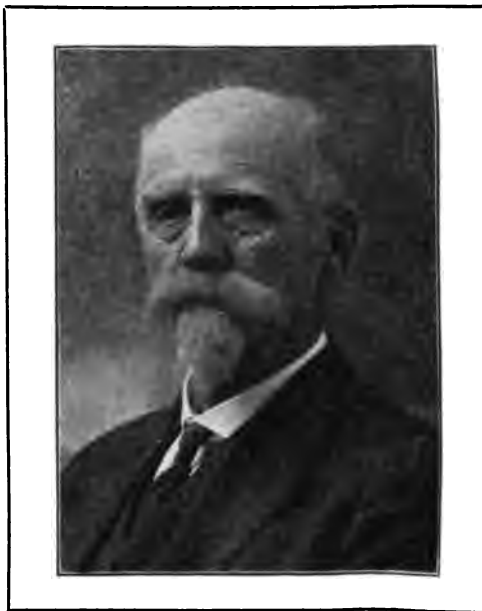
Colonel Copp was a veteran of the Civil War and prominent in G. A. R. He was born in Warren, July 22, 1844.

The honorary bearers at his funeral included the following prominent men: Congressman Edward H. Wason and Henry A. Cutter, Hillsborough Bar Association; Adj.-Gen. Charles W. Howard, New Hampshire national guard; Mayor Henri A. Burke, city of Nashua; Judge George A. Wagner, county of Hillsborough; Maj. R. H. Trickey, Loyal Legion; Gen. Charles W. Stevens, G. A. R.; Joseph L. Clough, Pilgrim Church; Maj. Charles A. Roby, Nashua city guards; Paul T. Norton.

Besides his wife, Mrs. Lotta Plummer Copp, he is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Charlotte L. Pearson of Malden, Mass., and Mrs. Edith A. Baldwin of Manchester, and several grandchildren.

#### HON. HERBERT DANIEL RYDER

One of the most important contributions in recent years, by the State of New Hampshire, to the public, professional and business life of her sister State of Vermont, was that in the person of Herbert Daniel Ryder, born in Acworth, November 12, 1850, who died at the Massachusetts General Hospital, July 18, 1923, following an operation.



Mr. Ryder was the son of Daniel A. and Elizabeth A. (Brigham) Ryder, and was educated in the public schools, Colby Academy, Oberlin College, O., and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1876. He was for three years principal of the Springfield, Vt., high school, during and following which time he studied law; was admitted to the bar in 1880; practiced a year in Springfield, and then removed to Bellows Falls, where he continued through life, serving for a time as principal of the high school, and later engaging in the practice of his profession; but also being for many years actively connected with the Derby and Ball Manufacturing Company. He was associated in law practice with W. A. Graham, under the firm name of Ryder & Graham, for the last fifteen or twenty years.

He was a Republican in politics and held many offices, local, county and State. He had been chairman of the Bellows Falls board of bailiffs, president of the village corporation; superintendent of schools in Bellows Falls; chairman of the Rockingham Vt., town school board; examiner of schools for Windham County for twenty years; member of the Vermont State Board of Education of which he was secretary and treasurer in 1913-14; deputy collector of Internal Revenue 1897-1904; State's attorney for Windham County, 1904-06; member Vermont House of Representatives and Chairman of the Judiciary Committee 1913, and presidential elector in 1908.

He was a Congregationalist in religion, a Mason and an Odd Fellow.

He married, November 30, 1881, Margaret E. Ball of Springfield, Vt., who died May 11, 1923. One son, Daniel F., Dartmouth 1923, and five daughters survive.

—H. H. M.

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OCT 17 1923

Vol. 55. No. 10

October, 1923

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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY



OUR SUMMER GUESTS

In This Issue—LOG DRIVING ON THE CONNECTICUT



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EDNA DEAN PROCTOR  
(Taken on her 94th birthday)

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 55

No. 10



OCTOBER 1923

## A SMALL TRIBUTE TO ONE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE'S OWN

**F**RAMINGHAM, Mass., was the scene of a pleasant but none the less impressive incident on the 18th of September, when a large number of neighbors and friends gathered to celebrate the 94th birthday of Edna Dean Proctor. It is indeed with good reason that Miss Proctor is so often called the "uncrowned poet laureate of New Hampshire" for throughout the changes of her long life she has seemed never to forget that her birthplace is Henniker and that New Hampshire was her first love.

It is quite apparent that the warm beauty of Atlantic City, which has been her winter home for many years has never shaken her allegiance, for it was in the "sunny South" that she penned her "Mountain Maid," concluding:—

And out by the broad Pacific  
Their gay young sisters say,  
"Ours are the mines of the Indies,  
And the treasures of far Cathay;"  
And the dames of the South walk proudly  
Where the fig and the orange fall,  
And hid in the high magnolias  
The mocking thrushes call;  
But the Mountain Maid, New Hampshire,  
Is the rarest of them all!

It is equally evident that the vast power of the young and growing west failed to lure her away from New England's institutions. One of the very best of her poems written under the title, "Thanksgiving Night Memories of New Hampshire in Illinois," commences:—

Across the prairie moans the wind,  
And morn will come with whirling snow;  
Now bolt the door, and bar the the blind;  
The guests are gone, the fire is low.  
We'll heap the grate, and in its blaze  
This Illinois Thanksgiving night,  
Call back the loved of other days,  
And the old home of our delight.

Ah, Mary! here are thousand things  
I never thought to see or own:—  
Great corn-fields where the sunlight flings  
Its gold, nor finds one marring stone;  
And breadths of waving wheat; and herds  
Unnumbered on the prairies wide;  
And brighter flowers, and rarer birds,  
That flame and sing on every side.

But oh, to-night I'm in the hills!  
I hear the wind sweep through the pines!  
And see the lakes, the laughing rills,  
The far horizon's mountain lines!  
Monadnock's stream, the river flows  
By bordering elms and meadows down,  
Dark where the bridge its shadow throws,  
And the tall church-spire marks the town;

The lament in the following stanza carries particular significance to those who are today devoting their energies to remedy the situation presented by it:—

Alas! that blazing hearth is cold!  
The hill stands desolate and bare!  
No stir at morn; no flocks in fold;  
No children's laugh to charm the air!  
Nor orchards blush, nor lilacs blow;  
And fields once rich with corn and clover  
Are pastures lone the foxes know,  
And the shy plover whistles over.

Her tributes to her native state shining through the lines of many poems seem to weld themselves into one grand

refrain in the surging eloquence of  
"The Hills are Home":—

Forget New Hampshire! Let Kearsarge  
forget to greet the sun;  
Connecticut forsake the sea; the Shoals  
their breakers shun;  
But fervently, while life shall last, though  
wide our ways decline,  
Back to the Mountain-Land our hearts will  
turn as to a shrine!  
Forget New Hampshire! By her cliffs,  
her meads, her brooks afoam,  
By all hallowed memories,—our lode-star  
while we roam—  
Whatever skies above us rise, the Hills,  
the Hills are Home!

Those men and women of note who  
have gone out from the Granite State

are legion but few of them have been  
more faithful to their homeland. Surely  
she loves New Hampshire with an  
abiding affection which burns as brightly  
as does the light in her eyes at 94.  
May she have more birthdays filled with  
the peace and content expressed in her  
own way:—

Dreamer, waiting for darkness with sorrow-  
ful, drooping eyes,  
Summers and suns go gladly, and where-  
fore dost thou repine?  
Climb the hills of morning and welcome  
the rosy skies.  
The joy of the boundless future—nay,  
God himself is thine.

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

**T**HE return of the "R" months, with  
September, brought back oysters,  
as usual, to New Hampshire, but did not  
bring in any satisfying amount the long-  
desired and very much needed rain. In  
fact, the appropriate letter of the alpha-  
bet for this ninth month of 1923 was  
one which is not found in its name,  
namely, F.

September in New Hampshire was  
characterized by Fires, Fairs, Frosts,  
Forestry, Football and Fights (political,  
not pugilistic, as in New York).

The continued dryness of the season  
brought many additions to the greatest  
fire loss which any one year in New  
Hampshire has piled up, but fortunately  
none of the blazes approached in extent  
those which have been mentioned  
in earlier issues of this magazine.

In this connection it is gratifying to  
know that plans have been completed  
and accepted for rebuilding the Profile  
House in Franconia Notch at a cost of  
a million dollars; and that the village  
of Canaan is fast taking on new and  
better life as the result of the dauntless  
spirit of its own people and the sub-  
stantial interest and aid of its friends.

The early arrival of Jack Frost sharp-  
ened the interest of New Hampshire  
people in the coal situation and made  
them rejoice at the happy settlement by  
Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania of

the threatened strike which was one of  
the acute angles of the problem. The  
office of the state fuel administrator has  
been busy collecting data bearing upon  
fuel conditions as applied to New Hamp-  
shire, but at the time of writing has  
not deemed it necessary to issue any  
orders as to coal prices or rationing.

The possible use of wood as a sub-  
stitute for coal in heating New Hamp-  
shire houses was one of many interest-  
ing topics taken up at the annual con-  
ference under the auspices of the So-  
ciety for the Protection of New Hamp-  
shire Forests, held this year at Ply-  
mouth, with what many considered the  
best program in its history. One of the  
large number present was especially im-  
pressed with the change in the attend-  
ance since the early meetings of the so-  
ciety. Then those who showed their  
interest in the subject of forestry in New  
Hampshire were largely "summer  
people," who sought primarily to check  
the reckless tree cutting which was des-  
troying the scenic beauty of the Granite  
State as well as threatening the sources  
of its water power. Now these people  
are still active and valued workers in  
the cause, but in the gatherings of the  
society they are outnumbered by owners  
of large forest tracts, farmers with wood  
lots, lumber operators and mill men,  
people whose interest in scientific

forestry is practical and financial.

September saw the departure of most of New Hampshire's "summer folks," above referred to, although a few of the large hotels in the mountains and highlands remain open into October and many owners of summer homes continue to occupy them until snow flies, appreciating fully the facts that autumn days in New Hampshire are in many respects the most beautiful of the year.

Vacationists, going from New Hampshire, met on the way school and college boys returning to Dartmouth, St. Paul's and Phillips Exeter, all of which institutions have been forced, as usual, to turn away intending students because of lack of accommodations. This is also true of New Hampshire University, and because, here, it is New Hampshire boys and girls who are for the most part the sufferers, the story of overcrowding and work done under unfavorable conditions makes the greater impression. In many of the cities of the state the public schools, also, are laboring under the same handicap of insufficient housing. The light breaks through these clouds, however, on such occasions as the dedications of the new high school buildings at Laconia and Conway, the latter structure a memorial to A. Crosby Kennett from his widow and sons. Both buildings are splendidly adapted to the purposes of modern education.

Of educational as well as social interest were the annual meetings of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs at Durham and the state association of librarians at Hampton Beach, during the month. A notable event, simply but suitably commemorated, was the centennial anniversary of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

Most of the New Hampshire agricultural fairs were held during September, with entire success. At that glorified fair, the Eastern States Exposition, in Springfield, Mass., New Hampshire, this year, after a period of absence, once more was worthily represented.

New Hampshire raised with gratify-

ing ease its quota of Red Cross relief for Japan.

Governor Fred H. Brown presented the views of New Hampshire as to the future of the New England railroads to the interstate commerce commission.

During the month two financial statements of pleasing import were made from the capital. According to State Treasurer George E. Farrand the net debt of the commonwealth at the end of the fiscal year, June 30, 1923, was \$181,-966.85, having been lowered by \$763,-705.97 during the year, one half of which was during the administration of Governor Albert O. Brown, Republican, and the other half during that of Governor Fred H. Brown, Democrat. Other good evidence of thrift was the announcement by Chairman James O. Lyford of the state bank commission that during the same period the deposits in the 66 savings institutions under its supervision increased \$12,719,462.01, now amounting to \$162,293,906.02.

After nine months of harmony, the Democratic Governor and the Republican majority of his Executive Council reached a deadlock, in September, over the appointment of a member of the police commission in the city of Manchester; and the war between the farmers and the gunners over the damage done to apple orchards by partridges broke out afresh because of the delay experienced by the agriculturists in securing a settlement of their claims under the law of 1923.

—H. C. P.

*The*  
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# AT THE SIGN OF THE LUCKY DOG

## New Hampshire's Contribution to Big League Baseball

BY HELEN F. McMILLIN

"New Hampshire business is in a desperate situation," say the pessimists. "It's no use trying to compete with other parts of the country." A pessimist is usually a man who prides himself on looking facts squarely in the face. But in this case the prophets of gloom seem woefully ignorant of the things whereof they speak. No part of the country does business without accompanying handicaps and disadvantages. Some of our business enterprises unquestionably are facing very tangled problems. But against this background stands out this encouraging fact, exemplified in many business organizations throughout the length and breadth of the state, that wherever New Hampshire will-power, New Hampshire brains, and New Hampshire workmanship have grappled with such problems they have won out and created substantial success. From time to time during the winter, the GRANITE MONTHLY is planning to publish the stories of some of New Hampshire's interesting business enterprises, showing in so far as possible the elements of their success.

—The Editors.

A crowded grandstand on a hot October afternoon. The smell of peanuts and popcorn. The monotonous tones of boys hawking soft drinks and "Official Scores." A portly gentleman in shirtsleeves with hat pushed back on his moist forehead. Beside him, in the shadow of his corpulence, a wide-eyed small boy with the expression of one about to behold mysteries. Beyond the boy a thin stoop shouldered youth with the air of a dusty office clinging about him. And below, the focus of the eyes of these three and of those of the thousands of others who crowd the grandstands and the bleachers, a well worn patch of ground on which are already moving tiny figures in grey and white uniform, warriors in the great contest which shall decide for another year the world championship in the Great American Game. These are familiar things to the baseball fan. Familiar also the thrill which comes as the pitcher releases the first ball of the game and it comes speeding with incredible swiftness toward the plate. Familiar also the thrill which comes as thud of running feet and the sigh of the crowd as the ball drops at last into the fielder's glove far down the field. But were it possible, in the space while the next batsman takes his place, to show you close-ups of bat and glove and mitt, one more familiar thing might be added to the list—the Sign of the Lucky Dog

which stands on the top of a Plymouth factory on the Daniel Webster Highway. For the New Hampshire product manufactured in that factory has no small part in the Big League Game.

There are only a few firms in the United States which do a high grade sporting goods business; and among these Draper and Maynard stands high. Refusing to compete with other manufacturers in quantity production of cheap goods, the firm has built up such a reputation for quality that the name is synonymous with the best materials and workmanship wherever games are played. Draper and Maynard is a growing concern, and its growth is based entirely upon the production of the highest grade of sporting goods which can be made. And because competition based upon quality is good clean sportsmanlike competition, Mr. Maynard can say with pride, "We have no competitors. They are all our friends. Why, when we had our fire here in 1912, every competitor without exception wrote us just as soon as the news reached him, offering us the use of any part of his factory for any process of our manufacture, until we could get on our feet again."

Plymouth was a glove town in the old days. Down in Glove Hollow about two miles from the present village, in a little square frame building, a few workmen cut out buckskin driving





Destined for Many a Hotly Contested Field

gloves, bundled them into packages and sent them out to the farmers' wives of the neighborhood to be sewed. The story goes that the industry which made Gloversville, N. Y., almost settled in Plymouth, that the Englishmen bent upon founding the business came first to the New Hampshire town in search of a site but were persuaded away from New England by some enterprising New York Jews who offered them a factory already built for their purposes. Had an enterprising Board of Trade in Plymouth been able to offer counter inducements, the history of the town might have been different from what it has been. But in the light of later developments one cannot think too regretfully of the loss of this business.

It was not very much later, in 1882 or thereabouts, that Arthur Irwin, professional baseball player, designed a padded glove and brought his design to Plymouth to find a manufacturer. In the years that followed, the glove salesmen who went out from Glove Hollow carried as a novelty and curiosity a few

samples of the odd glove, and in many cases merchants pushed up glove sales by using in their windows, displays of the freak gloves to draw the attention of the crowds.

From that beginning has grown the great business of Draper and Maynard. From Glove Hollow the business moved to Ashland and thence to Plymouth, and to-day it comprises not only the main brick building which is a familiar landmark of the town, but also several smaller workrooms in various parts of the town, a new storehouse down by the tracks, a knitting factory up the river. And even to-day, though to a much less extent than formerly, farmers' wives in the surrounding country make a little pin money in long winter evenings by sewing covers on baseballs.

The business has been in a unique sense a local institution. To one who has recently visited the Amoskeag or other of our large mills it is something of a surprise to look down the work rooms and see only good Yankee faces. Most of the employees come from Ply-

mouth and the surrounding farms. Nearly all of them are native Americans; all of them take in their work the pride of skilled artisans. And the management is proud of the help. "We have the best help in New England," said the manager, "and we have a fine record for holding our employees. Some twenty-five of them have been with us over twenty-five years each. One of them has been in our employ forty-seven years. He 'got through' for good the other day, but he will be back again before the year is out. And when he comes back his job is waiting for him."

In its human relations, in the homogeneity of its help, the company has a provincial, homely atmosphere. But as soon as one turns to the product itself, one is startled by the fact that in so small a compass are gathered materials of such variety from so many corners of the earth.

Here is the room where men are winding baseballs—some 200 dozen a day the year round. This man is stamping out covers from horsehide—alum tanned. One hundred and forty horse hides a day are required to keep the department running at reasonable speed and some of the hides come from the eating horses of Russia and France and Germany. Over there little two ounce balls of pure Para rubber from the West Indies are being wound with woolen yarn which had its origin on the backs of sheep on the western prairies and far Australia. It takes 1040 feet of yarn to make one baseball. The balls which are made in this fashion are the best grade, some few of them will attain the Official League Stamp. But there are other balls built in the factory—softer playground balls, indoor baseballs, balls which do not require the standard center. In these instead of the rubber from Para may be used sponge from the Florida reefs, bought by the schooner load for this purpose. Instead of woolen yarn to wind around the center, one may find goat hair from

Siberia, cattle hair from Chili, scraps from an English tennis ball factory (practically the entire waste from this kind of production finds its way to Plymouth), sweepings from a cotton mill, trimmings from a felt hat factory, shoddy, curled hair. Five hundred cow-hides a week go into the manufacture of baseball gloves, footballs, basketballs, etc., and these hides come from Sweden and Switzerland, from English tanneries, from South America. For some grades of baseball gloves and for the softer boxing gloves, sheep skins are imported from Australia or brought from Southern California. Kapoc from Java and from the Philippine Islands, Mississippi cotton and Sea Island cotton, goat skins from Asia, deer skins from Canada: one could go on enumerating the countries which contribute their choicest products for the manufacture of New Hampshire sporting goods. Only the best of each kind of material comes in, for only the best is good enough to use.

But the quality of Draper and Maynard materials does not stop with materials. Several times during its manufacture every ball, every glove, every piece of equipment is rigidly examined for possible defects. And for final testing out of new ideas, there is the "laboratory" ball park across the way, maintained by the company, in which the boys and men of Plymouth, in hotly contested games, try out the very latest things in equipment.

Quality counts. The combination of the best materials and the most expert workmanship has results. It is the claim of the company that nearly 90% of the professional ball players of the country use Draper and Maynard goods. That glove with the signature of Babe Ruth stamped upon it is not just a model named after a great player, with the idea of catching the eye of the customer. It is really made from the pattern Babe Ruth prefers. And he ought to know what a good glove is.

# THE "TOWN" PLAYGROUND

## The Need and the Methods

By H. E. YOUNG

**T**HROUGHOUT New England today the Playground is considered a city institution and impractical in a town. True, it has been developed in the city where the needs and conditions of city life have shaped its ideas and methods. On the other hand, the great success of the Drake Field in Pittsfield, a town of two thousand people located fifteen miles from the nearest city, proves conclusively that the Playground belongs to the small town as much as to the city.

Outside the one fact that he has more room for play in his own dooryard, the country boy needs the supervised Playground just as much as his city cousin, perhaps more. Each day parents tell us how glad they are to send their children to a place where there is no danger from passing autos. Others speak of the relief that comes from the feeling that someone else will attend

to the little ones for a few hours each day. Another comment, frequently made, is that these children are so busy that they can do no mischief and learn no bad habits.

From the point of view of the children, the field offers the chance to have a good time in a hundred different ways. They find a large number of new games and many kinds of apparatus on which to do stunts. Above all, there is someone to watch everything and see that

each one plays fairly. In the country the "bully" offers a problem of the same type as the city "gang." On a Playground we have the "bully" at a grave disadvantage, for he does not dare to plague the little ones or try to enforce his will. It does not take long for them to learn that each must wait for his turn and that mere size and strength are of no avail if the majority wish otherwise.

At the outset of this experiment it would have been folly to forecast the phenomenal success that has attended this venture. During the past two months more than 24,000 people have been on the Field, an average of over 450 a day. Under these conditions the fact that there has not been a single accident on the Field requiring the presence of a doctor becomes all the more remarkable. Furthermore, we challenge any Playground to rival our record of not a single piece or part of our extensive equipment lost or stolen in the past two years.

Nearly every New England town has a large Common or some sort of Park, a part of which could be used for this purpose without alteration. Aside from the upkeep of the grounds, the expense of the Playground supervision and equipment has cost the Town of Pittsfield less than five hundred dollars during the past year. What better investment can be made in the health and happiness of our children?



Play Fair



May Yohe at the Blue Diamond Inn

## MAY YOHE

**T**HOUSANDS of motorists passing over the Dartmouth College road between Newport and Keene have been greeted by an unpretentious sign board, "The Blue Diamond Inn." Unquestionably if Edgar Allan Poe were alive and should wander or rather flit in that direction he would find ample field in which to let his fancies roam and weave a romantic narrative around that diamond shaped board. Those who know its history realize that there is ample material there to occupy the imagination of a Poe or a DeMoupossant.

If one were to search for the origin of that sign he would need to go far away from the quiet hills and rural life of New Hampshire and pursue his quest in the gaiety of the fastest set in America, amid the ancient nobility of old England, in the sunny climes of far away Japan and Heaven knows where else.

Possibly before he started this pilgrimage he might find the beginnings of his story on one of the pages of a Boston paper. The words found there seem commonplace and prosaic enough for the most unromantic. They simply men-

tion the fact that May Yohe, a famous vaudeville star of a generation ago, has been recalled to the stage and is playing a leading part at Keith's Theatre in Boston. Our searcher sees nothing of interest in this statement, but his eye lightens as he glances at the next statement, to the effect that the theatrical managers had brought May Yohe from a life of obscurity in the mountains of New Hampshire, where she was the proprietor of a tea room. Letting the newspaper fall idly to his lap, the curious one closes his eyes, tries to remember what it is about that name that is familiar to him, and what it all has to do with the sign of "The Blue Diamond Inn." And then suddenly it comes to him, and with a startled interest, he realizes that he has indeed stumbled upon vivid, spicy romance, hidden away in the little New Hampshire town of Marlow.

Of all the famous and precious jewels that have ever come to the attention of the world perhaps the best known were the Hope diamonds. These glittering gems have taken to themselves an individuality because of the fact that a strange and tragic story has ever been connected with them. They seem to bring disaster and sorrow to each one of the various world-famed personages who were in turn their possessors. They brought misfortune to Lord Hope, a peer of one of England's oldest families, in the shape of May Yohe. To be sure, at the time he met her she must have been an exceedingly attractive misfortune. She was in the prime of her famous stage career. She was surrounded by admirers. She was something of an institution at Yale, Columbia, and some of the other universities within easy distances from New York. Suffice it to say that Lord Hope married her and lived to regret it. In a short time he had lost both May and the diamonds.

Even while her divorce proceedings

were still in their immature stages she fascinated the son of Mayor Strong of New York to such an extent that he is said to have forged checks in order to support her in the proper style for a reigning beauty. Young Strong was at that time an officer in the army but he managed to find time to take May upon a rather unofficial honeymoon to Japan. It is probable that she shook up Japan nearly as much as the recent earthquakes.

Enough of this, however, for the escapades and episodes of May's life would probably fill a book, and those which have been recounted here are simply the current gossip of the theatrical world. There evidently came a time in her life when she wearied of breaking hearts, or perchance the growing years and avoirdupois lessened her popularity upon the stage. She found her way to the quiet hills of Marlow and there opened a little inn and tea room for the accommodation of passersby. There she served them in a most gracious and hospitable manner, making her hostelry famous for its appetizing dishes. The only remnant, perhaps, of the recklessness of her stage career, was her rather brazen use of that famous chapter in her life in naming her wayside arbor, "The Blue Diamond Inn."

The story is told. Once more laying aside her domestic cares, she is now convincing the theatre goers of Boston that she is still a mistress of her former art. A citizen of Ohio once boasted to a citizen of New York that Ohio had given the country more presidents than New York, whereupon his friend responded by asserting that New York had had more murder cases than Ohio. It is a poor state that can't win fame in more than one field of activity. Let those who consider New Hampshire merely as a place of beautiful scenery, peopled by unpolished rustics, remember that for a dozen years we have held hidden in our hills one of the gayest of the gay.

# THE NEXT GENERATION

## Playgrounds in New Hampshire

BY THERESA E. SCHMIDT

A visitor in Claremont one August evening saw a picture that brought a thrill. It was not a cinema, nor was it a fire or a remarkable sunset. It was a community at play.

On the city playground, five hundred citizens were watching a twilight baseball game. Next to the baseball field, five tennis courts were filled with enthusiastic youths, while the adjoining playfield was crowded with happy youngsters making enthusiastic use of teeter boards, swings and slides. When the baseball game was finished, the whole body of spectators moved up the hill to the Common and listened to a band concert. And the visitor learned that people would come to these concerts from many miles around, even from the country, and often arrived as early as 7:00 P. M. to secure a good vantage point, although the concerts did not commence until 8:30 P. M. This was community recreation—the home-grown variety,—

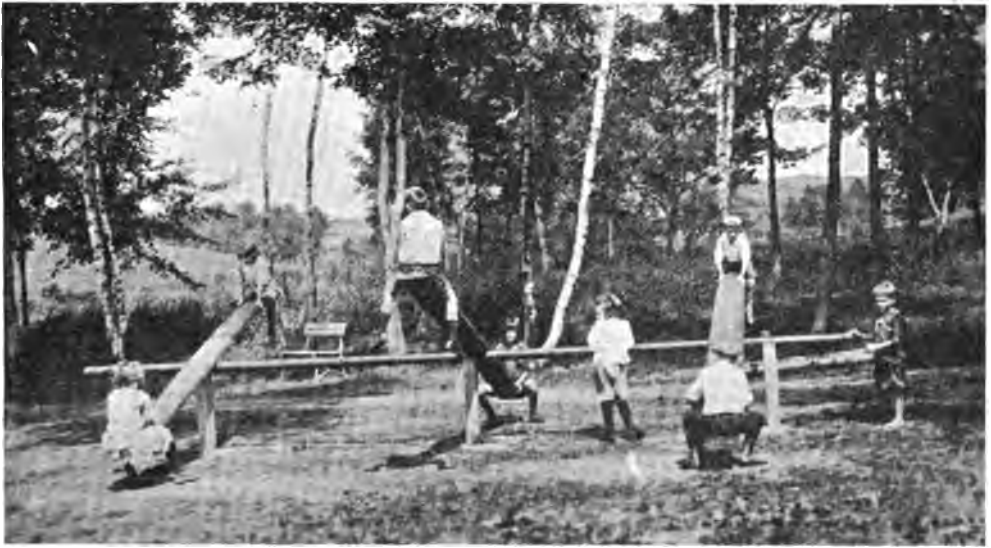
and all the gradings and shadings of the city's population were enjoying it.

New Hampshire, often referred to as America's playground, has like California and some other states learned that physical advantages and climate alone do not fully meet the recreational needs of the people. Forethought, planning and organization are essential to the full use of and the supplementing of the resources that nature has provided. New Hampshire is one of twelve states that have paved the way for adequately supplementing existing resources for play through the medium of the "home rule bill." Section 1. of this bill reads as follows:

Any city or town in this state may take land within the municipal limits in fee or gifts, purchase or right of eminent domain, or lease the same and may prepare, equip and maintain it or any other land belonging to the municipality and suitable for the purpose, as a public playground; and may conduct and promote thereon, play and recreation activities; may equip and operate



Volley Ball



Ups and Downs

neighborhood center buildings, may operate public baths and swimming pools; and may employ such playleaders, playground instructors, supervisors, recreation secretary, or superintendent and other officials as it deems best.

This law is a great advantage to New Hampshire municipalities "Go ahead," it says in effect, "and provide generously and adequately for the play needs of your citizens." Under this law and due to the enthusiasm and energy of friends of public recreation in recent years, New Hampshire cities have made encouraging progress in municipal play. This year especially has been one of achievement, particularly the summer playground work.

To-day more than ever before, recreation activities are planned with an idea of getting out of them for America's coming citizens the greatest benefit in a physical, moral and educational way. Games and athletics improve physical health, develop character, fair play, obedience and concentration; story-telling and story playing stimulate the imagination; constructive play develops ingenuity and creative ability; gardening, pet shows, nature study and camping increase the natural love for out-door life; self government and citizenship activi-

ties develop a sense of justice and civic pride—all of these and many more are supplied in a well rounded program under trained leadership. In the larger New Hampshire cities and towns the summer playground work is carried on under the direction of trained workers.

The daily programs are most varied and children may be seen at any time of



Perpetual Motion

the day consulting the Playground Bulletin board to find out what special surprise is in store for them, or when the rival playground is scheduled to play the interplayground game, or whether they are to be on "police duty" for the day. In some cities the children plan their own daily bulletin and make the posters and announcements.

Baseball leagues not only for the boys large and small, but for the girls as well afford much competition and the importance and excitement and surely the cheering rivals that of a Big League game. Sunset Leagues afford recreation and interest to the young men who are employed during the day and in many cities the playground diamonds are reserved for the Sunset schedules. Volley ball, schlag ball and basket ball leagues are equally as popular. Penants are usually awarded the winning playground. Where municipal tennis courts are provided the courts are oc-

cupied from early until late. Tennis tournament officials are the city champions or country club players. Simplified golf is a popular activity of the boys' own choosing. They have improvised their own golf clubs and in one city the boys laid out a regular nine hole course on the common. The Athletic Badge tests, standard physical efficiency tests are being generally used and in several places follow up the work done in the public schools. Interplayground track and athletic meets for both boys and girls have created much friendly rivalry and the honor of the playground not of the individual is kept in mind. As one little playground girl expressed it "I'm not running for myself—I'm running for the playground." And again where an undersized team appeared to represent their playground a playground boy from a rival team said, "Of course they couldn't expect to win but just the same they ought to get a ribbon for courage."



The Primer Class





The Most Popular Spot in Town

In game contests points are given not only for actual winning but also for sportsmanship and reliability. The number of points granted for sportsmanship are twice as many as those granted for winning and in order to win a contest by this method more character than skill is necessary.

Handicraft and constructive play was an important feature on most of the summer playground schedules and in the heat of the day one finds interested groups of children in shady nooks busily engaged in the making of baskets, toys, kites, birch bark canoes, paper flowers, beads; in knitting, sewing, embroidery and the making and dressing of dolls. Such activity teaches the children useful occupations and effective workmanship. At the end of the season the work is exhibited and in most cities the merchants are very willing to clear a window for the display. In one

city this summer two large windows were used and votes were cast for the best piece of work. Kite and lantern making always creates interest especially when followed by kite flying contests and a laughing lantern parade at dusk. For many of the festivals and dramatic work the children are taught to make their own costumes and also taught to dye materials. The little children enjoy making gay scrap books which are often passed on to a children's hospital.

New Hampshire with her wealth of lakes and rivers and bit of coast offers opportunity for swimming to most communities, and facilities for swimming have been provided as part of the recreation program in most cities. In Concord a section of the Merrimack River is used for a bathing beach and the daily attendance averages 200 a day. The Beach and two portable bath houses are under the supervision of two expert in-



Future Citizens

structors under the Recreation Commission. In Manchester 2500 attended the Playground Aquatic Meet at Crystal Lake. The nine events on the program were followed by water basketball and general swimming. In congested areas in Manchester five outdoor showers were installed this summer. Each shower was made of four inexpensive lawn sprinklers attached to piping and the platform was made from old planking used at one time in city construction work. In Nashua a "swimming hole" was under playground supervision and an instructor on duty all day. The interest in swimming by old as well as young has convinced the City Fathers that adequate provision must be made and plans are under way for a pool. In Rochester last year there was a 39% increase in the number of boys in one school that had learned to swim as the result of the instruction received at the playground beach. Dover has a municipal pool which is always an attraction. Claremont has wisely used the space under the grand stand for showers.

Story telling is an important factor on any playground program and the story teller resembles the Pied Piper of Hamelin days whenever the story hour approaches. In Nashua a volunteer committee organized a group of story tellers and one was sent to each of the five playgrounds every day. The Library furnished the material for new stories and in co-operation with the committee arranged for lectures by professional story tellers. The little children were not the only ones who listened spell-bound to the stories, the big boys and girls, and often their mothers and grandfathers came too. Sometimes the story teller came dressed as a fairy and told the beloved fairy tales or another time as a gypsy or in the national costume of another land. The children love to dramatize the stories and the make-believe fairies or the Three Bears seemed very real. The children on Derryfield Park Playground in Manchester gave a "show" every day. In Concord the Playground children dramatized their stories and nursery rhymes and then en-

tertained the children and grown-ups in one of the city hospitals. The children performed on the lawn while the patients watched from their windows or from the porches. In Claremont the children gave "The Dearest Wish," a delightful story festival as part of this summer's closing program. Many of the playgrounds presented plays, pageants and story festivals as part of this summer's closing exhibition. The Dover and Portsmouth playground children took part in the tercentenary celebration. Dover also had a special playground afternoon on the week's program. The same "let's pretend" spirit was demonstrated in the sand box play, the dwarf's castles and the fairies' gardens were models that any architect or landscape artist might envy.

Special gala days were featured all summer, some playgrounds planning a special day a week. The "specialities" were most varied, and often the fathers and mothers, big sisters and brothers, came as well as did baby sister or brother. Franklin Park in Boston doubtless never saw such a variety of animals as were displayed in the Pet Shows given on many New Hampshire playgrounds this past summer. Dogs, cats, birds, turtles, ponies, rabbits, grasshoppers, lizards, goldfish, mice and rats

were among the many shown. Human pets were included and the children's imagination ran riot as they planned the well known "spark plug." Three thousand children took part in Manchester's Pet Show. A Bicycle Road race in Manchester was an exciting event for the thirty-one boys who participated. the winner of the race of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles was presented with a silver cup donated by the Kiwanis Club. Marble, quoit, mumbledy peg and other tournaments were run off as special events and created much interest. In one city where there was little equipment the boys made "tin can stilts" and a contest was held. Doll carriage Parades and Doll Shows are looked forward to as "the season's biggest event." The dolls are dressed in their "Sunday best" and usually costumed in the creations fashioned by the little mothers. The doll carriages are decorated and ribbon prizes awarded. Many are unique and artistic and the affair is always a festive one. In a foreign section of one city where the children had no "real" doll carriages conveyances were manufactured out of wooden and cardboard boxes and then gaily decorated.

The Playground Circus is becoming a serious rival of the famous Sells-Floto or Ringling Brothers. The "Greatest



Kelley Glide—Requires a Strong Seat



Onward and Upward

Show" of the year has a parade, wild animals, clowns, side shows, pink lemonade and all the attractions that go to make up a real circus. The playground apparatus affords excellent opportunity for daring trapeze work and the clowns thrill their spectators with all sorts of daring stunts. Summer time means picnic time too, and many playgrounds have regular picnic days, occasionally going on long excursions, the city or public spirited citizens providing transportation, and then again going to one of the city's parks for a happy day. Picnic breakfasts have been held for the newsboys and often there are picnic suppers or lunches on the home playground. Often the mothers are special guests for the afternoon and in some cities the mothers join in a game of croquet, or a lesson in basketry while their babies are enjoying the swings and sand-boxes.

Music has a universal appeal and serves as a splendid means of bringing people together. Band concerts are al-

ways popular and well attended. Rochester has a boys' band which includes boys of playground age. Many of the playgrounds have daily sings and their own playground songs. In some of the foreign sections the children learn to sing the playground song but have difficulty in speaking English. Harmonica bands have been in vogue this summer and have been in demand for many of the gala events. Most playgrounds have victrolas and in addition to the records used for folk dancing, many have classical music and have "artists' concerts." One little playgrounder five years of age begs daily for "The Largo."

Health work is included as part of the season's work. Often the city nurse co-operates and makes daily rounds. Health games and rhymes are taught. Sometimes tooth paste and soap samples are given out with explanation of their proper use. A clean face and hands and teeth as well as other qualifications are demanded for the merit system.

Cities are appreciating the need for adult recreation and are providing horse shoe pitches, checker tables, bowling on the green, rifle ranges, croquet, and tennis for the older ones. Beautiful parks formerly made to look at are now be-



Babe Ruth the Second

coming "useful as well as ornamental." Cities are learning too that beauty commands respect and reverence and that beauty vandalism decreases as beauty increases.

Under the influence of municipal playgrounds, child crime and delinquency are being decreased in many cities and towns. Municipalities are rapidly learning that an ounce of prevention in the form of thoughtful supervision of children's leisure time is worth a pound of cure in the form of courts and jails. In Nashua the number of juvenile delinquent cases decreased almost 50% last year and the result is attributed to the playgrounds where the children are so busy at play that they have no time to get into mischief.

Successful recreation programs have not only been conducted by larger New Hampshire cities but by smaller towns and communities as well. Often when town appropriation has not been made local organizations are carrying on until such time as the budget can be included in the town warrant. The Parent Teachers Association in East Jaffrey is sponsoring the playground and raised the money for this year's supervision.

Among the many interesting methods devised for raising money a May breakfast was served from five until nine o'clock on May Morning. The Breakfast was decidedly a Community party, there were mill and factory workers, storekeepers, business men and whole families and clubs. Three buglers from the church belfries awakened the town with "Oh How I Hate to Get up in the Morning" and then sounded the mess call. In this way all the people in East Jaffrey contributed to the playleadership for all the children in town.

Encouraging as New Hampshire's achievements have been in recent years, there are still greater opportunities ahead. The fall, winter and spring months offer numerous opportunities for organized recreation just as they do the summer months. Of the 215 American cities that boast year-round recreation under trained leadership, none is within the borders of New Hampshire. Progressive New Hampshire people will not long continue to leave any stone unturned whereby the spare time of their people may be filled with the rich benefits of wholesome and well organized recreation.



Fifty Pounds of Compressed Energy

# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ELIZABETH SHURTLEFF



## I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

BY ALAN SEEGER

I have a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade,  
When Spring comes back with rust-  
ling shade  
And apple-blossoms fill the air—  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
When Spring brings back blue days  
and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand  
And lead me into his dark land  
And close my eyes and quench my  
breath—  
It may be I shall pass him still.  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope of battered hill,  
When Spring comes round again this  
year  
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep  
Pillowed in silk and scented down,  
Where Love throbs out in blissful  
sleep,  
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to  
breath,  
Where hushed awakenings are dear..  
But I've a rendezvous with Death  
At midnight in some flaming town,  
When Spring trips north again this  
year,  
And I to my pledged word am true,  
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

## HIS LADY'S CRUELTY

BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!  
 How silently, and with how wan a face!  
 What! may it be that even in heavenly place  
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?  
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;  
 I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace  
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes;  
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,  
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?  
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?  
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?  
 Do they call 'virtue' there—ungratefulness?

## LOVE TRIUMPHANT

BY FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES

Helen's lips are drifting dust;  
 Ilium is consumed with rust;  
 All the galleons of Greece  
 Drink the ocean's dreamless peace;  
 Lost was Solomon's purple show  
 Restless centuries ago;  
 Stately empires wax and wane—  
 Babylon, Barbary, and Spain;—  
 Only one thing, undefaced,  
 Lasts, though all the worlds lie waste  
 And the heavens are overturned.  
 Dear, how long ago we learned!

There's a sight that blinds the sun,  
 Sound that lives when sounds are done,  
 Music that rebukes the birds,  
 Language lovelier than words,  
 Hue and scent that shame the rose,  
 Wine no earthly vineyard knows,  
 Silence stiller than the shore  
 Swept by Charon's stealthy oar,  
 Ocean more divinely free  
 Than Pacific's boundless sea,—  
 Ye who love have learned it true.  
 Dear, how long ago we knew!





Present Mayor Hon. George E. Trudel  
(Republican)

## MANCHESTER'S MAYORALTY PRIMARIES

### Mayors and Mayors

**J**UST prior to the last state election an anxious Republican entered the office of James O. Lyford and asked him how he expected the Labor situation in Manchester would affect the state returns. It is said that that veteran tipped back in his chair, elevated his chin, and lowered his lids, adopting that familiar pose which means that he has the spy glass to his eyes and is searching the lines of the enemy. He spoke something as follows: "The labor unions of Manchester are made up of three classes; aliens who have no vote, a very few Republicans, and a great many Democrats. Consequently, I doubt whether the labor situation will change many votes." Seldom indeed is the judgment of that battle-scarred soldier of the Old Guard at fault, and

his keen perception has won many an Austerlitz. And yet, before the night of that terrible election ward after ward of Manchester was piling up that tremendous majority which swept Brown and Rogers into office, and turned the Legislature of a rock-ribbed Republican state Democratic.

Even as the devout Mohammedan turns his gaze toward his holy city, Mecca, so the New Hampshire politician ever fastens his eyes upon the largest city of his state and its most intense political hot bed—Manchester. A city of 80,000 people of various nationalities, different religious creeds, and luke warm party affiliations, Manchester is at its best an uncertain quantity. It has unexpectedly changed the tide of many a campaign and spelled defeat or victory



for many an aspirant for office.

A North countryman may be as inscrutable as the massive rock of his mountainside. His words are few but his actions are definite, and having taken a stand, he is fixed to the bitter end. Manchester is far from the rock of the mountain. It resembles more the shifting sands of the sea. Its populace moves in masses and moves quickly. One moment two factions are engaged in bitter strife,—the next moment they are at peace and the lion and lamb lie down together. Is it strange that political leaders are baffled?

For several years past Manchester's delegation has been the storm center of the state Legislature. The three score members which compose this delegation have been a dangerous weapon in the hands of friends and a fearful one to enemies. At times they have broken forth in open revolt against their own party leaders. Members of the last Legislature can easily recall the stormy scene when Raymond B. Stevens, the Democratic floor leader, tried in vain to hold his cohorts in check and guide their action upon the fact finding resolution. They have been known to turn against their own captain and the writer remembers hearing that astute Manchester politician say in a rather plaintive way, "A fellow can vote with them on 99 questions and vote against them on one, and they will forget the 99 and remember only the one." He probably had in mind the new Carpenter Hotel, which is said to have cost him the mayoralty office of Manchester.

To-day when the first murmur of an approaching state campaign is being heard, a campaign in which the two parties will fight on a more equal basis, and consequently more desperately than ever before in New Hampshire politics, the people of New Hampshire are watching Manchester. They have reason to watch for the Queen city is engaged in one of the bitterest municipal contests of its history. The situation on the surface is this: There are six

candidates for the Democratic nomination for mayor. There is one very reluctant candidate for the Republican nomination. One would infer from this that the Republicans are not anticipating an overwhelming victory. The Democratic candidates are John L. Barry, President of the New Hampshire Federation of Labor; Ferdinand Farley, Solicitor of Hillsborough County; State Senator Frederick W. Branch; Councilor Thomas J. Conway; Ex-Mayor Charles Hayes; and Alderman Brown. The Republican candidate is the present mayor; George E. Trudel.

This, as we said, is the situation on the surface, as it appears to the casual observer and newspaper reader. One whose knowledge ends with this, however, has not yet learned the alphabet of the Manchester language. We remember a famous picture puzzle which represented a beautiful sylvan scene in the midst of which a pair of happy lovers were seated on a log. As one gazed at the picture, however, the branches of the trees and the outlines of the rocks and underbrush began to reveal the forms of all kinds of ferocious animals. Our knowledge of Manchester's politics is very meagre and is derived merely from second-hand information and by a pilgrimage which we made through the streets and public places of that city. Unsophisticated as we were, however, we soon began to realize that the real scene of Manchester's fight and the battlefields where history is being made to-day is not the City Hall, the headquarters of the Labor Union, or even the offices of the various candidates. We would say rather that the secret would be found in various other places about the city, some of them well known and some of them obscure.

Behind the counter of a certain cigar store stands a young man of quiet demeanor who meets your eye with a clear, straight-forward gaze, and talks with you very casually about the weather, the comparative excellence of Pippins and Dexters, and will sometimes consent to

discuss with you his private political opinions, implying, however that they are of no more consequence than those of any other citizen of Manchester. If the truth were known, however, it is probable that this same retiring young man is one of the real powers in the Democratic party of Manchester, and consequently a real factor in New Hampshire politics. He belongs to what is known by some outsiders as the Kirby-Mullen-Verette faction of Manchester democracy. He is at the present time a staunch supporter of John L. Barry. He will inform you that John L. Barry is the only one of Manchester's mayoralty candidates who has a definite platform. He tells us no news when he states that Mr. Barry is a labor candidate, having fought long for the enactment of the 48-hour law, and that in state politics he desires the abolition of the city police commissions. In the city contest, however, Mr. Barry has two projects in mind. The first one has to do with the establishment of a park at Lake Massabesic. According to his version, there are two bodies of water included under his name. The one which is situated nearer Manchester and upon the bank of which is the pumping station which furnishes Manchester's water supply is the natural outlet of the other, being on a lower level, and having a bog bottom. Mr. Barry would extend the intake of the pumping station across to the other body of water, which he claims would be better adapted as a reservoir, having a sandy bottom, and thus throw open the present reservoir for a public park. He feels that this plan would afford Manchester a better and safer water supply and at the same time afford a beautiful recreation place outside the city accessible to the people of the city, both rich and poor. His other project has to do with the building of a new City Hall containing an auditorium suitable for the city's requirements, the whole edifice to be a memorial to Manchester's soldiers in the late war. Certain opponents of Mr. Barry claim that

that gentleman has no knowledge of the financial condition of the City Government and of the fact that her present sewerage system will draw upon her revenue for the next twenty years. Nevertheless, we were impressed by the definiteness and clarity of the candidate's views. Moreover, the young man behind the counter proceeded to tell us in glowing terms something of the life of this candidate, of the fact that he was an orphan placed in St. Joseph's School at the age of eleven, that he had forced his way upward without the advantages of education, with all the handicaps of the rather rough environment in which a young cigar-maker works, and of his election and several re-elections to the presidency of N. H. Federation of Labor.

"A man must be strong," said our friend, "to have the entire force of the corporations of Manchester thrown against him at every point in his career and still press forward. They must consider him important to train all their heavy artillery upon him now."

We objected to that last remark, saying that as far as we could see the Amoskeag and other corporations were taking no part in the present campaign. At this remark he rather smiled at our ignorance, and implied that he believed the corporations were secretly helping other candidates. Pressed to be more explicit, he suddenly lost interest in the conversation, and began to arrange plug tobacco in his showcase. Before we left, however, he did murmur something about the fact that Tom Conway had been employed by the Manchester Light & Traction and that Fred Branch was a brother to Judge Branch, evidently the appointment of judges being mixed up with corporations in his mind.

Still proceeding on the basis that the story of the Manchester situation was to be found elsewhere than in the City Clerk's office, we journeyed to the storm center of Manchester politics of the last twenty years. We found the storm center seated in an armchair at police headquarters. Chief Healey told us

several funny stories about two Irishmen named Pat and Mike, showing that he hasn't forgotten that he is Irish although the rest of his countrymen in Manchester evidently have done so. The Chief would do nothing but laugh at any mention of politics but we went away satisfied for we had seen a local celebrity. It is doubtful whether the people of New Hampshire realize that Chief Healey has been an issue in almost every campaign of this generation. The bitter fight in last winter's Legislature over the police commission was mainly an attempt on the part of the Democrats of Manchester to rid themselves of Healey. The first clash between Governor Brown and his council over the appointment of Judge Center was purely a Healey matter. A Manchester Democrat told us that the Republican party in that city was composed of W. Parker Straw, Ex-Governor Albert O. Brown and Chief Healey, and the venom with which he spat out the last name revealed to us where his heart was, or rather, where it wasn't. But what has the Chief to do, you ask, with the fight for Mayor. In order to answer this question, you must go back down to Elm Street with me, and up into a certain law office. We find there a rather small man, seated on a table with his coat off, talking at the rate of about sixty words to the minute, whose quick birdlike movements of the head, and dynamic gesticulations mark him as being one of that nationality which comprise a third of Manchester's population, a Frenchman. As he turns his sharp eyes upon us we feel a thrill of fear, and realize that we must be careful because we are standing in the presence of Hillsborough County's aggressive young solicitor, Ferdinand Farley. Mr. Farley used to be a Republican, as did many other Manchester citizens, but he is now a Democrat, as are a great many other Manchester citizens. He is a graduate of Harvard and very popular with the French of Manchester. So popular that many are conjecturing as

to whether George Trudel would even succeed in splitting the French vote with him should he receive the Democratic nomination. Mr. Farley ran for Solicitor as an anti-Healey man. He is now accused by some of his opponents of being too friendly with the hated monster. We rather doubt the truth of that statement, for in our experience we have always found that one can't be too friendly with a policeman. Be that as it may, labor has apparently turned against Farley, and Barry and Rivierre are said to be condemning him bitterly, although he granted them the use of his lawn once during the strike.

But we must hasten if we are to even look in behind the scenes of this theatre. Over on Granite Street there is a little German delicatessen store kept by Reinhart Hecker and his son Frederick. Frederick was the man who introduced the 48-hour bill in the session of 1921. Those who have visited the little store inform us the German population of that side of the city who were formerly Republicans, and in 1922 were Democrats, are inclined to be holding themselves aloof from this primary contest.

A visit to Guy Foster, the newly appointed chairman of the Republican City Committee, gives us little result, except that the Republicans will give out no statements until after the primaries. Mr. Foster does enlarge upon his personal admiration for Mayor Trudel, claiming that he was not unjust to the strikers during his administration, and that when all the facts shall become known, the present administration will be justified by its efficiency and business ability.

And now after our pilgrimage is finished we know that we have penetrated only to the outer court of the temple. We have barely glimpsed the situation in Manchester. We are confused by the questions of race which seem to obscure the situation. We hear many conflicting remarks. The French will stick together. The French will not attend the primary. The Germans are holding aloof. The Irish are divided into fac-

tions (nothing new about that). The native sons, Hayes, Brown and Branch, will eventually unite. All this is exceedingly confusing to us. We have barely caught a scent of the religious aspect of the situation and we have felt that it is too delicate a matter to touch upon. The selection of a French bishop rather than an Irish one has excited jealous Protestant Republicans are not enthusiastic for Trudel. All these and many others are the remarks that have come to us, and we can only pass them on.

One thing is certain. Manchester is thoroughly awake. She has

many sincere and able leaders. She cares little for the name Democrat or Republican. It would perhaps behoove political leaders throughout the state of New Hampshire to realize that underneath the confusion and the race and religious prejudice of Manchester there are certain real issues involved, that the corporations are not all oppressing the poor, and that the labor leaders are not all demagogues and that the harmony and prosperity of New Hampshire is likely to be affected very largely by developments in Manchester in the near future.



Former Mayor  
Hon. Charles C. Hayes  
(Democrat)

## CULLING CAMPAIGN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### For More Profitable Poultry

BY A. W. RICHARDSON

#### They Lay GOLDEN Eggs

"There is money in hens" say our farm experts.

Perhaps this is New Hampshire's opportunity and yours.

Are You Interested?

**I**F the reader of this article will realize that the average production per hen, of all the hens in the state of New Hampshire, is something like 70 eggs and then bear in mind that 70 eggs at the average price which was received during the past twelve months will not pay the hen's board, then he will realize the value of a culling campaign.

The average commercial poultry grower has, in the past three years, become more or less thoroughly familiar

with the methods used in culling out the non-productive and non-profitable hens. This information has reached him partly through the printed page in our various farm papers and poultry papers, and to a large extent through a series of culling demonstrations which have been carried on during the last three years by members of the staff of the Poultry Department of the University of New Hampshire, working in co-operation with the several county farm bu-

reaus. At the annual meeting of the county agents held in Durham, in December usually, the program of demonstrations is laid out. A certain length of time is given to each county agent or, in other words, to each county,—usually a week; however, in the following counties: Merrimack, Rockingham, Hillsborough, and Strafford, two weeks have usually been assigned. During the winter months when the county agent is making up his program for the following season's work those communities which signify a desire to have a poultry meeting or culling demonstration notify the county agent and he makes the arrangements with the poultry project leaders in the various communities to put these meetings on. He usually notifies all of the members on his mailing list of these meetings and the poultry project leader notifies all the members in his neighborhood, very often by telephone.

At the time the demonstration is held, the representative of the Poultry Department going to the owner's poultry plant, usually culls over one pen, removing all those birds which in his opinion are non-profitable or non-productive. A record has previously been kept for a week of the total production; then a record is kept the week succeeding the demonstration of the production of those birds which remain, together with the production of the culled hens.

The following set of figures obtained in Strafford County on the culling demonstrations held this summer gives a fair idea of what this culling can and will do. The average production of 329 hens was 33 percent. Of the 329 hens, just 100 were removed. These birds produced in seven days after they were removed 118 eggs, or 16 percent production. The 229 birds which remained after culling had taken place produced in the succeeding week 724 eggs, or 45 percent production. At the present prices of grain, it costs approximately 7c per day to feed a hen which would mean that the 100 culled birds would

eat 70 cents' worth of grain in a day. The culled birds produced approximately 17 eggs per day. The price of eggs at the time the culling was carried on was approximately four cents a piece; in other words, the 100 birds laid 68 cents' worth of eggs per day and instead of paying any profit the 100 birds were losing two cents per day. It is this type of non-profitable and non-productive hens that the culling has been trying to eliminate from the flock. These particularly poor laying hens are found in every flock, the number of course varying with the strain of hens and with the skill of the producer.

Those men who are paying some attention to the selection of their stock and are making a real effort to increase the production of their stock are finding that they are having fewer and fewer culls; they find, further, that their pullets are laying earlier and earlier each season and laying later and later the succeeding fall. In other words, their pullets are laying over a longer period of time, beginning to lay approximately a month earlier than they used to and two months later in the fall than they were previously in the habit of doing.

The following figures obtained from the Extension Service office give the number of demonstrations held, together with the total attendance. These figures apply to the year 1922. There were 124 demonstrations held, and the total attendance was 2490. If one assumes that each person who attended made an earnest attempt to cull his flock, then it easily can be assumed that the number of flocks which were culled and the total number of hens which were culled and removed and sold made a great saving to the poultrymen of the state in that one season alone; and, of course, this saving continues through succeeding seasons, and the results of the information furnished at these culling demonstrations go on in an ever widening circle.

# THE STORY OF A KENSINGTON WARRIOR AND LEGISLATOR

MAJOR EZEKIEL WORTHEN

BY SAMUEL COPP WORTHEN

## PART II

**T**HE bold backwoodsmen of New Hampshire were not slow to resent encroachments upon their liberties, and none more eagerly leaped to arms at the trumpet call of the Revolution. No class among them responded more readily or did more efficient service in the Council and in the field than the veterans of the French and Indian Wars. Thirty years had passed since Ezekiel Worthen served at Louisburg in Pepperell's victorious army and eighteen since his flight from the horrible butchery of Fort William Henry. His service to the commonwealth well merited a life of peaceful retirement; but the stirring days of '75 and '76 found this veteran of more than three score and five years one of the most active among the patriots of New Hampshire. During the first two years he was one of the leaders of his state in directing the progress of the Revolution. His service embraced not only the shaping of defensive legislation, but the equipment of troops, the fortification of the coast and the actual command of military forces.

The eve of the Revolution was characterized in New Hampshire as elsewhere by clashes between the Legislature and the Royal Governor. Ezekiel Worthen was a member of the Assembly which convened at Portsmouth on April 7, 1774, and which, after serious disagreements with Gov. John Wentworth, was dissolved. The members before separating recommended the election of a Provincial Congress to take measures for the public welfare, independently of the authority of the Crown. Such Congress or Convention, known as the "First Provincial Congress of New

Hampshire," met at Exeter on July 21, 1774. The Colony was drifting rapidly toward rebellion. In December about 200 men descended upon Fort William and Mary at New Castle on Great Island at the entrance of Piscataqua Harbor, overcame the garrison and removed a quantity of powder, some small arms and fifteen light cannon. The Second Provincial Congress met in January and continued the work of separation.

The Third Provincial Congress, in which Kensington was represented by Capt. Ezekiel Worthen and Mr. Benjamin Prescott, began its brief session two days after the battle of Lexington. The Fourth Provincial Congress met at Exeter on May 17, 1775. It consisted of 134 delegates, 31 of whom held military titles. Stackpole says "it was a remarkably able body of men, wise, patriotic and as firm as the granite hills of their province."<sup>1</sup> To them fell the task of preparing New Hampshire for war—offensive and defensive. Captain Ezekiel Worthen took a conspicuous part in this work, both as a member of the Convention, and as one of the leaders in executing its military measures. Early in the session (on May 19th) Capt. Worthen was appointed one of a committee of three to select carriages suitable for the light field cannon then in the possession of the provincial authorities.<sup>2</sup> His colleagues were Enoch Poor and Nicholas Gilman, both men of ability and distinction.

The British frigate, *Scarborough*, commanded by Capt. Barclay, and the sloop of war *Canceau*, were then threatening Portsmouth. They seized

1. *Stackpole's History of New Hampshire*, Vol. II. p. 88.

2. *Provincial and State Papers of New Hampshire*, Vol. VII. p. 477.

all inward bound ships, confiscating the provisions on board for the use of the British Army, and stopped all fishing boats which attempted to leave the harbor. In retaliation they were refused supplies, and shots were exchanged by one of their boats and a guard on shore. Conditions were critical and an open conflict expected. Capt. Barclay began to dismantle the Fort in order to prevent its equipment from falling into the hands of the Provincials, and they hastened to add to their scanty supply of war material by carrying away eight more cannon from the battery at Jerry's Point, on the southeast corner of Great Island.

The town of Portsmouth was in momentary fear of attack, and among other defensive measures the Convention voted on June 5th to raise a company of field artillery, to be equipped with the light cannon taken from the battery on Great Island. Stackpole says, "A company of artillery was raised for the defense of Portsmouth and cannon were planted on the Parade by a skilled engineer, Capt. Ezekiel Worthen of Kensington."<sup>3</sup> The authority under which he acted was doubtless the following resolution of the Convention adopted on June 7th:—

"Resolved that the Committee of Portsmouth, together with Captain Ezekiel Worthen be desired to provide a number of Fascines, and also to procure proper Carriages for those Guns removed from Jerry's Point; and also such other materials as they may think necessary for erecting a Battery to hinder the passage of ships up to the Town; and also that they Endeavor (if it can be done with secrecy and safety) to get what shot may be at the Fort at New Castle; and that all these matters be done with the utmost secrecy the Business will allow of, And then determine upon some suitable place for a Battery where the materials when completed may suddenly be removed to."<sup>4</sup>

The Chairman of the Committee of Safety of Portsmouth, the Hon. Hunking Wentworth, an uncle of the Royal Governor, was then about 79 years of age, and his health had been somewhat impaired by epileptic attacks. He was a man of high standing and sincere patriotism. The object of the Convention in designating Capt. Worthen to act with the Portsmouth Committee was evidently to furnish them with an expert on military affairs capable not only of giving sound advice but of executing efficiently such plans as might be adopted. Portsmouth was the only seaport of New Hampshire, an important town and the point most exposed to attack. Hence his appointment was a high tribute and indicates the esteem in which he was held by his colleagues of the Provincial Congress.

Gov. John Wentworth made some disparaging remarks about the mental and physical qualifications of his venerable uncle as a leader of the rebels in arms against his government, but the event proved him to be no mean antagonist. The Governor found his capital an increasingly uncomfortable place of residence, and after a vain attempt to regain control of the situation by convening the old Assembly (which was, theoretically at least, held under authority of the Crown), took refuge on the Scarborough and sailed for Boston on Aug. 24, 1775. Thus ended the last vestige of British rule in New Hampshire.

Meanwhile Capt. Worthen continued to discharge his duties, both legislative and military. On June 27, he was appointed chairman of a committee to fit up and send cannon "and proper implements for their use" to the army at Medford. The Portsmouth Committee had devoted much attention to plans for fortifying the harbor, designating a sub-committee to make recommendations,—doubtless under the advice of their military expert. This committee on fortifications, prepared the following

3. Stackpole's *History of New Hampshire*, Vol. II. p. 95.

4. *Provincial and State Papers of New Hampshire*, Vol. VII. p. 506.

report, a copy of which was transmitted to the Convention:

"In consequence of a vote of this Committee, to us directed, we have viewed the various advantageous pieces of ground for erecting Fortifications to annoy our Enemies from making attacks or committing any outrageous Insult upon the Defenseless Capitol of this Province and we do report as follows, viz.

"1st. That we most humbly conceive that an Entrenchment hove up on the height of Seavy's Island so called with two twenty four Pounders & four or six smaller Cannon (filled also with musquetry) would greatly Retard the progress of any ships of war sailing up the River.

"2dly. That a Battery erected at Pierse's Island of light & heavy Cannon wou'd greatly annoy the Enemy's advance, if not totally disconcert their Intentions (by carrying away Masts, Rigging, etc.)

"3dly. That John Langdon Esqr's Island<sup>5</sup> is a most Extraordinary Piece of Ground (formd by nature) for a Fortification that commands the River from Henderson's Point so caled and capable of mounting fifty Heavy Cannon and wou'd Inevitably oblige any ship to Remove that would attempt to lye before the Town.

4thly. That a Battery of six Heavy Cannon on Church Hill wou'd be of Infinite service in cannonading any ships of War whatever from Henderson's Point up the River and Before the Town.

Annexed to this is an Inventory of Cannon & stores now in the Town—all of which we submit to the Superior Judgment of the Committee of the Town to Represent to the Provincial Congress.

Portsmouth August 23rd 1775.

TITUS SALTER,  
GEO. TURNER,  
ROBT. PARKER,  
GEO. WENTWORTH,  
GEO. GAINS,

Committee

"A true copy

By order of the Committee

H. Wentworth, Chairman"

The Provincial Congress acted promptly on these recommendations and on Aug. 25th, 1775, the very day after the Scarborough sailed for Boston, appointed Capt. Ezekiel Worthen as engineer to supervise the erection of the fortifications. The resolution adopted was as follows:

"Voted that Captain Ezekiel Worthen Proceed Immediately to Portsmouth as an Engineer and there Take care & have, in conjunction with the Committee of safety of Portsmouth the oversight & Direction of Laying out & Erecting Batterys for the Defence of Piscataqua Harbour & get the Guns fixt & mounted therein and all other Necessarys for compleating the Batterys."

The Portsmouth Committee was thanked for its plans and informed that an engineer had been designated and other measures taken for their execution. Capt. Worthen at once began and vigorously prosecuted the work to which he had been assigned. He hired a number of master carpenters as foremen, and organized volunteer companies<sup>6</sup> of citizens who gave their services gratis<sup>7</sup> in the interests of the public welfare and for the protection of their homes. It is said that almost every inhabitant of Portsmouth and vicinity took some part in this work. Pursuant to the plans "an Entrenchment" was "hove up on the height of Seavy's Island" near Henderson's Point and was named Fort Sullivan. On the opposite shore of Pierce's Island a fortification was erected, which was called Fort Washington. These forts commanded the main channel of the Piscataqua at "The Narrows," where it passes between the two islands mentioned, about a mile below Portsmouth. The forts were manned by companies of coast artillery or "Matrosses" as they were then called. The company at Fort Washington was commanded by Capt.

5. Now known as Badger's Island.

6. *History of New Hampshire* (Jeremy Belknap, 1831) Vol. I, P. 360

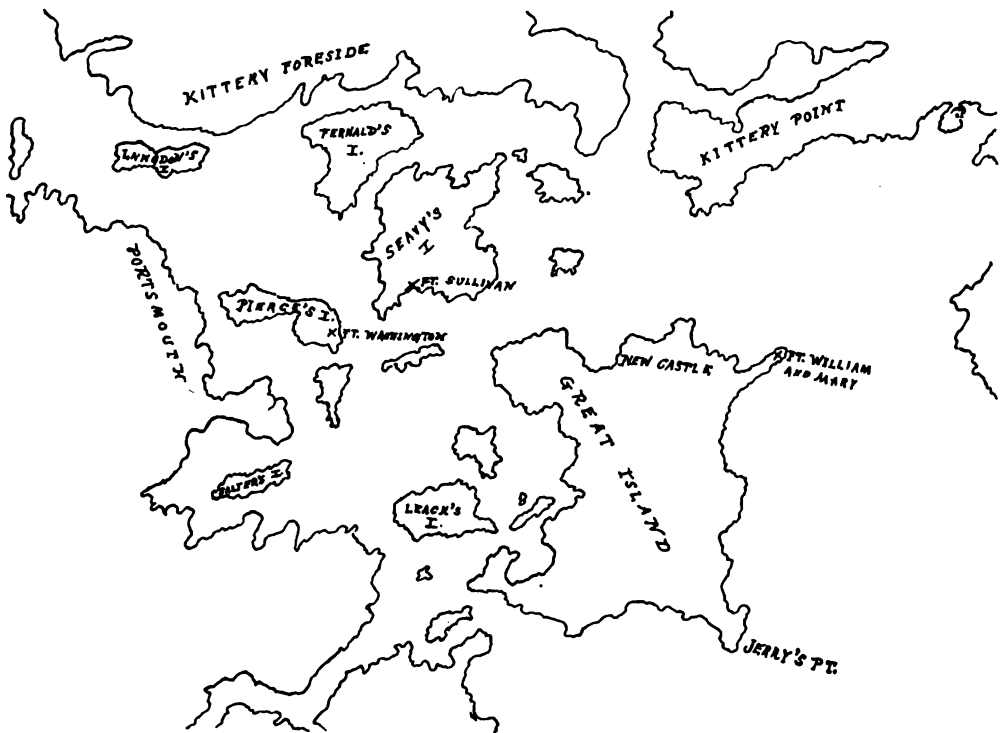
7. *Provincial and State Papers of New Hampshire*, Vol. VIII. p. 68.



Titus Salter and the company at Fort Sullivan by Capt. Eliphalet Daniels. Companies of infantry and at least one of field artillery were also posted about the harbor and on the islands.

In the early part of October the Prince George from Bristol, England, was seized at the entrance to the harbor by order of Capt. Salter and 1880 barrels of flour taken, of which 500 were kept for the citizens and soldiers at Portsmouth and the rest sent to the Continental army. About this time

to the fortifications, and many citizens secreted or sent away their valuables, while some fled into the interior. The extent to which Capt. Worthen was consulted at this time is indicated by a letter from Hunking Wentworth, Chairman of the Portsmouth Committee, to the Committee of the Province, dated Oct. 5th, and stating that "with the advice of Capt. Worthen" he had ordered the enlistment of an additional company to be stationed at the fort on Seavy's Island.



A Map of Piscataqua Harbor Showing the Defenses of Portsmouth at the Time of the Revolution

there was an alarm on account of the approach of Capt. Mowatt with three armed British ships. The Provincial Committee of Safety advised the Portsmouth Committee to lay across the river from Pierce's to Seavy's Island a boom made of condemned masts secured with iron and strong enough to hinder the passage of ships. Troops were rushed

Gen. Sullivan was dispatched in haste by Washington to take command. He strengthened the forts, had a pontoon bridge built from Pierce's Island<sup>8</sup> to the mainland and had the boom laid across the river as recommended. The boom broke, whereupon an old vessel was sunk to obstruct the channel, and fire ships and rafts were prepared to float

8. Or according to Stackpole, Great Island. A letter from Gen. Sullivan written at the time states that the bridge was built from the island on which Fort Washington was situated—that is to say, Pierce's Island.

down the river upon the appearance of the enemy.

In this emergency it has been said that, after all, Portsmouth owed its safety less to warlike preparations and hosts of armed men than to the charms of one young lady. A chronicler<sup>9</sup> of the town relates how Capt. Mowatt, commander of the British fleet, landed privately at Kittery Point and being entertained by Col. Nathaniel Sparhawk, a prominent loyalist, was so fascinated by his beautiful daughter, Mary,<sup>10</sup> that he heeded her entreaties to spare the neighboring town. There may be some basis for this romantic tale, but it is not unlikely that the discovery of Portsmouth's excellent state of preparedness had its effect on the Captain's plans. At all events he kept on to Falmouth (Portland), a large part of which he laid in ruins.

It appears that Capt. Worthen must have spent a considerable part of his time at the forts and with the troops about Piscataqua Harbor during the months of September, October and November, 1775, in the discharge of his duties as engineer and military adviser. This is indicated by a letter preserved in the fourth volume of the *Revolutionary War Rolls of New Hampshire*, dated Fort Washington, Nov. 14, 1775, and signed by Capt. Worthen and Capt. Salter, the name of the former taking precedence (in the order of signature) over that of the commander of the garrison. The writers certify that Capt. William Cooper of Southampton assisted at the fort with eleven men during the month of September and came again with seventeen men "in the late movement,"—perhaps referring to the alarm in October due to the expected attack by Capt. Mowatt.<sup>11</sup>

The Fourth Provincial Congress came to an end on Nov. 15th, having guided

the affairs of the Province ably during a very critical period. The Fifth Provincial Congress met at Exeter on Dec. 21st, and Kensington was again represented by Capt. Ezekiel Worthen. This body was elected on a basis of representation fixed by the preceding Congress and adopted a "plan of government" said to have been the first written constitution adopted by any American Colony. The plan was approved by the people and on Jan. 5th, 1776, the Congress resolved itself into the "Assembly of the Colony of New Hampshire."

Capt. Worthen was appointed Dec. 30, 1775, on a committee directed to "repair to New Castle" on Great Island at the entrance to the harbor, examine the situation and report "what men and Cannon" were required there and how they should be placed. He was one of three members of the House designated on Jan. 22, 1776, to contract for the building of a "Row Galley" for the use of the Colony. On the following day he was chosen to submit to the "Honble Board" or upper House for its concurrence, the election of John Langdon and Josiah Bartlett as delegates to the Continental Congress, one of whom<sup>12</sup> was soon to immortalize his name by signing the Declaration of Independence on behalf of New Hampshire. At about this time he also acted as one of a committee to consider what "wages" should be paid to members of the Assembly.

On Jan. 27, 1776, it was "Voted that Capt. Ezekiel Worthen be Chief Commander of the Forces at & near Piscataqua Harbour, and that he with the Soldiers there Erect such Batterys on & near Great Island as shall be Necessary to prevent the Enemy from landing there; and that he receive a Major's Commission and have a Major's pay."<sup>13</sup>

9. Charles W. Brewster in *Rambles about Portsmouth*, p. 187.

10. Mary Pepperell Sparhawk, a granddaughter of Sir William Pepperell, in whose army Capt. Ezekiel served at Louisburg. She afterwards married Dr. Charles Jarvis of Boston.

11. *Revolutionary War Rolls of New Hampshire*, Vol. IV, P. 21.

12. Bartlett.

13. *Provincial and State Papers of New Hampshire*, Vol. VIII, p. 64.

It does not appear when his commission as major was issued or how long he held the position of commander-in-chief at Piscataqua Harbor. He is called "Major" by Nathaniel Adams in his *Annals of Portsmouth* and by Jeremy Belknap in his *History of New Hampshire* and is elsewhere given that title, but he seems to have been generally known as "Captain" in most of the subsequent records.

On the same day it was "Voted that Capt. Turner be and he hereby is Discharged from the service of this Colony as Captain of a Company of Artillery—and that Major Ezekiel Worthen take Command of said Company."<sup>14</sup> George Turner of Portsmouth had become captain of the Field Artillery Company on Nov. 14, 1775, and in December was posted at New Castle "with all the field pieces under his care to guard and defend it against landing of enemies." A controversy seems to have arisen as to the relative rank of Capt. Turner, Capt. Titus Salter, commanding the garrison of Fort Washington, and Capt. Eliphalet Daniels, of the "Matross" or Coast Artillery Company at Fort Sullivan,—the former being disposed to assert authority over the other two. The question was set at rest by the removal of Capt. Turner, the assignment of Major Worthen to the command of his company and the formal designation of Worthen as "Chief Commander" of all the troops in that vicinity.

The importance of Major Worthen's work at Piscataqua Harbor as Engineer and Commander-in-Chief is indicated by a petition of the Assembly of New Hampshire to the Continental Congress, dated Jan. 27, 1776, in which it was stated that at least the sum of 30,000 pounds had been spent in erecting batteries, mounting cannon and other defensive measures, and that 1400 men had been under arms at the same time, and a greater number would be required

in future. Moreover large numbers of citizens had worked without pay on the forts and batteries as heretofore related.

In March, 1776, he served on a committee of the House for "officering and commissioning" a regiment, and during June and July he acted as muster-master and paymaster of several companies. He was one of six coroners for the County of Rockingham appointed on June 11, 1776 by the Assembly. On June 25, it was voted that he, "together with one to be appointed by the Honble Council" act as a committee to purchase material and oversee the building of a bridge 14 feet wide from Great Island to the mainland, and it was recommended that they employ four carpenters with as many of the troops at New Castle as required, giving the latter "one jill of rum each, per day, besides their wages and rations as soldiers."

With the year 1776 the service of Ezekiel Worthen in the Legislature of New Hampshire came to an end. He had nearly reached his 67th year, and perhaps failing health brought a desire to be relieved of the duties to which he had so long devoted his time and energy. There is no record of his taking part in any public affairs during the year 1777, but in 1778 his name again appears in the town books of Kensington. On Feb. 9th, he was named on a committee to instruct the representative of the town what action to take on the proposed "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union of the United States of America." The committee approved the Articles, with one or two minor exceptions.

He was chosen to represent Kensington in the Constitutional Convention held at Concord, June 10, 1778. This body drafted a proposed constitution for the State, which was not, however, ratified by the popular vote.

At a town meeting held on Aug. 16, 1779, he was elected a delegate to the

14. *Provincial and State Papers of New Hampshire*, Vol. VIII, p. 67.

15. *New Hampshire Vital Records*. His wife died on June 24th of the preceding year. They had eleven children, several of whom were citizens of exceptional ability and usefulness.

Convention about to meet at Concord on the 22nd of September to regulate prices, with a view to checking the depreciation of the currency.

Another Constitutional Convention met on June 5, 1781, and after several attempts succeeded in framing a Constitution acceptable to the people. Kensington sent no representative, but Ezekiel Worthen served on the committee chosen by the town to examine and report upon the first draft submitted. The date of his election was Dec. 17, 1781. This was the last appearance of the venerable patriot in connection with any

public matter. He was gathered to his fathers on the 17th day of September 1783.<sup>15</sup> He had witnessed the passing of New Hampshire through many perils and vicissitudes (in which he personally played an important part) and had lived to see her take her place as a sovereign state. He may justly be reckoned among the founders of the Commonwealth; and members of his family,<sup>16</sup> to the most remote generations, may well contemplate with pride the life, character and achievements of Major Ezekiel Worthen of Kensington.

15. The writer of this sketch cannot claim Major Ezekiel Worthen as an ancestor, but traces his line from Samuel Worthen of Weare, a Revolutionary soldier, who was a son of Major Ezekiel's cousin, Samuel Worthen of Hampstead.

## WHY A TRAVELING DENTAL CLINIC?

### An Important Branch of Health Work

BY DAISY DEANE WILLIAMSON

**S**URVEYS of rural school children show that from 95 to 100 per cent of them have dental defects that need immediate attention. In many New Hampshire communities there is no resident dentist; in many others there is no dentist within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles; and in some places a dentist is even farther away.

Parents, as a rule, are not wilfully negligent in having their children's teeth cared for, but the inconvenience of getting to a dentist is responsible mainly for the existing condition. This difficulty is being overcome in New Hampshire by the operation of traveling dental clinics.

In 1921 under the leadership of the Home Demonstration Agent, four towns in Hillsborough County united in establishing such a clinic. Various sums of money from these communities, from local organizations, and from individuals were donated toward the purchase of the equipment necessary. Some instruments, owned by a local Red Cross Chapter, were loaned for the use of the

county. The general management of the clinic was in the hands of a Farm Bureau Committee, but when in operation in a town a local committee was responsible for its management while there.

The dentist was paid a salary. Each child paid for its work at a flat rate of two dollars per hour. Some local organization took care of the expenses of children who could not afford to pay. Any deficit on the salary of the dentist or his assistant was borne by the community.

The clinic was held in school houses or such other buildings as the local committees decided upon, and time from the children's school hours was granted by the school authorities to have the dental work done.

The work in the four communities was a piece of demonstration work to prove to the rest of the county the value of traveling dental clinics. The results were so gratifying to parents, school authorities, and other citizens, that three other towns became interested. A re-

port of the work done in these seven towns at the end of the year showed that the dentist had worked 126½ days and had taken care of the teeth of 754 children.

In this same county 12 towns this year used the clinic. The dentist worked 106 days. He examined 626 children and treated 494, putting in 1284 fillings and extracting 418 bad teeth.

It is interesting to note that towns that have used the clinic continue to use it each succeeding year.

Last year Rockingham County Farm

manent clinic in the county during this year.

Belknap County Farm Bureau has been working on the project for the past few months and expects to have its clinic in operation October 1.

Educational campaigns are being conducted along with the operative procedures by the dentists and teachers. Tooth-brush drills, charts, and lectures help to instill correct hygienic principles, and to create a desire for and pride in "clean mouths."

The Extension Service of the Uni-



Dental Clinic—Hillsboro County

Bureau started its dental clinic work. Four towns have made use of the clinic, and several others are ready for it this year.

One town in Cheshire County rented one of the county equipments last year and under the auspices of the Red Cross put on a piece of demonstration work.

Two communities in Grafton County this year carried on a similar demonstration under the management of interested citizens. One town reported that of the 64 children who were found needing dental care, 60 had the work done. Plans are being made to raise funds for the establishment of a per-

versity of New Hampshire is trying to arouse state-wide interest in this project. The school authorities, teachers, and nurses everywhere have been much interested and co-operative. Dentists and physicians have helped to create a realization of the needs of such work. Surely with all health agencies helping with the education of the public as to the benefits to be derived from having the teeth properly cared for, it will be but a short time until every county will have its traveling dental clinic, and every community, however remote it may be from town centers, may get the service which it should have.

# THE WO'THLESS FELLER

BY WILLIAM M. STUART

A mowing machine rusting in the field. A farmer always a "little behind on his work." These are familiar sights, even in thrifty New Hampshire.

If the situation contains a challenge for you, read this story.

A great fear was upon Mose Dur-yea. He shook with apprehension and his heart felt as though it were being clutched by the hand of a dead man. He stole to the window of his darkened bedroom, raised the shade and gazed out upon the ominous signs of nature in wrath. A coppery gloom had spread over the land. Jagged forks of lightning played above the hills to the west and the silvery linings of the beech leaves of the windbreak, which protected the farmhouse, were gleaming through the murk like elves' eyes.

Then there came a particularly vivid blaze followed by a rending crash as though a super-dreadnaught had fired a broadside at the house. With a groan of abject fear Mose sank to his knees by the window, mechanically pulling down the shade as he did so. Then he crept into his City of Refuge—the space between his bed and the floor immediately under. He had heard that lightning would never strike a feather bed, and this gave him some degree of solace.

We say Mose crept into his City of Refuge. It would be more accurate to say he attempted to creep. For the space which offered him sanctuary was so limited that he stuck fast like a rat which tries to force its body into a mouse hole. He dug his toes into the rag carpet and shoved with all his might. The bed shook under the pressure and two of its legs actually rose from the floor. The struggle seemed doubtful until another

appalling crash of thunder so filled the agonized farmer with spasmodic strength that he suddenly completed the feat, which in some ways paralleled the efforts of a camel to enter the eye of a needle.

Perhaps it would have been highly amusing to an onlooker to observe the struggles of Mose; but it is more probable that scorn rather than mirth would have been provoked. For a full-grown, healthy man of pure Anglo-Saxon lineage, and the father of a numerous family, to thus forget his manhood and enact the part of a craven, would, in the average man, arouse a feeling of disgust.

However, it is but justice to Mose to state that under no other circumstances would he have thus exerted himself. He was unalterably opposed to violent, or even moderate, exertion, and nothing but the driving force of fear could compel him to labor so strenuously as he had just done.

As the storm of hail, wind and a deluge of water swooped down from the hills, Mose cowered in his secret place and trembled at every groan that came from the timbers of his rickety house. Crash followed crash and the drumming of the hail on the window-panes merged into a steady roar.

Mose cowered, prespired and prayed.

"Mose, one of them colts is ketched in the barber-wire fence!"

It was the high-pitched and ex-

cited voice of Sairy, his wife, that pierced the clammy consciousness of Duryea.

Followed a silence broken only by the roaring of the storm.

"He'll cut his laigs all to pieces in a few minutes if he ain't got out," insisted the voice, "What'll I do? Try to call Digby on the phone?"

As the words of Sairy finally became intelligible to the demoralized understanding of Mose, he shook anew with apprehension. One of the incomparable blacks caught in the barbed-wire and in danger of being ruined! Unthinkable! Why did things all have to happen at once? If he only dared go out into the storm, he could soon rescue the animal. But the lightning—if he ventured forth he would surely be smitten by a bolt. And it would be terrible to die thus.

"I'd never know what struck me," groaned Mose aloud. There'd jist be a turribul flash 'n then I'd be a goner 'n the next thing I knowed I wouldn't know nothin'."

"Well?" persisted Sairy.

"Oh, let me be a minit, Sairy. Let me think."

Sairy could never get Digby on the 'phone, for the line was doubtless out of commission. It was probably disconnected on account of the storm. Anyhow, Digby would refuse to come out into this cyclone.

"Oh, Lord!" moaned Duryea, "that poor colt's sawin' his legs off on that con-demned wire. What'll I do? I'm feared I've got to risk it. They ain't no other way. Oh, Lord!"

"Well?" reiterated Sairy with growing impatience. "Ain't you goin' to say nothin' a tall—so's I can hear you? All I kin make out is them terrible groans of yourn. Why don't you tell me what to do? If you can't git your thinkin' cap on I suppose I'll have to go out and see what I kin do with the colt. But, Mose, if I was you, I'd——."

"Sairy, I—I'm comin'," quavered Mose.

Under the bed a tremendous struggle, both physical and emotional, was in progress. The bed seemed all of a sudden to become animated. It rocked and careened, advanced a space from the wall and, indeed appeared to be advancing toward Sairy, who stood in the door waiting for Mose to further elucidate his intentions. That he had any idea of going out into the storm was, of course, not to be entertained by Sairy. She had lived with Mose for a great many years, comparatively speaking, and she had yet to observe him give any indication of having the slightest grain of physical courage. His energy and his courage were both on a par—they were negligible quantities.

The legs of the bed beat the floor and with a final lurch Mose emerged, sprang to his feet and rushed for the kitchen. Rapidly he donned a long overcoat and tore bareheaded out into the storm.

Sure enough, there was one of the prized blacks caught in the strands of the wire fence which separated the horse pasture from the orchard. Bending before the storm and quivering at every burst of thunder, Duryea ran to his favorite animal and tugged at its leg. Fear added to his great strength. It was the work of but a few moments to release the colt and lead it to the stable.

Then Mose rushed for the house as though all the demons of Hades were at his heels. As he burst into the kitchen, Sairy met him with a strange look in her eyes.

"Here, Mose," she murmured softly, "come right up to the fire and dry yourself. I declare, you're as wet as a drowned rat. I declare, I——"

But Mose frantically removed his coat, threw it into a corner and made once more for the bedroom.

"Stoves are dangerous in thunder-

storms," he gasped. "Lightnin' comes down the chimney."

Saying which, he attained the sanctuary of the feather bed and trembled in his wet garments until after the storm had passed and the sun shone once more. Then he emerged from under the bed, lighted his pipe and adjourned to the front porch where he seated himself comfortably in the Boston rocker and sighed with relief.

"Guess we're ruined," called a neighbor who drove by. "Crops all gone. Your field of clover down on the lower place is as flat as a pancake."

"Oh, I guess we'll pull through somehow," answered Mose as he contentedly puffed away on his pipe. "I calc'late I'll go down and cut that cover termorrer afternoon—if it dries off. It'll be all right if it's cut right away. Wa'n't figgerin' om' startin' hayin' jist yit, but guess I'll have to now."

"You don't let nothin' bother you, do you, Mose?" observed the neighbor as he clucked to his horse. "Even work don't keep you awake nights, does it? You kin lay right down an' go to sleep alongside o' work. Git dap!"

The fact that Mose was known throughout the neighborhood as a coward, militated not one whit against his peace of mind. He had been insulted so often that he had grown case-hardened. And the neighborhood, trusting in physical might as the arbiter of points of honor, had learned that it might safely cast the other weaknesses of Mose in his teeth without fear of redress. He was, therefore, subjected to contumely by those in the vicinity who considered the Marquis of Queensbury as a patron saint.

After smoking several pipefuls in succession and cogitating on nothing in particular, Mose leisurely arose and sauntered out to the field near the

barn to repair his mowing-machine in preparation for the morrow's labor. According to his wont, he had left the mower where he had unhitched from it the previous summer.

Having "tinkered," as he called it, the machine into a condition where it would function—more or less—he cast himself down on the pleasant green-sward in the shade of a tree. Careless of the still damp grass, he lighted his pipe and proceeded to drink deeply of contentment. The amount of thinking that he did was negligible since it required effort to think.

"Mose!" The voice conveyed menace.

Mose started to rise, but changed his mind. He merely switched around and reclined on his elbow while facing his neighbor, Robert Digby, who was leaning over the line fence and glowering at him unpleasantly.

"Mose, this is Thursday, the thirteenth, ain't it?"

"I calc'late 'tis, Rob."

"An' Saturday—day after termorrer—is the fifteenth, ain't it?"

"I reckon so, Rob."

"Goin' to pay that note, all right, be yuh?"

"I don't see how I kin jist now, Rob. You see, I ain't started hayin' yit, bein' as how it's so hot. I calc'lated to have some cut before this and sold to Ike Johnson. He's buyin' clover, you know."

"Too hot to work, eh?"

"Well, fer a man of my build it ain't safe to expose myself too much. Heered of a feller once what was sun-struck 'n—."

"Mose, what did I lend you that fifty dollars fer?"

"Why, to buy grass seed with, of course."

"Did you sow it?"

"Why, no, Rob. You see the season was so cold an' wet 'n all that, that I jist didn't git 'round to sow it."

"Got it yit?"

"Well, not precicively—all of it.



You see, the dumb rats got n and et a heap of it. Then the roof leaked 'n a lot of it growed. I fed some to the chickens. 'n the children got in 'n lost a lot of it playin'."

"How be you a goin' to pay that note a tall, Mose?"

"Oh, I don't know, Rob. Guess I'll pull through somehow."

Digby waxed exceeding wroth.

"Look here, Mose Duryea!" he shouted as he waved his fists in the air, "by the Lord Harry, if you don't pay that note by Saturday night, I'll sue you an' git a judgment! Do you hear me?"

All his life Mose had been a pacifist. He was a firm believer in the doctrine that a soft answer turneth away sass. Also Digby had been known to use his fists effectively on occasion. So Mose merely answered quietly:

"I calc'late I do, Rob."

"I'll put a 'tachment on that span of colts of yourn," bellowed Digby. "Guess that's the only thing what ain't 'tached, ain't it?"

The heart of Mose sank within him. Next to his children he loved his team. They were as the apple of his eye and constituted the one thing he really enthused over. Fine, prancing blacks, better fed than his wife, free from chattel mortgage, young and handsome—how could he part with them?

"'Bout the only thing what ain't 'tached," reiterated Digby, "except mebbey yer fambly. You big, lazy, wothless feller! Why don't you git out and work like the rest of us has to? But you remember now—I'll sue you Saturday night 'nless that note's paid. 'N I'll take yer team."

"Come on, Polly," he said to his eight-year-old daughter who had accompanied him, "let's go now 'fore I git mad."

But Polly, who could twist her irascible parent about her finger, and knew it, did not choose to go.

"I'm going to stay and play with Ruth awhile," she called as she ducked under the fence and sped to Duryea's seven-year-old girl, who, as usual, was near her dad. Well Polly knew that the quarrels of the parents would not be visited upon the heads of the children.

While Robert Digby was the possessor of much land, red barns and fat kine, he had but the one child, and her he loved not wisely but too well. She was permitted to follow her own sweet will in nearly everything; for the quick-tempered, but kindly, farmer could not bear the thought of his daughter enduring pain.

The girls played around the orchard for a time, then ran to the house for cookies, leaving Mose still reclining on the ground in the shade of the tree. In all his life he had never come so near worrying as at this time. Lose his team? Never! He would work first.

Speaking in general terms, the world of humans, like ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts.

The first comprises those to whom the ten talents of ability have been given, but who lack the ambition to use them. The second is composed of those with a surplus of energy, who feel the call of high endeavor; but when they attempt to go forth and conquer they find to their dismay that they are one-talent men, or men with no talent at all. The third part consists of those who have neither ability nor ambition.

True, there is a fourth infinitesimal part—rather too small to be considered—made up of those who have both the ambition to do and the ability to perform. When we find such an one, we dub him "Genius."

Mose Duryea belonged to the third classification. When at extremely rare intervals he did hear a faint call to action and attempted to respond, the result was about as effective as a

dime squawker competing with the Smithville Cornet Band at the county fair.

In the South Mose's condition would probably have been attributed to the hookworm, but in the neighborhood of the farm which he encumbered the parasite aforesaid had not been heard of and the farmer's disinclination to work had no legitimate excuse.

He had inherited the farm free of incumbrance. But since the regime of Mose it had been fairly well covered with mortgages, judgments, weeds and other nuisances. The buildings had been allowed to deteriorate, half the plow land needed breaking up, and the refuse from the stable had been permitted to bank midway to the top of the horse barn, raising doubts in the minds of the neighbors as to whether it would be the more practicable to move the barn or its by-product. Duryea did not keep many cows. He said a dairy made too much work.

When Mose wrought at all it was from the combined pressure of stern necessity and Mrs. Duryea. Unlike the builders of old, he was totally indifferent as to whether the seen part was wrought with any care whatever. Weeds and brush filled the corners of his tumble-down fences, his farm machinery was parked in every field, and piles of boards, obsolete equipment and debris of all kinds littered both the barnyard and the alleged lawn of his residence. But he did not worry. His invariable reply to his neighbors who complained about the times, politics, the preacher, the weather or the turpitude of the administration, was: "Oh, I guess we'll pull through somehow."

The personal appearance of Mose Duryea was such as to command instant attention. At first glance the casual observer might rashly con-

clude that the rubicund farmer had swallowed a lambequin and allowed the tassels to protrude. However, this was merely his straw-colored mustache which he wore a la Viking. Also it was entirely obvious that he was a devotee of My Lady Nicotine.

His girth was generous and indicated that both his appetite and his digestion were in good working condition. His usual habiliment gave proof that either he or Mrs. Duryea—presumably the latter—was careless in the matter of interpreting Matthew 9, 16 v. His coat, if not of many colors, was at least of many shades of one color.

In the matter of shoes, Mose was not fastidious. Sometimes they were mates; at other times not. They were kept from falling from his feet by the simple expedient of the liberal use of bag strings and binder twine. The soles were so thin that when he by chance stepped on a dime he could easily detect whether heads or tails were up.

His seventy-four inches of stature were crowned by an antique straw hat, which, both for purposes of ventilation and to provide egress for an obstreperous tuft of reddish hair, had parted with a considerable portion of its crown.

He was forty years of age, the husband of one discontented, overworked wife and the father of six healthy, contented children.

After due consideration of all the facts bearing on and appertaining to the case, the consensus of opinion among the adults of the neighborhood was to the effect that Mose Duryea was a "wo'thless feller." And from reasons before given, they hesitate not to tell him so when opportunity served.

With this verdict the children did not agree.

*To be continued next month*



Watch your step!

## LOG-DRIVING ON THE CONNECTICUT

### An Industry of the Past

BY ALEXANDER D. GIBSON

**A** historian, writing a history of Vermont in 1907, has this to say of the Connecticut River: "Its chief commercial use is to float logs from the upper portion of its valley to the manufacturing towns below." Now, sixteen years later, log-driving on the Connecticut is a thing of the past, for a log-drive has not been seen on the Connecticut for eight years, and it is very questionable if that method of transportation will ever be resumed.

In the halcyon days of the Connecticut Valley Lumber Company, beginning in 1869, the spring log-drive was an annual event on the river. Owning enormous timber-holdings on the headwaters of the Connecticut in New Hampshire, the Connecticut Valley Lumber Company and its predecessors chose the river as a means of transportation for the huge quantities of logs which were cut every winter to fill the orders of the saw mills at Holyoke and Mount Tom in Massachusetts.

The headquarters of the Connecticut Valley Lumber Company are found in the extreme northern part of New Hampshire where, in the heart of a remote and solitary region, lie the so-called Connecticut Lakes, four in number. Formerly, forests of extensive virgin evergreen timber surrounded these lakes, and extended for miles into the interior. Forty-five years of lumbering have stripped the lake region of its first growth of timber, and no longer does the Connecticut Valley Lumber Company, or the "C. V. L.," as it is familiarly known to the valley dwellers, find it profitable to use the Connecticut for the transportation of its yearly cutting of timber to the market.

It is eight years, at least, since the last fifty or seventy-five million feet of timber were cut in northern New Hampshire and driven down the river to the large saw mills at Mount Tom, near Northampton. But those whose good fortune it was to witness one of the log-

drives in operation will never forget it—and perhaps some day a historian will write an epic story of log-driving on the Connecticut, and of the hundreds of hardy, adventurous rivermen who played their parts in such a romantic drama of action, resourcefulness, and danger.

It is my good fortune to know a man who worked as riverman on the Connecticut for forty years, starting work in 1873 as an employee of the firm of Bowman, Estabrook, and Barker. He states that the first log-drive was made in 1869, and, thereafter until 1915, the log-drive was an annual spring event.

The winter headquarters of the logging firms were at the little town of West Stewartson in northern New Hampshire, some fifteen miles from the Connecticut Lakes. Here lived the lumber kings of the North, such men as Bowman, Estabrook, Van Dyke, and Merrill, men whose fortunes were reckoned in terms of millions, and whose influence was so great as to make them real dictators of the North. Late in the fall, and throughout the long winter the woodsmen were busily engaged in the forests about the lakes, cutting the logs,

and hauling them to the river banks where they were piled in readiness for the break-up of the ice and the rise of the spring freshets.

In addition to getting the logs to the river, many other preparations had to be made. Hundreds of men, scores of draft horses and wagons, tons of provisions, and great supplies of axes, peavies, tents, etc., were assembled at the head of the river where the drive was to commence.

As soon as the river was clear of ice, the logs were rolled into the river, and started on their two hundred and fifty mile journey to the saw mills below Northampton. At the start of the drive the small army of five hundred men was split into two sections, one, the larger, accompanying the main body of the logs, and the other, or "rear drive," following at some distance for the purpose of setting free the logs which had strayed into shallow water, or which had grounded upon ledges or sand-bars.

The men who made up these two gangs were hardy resourceful chaps who had spent the greater part of their lives in the woods and on the river. Rough



The Tractor will not supplant the horse here.



Fallen Monarchs

in manner and speech, they loved hard work, and openly counted and accepted danger as a part of their task. The "law of the strong arm" ruled the camps of the rivermen, and "free-for-alls" were frequent among them. The money which they received for the spring's work was frequently squandered as soon as the drive reached the mill city, its destination.

Their dress was both picturesque and practical, consisting of heavy spiked boots, corduroy trousers tucked in their boots, heavy flannel shirts, brown-broad-brimmed felt hats, and often gaily-colored kerchiefs about their necks.

The implements used by the rivermen were the peavey and the pike-pole. The former consists of a sharp metal lever mounted on the lower end of a heavy wooden handle, and fitted with a movable hook. The peavey is used in rolling logs, while the pike-pole, a long pole with a sharp metal point serves to push or guide the logs about in the water.

Long boats, propelled by oars and paddles, and carrying four men, were frequently used in the quiet stretches of the river for such a purpose as stretching boom logs across the river. Ordinarily, the men found their way about the river by "riding" the logs, balancing themselves on the floating giants with a

peavey, and keeping their foot-holds secure by means of well-equipped or spiked shoes.

The first fifty miles of the trip down the Connecticut were usually uneventful because the river runs slowly and quietly over a comparatively smooth river bed.

Accompanying the river gangs was the commissary department which was moved in large four-

horse vans for the first part of the journey, following along the river bank. All cooking was done over portable ranges, or sometimes over an open fire. The cook knew his business, and the food which he supplied was both substantial and palatable.

Scores of tents provided sleeping quarters for the men. The tents and the other supplies were carried in the vans, and were protected from the weather by sheets of canvas which were stretched over the loads.

Beginning at Dalton, New Hampshire, there is a stretch of nearly twenty miles, known as the Fifteen Miles Falls, which extends to East Barnet, Vermont, in which the river falls three hundred and seventy feet. The descent is marked by a succession of rapids where the river boils and tosses over a boulder-strewn bed. No other stretch of the river presented so much opposition to the passage of the logs as did this one. Here the work of the river-drivers was full of constant action and danger. A full log might be caught in a rift or between two boulders so that those logs immediately behind it were also caught and held there by the pressure of the swift current. In no time, hundreds of logs would be piled up, and the main current obstructed. This resulted in the formation of what

was known as a jam, and it was the task of the men to pry loose with their peavies and pike-poles the key-log.

The pressure of the rapid current was such that the logs would crash and careen against each other, keeping the entire surface of logs in constant motion. Now and then the tension was so great as to send logs hurtling through the air as though shot from a catapult. When one considers the dangers in which the men found themselves as they clambered over the grinding logs, now jumping an open stretch of water, it is surprising that fatalities were not more common. Those who have watched a gang of experienced rivermen at work on such a jam will never forget the ease and complete confidence with which these men performed seemingly impossible feats of balance as they ran and jumped over the tossing logs. Once the key-log was freed, the hardest part of the work was over, for the logs were swept forward by the current, while the men, each riding one of the forest giants, kept them from bunching up. When a jam could not be broken up in the above manner, dynamite was pressed into service, and with a mighty roar logs and sheets of spray shot into the air. That work of this sort was dangerous is shown by the fact that in one year alone, thirteen river-drivers lost their lives, the rapids of the Connecticut and the perils of the log jams causing the fatalities.

Once below the Fifteen Mile Falls, the river, swelled by its tributary, the Passumpsic, offered few natural obstructions to the log drive, with the exception of short stretches of rapids at McIndoes, Bellows

Falls, and Vernon. However, there are numerous dams, and these presented a problem which the rivermen solved with considerable ingenuity and skill.

I shall take the dam at McIndoes as a typical one, and show how the logs were floated past this obstruction. Midway of the four hundred and fifty foot dam is a sluice or gap, some twenty feet in width, dividing the dam neatly into two sections. Starting at a point a quarter-mile above the dam, the men, making use of piles driven into the river bed, stretched two lines of logs connected by short chains. These two lines, known as booms, formed a channel in the middle of the river, leading directly to the sluice. Some distance above the channel booms, and at a narrow point in the river, were placed other heavy boom logs which stretched across the river from bank to bank. The main body of logs was thus held in the wide channel above the booms, and, when conditions were favorable, the center section of the boom was opened, thus releasing a part again. The logs thus released were guided into the channel and floated through the sluice-way to the quiet water below the dam. The process was repeated until the entire drive was past the obstruction.



Drifting



No delicate appetite

At McIndoes half of the five hundred men were dismissed, as their services were no longer needed in the more quiet stretches of water below. At Wells River large rafts were constructed for the transportation of the horses and provisions. These rafts were propelled by oars and long poles or sweeps.

Late in June the head of the drive would reach Mount Tom, nearly three months after the departure from the headwaters of the river. At Mount Tom the logs were held by enormous

booms until the saw mills were ready for them. The men were paid off after having been instructed when and where to report for the next year's drive. Certain trusted men were given the work of driving the horses back to the woods.

Thus ended a year's log-drive. Now, such an event is only a memory, but a cherished memory to those who love action on a big scale, and who admired in the rough men of the North certain qualities of daring, resourcefulness, and devotion to hard work.



All Clear at Last

# BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

CONDUCTED BY VIVIAN SAVACOOLO.

## Poems of New Jersey

By EUGENE R. MUSGROVE

**P**EOPLE in New Hampshire will be glad to know of the book, "Poems of New Jersey" because it is the result of the planning and preparation of Eugene R. Musgrove, a New Hampshire man, some of whose own work has been published in "The Granite Monthly," and whose anthology of White Mountain Poetry is familiar to many. Mr. Musgrove is now Head of the Department of English in a high school in Newark, New Jersey, and has gathered for the people of that state a splendid collection of poetry.

There are nearly three hundred poems about nature, the Jersey shore, the Revolution, cities and towns, buildings and monuments, and heroes of war and peace. These subjects are dealt with by such well-known and loved poets as Bryant, Cooper, Irving, Longfellow, Lowell, Noyes, Van Dyke, Whitman, and Whittier. The contributions of Christopher Morley, Sara Teasdale,

Percy MacKaye, and Louis Untermeyer are interesting as comparisons with the work of the older poets, showing the new methods and subjects which poets are developing and using to express their visions. The romance and bravery of the State's history are glowingly told by the poets of the past, while the pride and hope of the present are the subjects of the younger writers. "Edison" by MacKaye, "The Engineer" by Christopher Morley, and "The Builders" by Berton Braley are products of the imaginations which see beauty, song, and poetry in what to many are sordid and material things.

In addition to the masterpieces of genius, there are the poems of many whose love for their State has produced a sincere and oftentimes beautiful tribute to her greatness. "Poems of New Jersey" would be a wise and interesting addition to any library.

(The Gregg Publishing Co.)

## "Portsmouth and Other Poems"

By BENJAMIN COLLINS WOODBURY

**A**NOTHER smaller book of poems has just been published whose particular interest to New Hampshire lies not alone in its author but in the subject itself. "Portsmouth and Other Poems" is the name of a volume of thirty-nine poems dedicated by Mr. Woodbury to the poets of Portsmouth, several of whom are honored individually by poems in the book.

"Portsmouth" is a long poem written in vers libre, a method well-suited to the thoughts and fancies of the poem, the idea of which is best summed up in the quotation, "For Spirits when they please can either sex assume or both." The "Other Poems" of the title are shorter. Out of the thirty-nine poems all but ten are sonnets, well-organized

and clear in thought. Following the dedication is a song of rejoicing pouring out the mirth and laughter of those who took part in Portsmouth's Tercentenary Celebration. The remainder of the poems sing either of the beauties of nature or recall wistfully "a lost antiquity" in such poems as "East India Trade," "Brown Study," "The Isle of Shoals," "April," and "The Sea Gull," while "Tut Auk h-Amen", "Musagetes," and others add charm by a variation of thought.

Those who have read some of these poems in The Granite Monthly will be glad to know that they may possess these and others in the more convenient form of a book.

(Press of Geo. H. Ellis Co.)



## THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

OUR summer guests are leaving us. Just at a time when the cooling air of autumn is sweeping the haze from the summits of our mountain peaks, leaving them sharp and blue and clear; when our hillsides are bursting into all the color of a spectrum; in short, just at the best and most beautiful time of the year, they are returning to the schools, offices and society of far-away cities.

As they greet old friends and mingle with business colleagues and associates they will doubtless exhibit their coats of tan, boast of the added, or subtracted pounds, (depending on the sex) and relate what New Hampshire has "done to them." It is improbable, however, that they will give any thought to what they have "done to New Hampshire."

Some of us who are by no means ancient in years can remember when the first "summer boarder" came to our town. We recall how the rumor spread about that there was a man staying down to Brown's who "didn't do any work nor nothin', just *boarded*." He became an object of great curiosity and no small concern, and many a 'good farmer scratched his head and surmised, "he must be rich to pay six dollars a week and not work."

Since that time an avalanche of summer boarders and summer residents has swept over New Hampshire, and few of us have realized the change they have wrought in the life of our state. He who says that the New England Yankee is slow to adopt new customs has been proven wrong, for our people have gone to unbelievable lengths in assimilating the culture, the attitude of mind, the graces and manners of our city guests. We are indebted to them for a great re-awakening in the life and thought of our state. It was only the other day that a famous New York newspaper man residing for the summer near Campton, gave to one of our publications a most inspiring article upon New Hampshire

which has been copied in the press throughout the state. It was only last month that a famous surgeon from Baltimore, a guest at a summer hotel near Whitefield, performed a most delicate operation in the presence of several New Hampshire physicians. These contributions must have their effect but we are prone to fear that perhaps we have copied the vices as well as the virtues of our out-of-state friends.

Affectation ill becomes the New Hampshire Yankee and yet we see evidences of it on every hand. For example:—consider the matter of names. In the olden days a New Hampshire farmhouse was content to be simply home. Its unpainted clapboards and spacious barns were distinguishable only to those eyes to whom it had become endeared by long years of association. To-day since the advent of our great summer resorts the most essential thing about a New Hampshire farmhouse is a six syllable name. The house may be large or small, beautiful or ugly, a hundred years old or in the process of construction, but it must have a title. While traveling through the state we were impressed by the fact that our people had not shown the proverbial Yankee ingenuity in naming their homes. We counted fourteen "Buena Vistas", eleven "Fair Views," four "Pleasant Views," a half a dozen "Maplewoods", and then the whole "Inn" family, consisting of "Motor Inns" to the number of some half a hundred, "Walk Inn," "Euben Inn," "Weben Inn," and everything but "Stumble Inn." We even found a cafe in Portsmouth in which each table had a romantic name attached, while we notice that through the North country they are commencing to name their cemeteries with all kinds of appellations not all of which cause one to think of mortality.

This wholesale transformation of farms into summer resorts has not had

an entirely good effect upon the average New Hampshire citizen. Whereas in former times our hillsides were thronging with herds of sheep and cattle and the New Hampshire farmer was wringing his existence from her rocky hills, the present day find him endeavoring to reap his year's harvest from his summer guests to live more or less as a parasite for the remaining seasons. The Yankee is not well adapted to be an innkeeper. His hospitality in the years gone by has been of a homely yet dignified nature which allowed him to keep his full measure of self respect and to welcome his guests with the Master's sentiment, "He who would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all." The rather cringing service which he has to give to his commercial guests has robbed him of his sturdy independence. More than this, it has led to a certain petticoat government, for after all, the housewife reigns supreme in the culinary department, and consequently, wears the famous raiment usually attributed to the male in the summer hotel business. It was said of a famous steel magnate who had forced his way upward from a factory foreman, that when he began to manicure his nails he lost

his forcefulness of character. With this thought in mind, we recall some of the good New England farmers we have met this year, uncomfortable in their stiff collars and white linen, and ill at ease in their attempts to say "pumpkin" in place of the good old fashioned "punkin" and "isn't" instead of "aint."

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The foregoing has been uttered in a more or less facetious strain but we honestly believe that although our summer guests are becoming more and more a part of New Hampshire, and a very welcome part, and although we owe them much, it will be best for the real prosperity of our state if we strive to fill her with other industries than that of the summer resort, and to so develop our own institutions that our citizens shall not lose that natural poise which has for so many years been the greatness of New England. In Churchill's "Coniston" we recall one sentence which seems to portray the real citizen of New Hampshire:—"We shall leave them to their peace of mind.....those staunch old deacons and selectmen, who did their duty by their fellow citizens as they saw it and took no man's bidding."

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### In This Issue

Miss Theresa Schmidt is Field Secretary of the Playground and Recreation Association of America. She made an extensive tour of New Hampshire playgrounds this summer.

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Mr. H. E. Young and his wife have been in charge of the very successful playground of which he writes. He is a teacher by profession.

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In the postoffice at Canisteo, New York, the postmaster, Mr. William M. Stuart, spends his spare time writing stories which are finding their way al-

ready into some of the leading magazines.

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Miss Daisy Deane Williamson is State Home Demonstration Leader of New Hampshire University.

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Of the article on Log Driving on the Connecticut, Mr. Alexander D. Gibson writes:

"An industry of hazard and risk which once claimed the services of hundreds of men, but which in these days has fallen off to such an extent that the near future may witness its extinction.

"The writer has lived for fifteen years at McIndoes, about seventy-five miles from the source of the river, and saw, as a boy, gangs of river men pass through the town each spring. From these men, and from his own experiences the writer gathered the material for this article.

"The geographical details are from Bacon's History of the Connecticut Valley."

Professor A. W. Richardson is known as one of the highest authorities on matters pertaining to poultry in New Hampshire. He supplements his teaching at Durham with work on his own poultry farm and personal contact with poultrymen throughout the state.

Mr. Samuel Copp Worthen, Genealogist of the New Jersey Society, S. A. R., in this second part of his study of a New Hampshire hero, takes his Kensington Warrior into the days of the Revolution.

During the year which has passed, readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY have learned to remember with pleasure and anticipate with interest the articles which

have appeared from month to month under the initials "H. F. M." One had only to read the beautiful descriptions contained in "As the Road Unrolls," the fascinating portrayals of quaint old Dover and Portsmouth, and the penetrating analysis of our railroad situation which drew the commendation of Mr. Storrow himself, to recognize the same style which marked the GRANITE MONTHLY's interviews with New Hampshire's prominent citizens, and the same originality and whimsical humor which characterize "The Editor Stops to Talk." In other words, "H. F. M." was the modest designation of the editor, who in the past year has won a great deal of admiration throughout the state.

In this issue the GRANITE MONTHLY must bid a regretful farewell to "H. F. M.," but also a cordial welcome to Miss Helen F. McMillin who will continue as one of our contributors. She leaves New Hampshire to become a Publicity Director of Wellesley, taking with her the best wishes of all readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY. "The Sign of the Lucky Dog" is her contribution in this issue, and further articles will appear from time to time.

## CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### Coolidge, Pinchot, Coal, and the Presidency

There is glory enough for both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Pinchot in the settlement of the coal strike without either being jealous of the other. Two good men should agree to work together. And we expect these two will so agree, if outsiders will attend to their own business. The fact that Governor Pinchot was able to induce miners and operators each to give up something, and find a place of agreement does not entitle him to the nomination for president next fall.

—*Journal Transcript, Franklin*

The settlement of the coal strike makes Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania more than ever a national figure. For a good many years, now, his name has been fairly familiar to the people of this country, but only a comparatively few have appraised justly his ability and his mettle.....His entrance into the coal situation and his successful management of it are alike characteristic of the man.....Governor Pinchot thought, and rightly, that the impending coal strike, being largely a Pennsylvania proposition, came within the scope of his official duties. He communicated that feeling to President Coolidge and the latter promptly acquiesced; at once

gave the Governor a full and free hand; and now is the first to recognize and to emphasize the great service the Pennsylvania Chief Executive has rendered the nation in bringing the negotiations between the coal miners and operators to a successful conclusion.

—*Concord Monitor*

We confess to disappointment in Gov. Pinchot's "compromise." What the American public must have is cheaper coal; his project adds 60 cts. a ton. That is giving the public away, in the interest of Pennsylvania mine owners and operators.....

—*Granite Free Press.*

About to meet Gov. Pinchot, coal operators and miners announced that there was no change in their position. A consumer who had just paid for some hard coal announced that there was none in his pocketbook.

—*Laconia Democrat*

Governor Pinchot certainly scored heavily in a political sense when he successfully mediated in the coal strike .....The sole fly in the ointment was the feeling of cynical pessimism which pervaded the public that, as usual, the consumer was to be made to pay the price of peace in the mining regions by means of an increase in the price of coal.

Evidently, quite conscious of this defect in the record he had made, the governor of Pennsylvania let no grass grow under his feet when the agreement between mine unionists and mine owners was signed. Within a few hours Governor Pinchot launched an entirely new offensive, this time to prevent, if possible, the passing of the buck to the public in the form of higher prices for coal. With signal shrewdness, the governor sped a message over the wires to Washington, appealing to the President to invoke the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission

over the freight rates charged by the coal carrying roads, with a view to instituting lower rates on anthracite and thus absorbing a part of the cost of the ten percent increase in wages to be paid the miners.....Contemporaneous political history holds few instances of such valiant public service, supplemented by conspicuously effective political maneuvering. Obviously, Gifford Pinchot's training under Roosevelt was not wasted. T. R. himself, preeminently the ablest politician of his time and generation, never acquitted himself more adroitly. When the coal strike loomed darkly on the horizon, the politicians universally expected that it would provide President Coolidge, at the very outset of his term, with some such opportunity as that which came to him when governor of Massachusetts. Coolidge was looked to with a feeling of assurance as just the man for such a crisis, and the expectation was general that the hard coal miners would provide the same sort of stepping stone to enlarged popular respect and confidence that the striking policemen had supplied in Boston. But the crisis came and found the President powerless. He could not deal with the mine operators as Roosevelt did, because, unlike those of Roosevelt's time, these operators were ready for arbitration. There was no need to force it upon them. In this instance, it was the miners themselves who refused arbitration, and in such case the President was without moral or physical force to compel their return to work. You can seize mines and operate them, if the miners themselves are ready to go to work; but when the owners are quite ready to open their mines and submit all questions in dispute to arbitration, but the men who work in the mines refuse to carry on, seizure of the mines is a futile gesture. Thus, when the hour for action came, it was Pinchot, who had real power as governor of Pennsylvania, and not Coolidge, who lacked any but very hazy and attenuated powers,

who stood in the breach and emulated Roosevelt in forcing a settlement.....

—*Manchester Union*

There is now a row on between the friends of President Coolidge and Gov. Pinchot to settle who shall have the credit of settling the coal strike. There is not a whole lot of credit for either in the way it was settled.

—*Lebanon Free Press*

The settlement of the coal strike in the anthracite regions appears to have been accomplished. Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania has succeeded in effecting a compromise between the owners and the miners, both sides having made some concessions. What might have been the result had this strike continued is hard to conjecture, but that it would have caused untold suffering, not only among the consumers but the miners themselves goes without saying.....

—*Peterborough Transcript*

It is a question who is to receive the credit for the settlement of the coal strike. Gov. Pinchot is pleased, as well he might be, and President Coolidge is also pleased with the work which he delegated to the Governor of Pennsylvania. If Gov. Pinchot will now insist on the removal of the tax which his state has placed upon coal, he will further please the coal burning public.

—*Journal-Transcript, Franklin, N. H.*

The vice presidency has never been a stepping stone to the presidency. Roosevelt won the presidency as successor to himself succeeding a deceased president. His personality did it. If Coolidge proves another exception his personality, not his previous accidental occupation of the executive chair, will have done it. He will be a candidate probably; so will Pinchot. There is no reason why anybody should talk of a "row" between them, as sensational news-

paper writers are doing. Neither is that kind of a man. Each has perfect right to aspire to the nomination and election; each respects the equal right of the other. If not, neither is fit for president. Both are eminently so.

—*Granite Free Press*

"I doubt very much," Mr. Stevens said, "if Coolidge can even get the nomination, but if he does I do not think he will be elected. The entire middle and far west is distinctively radical or liberal in its views. Recent elections, especially that of Magnus Johnson in Minnesota, indicates that the voters can carry their sections against conservative Republicanism."

—*Concord Monitor*

Whatever else Pennsylvania is bound, and her governor for her, to get full pay for her anthracite. Pennsylvania has all the anthracite in the civilized world. We pay the state of Pennsylvania 37½ cts. a ton—if we remember the amount right—for every ton of her coal we burn. Until lately the provision of the constitution prohibiting export taxes, was held to apply to traffic between states as well as to exports to foreign countries. But Pennsylvania has passed a law to this effect and the U. S. court sustains it. If such is her right every state has equal right to tax its every product sent to other states; 48 states can play at that game. It is a bad condition; and that is one much needed amendment—e pluribus unum—of the federal constitution. In the meantime we MUST use our "white coal" more. A work of great importance in this line is the building of a dam—already half completed—about 600 feet long and 62 feet high, across the Pemigewasset river, just above Bristol, with foundations admitting of adding 30 feet more at some future day. As now building, it will flow back more than five miles, and produce a lake of that length, and varying width. The company will

erect lines of wire, 300 miles or more, to Bristol, New Hampton, Plymouth, Ashland, Meredith, Laconia, Franklin, Tilton and even farther, furnishing light and power as demanded. Laconia is to have 2000 horse power of it, adding greatly to her manufacturing possibilities. If the 30 feet is added it must flow back into the Squam river at Ashland and almost if not quite to Plymouth. And a commission has already located 100 other places where water can be stored and used as power. By all means encourage every movement in this direction. Gov. Bass is wisely leading in this line of state development.

—*Lebanon Free Press*

## The First Faint Rumble of the Political Campaign

### Delegates to the National Convention

As regards delegates to the next Republican national convention from New Hampshire the score at present is like this: Ex-Governor John H. Bartlett and Chairman Dwight Hall are announced candidates; Senator G. H. Moses is a receptive candidate; Senator Henry W. Keyes is not a candidate.

—*Concord Monitor*

Senator Moses says that New Hampshire is likely to have ten delegates to the next Republican national convention, instead of eight, as formerly. Even at that we don't anticipate that there'll be any difficulty in finding enough who are willing to go and pay their own expenses.

—*Rochester Courier*

According to Hobart Pillsbury's letter in the Sunday Herald this state is not to send a pledged delegation to the Republican National Convention. But we are of the opinion that, unless sentiment changes very materially before the next primary, no man will be sent

to the convention unless he is pledged to vote for Mr. Coolidge.

—*Franklin Journal Transcript*

Messrs. Huntress of Keene and Brown of Whitefield are frank to say that they would like to be district delegates to the next Republican national convention.

—*Concord Monitor*

Democrats are more diffident about coming forward with intimations of a desire to represent New Hampshire as delegates to the national convention next year. The only ones known here thus far to express a willingness to go to the convention are Gordon Woodbury of Manchester and Clyde Keefe of Dover, solicitor of Strafford county.

Major Robert C. Murchie, national committeeman and State Chairman Jackson are being mentioned as possible Concord delegates, although neither has indicated any desire to go yet. Senator Coulombe of Berlin and Mayor Henri A. Burque of Nashua are also being suggested as good material for delegates.

—*Concord Monitor*

## Some Striking Remarks

This one struck back.

John H. Bartlett, first assistant postmaster-general, in a telegram to the Monitor-Patriot, takes exception to statements made in a news story concerning his candidacy as a Coolidge-pledged delegate to the Republican National convention. At the same time William E. Wallace, formerly Mr. Bartlett's secretary, who wrote the article, which the Monitor-Patriot printed in good faith, takes oath that the story, in all its essential details, was accurate and according to statements made to him by Mr. Bartlett the day before its publication.

—*Concord Monitor*

This one is likely to in the next campaign.

Speaking at a meeting of the New Hampshire Lumbermen's Association which he joined in Manchester, former

Congressman Raymond B. Stevens of Landaff said: "Fifteen years ago I ceased to practise law to enter a more honest business. I went into politics; then to enter a more honest business I became a lumberman."

—*State News Items*

This one has "started something" already.

Report says George H. Moses has told Hiram Johnson where to get off in the presidential campaign. If he can make the senator obey it will help settle the question. But Johnson is not reputed to be of the mildly obeying sort.

—*Franklin Journal-Transcript*

### "A Typical "Coal Remark"

Gov. Brown and his fuel commissioner, John W. Storrs, were disappointed at the trend of affairs at the meeting of governors in New York City. The New Hampshire governor believed the federal fuel administration would have something to suggest, some definite work proposed that would bring results, and when he listened to lengthy resolutions offered he is said to have exclaimed.

"To hell with resolutions, show me how we are to get coal and then get busy. It's coal the people want in our state and not resolutions."

—*Laconia News and Critic*

## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

### DR. JOHN R. COGSWELL

The medical profession, New Hampshire fraternity, and the town of Warner, have all sustained a loss in the death of Dr. John R. Cogswell.

Dr. Cogswell was a native of Landaff, a graduate of the New Hampton Literary



Dr. John R. Cogswell

Institute and Dartmouth Medical School. His professional activities in the town of Warner extended from 1873 until 1906 when he retired. He was a lifelong and active member of the New Hampshire Medical

Society and President of the Center District Medical Society.

He was a member of Warner Grange, Central Lodge I. O. O. F., Harris Lodge A. F. and A. M., Woods Chapter No. 14, St. Gerard Commandery Knights Templar of Littleton, Pomona Grange of which he was Lecturer, Rebekahs, and Order of the Eastern Star.

In politics Dr. Cogswell was a Democrat and during his life he served in almost every office which his fellow townsmen could give to him.

His death occurred in Warner on September 17th.

### JUDGE WILLIAM F. NASON

Judge William F. Nason, one of Dover's leading citizens, passed away on Sept. 13th after an illness of nearly two years. Judge Nason was born in Sanford, Me. in 1857. He obtained his elementary education in the schools of Kennebunk. After his graduation from High School he studied law in Maine for two years, then came to New Hampshire where he studied under Buel C. Carter of Wolfeboro. Admitted to the bar and established in Dover in 1879, his success came so immediately that he became City Solicitor in 1883. He served five terms in the New Hampshire Legislature where he was known as one of the most forceful speakers in the House. He participated in the long and bitter railroad fight of 1887. Later he served as County Solicitor of Strafford County, Justice of the Municipal Court of Dover, Mayor of Dover, and Police Commissioner. He is survived by a very accomplished wife, Dr. Inez Ford Nason.

## REV. ALBERT E. HALL

The people of Chester are grieving over the death of one of their most beloved citizens, the Rev. Albert E. Hall. Mr. Hall died on August 29th at the age of 86. The past twenty years he spent as a citizen of Chester. Before that time he served pastorates at Dalton, Chesterfield, North Conway, Warner and Auburn, all in New Hampshire. These pastorates were small but his service was large in its faithfulness, and he seems to be typical of the steadfast New England clergyman of the last generation. He is survived by Mrs. Hall, who is 80 years old, and by three grandchildren.

## DON SEAVEY BRIDGMAN

The town of Hanover and the state of New Hampshire have suffered a great loss in the death of Don Seavey Bridgman. Born in Hanover on the 4th of April, 1856, and educated at a near-by school in Norwich and at Dartmouth College, he left the town and state of his birth to avail himself of business opportunities in Illinois and New York only to return and become one of Hanover's most prominent and trusted citizens. In business he was successful as a farmer and banker. In politics his record shows the esteem of his fellow citizens who elected him year after year a selectman of Hanover and representative to the General Court. In the 1923 session he was chairman of the Grafton County delegation, and was generally considered the logical candidate of his party for the next State Senate.

He was prominent as a Mason, an Odd Fellow, and a Granger. His death took place on August 4th. He leaves a widow and one sister, Mrs. Emma Waterman of Etna.

## JOHN PRENTICE RAND

It seems right that mention should be made in these columns of the death of Dr. John Prentice Rand of Holden, Mass., which occurred some time ago. Dr. Rand was born in Fracestown, N. H. in 1857, and though his professional activities have led him away from the state of his birth he never lost his interest in it nor ceased to take a large part in its activities. In the medical world he was particularly well known for his study of tuberculosis and for his membership in numerous medical societies. He was, however, an

author and lecturer. He was a life long member of the Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire and the New England Historical Society. He was also a Mason. His love and affection for New Hampshire is demonstrated in the lines following which were taken from his volume of poems called "Random Rimes."

"Home, home is the spot that we first loved  
and cherished.

The place of our childhood, where'er it may  
be;

Oh tell us, no never, that first love has  
perished;

New Hampshire, our first love, our home is  
with thee;

With thee, Old New Hampshire!  
Our home is with thee!"

## DR. GEORGE W. FLAGG

Dr. George W. Flagg, former prominent Keene physician, died at Nantucket, Mass., September 5th, at the age of 75 years.

He was born at Lowell, Mass., and from the early 70's until 1906 practiced medicine in Keene. He was a very early trustee of the Elliott City Hospital, and was influential in the establishment of that institution in Keene.

He had a long and useful term of service as a physician in this city, remarkable in his diagnoses, of much value to the community and especially to his many patients. He served the city in every way possible connected with his profession and was a member of the board of health for several years. His interest and experience was especially valuable during the scarlet fever epidemic of 1901.

Besides his many other activities Dr. Flagg was deeply interested in the New Hampshire National Guard and the Golden Cross. He was appointed surgeon of the 2nd Reg. N. H. N. G., with the rank of major in 1880 and served till 1894. He was a charter member of Keene Commandery, United Order of the Golden Cross, 1880, and Grand Commander of the Jurisdiction of New Hampshire, 1885. Afterwards he was Grand Keeper of the Records from 1893 to 1918, a period of 25 years. He was four times sent as the Supreme Representative to the Supreme Body of the Golden Cross.

Dr. Flagg is survived by a widow, one sister and three brothers.



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# GRANITE MONTHLY



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OCTOBER 20, 1923—SCORE: 0-0

In This Issue—IS NEW HAMPSHIRE COMPLETED?



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WILLIAM SIDNEY ROSSITER

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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NOVEMBER 1923

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### Governor's Hunting Proclamation

**T**HE "protracted drought and excessive dryness" of this season in New Hampshire extended into the month of October, until on the 18th Governor Fred H. Brown, acting under an act of the legislature of 1923, upon the advice of the state forester and fish and game commissioners, proclaimed all woodlands of the state closed against hunters, fishermen and all others except owners of said lands and their agents. It was already raining, with more apparent determination than in months, when the Governor affixed his signature to the proclamation and started for Washington to attend the conference of President Coolidge with the Governors upon the subject of law enforcement. So he entrusted the power of revoking the edict to the officers upon whose advice he had issued it and after a couple of wet days they exercised that power; whereupon the sun promptly began to shine again.

### Celebrations

**W**ITHOUT issuing any proclamation Governor Brown designated October 27 as Navy Day in New Hampshire as in other states and Major Frank Knox of Manchester was named as New Hampshire chairman by the national chairman, Commander Marion Epley of New York. The center of Granite State

observance naturally was at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, where special arrangements were made for entertaining and instructing such of the public as accepted the general invitation to visit and inspect the yard on that day. Columbus Day was observed generally as a holiday throughout the state, but without special programs anywhere. Its automobile parade over the main highways was considered larger than even those of the summer holidays and was attended by the usual number of fatalities. Fire Prevention Week was a fixture of the month and this year presented as its object lessons the destruction by flames of three well known summer residences; the wonderful Harlakenden Hall of Winston Churchill at Cornish; the magnificent Woodbury Langdon estate at Fox Point, Newington; and the less pretentious country place of Rev. A. Z. Conrad at Amherst.

### John G. Winant

**D**URING the month the first real impetus to interest in the political campaign of 1924 was given by the announcement of Captain John G. Winant of Concord that he would be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor at the primary of next September. His action has not brought any opponent into the open thus far, although the Boston Herald has expressed editorial preference for Major Frank Knox of Manchester as the Republican candidate and

former Congressman Raymond B. Stevens as the Democratic candidate for Chief Executive of the Granite State.

Captain Winant was in command of the second Liberty Squadron of the American air forces on the French front during the world war. He has served two terms in the state House of Representatives and one in the state Senate, and has been a leader in agricultural and labor legislation as well as a staunch supporter of other forward looking movements. He is secretary of the National Monetary Association and the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests and president of the New Hampshire Tuberculosis Association. His statement of the platform upon which he will make his campaign is promised for an early day and is awaited with interest.

### Conferences and Conventions

**P**ROBABLY the largest postal conference ever held in the state was a Concord event of the month and was addressed by Assistant Postmaster Generals Bartlett and Glover, the former our well-known ex-Governor. Another distinguished visitor of the month to Concord and New Hampshire was Leonidas P. Newby of Indiana, commander of the Knights Templar of the United States.

The State Woman's Christian Temperance Union held its annual meeting in Concord during the month, heard speakers from far and near and adopted vigorous resolutions in favor of liquor law enforcement and against prize fights, "carnivals," suggestive dances, movies, books and styles. It had taken final adjournment before Senator Moses made his now famous characterization of the Volstead Act as a "jackass law," or it would have had a declaration to make, no doubt, in that regard.

Other important state meetings of the month were of the Baptists at Concord, of the Teachers' Association at Laconia, of the Daughters of the American Revolu-

tion at Rochester, and of the bankers at Whitefield.

### Clubs and Fraternities

**T**HE Woman's Clubs and the Rotary Clubs and the Chambers of Commerce and the Boards of Trade entered upon their winter's schedule of meetings. The farmers harvested large crops of apples and potatoes. Business conditions in general were good.

Bekdash Temple of the Mystic Shrine took an option on the purchase from the estate of President Benjamin A. Kimball of the Concord & Montreal railroad of his estate on South Main Street, Concord, which he bequeathed to the state of New Hampshire as a home for its governors, but which the legislature of 1923 refused to accept.

Progress was made in the organization of a state Chamber of Commerce by the choice of Frank H. Foster, banker, of Claremont, as president; Perley H. Washburn of Lisbon, vice-president; Ervin W. Porter of Concord, secretary; and Leo L. Osborne of Sunapee, treasurer.

### Controversies

**T**HE hard-fought and much-debated case of Partridges v. Fruit Buds reached its court of last resort when Governor Fred H. Brown was called upon for the first time to act as an arbiter between the state departments of agriculture and fish and game under an act of the legislature of 1923. The Governor visited in person some Londonderry orchards which were considered typical of existing conditions and examined the alleged damage to the trees by the game birds.

Following an address by Senator George H. Moses before the Concord Chamber of Commerce on forest conditions through the country, the Chamber went on record as opposed to what the Senator termed the attempted "coercion" of the states by the federal government as to uniformity in the taxation of forest lands, —H. C. P.

# IS NEW HAMPSHIRE COMPLETED?

BY WILLIAM S. ROSSITER

## PRESIDENT HETZEL'S TRIBUTE TO MR. ROSSITER

In the realm of public affairs, the author of the following article, Hon. William S. Rossiter, is not only a diagnostician of ability, but a practitioner who stands ready with sympathy and understanding to help and to remedy. Benefit ought to follow from service of such a character given freely to the state of New Hampshire.

RALPH D. HETZEL,

University of New Hampshire

LIKE the Lord of the Vineyard, the Census Enumerator appears decennially to take national account of stock. We have become so accustomed to the answer of each state, "Increased in population and wealth," that it is something of a jolt to find creeping in here and there evidences that the man who buried his talent has successors—evidences that somehow in such cases the process of state-building has been about completed.

Is New Hampshire completed? Of all the states in that aristocratic group "The Original Thirteen," New Hampshire alone has the record of having lost population at any census.

The increase of the total population of the state has not reached as much as ten per cent in any decade since 1850. That is, the rate of increase in New Hampshire has not equalled even half the rate of increase shown by the nation at any census for seventy years. The population of New Hampshire decreased from 1860 to 1870, while in 1920 the increase from 1910 amounted to less than 3 per cent. The population record of the state is therefore obviously one almost of stagnation. Are we completed? Progress means at least a reasonable percentage of increase. Stationary population reflects rather stagnant conditions, and almost always indicates rather heavy emigration. At the Fourteenth Census (1920), out of 251 towns in the entire

state, 179 showed decreases. Of the 167 subdivisions having fewer than 1000 inhabitants, 137, or approximately 82 per cent, showed actual loss in population. Indeed, if Coos County be eliminated, out of 137 towns only 15 increased in population. The natural effect of this change is that the citizens of New Hampshire are becoming increasingly residents of the large towns and cities, and hence with little change in total population the weight of the cities and towns becomes constantly greater.

Consistently with this changing relationship of country and city, the farms of New Hampshire decreased in number from 27,000 in 1910 to 20,500 in 1920. The land in farms decreased by nearly 750,000 acres, while the improved land in farms decreased in about the same proportion. Indeed, the number of acres of improved farm land in the state has decreased in every decade since 1860, and it is less than one third of the figure for that year.

Here is a condition which in some respects is actual decline and in others strongly suggests that our racial task of development is completed. Under such circumstances the line of greatest ease in an atmosphere already less charged with progress and energy than of old is to do nothing; to assert that matters are all right and to leave well-enough alone. Many people are prepared instantly to take that attitude.

It was the privilege of the writer to publish in a magazine of wide influence during the past summer an article discussing in some detail the present status of the north-country states, for conditions are almost identical in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. This paper elicited many letters from persons in all three states as well as from other states in the Union. It was significant that from one of the three states in question—not New Hampshire—the replies were largely along a fatalistic line. They indicated a willingness to let matters drift, and to be content with stagnation. They admitted completion and considered it an asset. One, for example, a distinguished citizen of New England, wrote by way of protest against stirring the subject up. A few sentences paraphrased from his letter are worth quoting:

"My old home was in a small town in the heart of the mountains in the central part of the state. I think my town reached the maximum of its population about 1840, and since that time every decennial census has shown a reduced population, but in spite of that the town is a much livelier proposition and a far better place to live in than at any time in the past \* \* \* People live in greater comfort than in my boyhood days \* \* \* The children are brought, with few exceptions, to a central school in the village, where grades are maintained and where a four-year high school is operated that fits the children for the lower grade colleges. The number of acres tilled is less than it used to be. The number of animals owned is greater, and they are of a superior quality to that which was owned in the valley when I was a boy."

It seems as though it would be hard to ignore the fact that from this community there has been a steady drain of its best people; that while the schools must be maintained at a better standard than of old, there are

pathetically few scholars to attend them. Moreover, roads must be built in a fashion never dreamed of by our ancestors; and thus schools and roads make taxes unbearable because the population has become so small. It is becoming harder and harder in most of the small towns to find men who are capable of filling even the village offices. It is becoming harder and harder, also, in many communities to raise enough upon the farms, with markets uncertain and distant, to support the family, and in consequence the natural economic result follows of very few children. The farms are frequently manned by elderly people. A condition, therefore, which began fifty or more years ago and has slowly developed is now acquiring a much greater momentum, and the plain fact confronts us in rural New England that the north-country small towns, after long stagnation, are rapidly reaching a crisis in their history. The writer of the sentences quoted above is decidedly wrong in one particular. No small community can be pervaded by a cheerful, wholesome, progressive atmosphere which is continually shrinking in size over a long period, and thus ever losing a proportion of its best citizens.

Again, it is suggested that north-country declines are the result of economic and racial changes which obey fixed laws and which can be influenced but slightly by human effort, however well directed; that increase of population can be secured only by importing the least desirable foreigners; and that it would be better to leave well-enough alone, avoid agitation and prolong the patient's life and, in particular, the "passing of a great race," as long as possible. Better might the writer have said: "Progress is impossible or, if possible, undesirable. We are completed. Let us stagnate." In this instance a half-truth is built into a large falsehood. Almost every noteworthy



achievement in human life is the direct result of deflecting economic laws which otherwise would have effected fixed results. Races do not die or depart if the environment is favorable to their continuation. Stagnation will foster the operation of economic laws and the loss of the best elements of our naturally alert Anglo-Saxon stock.

Another says—pertinently, too: "What has New England north-country to offer, in the last analysis, even under the most favorable conditions, to make it really worth while for a young man to shut his eyes to the great out-of-doors of the nation and cast in his lot permanently at home?" That's a fair question. The answer is not to be found in mere confident assertion. Curiously enough, it is suggested by a striking picture revealed by the Fourteenth Census of the United States.

The forty-eight states of the union are divided into 3000 civic areas known as counties. Out of 1000 counties dotting the entire vast domain of the republic, to the eyes of the statistician who analyzed the figures of 1920, men and women were pouring hither and thither into the other 2000 counties in such numbers that they reduced the population of the county they left to a figure lower than that shown at the preceding census, so that one-third of all the counties—roughly one-third of all the nation's area—showed loss of population, while the remaining two thirds were called upon to make up the loss, and in addition to supply the national increase. This extraordinary picture is really a statistical prophecy.

The Anglo-Saxon race is at its best in the development of new lands and in confronting and overcoming great obstacles. In Professor Turner's noteworthy book on the influence of the frontier in American history he makes abundantly clear both the extraordinary effect upon our national prog-

ress of the slow, steady forward movement of the line of wilderness-breaking which has been advancing across the continent, and the revolutionary change in character, energy and point of view to be expected in the new period upon which we have now entered, and which, with the absorbing task of settlement over, we turn to the less strenuous tasks of consolidation and normal living.

To this new aspect of national affairs the nation as a whole is not yet accustomed. So long have the discontented in every state had the traditional outlet for ambition by taking up quarter sections, or by seeking the untrodden but inviting areas of California and Washington and Oregon, or by exploiting untouched mining resources, or, later, by settling on the irrigated lands of New Mexico or other far western states, that it is bewildering in our time to find it hard to know where to go.

Yet it is this same discontent with the old home that has made the United States. It began before the republic was thought of. It was first most clearly manifested in Connecticut. There the colonists, nearly all of whom were farmers, raised large families. Their sons and daughters quickly found—as early as 1760—that there was not room on the paternal farm for both parents and children. Dense population and farming do not mix. Therefore the younger generation, true to racial instinct to achieve and develop, packed their scanty belongings on horses and, with the wife on the pillion, trekked up the then only known path to new lands. That path led along the Connecticut River to New Hampshire and Vermont. The town names in Vermont today tell an eloquent story of that earliest migration movement.

But if it is the rush to break new country, to settle, to achieve, and if our present colossal national structure is the monument to this racial quality,

are we not facing a grave situation when we find our house about settled, when the painters and plumbers are almost ready to leave, when the carpets are all down, the chairs all arranged and dusted and the pictures hung? Then what about ourselves—what are we going to do with ourselves? In our bewilderment, we are tumbling out of one thousand counties into two thousand others, with no real assurance of betterment. The new country is about all explored. In the large, this extraordinary irregular movement of population here and there is the logical aftermath of the ending of the frontier period.

It is obvious that from now on the newer states in which has been occurring the transformation from wilderness to reasonably complete settlement, must confront a swarm of unfamiliar problems of their own. Some of these problems, especially as they bear on agriculture, are already of national concern. But the older states have their problems, and our three north-country states in particular face a distinct and very grave problem. It is completion. Is this condition permanent? Are we to consider reaching such a state of completion as an actual asset? Our race, with its instinct facing eagerly toward achievement and action, is singularly ill-adapted to sit still and merely participate mechanically in the workaday affairs of old settled communities. In consequence, in the north-country states, long settled and with few natural or industrial advantages, there has been a tendency to swing to the other extreme, to a condition of extreme conservatism little more than lethargy. In some cases it is stagnation. Harshly defined, it is race deterioration. It is as though Nature said, "Achieve and be strong; rest and you die." From the rather inert mass of each community there struggle to the surface annually a considerable

number of the younger element, comprising a large proportion of the more alert and energetic, who desire and must have a wider field of action. These depart to other localities where they hope to secure more favorable environment. Thus it has worked out that in many particulars for the last half century or more in the three old, settled north-country states very little progress has been made. The population has either remained about stationary or has tended to decline in most of the communities. It has come to appear as though they were about completed.

But perhaps here in New Hampshire we are not completed. Perhaps there is awakening just ahead for us, and a large task to be performed yet, for a new and extraordinary factor has appeared. A condition plainly has arisen now in our American life. There is an economic law, if you will, now first becoming effective, and in some respects it is irresistible. It arises from the fact that the national area at last is practically settled, and the answer to the man who tries to think prosperity grows as population decreases; to the man who sees inability to meet competition and hence a dying race; and to the man who asks what the youth can find in northern New England to tempt him to stay as against trying his luck in the West or South, is contained in that statistical picture of men and women from a thousand counties all over this broad land, instead of moving in a well-defined stream west and still further west, as the censuses of '80 and '90 and 1900 revealed, now running confusedly hither and thither about the land. The scent for the working-out of the race instinct as manifested in this land for two hundred years is now lost forever. America is about settled. The corner lots are gone. Not New England alone but all America must find new

outlets for our racial activities and ambitions. Here is again New Hampshire's opportunity.

The Middle West, which has been contented with its farming possibilities, is crying aloud with discontent over unfavorable agricultural conditions. The far West, notably California, is struggling with the problem of an attempt to assimilate more people than they actually need. A distinguished Californian recently wrote that he was delighted to observe an attempt to create opportunities in New England because they might lead to a return of some of the thousands who have come to California and are unassimilated and in reality a burden upon the community. New Hampshire's sister states in turn are falling into the grasp of the same problem of being completed that we have so long known. Let us awake ere they find themselves, and take our account of stock.

We are a small, compact area favorably situated at the door of the greatest urban markets in America. What are we capable of doing best and most profitably? Having decided that, let us go after markets and claim our own. The future prosperity of many of the states of the union not specially favored by nature is likely to depend more and more on business management.

The vast population of the United States will tend to eddy and flow back to what in earlier days seemed less favored areas, as numbers and congestion increase. Men and women will cease to emigrate as freely as in the past, because the chances of successful change grow less as numbers increase. Thus racial instinct for achievement will find its outlet in taking advantage of opportunities for organization and development of enterprises made possible by the new conditions.

The north-country has come upon a period of new life and achievement if it will have it so. More than ever before, its destiny is within its own control. Shall we not bestir ourselves and turn the old racial longing to develop and to create into new and equally important activities within the old settled communities: the application of business ability, capital and energy to developing and marketing with skill exceeding that of our competitors all that New Hampshire can produce? Thus shall we arouse courage and increase strength; and from the long list of one thousand counties out of which in 1920 men and women were pouring forth, behold, the counties of New Hampshire will be withdrawn. New Hampshire is yet far from completed.

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## ANNOUNCEMENT

The GRANITE MONTHLY being New Hampshire's state magazine is naturally deeply interested in the efforts of the group of men and women who are devoting their energies to the project of bringing new life and vigor to our state. The magazine in its July number expressed its commendation and sympathy concerning the article "Three Sentinels of the North," the appearance of which in the Atlantic Monthly marked the beginning of this movement. In the September issue Captain Winant gave

an account of the conference at Durham. The article above by the author of the "Three Sentinels of the North" is a continuation of this same thought, and we are glad to announce that in the December GRANITE MONTHLY there will appear another article of the series entitled "A New Hampshire Program" by Ex-Governor Robert P. Bass who has been identified with the work of rejuvenating our state, especially in respect to the development of its water power and other natural resources.

**A  
FEW  
TYPICAL  
SCENES**



**THE MIDWAY**

**ABOVE**—A typical scene of the most congested point of the fair ground. Rochester, Plymouth and Hopkinton fairs are said to have had the greatest attendance of their history this year.

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**HERE ARE THE OXEN, WHERE IS THE GOVERNOR?**

**BELOW**—"Last but not least came the Sandwich Fair with a Governor, a Congressman, a General and 68 yoke of oxen on exhibition."—*Concord Monitor and Patriot*.



# TAKEN FROM OUR FAIRS



## THREE PRIZE WINNERS AT THE MANCHESTER HORSE SHOW

Or, to be more exact, it might be well to say six prize winners. New Hampshire has three annual gatherings which still ignore the avalanche of automobiles and term themselves horse shows.

## AN EXCITING FINISH

There was little indication of the practice of gambling at this year's races. A true lover of horse flesh needs to have no money at stake to receive a thrill at the finish.

## DOING THEIR STINT

Societies for the protection of dumb animals are putting a stop to the "pulling" of teams in exhibition contests. There are many who believe, however, that the high bred horse enjoys it even as a human athlete enjoys a test of strength.



# A CONTROVERSY ON VACCINATION

A Boston newspaper recently made the statement that the people of New Hampshire "subsist on politics all the year round." What he probably meant was that it is characteristic of Granite State folk to hold strong opinions. There are a number of questions upon which our people differ vitally and which are the subjects for discussion in many a village store and city lounging place. The GRANITE MONTHLY feels that its pages should be an open forum for honest opinion on both sides of these controversies. In the following articles Dr. E. C. Chase of Plymouth, one of the two members of the medical profession who were in the last Legislature, and Arthur Brooks Green, of Lincoln, scientific engineer, graduate of Exeter and Harvard, represent two fields of thought on the much debated question of compulsory vaccination. The fact that there is a hot clash of opinion between them and that each passionately believes in the truth of his cause is shown by the italicized words. A controversy on another question will appear next month.

## Why I Voted Against the Anti-Compulsory-Vaccination Bill

BY DR. E. C. CHASE

*"There is no one so blind as the one who won't see."*

THE subject of small pox is so old and so much has been said and written about it that it seems as though nothing more can be added. However, as I listened to the arguments against vaccination last winter in the House of Representatives, and before the committee of Public Health, I soon realized that the laity were very ignorant in regard to the matter. The chance of their being informed was very small, for there is no one so blind as the one who won't see. I also discovered that it was entirely useless to try by argument or proof to convince the majority of that house that the laws that had been worked out by intelligent and painstaking men in years past and placed on the statute books were of any use.

As regards small pox and vaccination, if any intelligent person would take the pains to look up the account of the ravages and desolation that the disease has wrought since the earliest history of the world, and run uncontrolled until Dr. Jennings about 127 years ago discovered vaccination, and then follow up the change that has been made since that time in nearly stamping out the disease in almost every civilized country of the world, there would not be any chance for an argument against vaccination.

It is probably admitted by almost everybody that small pox is not a de-

sirable or a pleasant feature of any community. One malignant case of that dread malady is a more effective argument than the words of any physician. Consequently, admitting for the moment that the process of vaccination carries with it a certain hazard, it is still necessary for the opponents of vaccination to prove that there are other means of preventing small pox epidemics. This they have never done. Upon the floor of the Legislature a gentleman from Concord, Mr. Kendall, told of his experience near the Canada line when a terrible epidemic was raging on the Canada side and scarcely a case appeared across the line. Germs and microbes have little respect for a boundary line and it would seem that the compulsory vaccination which New Hampshire had and Canada lacked was the determinant factor. The return of small pox to Colorado and other states after the repeal of the vaccination law would indicate the same thing.

But vaccination at the present time could scarcely be called a hazardous operation. Almost every instance of blood poison and other ill effects which was presented before the Health Committee occurred from fifteen to twenty-five years ago when surgical science lacked the thorough practice of sterilization which characterizes it to-day. The

oft quoted case of small pox in the Philippine Islands, small pox which was said to have occurred under a thorough system of compulsory vaccination, actually occurred at a period when the American authorities had entrusted these measures to native officers and doctors. The task was poorly executed by the natives, a terrible epidemic broke out, and the American government was obliged to take over the duties of health preservation once more. The epidemics were immediately suppressed, which is ample proof of the fact that vaccination was the only safe precaution.

I am loath to have the efforts of our State Board of Health, who have worked hard and long for the interest, welfare and health of the people of our state, who have advised and framed such laws as seemed best for us for that purpose, set aside. Nor do I wish to see the disease that has for so long a time been

kept down be allowed to spread again as it did in the middle ages. Some of the uninformed ask why we do not vaccinate everyone instead of taking the innocent little school child. The answer is very simple. This would be done if an epidemic should start, but we are trying to get everyone protected when there is no epidemic, and as every child is supposed to attend school it is thought best to have it attended to at the beginning of school life. If the law is obeyed and all children vaccinated they are immune for life. If that course is kept up it is obvious that we soon shall all be protected. I fail to see why I should leave the trail that my medical forefathers have blazed, that has proved to be of such wonderful benefit to the human race, and wander off upon some untried path, and so I refused to vote for the bill.

## Why I Oppose Compulsory Vaccination

BY ARTHUR B. GREEN

*"The man had become so learned that he refused to learn."*

**I**F a physician is engaged in private practice, his patients come to him of their own free will expecting to receive and pay for his careful advice and treatment. Under the conditions of private practice, therefore, there is little need for public discussion of what the patient may seek, or the physician may give. On the other hand, if the physician joins with others in large numbers of his own particular school and urges a uniform measure for adoption by the public, which embraces patients of all schools, then the matter assumes public importance and should be discussed publicly. This is the case with vaccination.

If, then, this practice is to receive undivided public support, there is a tremendous burden of proof thrown upon those who advocate it, and this proof must not rest on medical technicality, but it must be perfectly plain to every intelligent per-

son. Unfortunately the practice of vaccination has got its support from physicians of a single definite school of thought and from such laymen as have not investigated the matter from any other point of view than that of the physicians of this one school. They have sought to show by means of statistics that vaccination prevents small-pox; that vaccination is not harmful; and that vaccination is the only way in which to eliminate small-pox in epidemic form. They have, however, omitted to show the one point necessary to establish their case beyond any shadow of a doubt, and that is, they have not been able to advance a single instance in which the population of a territory subject to regular vaccination has developed a diminished general death rate.

But inadequacy is not the only charge to be brought against the small-pox sta-

tistics which are quoted in support of vaccination. The figures themselves have been highly colored to say the least; have been usually selected by medical authorities whose mission in life they conceive to be to advance the theories of their own particular school, and almost never by laymen. It was found in England not long ago that when the office of caring for vital statistics was taken from a physician and placed by law in the hands of a layman there gradually developed some surprising changes in the causes which were set down for death. It was not longer possible to record a death from measles in an unvaccinated person as being due to small-pox, or a death from smallpox in a vaccinated person as being due to measles.

Small-pox figures were badly garbled in another instance when the advocates of vaccination pointed to the fact that in the Franco-Prussian War the German soldiers were well vaccinated, and the French were not, and that there was a widespread epidemic of small pox among the French soldiers, while the German soldiers were practically free from the disease. The fact of the matter was that the statistics in the first place had not been accurately kept at least on the French side, and that when the facts which were available were finally sifted out carefully, it appeared that the statement was true—but the French soldiers contracted their small-pox after being made prisoners in German camps, while active French soldiers on the fighting front were practically free from that disease.

Perhaps the one area of the earth's surface in which the last twenty years have seen the most rigid enforcement of compulsory vaccination is the area of the Philippine Islands under the jurisdiction of the United States Government. Periodic and regular vaccination of the populace was begun there in 1905, and up to recently strong claims have been made as to the absence of

small-pox in this tropical country. Most rigid was the enforcement of vaccination in Manila. In some other parts of the Islands, particularly in the part known as Mindanao, the religious beliefs of the people led them to resist the in-roads of the vaccinating physicians. In the year 1918 the Philippine Health Service was obliged to report the most serious epidemic of small-pox in the history of the Islands. Not only was the epidemic severe and widespread, but the percentage of deaths among those who took the disease was amazingly high. The peculiar fact to be noted is that the percentage of mortality, that is, the ratio of deaths to cases was 65.3% in Manila, the best vaccinated region, and 11.4% in Mindanao, the least vaccinated region.

Unfortunately, however, the health authorities failing to learn a lesson from this harrowing experience determined to vaccinate even more thoroughly, and forced their practice upon the territory which had formerly resisted it. As a result the epidemic instead of being stamped out spread to the districts in which it had been slightest.

I said at the outset that it was not enough to stamp out small-pox, but the general death rate must be decreased. We have seen that vaccination does not stamp out small-pox, and here is an indication from the report of General Leonard Wood in 1921 that vaccination in the Philippines actually had the effect of setting up if not small-pox itself, then certainly a great number of other maladies of an acute and serious nature. He says, "There has been a steady increase in recent years in preventable diseases, especially typhoid, malaria, beriberi and tuberculosis."

I also said at the outset that the physicians who urge vaccination upon us have tried to show that vaccination is the only way in which to prevent small-pox. I have shown that it has not prevented small-pox and that it has set up most terrible and serious consequences in its



own account. I would add that physicians who offer vaccination as the only preventive ignore part of their own field of knowledge. The pure homeopaths practice a preventive against small-pox which is administered internally, which has no harmful effects, which is not given wholesale in the same way to every body, but is given in a way to account for the differences between persons and the differences between the forms in which small-pox occurs in fact. Instead of giving a single remedy for all cases, the pure homeopaths have a whole list of remedies from which to select in the given case. Consequently, the patient may have the benefit of a careful study of the particular kind of epidemic small-pox against which he is to be protected. This method has gained recognition in one of our progressive states.

It is an amusing experience and il-

lustrative of the type of mind which backs up a compulsory medical outrage that one of these pure homeopaths in a state which did not recognize his method of protection made it a practice to immunize the children of his patients internally as I have described. Then after a period to send them to a brother physician of the other school for the regular vaccination, by the injection of virus into the blood. After a period of some five years this neighboring allopathic physician awoke to the fact that none of the vaccinations made on children coming to him from the homeopathist had been successful. Instead of seeking out his homeopathic brother for an explanation, he simply refused to vaccinate any more children that came from his office. The man had become so learned that he refused to learn.

## HOW ONE COMMUNITY TURNED THE TIDE

BY EARL P. ROBINSON, COUNTY AGENT LEADER

**S**OME places they are talking about quitting farming and moving to the city. But over in Epsom they say that the carpenters are all rushed with work and have more jobs scheduled with farmers than they can do in weeks. And furthermore, the writer did not hear the doctrine of reduced production advanced. He did learn that many were increasing their enterprises. In fact the activity of carpenters is in considerable part due to the expansion of business on poultry farms, and in lesser degree to the setting up of new poultry establishments. Since there are so many communities in Northern New England where a decreasing population, a decreasing number of farms in operation and a reduced acreage of crops and number of livestock indicate communities hastening on to dissolution, it seems the part of wisdom for all public spirited citizens to study communities that seem most successful in

stemming the tide and swinging back toward vigorous and healthy development. Epsom is such a community. Once a thriving dairy town with milk shipped out to Manchester and Boston, it later experienced hardship, discouragement and defeat.

Then something happened. They gave up dairying for poultry.

The story of the beginnings appears to be about like this. Mr. S. W. Bickford, becoming dissatisfied with the unsettled condition of and small returns from dairying about fifteen years ago, began to look around for a more remunerative type of agriculture, and noticed Mr. A. N. Peaslee of South Pittsfield, who had been in the poultry business for years and appeared to be very successful. Mr. Peaslee was helpful in his advice and encouragement with the result that Mr. Bickford got a good start with poultry more than a dozen years ago, and has progressed rapidly since then.

Mr. Bickford states that the introduction of the coal burning brooder stoves had considerable to do with his expansion of the business. This new apparatus enables a man to take care of much larger flocks of chicks than does the old style of brooder with lamps. Another man who was a pioneer in the business in Epsom was Mr. W. C. Burnham.

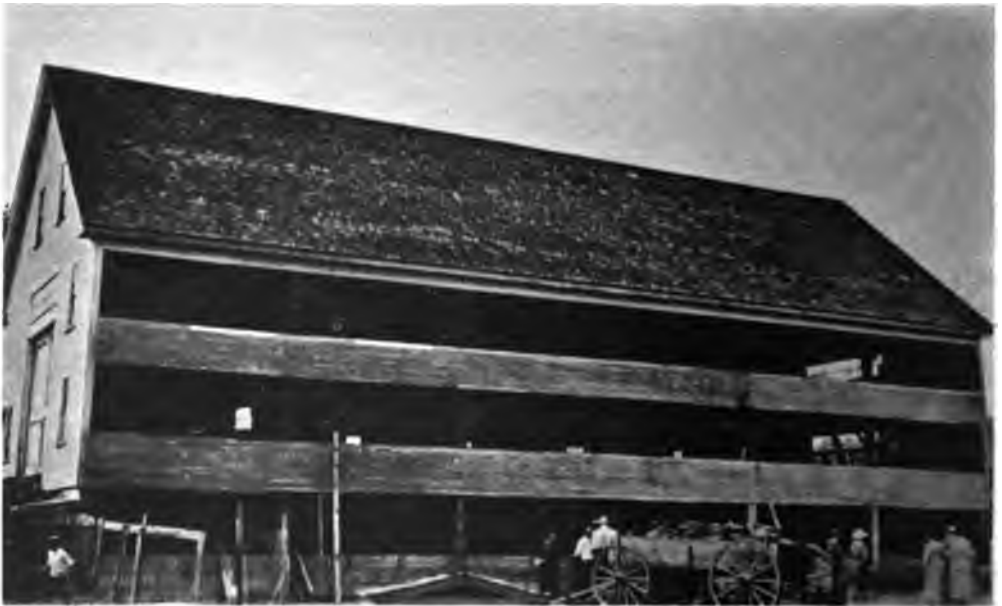
Another thing that has been of great importance in the development of the industry is the fact that Senator Walter Tripp of Short Falls, for years a merchant in the community, watching the developments taking place, noted with deep concern that there was less and less milk being shipped out each year. Realizing that a decreased output from the town meant a decreased income and consequent hardship and perhaps failure in the end, his voice was soon upraised in encouragement of the poultry enterprises that were starting in a small way. Mr. W. C. Pickard, employed in Mr. Tripp's store, was also spreading the gospel of poultry

raising, with good success. There undoubtedly were others in the community pointing the way toward a happier economic situation.

These men were among the first to recognize that Epsom was not holding its own with the old type of agriculture, and with considerable courage and initiative they launched into something that from the evidence looked more profitable. And subsequent developments seem to have proved the wisdom of their choice.

Today Epsom is known far and wide as a poultry center. The assessors' figures give it the largest number of hens of any town in New Hampshire. In January, 1923, one thousand and eighty-five cases of eggs were shipped from the two railroad stations of the town, bringing in close to \$30,000.00. The buyers of baby chicks from many states come to Epsom, and even New York City commission men accorded it distinction by establishing buyers at its two shipping points, Epsom Depot and Short Falls.

Within the past six years, Professor



A Barn Transformed to a Poultry House



Maine Poultrymen Visit Epsom

A. W. Richardson of the State University, with his sound advice, infectious enthusiasm and substantial help in improving methods and meeting the problems of the business, has rendered a splendid service.

The store-keepers report that the increased prosperity is clearly reflected in the improved business and the prompt payment for goods. And they tell stories of laboring men and others who, once having a pretty stiff fight to keep even with the world, now have from 500 to 2,000 hens each and are rapidly getting ahead. One of the leading poultrymen is quoted as saying that with 300 hens well managed a laboring man would find himself as well situated as with steady work at good wages working out.

The writer, having the prosperity of the community as a whole in mind, did not investigate cases of individual poultrymen to see what the profits are.

But the success of this community is significant because New Hampshire needs encouragement. And she also needs examples. What do we get from the success of Epsom that will

turn other towns from their drift toward failure, right-about-face toward permanent success?

In the first place many communities will have to make radical changes to adapt themselves to changed conditions. Once the cities of Southern New England were under the necessity of buying their dairy products near-by. That practically settled the question of the type of agriculture for thousands of farmers near the cities. Now dairy products are easily secured from a more distant zone, and at the same time strong demands for vegetables, fruits and other heavy perishable products make their production relatively more attractive. That calls for readjustment of agriculture in many communities. The writer does not imply that there is no longer a place for dairying, but he does insist that in view of the rapid and decisive changes that have taken place in industry—including agriculture—every farmer needs to subject his farming enterprise to a most vigorous test to see whether it does shape up well with the new conditions. Try to see where one is likely to arrive in twenty years.

Such a forward view by a prominently successful dairyman in Peterboro has led him to the policy of starting an orchard on some of his rough fields that are difficult to cultivate. In his case dairying has been and still is profitable, but he is looking forward to the time when he will no longer want to wage the stubborn battle with boulders in a rock-strewn field, and when that time comes he wants to be prepared to fall back on a crop that will give him returns and satisfaction comparable with the business he has for years handled so successfully.

In the second place Epsom community forcefully emphasizes the fact that our fortunes are very closely bound up together. Failure for a part of any community is in some measure failure for all. And success for many also betters the fortunes of all.

Take the matter of production. There is no place so favorable for a beginner to start as in Epsom or some other community where there are many successful poultrymen. He can get his stock easier, can watch the methods employed and learn from the failures as well as the successes. In such communities new discoveries and better methods make their first appearance, and there also warnings of danger are first sounded. The

writer believes also, from his brief survey of the community, that Epsom realizes that any failure in the community hurts all of the members. There is, therefore, a sympathetic interest in the new ventures and a hope that they will meet with success.

And marketing, that great unsolved problem of the farmer, becomes much simpler where a large volume of business develops in a given community. One man said it amused him this past summer to witness the discomfiture of hucksters who previously had done a flourishing business there, who now return to their home towns in Massachusetts almost empty-handed, because local representatives of two large wholesalers from New York, recently established in Epsom and Short Falls, have put the market above what it had been. There are rumors that these firms plan to establish a service of carload shipments of poultry. That means reduction of handling and shipping costs, which will at least in some measure benefit the poultry raiser.

It appears, therefore, that Epsom has prospered. That should encourage every community in the state and should suggest the means of turning the tide where it is now flowing in the wrong direction.



# THE FARM BUREAU MOVEMENT

BY H. STYLES BRIDGES

**We know of the "farm bloc" in Congress. We have seen the upheaval of the wheat farmers of the middle west. We have even heard that the farmer is demanding that moving picture producers shall cease to represent him as a "hick."**

**Here you have the story of the growth of the N.H. Farm Bureau, one of the most important factors in the Agricultural movement in this state.**

**T**HE farmer's job as a producer and his environment have tended to make him an individualist. This has been true for generations, more especially so in the early days of this country. The farmer was practically self-sufficient, raising his own food and making his own clothing. As the country developed, great centers of industry grew and gradually but surely the farmer became more dependent upon the town. The centralization of the various industries into great and strong corporations meant that the individual farmers must deal with powerful units with which they were not fitted to cope. Time after time big business has had the upper hand in their dealings with the farmer. On all big questions, industry and various forms of business has been always represented. Capital and Labor have organized and their voice is heard on all questions concerning the general public or themselves, but in the past the voice of agriculture has either been silent or has been so weak as to be only faintly heard. The farmer has sensed the situation and a desire for organization has crept into being. He is attempting to meet the conditions brought about by consolidation in other lines of business by co-operation with his fellow producers in an organized way.

During the past few decades, many movements have stirred in the breasts of the farmers of this state and Nation,

but none have had more significance than the great Farm Bureau movement. This has seen its tenth anniversary in New Hampshire during the past summer. The Farm Bureau is outstanding in the fact that it is one of the few great organizations that have been built from the bottom up rather than from the top down. The root of this organization lies in the rural communities. The communities function with a community program. The communities in turn are united in county units which are in turn united in State Federations that deal with problems of a state-wide nature which are in turn united in the American Farm Bureau Federation, the voice and champion of American Agriculture. Any organization built from the bottom up is on a firm foundation and with this stable beginning the Farm Bureau has been making steady progress since its birth.

The Farm Bureau is a non-political organization. An organization that takes the place of no other, but fits in a place all by itself.

The mission of the Farm Bureau is to render service. It is not an uprising of outraged farmers, nor is it an organization to accumulate strength to fight the other fellow. It simply renders service to the agriculture, that basic industry of this State and Nation on which all other industries depend. Without a prosperous agriculture other industries cannot enjoy prosperity, so the

Farm Bureau not only is a service organization to agriculture, but to the whole Nation.

The first Farm Bureau in New Hampshire was organized in 1913 in Sullivan County, and the second in 1914 in Cheshire County. Belknap, Coos, and Merrimack in 1915. Grafton, Rockingham, and Hillsborough in 1916, and Strafford and Carroll in 1917.

The County Farm Bureau is primarily an organization through which Extension work in Agriculture and Home Economics is done. The problem of an adequate food supply at fair prices is one of the biggest if not the biggest before the country. The farms are the source of the country's food supply and this source therefore must be protected and developed to meet the increasing needs of the Nation. The county Farm Bureaus through their Agricultural Extension work are on the job at all times in helping solve the farmer's problems of production. Farming as a business differs from other lines of business in that the home is an essential part of the enterprise and therefore the county Farm Bureaus through their Extension work in Home Economics are playing a very important part in the upkeep of the rural home.

The boys and girls of to-day will be the citizens of tomorrow. So with this in mind, the County Farm Bureaus are promoting boys' and girls' club work. In this work lies one of the brightest

hopes of a future for New Hampshire.

The New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation saw its birth in December, 1916. The State Farm Bureau Federation acts as the mouth-piece of the farmers of the State on all matters concerning agriculture. The American Farm Bureau Federation was organized in the winter of 1919-20 and with its organization the farmers from New Hampshire to California were bound together in an organization that was national in character as well as name. The American Farm Bureau Federation is the national spokesman for the farmer. When President Calvin Coolidge wants to know the real agricultural situation and learn the desires of agriculture, he calls in Gray Silver, the Washington representative of the Farm Bureau.

One of the things often asked regarding the Farm Bureau, is what line of Farm Bureau work are public funds devoted to? This can be easily answered as every cent of public money used by the

Farm Bureau is for Extension work or educational work and open to all citizens. The funds from memberships are used in supporting county, State and National organizations, and in most cases many thousands of membership funds are contributed annually to support Extension work.

One of the main reasons for the utmost confidence of the farmers in the Farm Bureau is the fact that from its start it has had the leading men of the



O. F. Bradfute, President American Farm Bureau Federation

community, county, state and Nation for its leaders. Real men, the best the country produces and New Hampshire produces some good men.

The first president of the State Federation in New Hampshire was Roy D. Hunter of Claremont. Mr. Hunter is

terprises of the State, and a successful dairy farmer, owning one of New England's finest herds of purebred Jerseys. The present officers and Executive Committee of the State Federation are all successful farmers, and are among the state's leading citizens. They are Her-



#### WHAT ORGANIZATION DOES

a successful farmer and an outstanding man in the State. The present head of the State Federation, and a man interested in the movement from the start, is George M. Putnam, one of New Hampshire's leading farmers and citizens, a man who for years has been connected with most of the agricultural en-

bert N. Sawyer, Atkinson; Fannie B. White, Claremont; S. A. Lovejoy, Milford; H. S. Smith, Monroe; J. C. Avery, Wolfboro; Arthur P. Read, Winchester; Earl P. Robinson, Durham, County Agent Leader, member ex-officio; and Mrs. Abbie C. Sargent, Bedford is chairman of



H. Styles Bridges  
Sec'y N. H. Farm Bureau Federation

the women's work for the State.

The first, as well as the present, paid secretary of the State Farm Bureau Federation, is the writer of this article.

The first president of the American Farm Bureau Federation was James Howard of Iowa, one of the outstanding men of America, and one of the best farmers in Iowa. It has often been said it was just as providential that "Jim" Howard was chosen the first president of the American Farm Bureau Federation as it was that George Washington was chosen the first president of the United States.

Gray Silver, the Washington representative of the American Farm Bureau is a successful West Virginia farmer. A man who has won the respect of all men because since assuming the reins of the legislative department of the Farm Bureau he has championed the cause of our farmers and does not allow partisan prejudice to interfere.

John Coverdale, former county agent leader at the Iowa State College, served as the first secretary of the Iowa Farm Bureau Federation, and has been secretary of the American Farm

Bureau Federation since its origin.

Oscar E. Bradfute, of Ohio, is the present head of the American Farm Bureau Federation. Mr. Bradfute is one of the Nation's best known farmers, owning and operating a large farm in his home state where he has one of the finest herds of Aberdeen Angus in the West.

The Farm Bureau in a few words is the service organization of the farmers of this country. It was founded by men of vision. Its activities include every known phase and element of American agriculture. It has no prejudices, no animosities, no race or color lines, political debts or affiliations, no destructive tendencies, no grudges to work off, and it asks for no special privileges. It does not believe that agriculture should rule the world, but it does believe that the farmers of this country have a definite responsibility in the conducting of public affairs and should receive equal consideration with other industries. The Farm Bureau is not a fad, not a whim, not a luxury, but a necessity to the farmers of the State and Nation.



George M. Putnam  
Pres. N. H. Farm Bureau Federation



# MAKING NEEDLES AT HILL

## The Story of An Indomitable Spirit

BY HELEN F. McMILLIN

**N**EITHER Ponce de Leon and his light-hearted adventurers, seeking the Fountain of Youth in the New World, nor the more modern, if less picturesque, scientists of the monkey glands have been able yet to do much toward lengthening the span of life of the average man beyond the three-score and ten of the old psalmist. Perhaps the discovery is just around the corner. Perhaps in a decade or so we shall know how to live to one hundred and fifty or so without effort. But there are not many men to-day who, having accomplished the traditional span of years and even added to them the ten which are supposed to be "labour and sorrow," feel competent to tackle again the task which fifty years ago enlisted all the powers of their youth. Mr. F. R. Woodward of Hill is doing exactly that, and doing it with the enthusiasm of a boy and the energy of a half dozen younger men.

A little more than fifty years ago, in 1872 to be exact, Mr. Woodward moved his household goods into Hill and began to establish there a needle factory. A few years passed and his interests turned to new enterprises and the factory was sold. This summer the factory, then the property of the George A. Adams Company of Franklin, was offered again for sale.

Mr. Woodward bought it and in the months just past has been vigorously working out plans of organization. Water-power development, improved machinery, a system of profit-sharing among the employees: these are some of the factors in Mr. Woodward's plans.

The pessimists shake their heads. It's hard enough, they say to keep a well established needle factory running in these days when the market for knitted goods seems to have slumped astonishingly. To build up a run-down business—— But Mr. Woodward only smiles and goes on working.

"The business has changed a lot in fifty years," he says. "When I used to make needles there was only one automatic process in the whole shop. The workmen did most of the work by hand. Now almost every step is handled by machinery."

The needles which this factory is making are the so-called latch-needles used on machines knitting underwear, stockings, etc. Shaped some-

thing like a crochet hook with a tiny metal latch which swings back to allow the hook to grasp a thread and which closes over the hook as it is drawn through the fabric, the latch needle does not seem like a complicated bit of mechanism. But the tiny rivet, not more than a 100th part of an inch long in the



Frank R. Woodward



Needle Shop Established by Mr. Woodward and Recently Repurchased by Him.

finished needle, which fastens the latch to the shaft is threaded like a screw; the latch fits against the point of the hook without the slightest deviation or roughness which might catch in the knitting; the needles are tempered for strength, carefully tested for smoothness, and specially treated lest the moisture from the hands of the workmen cause them to rust. Their manufacture is a task for skilled workmen. It is moreover an industry which belongs peculiarly to New Hampshire. Within a twenty-mile radius of Franklin are located the majority of the latch needle factories of the world. There may be a temporary slowing of demand, there may be occasional rough spots in the development of the business, but these are only passing phases, as Mr. Woodward well realizes.

In the years which have intervened between Mr. Woodward's two needle-making enterprises, his activities in Hill have been many and varied. The story is not without its chapters of discouragement.

Climbing the hill behind the needle factory one comes upon a ruined dam. The river, scarcely more than a tiny

brook after the summer droughts, threads its way over the stones and through a jagged hole in the wall of the dam. The foundations of the dam under the river bed are intact, the top of the wall is unbroken; it stands like a great arch supported on both sides by the river banks. Some day a spring freshet may tear away the remaining supports, and nature will have completely effaced the work of man's hands designed to harness the force of the water. Once, behind that wall of cement and stone, stretched a sheet of water some half a mile long and thirty feet deep, a power development which not only turned the wheels of the needle factory but supplied other businesses with power and homes with light. And then one stormy night in the spring of 1918, the inhabitants of Hill heard the cry, "The dam has gone out!" heard the rushing of water and saw buildings swept away and trees uprooted in the flood. Part of the novelty factory was torn away, the other part was saved by a concrete building which buttressed the wooden structure. One house was washed away in the line of the flood. Another was cut open.



Formerly a barn—Now the New England Novelty Works

The loss of property was very great.

"Some folks claimed first that it was faulty building," said Mr. Woodward. "They claimed we used too big stones in the construction, but we showed them the specifications for the Roosevelt dam, calling for even bigger stones. There wasn't any fault in the structure. I took too good care in building it, made it according to scientific measurements, and all that."

"What do you think was the cause then?" we asked.

"I guess everybody agrees now that it was the work of spies," said Mr. Woodward. "You see that hole. It has jagged cracks all round it. Looks like a pane of glass when a boy has thrown his ball through it. It wouldn't look like that if some weak

part of the dam had given away. And besides we found traces of the dynamiters up there in the woods, fuses, and even some dynamite which hadn't exploded.

"It was just about that time that they arrested a fellow up at Wolfeboro, a spy. He had driven through Hill. He saw the dam. 'Was that the job they did up here?' he said. 'They made a pretty thorough job of it.' Sounded as though he knew something about it, didn't it?

Whatever the cause was, it cost us the profits of a year."

But Mr. Woodward spoke as though the loss of the money and the wiping out of years of hard work was to be regarded as a mere incident in a busy life. We walked down the hill into the village



The factory in which Mr. Woodward manufactured Glass Cutters in 1873.

again and there saw another branch of this indefatigable gentleman's business, the New England Novelty Works, where men and women were busily at work making glass cutters. Like the needles, the cutters are seemingly very simple—just little steel disks, ground and tempered and fitted into handles and boxed—but their making involves careful workmanship and painstaking labor.

"The factory building," said Mr. Woodward with a gleam of humor in his steel blue eyes, "was said to be the best barn in the state of New Hampshire when it was made. But it makes a pretty good factory, light, well ventilated."

Two factories would keep almost any man busy, but not Mr. Woodward. A power plant, equipped with oil burning engines—rather an innovation in this

part of the country—is one of his projects now nearing completion. And lest factories and power plant fail to keep him busy all the time, he is planning to develop a mica mine across the river in Sanbornton. He is enthusiastic over the proposition. The mica samples he says are of very high quality.

In all these enterprises, Mr. Woodward's partner is his son, Mr. H. A. Woodward, and the younger man shows the same qualities which have contributed to make his father's success.

There are those who question New Hampshire's ability to hold her own in the modern industrial struggle. The answer is here. So long as the state can produce men of the energy and resourcefulness of the Woodwards, father and son, we need not fear.

## A FRACTION OF A SECOND

### The Cost of Carelessness

By PHILIP DODD

ONE Sunday morning a happy little family started out on an all-day automobile ride. The father had been at work the preceding week, the mother had been occupied at home and the children had been at school. All welcomed the respite from the week's work, as they joyfully rode along the broad, well-kept highway through beautiful New Hampshire.

Monday morning a small headline in the papers announced "Two Fatalities in Auto Collision!" That was all as far as the public was concerned. But in a certain hospital lay an unconscious man unaware that in the same building lay the bodies of his wife and son, and that in the care of the kind nurses his little daughter was softly weeping and calling for "Mother." In a police court nearby a young man was being held on the charge of manslaughter.

All this was due to the fraction of a second's carelessness. Had the two drivers sounded their horns and merely

imagined that there was another car around the corner, there would have been just another "close shave" and a decision to be more careful on the next curve. But how many drivers take these precautions? Very few. It is by no more than "luck" that there is not an accident on every half mile of road every ten minutes. One may be the most cautious driver imaginable; there is always the man around the corner who is trying for a "record"—the record that is kept in the annals of the Grim Reaper.

### Great Increase in Motor Accidents

ALL over the United States there has been a steadily increasing number of automobile accidents in the last few years. In grade crossing accidents alone, the increase in five years has been 80%, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission in a recent report. And in the United States there were

14,000 deaths in 1922 as compared to 13,700 in 1921, while in 1923, 15,000 deaths have already been reported.

No statistics are available as to the exact number that have occurred in this State in the past summer but, counting minor accidents, it has been estimated at about fifty a week. This includes grade crossing accidents, skidding, colliding, leaving the road on curves and the many results of mechanical defects.

Of course the appalling increase in death and injury from automobile accidents came partly as a result of the remarkable increase in the number of automobiles. In New Hampshire alone we have issued this year 10,696 more licenses than in 1922. Undoubtedly we shall continue to have more automobiles and unless there is a radical change, all statistics point to the conclusion, that we shall also continue to have increasing mortality from motor accidents. What is to be done?

### What Our Highway Department is Doing

**L**ET us first consider what has been done. A consultation with Mr. Johnson, engineer in the State Highway Department, showed that this office has done, and is doing, its level best to meet the situation. In the first place, in all their new construction they are making wider and safer roads. The improved State highways are eighteen feet wide with three foot shoulders, making a total width of twenty-four feet of surface suitable for a motor vehicle to travel on. Theoretically, this handles safely any amount of travel. The curves are thoroughly banked to care for those who must speed and to make possible a uniform rate of speed. The rails on either side of the road are painted white so twenty-four hours of the day the course of the road is visibly marked. Then they have taken means to eliminate the grade crossings on the main highways. One is to change the course of the road. At a point where it crosses the railroad

twice in a short distance it is straightened, making the highway run parallel to the railroad, thus cutting off both crossings. At places where it is possible, underpasses and overhead bridges are constructed. Where neither of these courses are feasible, gates, signs, or signal lights are placed. Of minor consideration, but still of importance, are the precautions taken during periods of highway construction, or repair. Where the road is unsafe for travel, detours are laid out and other work is marked with signs and lights. When traffic is heavy a watchman is frequently detailed to eliminate a headlong dash into a piece of torn up road, but, nevertheless, many accidents result from this, no matter how well the places are guarded.

### Grade Crossing Accidents

**G**RADE crossing accidents deserve special consideration. In the year 1922 the Interstate Commerce Commission reported 7,193 deaths from this cause alone. New Hampshire's share was small, to be sure, but from the attitude of the Motor Vehicle Department and of the Public Service Commission this fall, it can safely be said that the toll in 1923 has been more than that of last year. The Public Service Commission wants a comprehensive survey of all grade crossings and to have "protection ordered in a logical and systematic manner." As the Boston and Maine Railroad is reported as lacking the necessary financial means to properly accomplish this, the state will probably have this to do.

As has been stated there are several ways to protect crossings. The most common and least feasible is the system of bells, lights or semaphores. The first objection is mechanical. Any electrical device is delicate and those that are installed in the open air are exposed to many climatic conditions that are liable to render them defective when most needed. Consequently a driver cannot always trust these signals and



This One Hurried Over the Crossing.

therefore does not pay them proper attention.

An investigation by the Public Service Commission in September will serve to illustrate this point. It was conducted as a result of frequent complaints on the crossing at Winnisquam Station on the Daniel Webster Highway. This crossing is protected with a semaphore system. In three hours 293 cars passed, out of which 80 travelled at an unslackened pace paying no attention to the crossing, 73 slowed up without looking to see if the track was clear, 45 stopped but did not await the signal and 41 stopped and looked both ways. What can be done with a situation like this? To meet all these conditions, it looks as if the only way to "logically" protect a crossing is to either build bridges, or underpasses, at great expense, or to install gates, or employ watchmen.

### Patrolling State Highways

**L**EGISLATION goes a long way to solve the difficulty. In the White Mountains this summer a State motorcycle policeman patrolled the roads and the knowledge of his being there curbed the recklessness of many out-of-state motorists, who, as a rule, are the worst offenders. But to thoroughly patrol all our highways, successful as it may be, would involve an expense so great as to be practically prohibitive.

The City of Omaha has met the problem in a novel way. This city struck upon the idea of having the careful driver restrain the reckless and indifferent automobilist. A number of prominent citizens were organized by the city government to serve as volunteer police officers without uniforms upon call from the police department for the

enforcement of various state and city ordinances. School boys are also pressed into service outside of school hours who report violations of the motor laws to the Secretary of the Civilian's Board, who causes arrests to be made after the third offense. The civilian traffic "cops" are carefully chosen and therefore are able to render great service as speakers as well. Such a plan would be of exceptional merit if followed out in the congested districts of New Hampshire. The Massachusetts Safe Roads Federation has followed a plan similar to some extent in selecting motorists to report flagrant violations of the motor laws, the cases of drunkenness and reckless driving receiving special notice.

### Safe Guards

**M**ANY accidents result from dim, or glaring lights at night. In most states the law requires that the lights be focused so that the direct rays of light are no more than waist high at a distance of two hundred feet. Massachusetts has this law and it is rigidly enforced and the Safety Council says that it has gone a long way to make night driving safer. However the Motor Vehicle Commissioner of New Hampshire is not in favor of the law. He states that it does not work in practice as the lenses after being carefully adjusted will invariably rattle loose in the course of

a day's driving and cause all manner of inconvenience for the car owner. The New Hampshire law provides only that "all motor vehicles equipped with electric headlights shall be equipped with some device to permanently dim the glare or to scatter the rays of light from the same." This is fairly definite and if motorists follow it to the letter it ought to prevent accidents resulting from glaring lights.



This One Passed a Car on a Curve.

In some municipal districts of this state the plan of painting a wide white line in the center of the highway has been followed out and it might be well to carry out this plan on all our state highways, curves, blind places and cross-roads, as Massachusetts and Rhode Island have done, and which the Massachusetts Safety Council states has been exceptionally helpful.

France has a unique system of cross-roads protection. All her highways are divided into four classes. National routes, state routes (Routes Department) trunk line roads and local roads. The initial of the class is placed on the stones at the roadside and in matters of right-of-way, the classes have preference in the order named. A similar system in this country might relieve the confusion that certainly exists about our rule that "the vehicle approaching from the right has the right of way." Again and again questions arise over this rule after an accident has occurred.

### Licenses Must Be Made Stricter

**S**HOULD the requirements for holding an operator's license be made more strict, the possibility of having poor drivers on the roads would undoubtedly be less. At present the law

requires a driving examination and those afflicted with very serious physical infirmities are not allowed to operate motor vehicles. But drinkers, drug addicts, people of poor sight and hearing, unfortunately can often secure licenses. Such drivers are sooner or later sure to be involved in a motor accident. There is indeed a growing sentiment that the rules for issuing and revoking licenses should be more strict. It has even been suggested advisable to have every applicant for a driver's license undergo the army's physical and mental test for a pilot of aviation.

### The Man Behind the Wheel

**B**UT after all is said, it remains with the man behind the wheel. We cannot make our laws and our highways foolproof. Something more must be done to educate our people to some sense of responsibility for the tragic and quite unnecessary toll of death and injury from motor accidents occurring almost every minute of the day. In the last analysis the safety of human life on our highways rests upon the caution and intelligence of the man behind the wheel. The human angle of the problem is, as always the most vital and important aspect.

# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ELIZABETH SHURTLEFF

## YOUTH

BY AMY S. JENNINGS

Do you hear the hooves of the horses  
pound  
On the wet spring road where youth  
is riding?

The petals of wild pear cling around  
His feet and his stirrups, and, dimly  
hiding,

Dip in the locks of his flaming hair—  
Wind-washed blossoms of early pear.  
Do you hear the hooves of the horses  
pound?

Straight limbs pressed to the shining  
flank,

And the stinging odor, sharp and rank,  
Of sweat and the steaming ground?

Swift in the wind, cold in the wind,  
Firm is the flesh as the golden bud  
Of a beech in spring, and wide behind,  
Drenched in the copious glittering  
rain,

Streams his cloak of the color of  
blood,  
And branches catch at his rein.

The wind is intimate in his ear  
With terrible songs of death and  
laughter;

But the sound of love and sound of  
fear

Are dear to him, and he rides the  
faster.

Riding, riding,

Oh, not yet

Has he need to remember or need to  
forget.







## THE RETURN TO THE SEA

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

Let us destroy the dream! She knows not of it.

Let us go back rejoicing to the sea.

Sighing is vain, and laughter shall not profit;  
But fill Life's frothing cup again, and quaff it

To wider hopes and greater things to be.

Time turns his tide and turns back our distresses;

Let us return unshaken as we came.

Shall we, the wanderers, mourn for lost caresses?

Our hands are fettered by no cloudy tresses;

Ours are the hearts no starry eyes can tame.

Yet, had she heard the tones our songs could lend her,

We might have found some world of hers and mine

Sweet with perfume of summer roses tender,

And vibrant with the salt sea's strength and splendor,

And lit by stars that now shall never shine.

Nay, but she would not—nay, she could not know them,

The flying dreams with vast and vivid wings.

Days and delights with poisoned pain below them,

Hopes, flowers, and fancies,—where shall we bestow  
them?

What shall we do with all these wasted things?

Sink them in seas that give their dead up never;

A hundred fathoms deep beneath the main;

Beside the rotted wrecks of old endeavor,

So that no daring deep-sea diver ever

Can bring our worthless treasures up again.

For her the safer life of dreams crushed under,

The petty pleasures and the dusty way.

For us the oceanic throb and thunder,

The resonance of all the winds of wonder

And lordly interchange of night and day.

Nay, she has chosen. Let us turn our faces,

And go back gladly to the windy shore;

And follow far the tide's tumultuous traces

Toward the fierce flicker of adventurous places

And look not back, nor listen any more.



THE TOURIST'S DELIGHT—GOOD ROADS, GOOD SCENERY.  
The Milan-Berlin Road, with the White Mountains in the distance.  
Mt. Washington on the right.

## BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

### The Londonderry Road

BY JAMES M. LANGLEY

**H**ISTORY tells us of famous "broad highways." New Hampshire itself still bears the marks, in spots, of old thoroughfares.

There are the old Londonderry and Fourth New Hampshire turnpikes, the corduroy road from Shaker Village through desolate Springfield and the notable highway which ran from Portsmouth to Hanover, in a straight line up hills and down valleys, over which the

early governors attended Dartmouth College commencement exercises. Every Dartmouth man of to-day, beating back this old road on the trail to Moose Mountain, marvels at the boldness of the pioneer, who apparently thought nothing of the steepest grade and forced his carriage straight for his goal, regardless of such an obstacle as Moose Mountain itself. The student, afoot,

makes his way around these White Mountain foothills rather than follow the more arduous and stone wall marked course followed by his forefathers.

There are many other roads of by-gone days, now obscured by the changes of time and methods of communication, roads that only in part still serve as the broad highways of to-day. Principal among these is the thoroughfare that has



Liquid concrete brought from a central mixer by truck.

come to be universally known as the Daniel Webster highway, the chief inlet from the more thickly settled communities to the south of New Hampshire.

Now enters a new phase. A route from Boston, hub of New England, to the New Hampshire border and beyond, connecting with the Daniel Webster highway at Manchester, is being discovered by more and more travellers as the shorter and easier route. Traffic that has naturally followed the course of the Daniel Webster highway is in part coming over this other thoroughfare and there is every indication that presently the two arteries that thus feed into the stem of the fork at Manchester will be equally burdened with traffic. Nashua, on the Daniel Webster route, will serve always to keep traffic heavy thereon but through travellers will gradually increase the already



Reinforcing the Strength of the Road with Ribs of Steel.

mounting usage of the shorter route.

Londonderry, a town much smaller than its historical importance would indicate, is crossed by this newly discovered thoroughfare. The State Highway Department felt that this route demanded a high grade type of road. As a result Londonderry now has several miles of the sturdiest, smoothest riding concrete roadway of any community in the state. This town is dealing in futures. It believes that the reinforced road it has built, with the assistance of



TWO SEPARATE PATHS OF CONCRETE  
Rockingham Road near Londonderry.

the state and Federal aid, will endure for years. On this particular stretch of highway it anticipates no further trouble. For it was built of the stoutest road material known to man to-day. It has followed government and state specifications and the experts of the New Hampshire highway department have supervised every detail of the construction of its thoroughfare. The road is as near perfect as it is possible to make it.

Drainage and grade problems have worked out according to the best results of the experiments of years in many other communities throughout the land. Much money has been spent but it is felt that an investment has been made that will pay commensurate dividends, not directly but indirectly through the lack of maintenance required to keep its new road in topnotch form.

Winslow & Cummings of Nashua were awarded the contract in August, 1922, for the first stretch of concrete road built in Londonderry. The work of placing the concrete was begun in September of that year and by early December the strip was open to traffic. This year an additional strip has been completed, both being built with a center joint, half the road being finished at a time.

This method of construction has several advantages. It allows for more

continuous traffic during construction than any other means. The center joint marks the two sides of road into paths from traffic either way. All slabs are from fifty to sixty feet in length and are reinforced with half inch deformed steel rods to give them "backbone," to render them invulnerable to the weightiest of future heavy truck traffic for which it is designed. The joints are all securely doweled with steel bars that will prevent any vertical movement and thereby eliminate the slightest surface irregularity.

Since the time when the Roman empire constructed its imperishable military highways which have defied the ravages of time and remain as monuments to the truth of the principle that the best is always the cheapest, forward looking men have believed in building for all time. During the administration of one of New Hampshire's recent governors the state was bonded for one million dollars which was expended on our highways. It is claimed by some, although it is doubtless more or less exaggerated, that more of this money has already gone up in dust. Possibly the more expensive type of road construction which has been used on the Londonderry turnpike may be a solution of one of our state's most baffling problems—our highway maintenance.

## THE KITCHEN AS A WORKSHOP

BY DAISY DEANE WILLIAMSON

**E**VERY homemaker ought to know how to plan a kitchen intelligently—to plan it so that it will measure up to a standard embodying the general essentials. She should not wait to make these plans until the kitchen has been built; for then with structural conditions fixed, the possibilities are often very limited.

However, many women must work in kitchens which they have had no opportunity to plan, and must develop the arrangement of equipment so as to save

themselves time, energy, and inconvenience.

Three essential operations are carried on in the kitchen—the preparation, the cooking, and the cleaning-up. These call for three work centers—food center, heat center, and water center—and the table, stove, and sink are the necessary pieces of equipment. These should be so arranged in relation to each other that human mileage may be saved and only a minimum amount of energy expended.

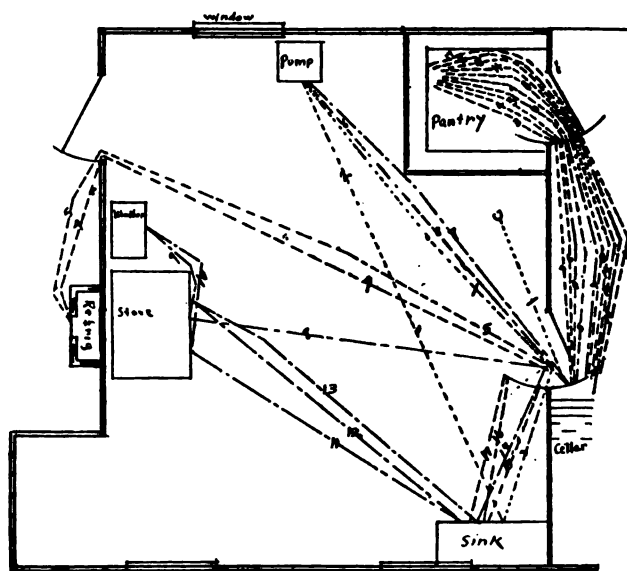


FIGURE 1.

The Home Demonstration Agents of the Extension Service of New Hampshire have waged quite successfully this year a campaign for better arranged kitchens. The drawings below are of a real kitchen in New Hampshire—one showing the old arrangement and the other the new.

In the first, these inconveniences were found:—The pump was on the east side, and the sink on the west side. The handle of the pump was on the left side (and the woman was right-handed). The sink was too low. The pantry had no window and the working space was too small. In order to enter the pantry from the kitchen it was necessary to go through the living room. The refrigerator was in the shed. The lamps did not light the working surfaces. The walls were painted gray and the woodwork a darker shade. The woodbox was on the wrong side of the stove. The floor was full of splinters.

At the suggestion of the Home Demonstration Agent the following changes were made:—The sink was moved to the east

side near the pump, and it was raised to the proper height. The handle of the pump was changed to the right side. A window was put in the pantry above the working surface, and a door opened into the kitchen. A closed cupboard in the pantry was made for the dishes. The refrigerator was set in the pantry. Reflectors were placed on the lamps. The woodbox was put on the other side of the stove. Linoleum solved the floor problem, and a new coat of tan paint made the kitchen a more cheerful place to work.

A comfortable chair, and a small table with a magazine or two on it will help the woman to take advantage of a few minutes' rest between duties.

Consider making a pie in these two kitchens. The steps involved are traced in the two diagrams, starting in each case from the circle and along line 1.

Formerly the woman had to make the following journey, shown in Figure 1.

1. To cellar for apples.

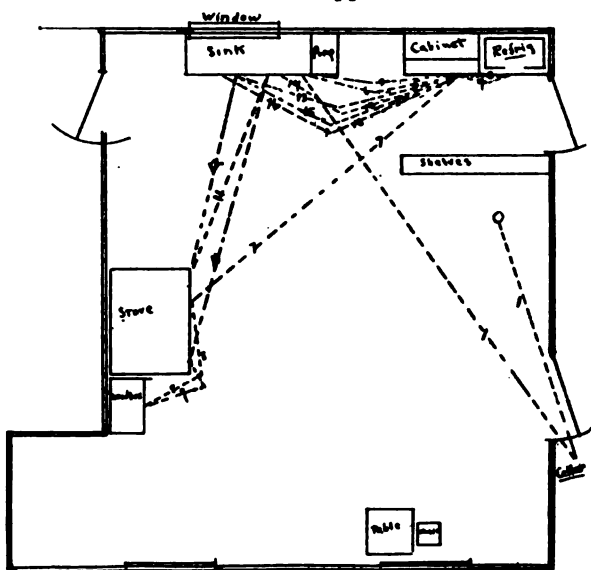


FIGURE 2.

To pump for water.

To sink where she pared apples  
(standing up).

To pantry where she left them ready  
to use.

To refrigerator for shortening.

Back to pantry.

To pump for water to make piecrust  
and to moisten edges of same.

To stove to put pie in oven.

To woodbox for wood and back to  
stove.

To sink for pan and cloth to clean up.

To stove for hot water and back to  
sink.

To pantry to get dishes and back to  
sink.

To pantry to take dishes back and  
clean up working surface.

Back to sink to put away cloth and  
pan.

Now she only has to make the follow-  
ing steps, shown in Figure 2:

To cellar for apples.

To 'sink where she got water and

pared apples (sitting on high stool).

To pantry where refrigerator, cabinet  
and cupboard are all in one area.

To pump for water to make crust and  
back to cabinet.

To stove to put pie in oven.

To woodbox to get wood, and back  
to stove

To sink for pan and cloth.

To stove for hot water and back to  
sink.

With a few steps she washed the  
dishes, cleaned up the cabinet, and put  
the dishes, pan, and cloth away. In  
other words, she "used her head to save  
her heels."

This is not an exaggerated case of  
poor arrangement, for many such cases  
have been found this year. A woman  
needs but to give some intelligent  
thought to equipment and its arrange-  
ment in order to take the "drudge out  
of drudgery." In other words she  
should "use her head and save her  
heels."

## THE LOST BOY

BY CARL HOLLIDAY

University of Toledo, Ohio

Along the street I see some laddie go,  
With cap thrown back and locks all tost;  
The quick pang strikes my heart, and old, old woe  
That hungers for the boy I lost.

And in the deep night when the streets are still  
I see again the face, and hear  
The voice that rings its merriment so shrill;  
And in the dark I brush a tear.

And so I think that as I gaze, heart-sore,  
Upon each laddie passing by,  
I see my boy, and love all boys the more  
Because of one lost long ago.

# ROMANCE IN THE LIFE OF WHITTIER

BY LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH

## Prologue

**I**NTO the heart of a gentle Poet a fair and delicate Maid one day sang her way. Her personality held winning sweetness, her mind a wonderful intellectual power, her life was of unsullied purity.

Fair and fragile as the flowers she loved, this child of Heaven came among the earth-born men and women, wearying with earth's sordidness, to bring to them a bit of the melody to which her soul vibrated.

A century has completed its cycle since the feet of the Maid sought the hard paths of earth, paths that were early abandoned for the heavenly abiding place. Yet, as the Maid journeyed she sang, and the clear cadence of her song vibrated to an answering note in the soul of the poet.

But the Poet was a man, and while his soul thrilled at the notes in the song, in his heart he loved the Maid who sang. And although poets have understanding hearts, he knew not, as yet, what the Maid knew, that her place was not here, but in the Other Country, where his feet could not enter for many, many years.

But the Poet dreamed his dreams of happiness, as men and poets will, while the angels were tuning the harp of the Maid for Heaven's melodies.

One day the Maid heard the voice of the Poet calling and asking her the eternal question of a man to a maid.

The clear eyes of the poet searched in the eyes of the Maid for his answer, but her gaze was already fixed on the sunlit tops of the Far Country.

For a brief moment the heart of the Poet failed him and his song held a discordant strain. But it was because, being a man as well as a poet, he could not fully understand. And when, a little later, the Maid went singing her way to the Place of Peace the Poet's soul vibrated to the celestial

music and his song rang true, with never a false note.

An English writer is quoted by one of Whittier's biographers as saying, "If Whittier, who is unmarried, ever had a love story, he has not sung about it in the ears of the world."

Not with a prying curiosity that would lay bare to a coldly inquisitive world the tender and sa-

cred emotions of the dead poet's heart, or rudely unearth that which he chose to keep locked in the recesses of his memory, is the following brief chapter in Whittier's life revived.

Students of Whittier's biography are cognizant of the fact that a rumor was extant at one time to the effect that the poet was engaged to be married. If an unkind fate shattered his hope of union with one who would have proved an inspiration to his highest endeavor, whose soul would have blended with his in the true union of perfect mating and brought to

Do you believe in "treating 'em rough?" Evidently Whittier did, but at the same time the gentle poet was too tender hearted to be a "cave man."

"I know that I have knelt too lowly  
For smiles so oft withdrawn  
That trusting love received too slowly  
The lesson of thy scorn."

Mrs. Ainsworth has given a beautiful revelation of a hidden chapter in the life of Whittier.

If you love real romance read it.

him the completeness which one who journeys life's pathway alone can never know, will we not, comprehending it, love him just a little better, a little differently, a little more sympathetically? Will we not reverence a little more deeply one who, burying his early sorrow, could lean so trustingly down through the years on the "Eternal Goodness," and sing with such

Whittier, of an interesting rumor, which had, however, no foundation in fact:—

"We have just heard of your brother's engagement. \* \* \* I congratulate you with all my heart. She came to me in my dreams last night, and so charming a creature I never saw, or before imagined. I passed a few hours in her society, and I loved



John Greenleaf Whittier

Photo Heretofore Unpublished

simple faith as "Beside the Silent Sea" he waited the "muffled oar,"

"And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee!"

In Pickard's Life of Whittier, Vol. 1, pp 244-5, is found the following:

"On the 14th of March, 1839, Miss Minot wrote to her friend, Elizabeth

her as though she had been the most cherished friend of years \* \* \* We hear that she is from Brooklyn and that she is not a Quakeress." Mr. Pickard in a foot note states, "This reference is probably to Lucy Hooper."

The letter by Miss Minot quoted above was written in March, 1839. In the April (1839) number of a magazine which recently came into the



hands of the writers, appeared the poem under Whittier's name, and, however one may regard it as a literary production, no one will deny that it breathes the sentiment of a disappointed and heartbroken lover. The fact that it was written only a month following the report of Whittier's engagement to Miss Hooper is a coincidence suggestive of the belief that he sang truly.

"Pass away like thoughts unspoken  
The vows that I have said,  
I give thee back thy plighted word—"

Here is the full text of the poem:

To\*\*\*\*\*

John G. Whittier

"Forgive thee—yes, I do forgive thee,  
And bless thee as we part,  
And pray that years may never leave thee  
My agony of heart.  
I call no shadowy malison  
Upon thy fair young brow,  
And would thy life might ever run  
As sunwardly as now.

"I know that I have knelt too lowly  
For smiles so oft withdrawn,  
That trusting love received too slowly  
The lesson of thy scorn,  
That thou has had thy triumph hour  
Unquestioned and complete  
When prompted by a spell of power  
I knelt me at thy feet.

"'Tis over now, the charm is broken.  
The feverish dream hath fled,  
And pass away like thoughts unspoken  
The vows that I have said.  
I give thee back thy plighted word,  
Its tones shall ever be  
Like music by the slumberer heard,  
A dreamer's melody.

"Go now, the light of hope is on thee,  
Thy lover's claims are o'er;  
A thousand smiles thy charms have won  
thee,  
They'll win a thousand more.  
For beauty hath a charming spell  
Upon the human will;  
Though false the heart it veils so well  
It hath its homage still.

"Go, heartless girl, thou'lt smile tomorrow  
As I had never been,  
And spurn thy lover's words of sorrow,  
For those of happier men.  
A darker destiny the page  
Of coming years may tell;

God help thee in thy pilgrimage;  
Loved being, fare thee well."

It will be noted that there is the same number of asterisks in the title that there are letters in the name "Hooper."

Whittier was a resident of Philadelphia in 1839. In July of that year his health failed, and he called upon his cousin, Moses A. Cartland, to assume his editorial duties, which the latter did. Might not his sorrow, manfully suppressed and hidden from the prying eyes of the world, burned more deeply into the poet's heart and hastened the crisis when his very life was despaired of, as is referred to on page 254 of Pickard's work?

One has but to read the memoir of Lucy Hooper to understand that she must early have realized how futile any dreams of earthly happiness must be for her. Always delicate and ethereal, the dread disease, pulmonary consumption, with which she fought a long and losing struggle, found feeble resistance in her physical frame.

Two years following the incidents referred to in this article, at the age of 24 years, this promising young poet laid down her pen and answered the higher call. And it was then, perhaps, that the Poet fully understood, and his song rang true, with never a false note.

And he sang:

"Farewell! —a little time and we  
Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,  
One after one shall follow thee,  
As pilgrims through the Gate of Fear  
Which opens on Eternity.  
Yet we shall cherish not the less  
All that is left our hearts meanwhile;  
The memory of thy loveliness  
Shall round our weary pathway smile.  
Like moonlight when the sun has set,  
A sweet and tender radiance yet.  
Thought of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,  
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong—  
The truth, the strength, the graceful  
beauty  
Which blended in thy song.

# THE WORTHLESS FELLER

BY WILLIAM M. STUART

Have you ever misjudged your neighbor? Perhaps you are doing so now. There is rarely a character so despicable that it hasn't its redeeming virtues. Even old Mose had his as is shown in this concluding installment of Mr. Stuart's story.

*Continued from October Issue*

Mose loved children and was never so content as when one or more of his numerous brood was following him about. And this was not a particularly difficult feat for even the brief legs of the youngest of his flock to compass. Mose loved all the children of the neighborhood; for they never referred by either word or action to his well established reputation. During the war he failed to display much interest in the struggle until told that the Germans made war on children. He thereupon promptly placed a second mortgage on the farm and invested the proceeds in Liberty Bonds.

On the part of the children, their love for him was blended with admiration. For who but Mose would leave his farming to engineer a fishing party? Who but Mose would take a flock of boys on a wood-chuck-hunting expedition? Who could play mumble-the-peg so well? Who knew so many stories and was so willing to tell them? Especially was his repertoire of ghost and Indian stories extensive. Who could make so many curious things by means of the simple tools of jackknife and a stick of pine? From even the lowly and despised milkweed he could devise many attractive ornaments. He could skin a rabbit quicker, pitch quoits straighter, whistle louder, imitate the calls of birds and beasts more realistically, and even make doll dresses better than any person—male or female—in the township.

Hence it came to pass that Mose Duryea was the children's friend.

Friday was fair and hot. The recent rain dried rapidly from the grass under the fierce rays of the July sun. After a substantial dinner, Mose hitched his team of blacks to the decrepit mowing-machine and drove out to the road with the intention of going down to the lower place and cutting the clover.

In the front yard were his own Ruth and his neighbor's Polly playing happily together. The girls begged clamorously to be allowed to accompany him. Mose reflected between puffs of his pipe and at last took both the girls on his lap and clucked to the team.

The colts were feeling in great fettle. They pranced and cavorted with arching necks and pawing hoofs. Mose regarded them with loving eyes wherein a shadow of trouble lurked. To-morrow would be Saturday. Would he lose them then? He put the distasteful thought aside and sang to his giggling lapful of girls as the mower rattled on its way to the clover.

Coming to the field at length, Ruth began to loudly importune her father.

"Oh, Daddy," she cried, "show Polly and me where the big bank is—where it falls way, way down."

"Not on yer two little tintypes," demurred Mose. "That's a nawful dangerous place."

"Oh, come on, Daddy. Tie the team and show us. We won't fall off."

Beguiled by their pleading against his better judgment, Mose finally permitted the vivacious girls to lead him to the bluff overlooking the creek. Here there was an almost perpendicular fall of two hundred feet from the edge of the field to the bed of the stream.

As the trio approached the dangerous spot, Mose indicated far more fear and hesitancy than did the girls. His tanned face blanched and he hung back nervously.

"Careful, Polly!" he warned. "Don't pull my hand like that. What if my foot had slipped then? I ain't so spry as I used to be. And you girls mustn't go near here when I'm workin', fer if you fell over 'twould kill you deader'n a smelt."

"What's a smelt, Daddy?"

"Oh, a smelt's a queer little feller of a fish what's awful dead when he's dead."

Standing safely back from the brink Mose picked up a stone and threw it into the chasm. Far below a faint chug was heard as the missile plunged into a pool of water.

"You wouldn't strike in the water if you fell over," warned the farmer. "You'd strike on them tarnation rough stones down thar 'n 'twould squash you right out flat."

The girls shuddered, but finally emboldened, they approached the brink and threw daisies and buttercups over and laughed gleefully to see the flowers twist and turn until they alighted in the pool or on the rocks below.

"That's enough now," said Mose at last. "I've got to cut this here clover. You girls scamper over to the other side of the field and play in the shade of the trees."

"Oh, go on and cut your hay," answered Polly contumaciously. "We're all right. We're big enough to keep out of danger. I'm going to stay here and pick this nice lot of daisies. It's the best patch in the

field. I ain't afraid. Be you, Ruth?"

"Some like your dad, ain't you?" "No, you girls have got to go 'way from here 'fore I leave you. I wouldn't dast leave you here."

Reluctantly and with many backward glances on the part of Polly, the little misses finally strolled away from the dangerous precipice and seated themselves under a maple tree at the farther side of the field.

Mose unhitched his team, threw the rusty machine into mesh and struck into the field of red-top.

The falling of the grass before the scintillating knives aroused in Mose unwonted emotions. The great fear of yesterday still lingered in his mind and he found himself comparing the stalks of clover to people and the clattering mower to Death ever advancing apace with his flashing scythe. Fascinated, he watched the plants shiver for a moment when smitten and then slither to the ground where the leaves almost immediately began to wither under the fierce heat of the sun.

"That's the way we've all got to go sometime," he murmured. "We've all got to die, but—I dread it!"

Possibly it was Digby's threat to take the colts, the nearness of the dangerous precipice, or the contemplation of a startling woodcut in a patent medicine almanac which Mose had scanned the previous evening that had aroused in him this peculiar frame of mind. Presumably it was the latter, for he was not inventive enough to have conjured up the picture of Death and his scythe without help.

He wondered how it felt to die. First, he decided, there would be difficulty in breathing, next, terrible pains and, finally—darkness.

"Lord!" he choked as he slapped the colts with the lines, "I hate to think of it. If they was only some way fer a feller to git out of it. But they ain't. We've all got to come to it. Lord!"

When on the bluff side of the piece Mose drove cautiously, indeed, during the first two rounds, for a sudden startled plunge of the colts in the wrong direction would mean a terrible death for him and destruction for the team. He shuddered every time he passed the dangerous spot.

A more energetic man would have erected a strong fence there long before to guard against just such mishaps, but it is probable that the idea had never occurred to Mose.

Round after round was safely compassed and Duryea's heart became glad—its usual condition when not frozen by fear. Why worry about tomorrow? Something would surely turn up before then. Perhaps Rob would hold off until the clover could be sold. Perhaps he was only joking after all. But, no, Mose well knew that Digby rarely joked and he was a man of his word. No need to bank on that. However, he would not worry when all nature seemed glad.

It was a typical summer's day of the better sort. Fleecy clouds drifted across the deep-blue sky, locusts sang noisily and heat waves shimmered over the field of red-top. It was simply irresistible.

Never in all his forty years had Mose felt more content. He puffed away at his corn-cob pipe and occasionally sang snatches of songs. He had frequent recourse to a jug of buttermilk which he had placed conveniently at hand under an armful of cut clover in order to keep it cool.

He had arranged another armful of clover in the seat of the mower to serve as a cushion and add to his content. Although he frequently called to Ruth and Polly, he did not worry about them. If he could possibly help it, he never worried long about anything. He gave himself over to pleasant meditation on nothing of moment and his heart sang within him. This was the ideal job—sitting

easily in the seat of the mower, riding about the field behind the blacks, enjoying the sunshine and the pipe.

On his fourth revolution around the field he missed his neighbor's daughter.

"Where's Polly?" he called to Ruth.

"Oh, she just went into the middle of the field to pick some more daisies," answered Ruth. "She'll be back pretty soon. We're all right, Daddy."

On the next time around, the off horse suddenly began to plunge and kick. Over its back the air seemed to be alive with darting insects.

"Yellow-jackets!" ejaculated Mose in alarm as he jerked on the lines. The high horse now began to plunge wildly under the sharp goading of the venomous bees. Mose exerted all his strength in an effort to hold the mettlesome team. Then suddenly the off rein, being old and patched, broke and the horses began to run.

Mose tried to throw the machine out of mesh, but the rusty lever stuck—possibly because of the high rate of speed. The team were running due east and parallel to the cliff. Only about twenty feet separated them from the precipice. Duryea could not turn the frightened horses up the slope for the off line was broken. To turn the other way meant destruction. The only alternative was to fall off the machine behind and let the colts go.

Although his heart was wrung with fears for his beloved team's safety, Mose was about to adopt this plan, when directly in front of the rattling knives and but a few yards away, he beheld a vision that almost stopped the beating of his heart.

There sitting in the clover, her checkered apron full of daisies and buttercups, was little Polly Digby. Her eyes, open wide with terror, were fixed on the inflamed nostrils of the oncoming team. She seemed as incapable of movement as a bird which gazes into the eyes of a rattlesnake.

Three seconds more and she would be horribly mangled in the flashing knives of the mower. If Mose should falter for one brief moment she was lost.

The children's friend did not hesitate. There was but one thing to do and he did it.

Bracing his feet, he pulled on the high line with all his strength. The team swerved sharply to the left, a terrible scream of terror broke from the high horse, and then 'mid a shower of dust and grass—team, machine and man disappeared over the brink. A snapping of brush followed and, far below on the rocks—a crash.

From the distant field came the whirr of machinery and the song of a worker. A flock of crows cawed loudly as they flapped their way toward the south, and the myriad voices of the open places seemed to proclaim the joy of living.

Then—piercingly came a child's scream.

"Oh Daddy! Daddy!"

The noise of the runaway and the screams of the children had attracted the attention of Robert Digby who was at work in an adjoining field. He hurried to the spot and gazed about questioningly.

Still sitting in the clover, her face buried in her hands, was his little daughter, Polly—safe. Her shoulders were quivering with horror and sorrow. She was sobbing hysterically.

Digby's eyes followed the tell-tale path of the mower, where the swath led directly toward Polly until six yards from where she crouched it suddenly swerved toward the left and mingled with those previously cut.

And seeing, Digby rushed for the bank.

With blended horror and ineffable gratitude in his eyes, he threw himself prone on the ground and peered over the brink.

On the jagged rocks below he beheld the fragments of the mowing-machine and the mangled bodies of the black colts. Instinctively he closed his eyes for a moment, then resolutely opened them again and carefully scanned the bottom of the gorge.

The body of his neighbor was not in sight.

Then his eyes wandered to a spot one-third the way down the cliff. Just at the spot where the accident occurred three sturdy oak trees had formerly grown in a cluster, but yesterday's gale had uprooted them. The force of the wind had not been sufficient to wholly tear them loose from the soil, and they hung over the bank at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the cliff below. Their intertwined branches made a perfect meshwork, but the impetus and weight of the team had carried horses and machine through this providential support to destruction on the rocks.

As Digby's eyes sought the maze of foliage, a movement in the branches attracted his attention.

"Mose! Oh, Mose," he called anxiously, "are you alive? Fer if you be, Mose, I've got enough money in my pocket to buy you a new span o'colts, 'n you needn't worry none 'bout that note."

From the leaves below a voice somewhat tremulous and weak, but albeit familiar, came up to him:

"Well, I guess I'll pull through somehow."

*The End*

# BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

CONDUCTED BY VIVIAN SAVACOOLO.

## Raw Material

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

Dorothy Canfield frankly states that her "Raw Material" is a "rather odd"

(HARCOURT book. We will accept her adjective if by it BRACE & Co.) she only means a book which is entirely different and delightfully surprising. I am an ardent admirer of Miss Canfield's literary creations, and my joy on hearing that a new book had been published was measured by the pleasure her past work had given me. My curiosity and anticipatory zest were whetted by such notices as the following:

"Dorothy Canfield has an exquisite gift for a sketch. What she sees in any fortunate moment she can tell you with an eloquence which draws tears or laughter at her will. Her command for words for pictures is absolute."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Such a notice should have prepared me, but, nevertheless, it was with the happy memories of her splendid novels in mind that I opened "Raw Material." Instead of a group of characters carefully and cunningly revealed through a series of varied experiences as in "Rough Hewn," I found a number of brief episodes, each complete in itself as far as any connection with the rest of the book was concerned, but no more complete than any episode in life can be which only time can finish and fulfil.

Such a plan for a book does seem odd, especially as only two or three of the sketches can truly be classified as short stories. Miss Canfield, however, tells in an explanatory preface how she came to form a habit of mind which delights in perceiving the dramatic in an incident of the most ordinary daily life and spinning from it in her mind stories far more real, vivid, and pulsating with life than any she has so far been able

to transfer to paper. This pleasure she wishes to bestow on others so she has written a book stating as concisely as possible, with almost no personal reaction, episodes,—tragic, pathetic, or humorous as the case may be,—which seem to her suggestive of how incidents shape human destiny and of how human beings react to experiences in ways which make us first, pityingly deprecatory, next, proud of the race to which we belong.

The rest the reader must do for himself. What he finds in this book will depend upon the keenness of his observation, the wealth of his sympathetic understanding of other people in the past, and on the richness of his imagination and sensitiveness to suggestion. With such qualities Miss Canfield is evidently well-endowed, for she has taken simple characters like Old Man Warner, the stubborn Vermont farmer, Fairfax Hunter, the colored family servant, Uncle Giles, the grafter, and showed the pathos, strength, and weakness in their characters in the simplest manner, always with a sense of humor or of tragedy playing over her words like an illuminating, highly colored light.

Incidents from her life abroad also become quite as stimulating to us as those drawn from her home close at hand in Vermont. We feel that she has made us understand and know Monsieur Brodard with his high ideals so tragically overthrown, Professor Paul Meyer who fell a victim to too great absorption in one interest, and, perhaps most of all, Octavie Moreau, that strong-minded, intellectual woman with whom we share a desperate experience in a German prison camp.

The book is written simply, needless to say, with the simplicity that conceals

Art. For it is Art indeed which selects a dramatic episode from a life and with a few inspired words truly bestows the emotions on others with the additional gift of a subtle hidden suggestion which we search for in vain, although our imagination instantly responds to its lure. Miss Canfield has treated her readers to a new kind of literary pleasure. She has given them extracts from her own full life without conclusions, which reveal human nature in such a way that we must seek to solve and understand

it, with such vividness that we delight to weave pasts and futures for these new friends to whom we are introduced.

In short "Raw Material" is a book which leaves, I would say, about half to the reader and therefore will delight all people who like to think for themselves. I have already said too much, however, and should follow Miss Canfield's example and allow people to do at least half for themselves when forming their opinion about her book.

## MEMORIES OF THE OLD FARM

BY LESLIE H. PHINNEY

Autumn's first snow flakes, borne on Winter's breath,  
Are beating at the pane;  
I watch the pavement change from brown to gray,  
And Time gives back again  
Old memories:

A vision of the country home I knew  
When life was fair and gay,  
Upon the canvas of the growing dusk  
I paint that home—to-day:

Just an old house 'neath the pine trees' shadow,  
Keeping watch o'er moon-lit fields of snow:  
Just an old stone doorstep, with the hollow  
Worn by feet that trod, firm, light, or slow;  
Just a wide fireplace; around it, singing,  
Happy children played in days gone by;  
Just a low-ceiled room, once warm and cheery,  
Where mice and bats now hold their revels sly.

Just a brook where sweet-flag roots are growing,  
With violets blue its banks in spring are gay;  
Just a field where wild strawberries linger,  
And wild bees sip the clover blooms all day;  
Just an orchard where the trees are dying,—  
The fruit makes for the deer a dainty feast;  
Just an old barn, with its sagging roof-tree  
That never more will shelter fowl or beast.

Just an oak where squirrels come for acorns;  
Just a wood-land where the mayflowers hide.  
Just a birch grove, with its silvery pillars;  
Just a pasture, with the wall beside.  
Just an oriole's nest in the tree top,  
On summer morns their mellow love song trills;  
Just a spot that love has not forgotten,—  
An old abandoned farm up in the hills.

## THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

THE month of fairs is ended. The siren call of the vendor's whistle has faded away on the breezes, not to be heard until the next autumnal season. The giant ferris wheel no longer revolves its sluggish way through the heavens, carrying its burden of frightened young ladies clutching the manly sleeve of their masculine protectors. The last toy balloon has drifted lazily skyward, leaving its aggrieved and weeping young owner. The shouts of the excited throng and the rapid thud of the hoofs upon the race-track are things of the past. We breathe a sigh of relief which has a little note of loneliness in it as we realize that the gayety of the season is past and we are again face to face with another winter.

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One of the oldest of the Anglo-Saxon institutions which were inherited by our New England fathers is the agricultural fair. We may turn back the pages of that quaint old English narrative, "The Vicar of Wakefield" and read the story so familiar to every school boy—"Moses at the Fair." Fair time was the very apex of the season's activities in the days when New England was young and robust. It was a time when the sturdy farmers brought the best results of their year's work to compare them with the exhibits of their neighbors in friendly competition. It was a time when political and patriotic feeling ran high and many a statesman soared to his greatest oratorical heights before the cheering throngs who were made eager listeners by the spirit of festivity which reigned among them. James G. Blaine, the silver-tongued orator of Maine, Ben Butler, who so loved to flaunt the bloody shirt in Massachusetts, and Cy Sulloway the "tall old pine of New Hampshire," were familiar figures in the old New England fairs.

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These yearly festivals were fairs not carnivals. The midway was decidedly

a minor feature in their proceedings. Those lovers of New England who are to-day striving to rejuvenate her spirit and repopulate her hills would do well to turn their attention to the transformation which has been taking place in our fairs. To be sure the various promoters of these celebrations will inform us that larger crowds attended them this year than ever before. It has seemed to us, however, that we have never seen New Hampshire fairs present a more meagre exhibit of livestock and produce. We saw few of those magnificent specimens of the various herds owned within our state. We saw little of the beautiful handiwork of the housewife. Lovers of horses would scarcely go into rapture over the races. The feature of the fairs which appeared to be gaining the most was the one which is to us the least desirable. The midway is growing. We have never before seen so many double-headed calves, five-legged dogs, and wild women who subsist on live serpents. Had we possessed the disposition to gamble we could have spent a king's ransom and returned with a few blankets and a couple of dolls as our prizes. To be sure, some of our statesmen graced the occasions and delivered addresses, but to every person who listened to them in a half-hearted way there were ten who preferred to spend their time gazing in open-mouthed wonder at a bearded woman or a giraffe with a sore throat.

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The state of Maine has been obliged to cancel the stipend which it has furnished to support some of the country fairs because of the cheap character of the entertainment. On the other hand, New England can well be proud of the Eastern States Exposition at Springfield which was an old-fashioned fair with some of the finest exhibits ever shown. Those who believe that the public are interested only in the vaudeville attractions of a carnival should think



upon the fact that although this celebration charged the largest entrance fee of any fair in New England it had by far the largest attendance. The state of New Hampshire has contributed to the support of its fairs. Our Commissioner of Agriculture has stated that he was satisfied with those of this year.

We grant that they had many good qualities and were probably much better than those which Maine has had to discontinue. But on the other hand, we wonder if all of our fairs were the type which New Hampshire really wants. Before another year comes round let us "think on these things."

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### In This Issue

The GRANITE MONTHLY feels fortunate in being able to present to its readers the article, "Is New Hampshire Completed?" by its associate editor William S. Rossiter. Mr. Rossiter is a well-known figure in New Hampshire as well as in the nation at large. He is a former newspaper man of wide and successful experience, having been connected with the New York Tribune and the New York Press. Succeeding the late William E. Chandler as President of the Rumford Press, he has made Concord one of the printing centers of the country by his successful efforts in building up that concern. Mr. Rossiter's specialty, however, is his work as a census expert. With a knowledge derived from his services in that department of the United States Government, he has been able to interpret the meaning of the shift in population in a most striking manner. His article entitled, "Three Sentinels of the North," which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly and his various lectures upon the conditions of New Hampshire's population has made him the central figure in a movement among various state leaders to remedy the conditions which brought about our decrease in population.

H. Styles Bridges is well-known to readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY because of the articles upon matters pertaining to agriculture which he has contributed in the past. He is also becoming

well-known to the people of the state as a whole through his efforts upon the platform and through the press to promote the interests of New Hampshire Farm Bureau of which he is Secretary. It is highly appropriate that he should give to the people of the state the story of the birth and growth of this important organization. The first of his series of articles appears in this number.

Two other old friends of the Granite Monthly are Professor A. W. Richardson, the author of another interesting account of poultry raising in New Hampshire and Miss Daisy Deane Williamson, who gives us a vivid mental conception of the amount of human energy wasted in a poorly arranged kitchen.

Mrs. Lillian M. Ainsworth who recently concluded her successful work on the Manchester Daily Mirror to join the editorial staff of the Concord Monitor has favored the GRANITE MONTHLY with a heretofore comparatively unknown chapter in the life of one of New England's greatest poets.

Mr. Philip W. Dodd is a young newspaper man who is taking special work in the department of journalism of Boston University. He recently made a study of New Hampshire's yearly toll of motor accidents and in this issue gives us the result of his investigations.

# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## A Page of Clippings

### The First Candidate for Governor

A real "honest to goodness" candidate for the republican nomination for governor has announced himself. Personally we have never met the man, but those who are acquainted with him speak in the highest terms, and those who know him best have no word of criticism. Even democrats admit that he is about as nearly perfect as it is possible for mere man to be. He has had experience in both branches of the legislature, is a good business man, has large interests, both in business and in better things, is a World War veteran, and as much entitled to a nomination and election as any man in the state. Judging by all these things it looks as though the republicans of New Hampshire are to have a standard bearer in John G. Winant in whom they can put full confidence—*Franklin Transcript*

While the talked-of candidates for governor on the Republican side were thinking it over, John G. Winant of Concord has thrown his hat into the ring. He is an able man who has already had quite an interesting public career and who declares in his announcement that he was the original introducer of a forty-eight-hour bill in the legislature. He thus evidently hopes to steal the Democratic thunder. Senator Moses makes the comment that at this time he is unable to determine whether Winant is the early bird who catches the worm or the early worm that is caught by the bird. We don't imagine that anybody is very much excited by the announcement just now, but it is a reminder that a political campaign is approaching. The editor of the Concord Monitor and Patriot states that, as Mr. Winant is a part owner in the paper, he prefers that no editorial comment on his candidacy be made. Which affords quite a contrast to the

attitude of some past candidates who have gone into the newspaper business to secure editorial support.

—*Rochester Courier*

Captain John Winant of Concord, World War aviator, has announced that he will be a Republican candidate for governor at the primary. Capt. Winant is an extremely likeable chap, and he's done quite well in politics over in Concord. But just now he appears to be taking a long chance on having his political ship wrecked in a tail spin.

—*Keene Sentinel*

Maj. Winant promises to come forward within a few days with his platform. There is no doubt that he will proclaim himself an advocate of the 48-hour law, as, indeed, he has a right to, for he was one of the first Republican leaders to do anything in favor of 48 hours as a maximum week's work for women and children. He will also take a stand in favor of a reasonable poll tax in place of the present high tax and will advocate a number of other progressive measures that are expected to rally to his standard the progressive wing of the Republican party. . . . . It is true that in the last Legislature there had been talk of Winant for Governor. But it had been speculation, not for 1924 but in the distant future, after Morrill, Barnes and six or seven other distinguished gentlemen had been taken care of and taken their places either in the ranks of former Governors or defeated candidates. Maj. Winant is only 34 years old, and it was the opinion among the regulars that he could wait anywhere from six to ten years before being a candidate. This is on the old New England theory that children in well-behaved families are made to be seen and not heard.

—*Hobart Pillsbury in the Boston Herald*

## When Editors Disagree

The enemies of Mr. Hughes have been very active and they think they have got Mr. Coolidge into such a position on the World Court issue that Mr. Hughes will find his continuance in office an embarrassment.

On this line, we suppose, was the recent editorial utterance of a New Hampshire newspaper which concluded: "The World Court proposition is a fine thing to let alone right now. Thus far President Coolidge has had the good sense to let it alone. The Union hopes he will continue to do so."

The Monitor-Patriot hopes he will not. It hopes he will carry out, in accordance with his general promise, the policy of President Harding in this regard: and that he will have the invaluable support and close and cordial co-operation in this matter and all others of foreign policy of one of the greatest heads of the State Department in the history of this nation.

*Concord Monitor-Patriot*

## New England's Future

In New Hampshire men like Frank Knox of Manchester and ex-Governor Robert Bass of Peterboro have initiated a "survey" of the condition of their State and a prospective "program" for arresting the decline which it has shown in many particulars and for changing that decline into an advance. Ex-Governor Bass has incubated an ingenious proposed law for impounding water in new reservoirs at public expense on New Hampshire rivers, while meeting that expense in the end through contracts made before hand with private manufacturing plants for the paid use of the surplus water. The future of New England, according to Mr. Bass, lies in cheap power from water sources, in skilled labor of the highest training, and in manufactured products so clearly and uniquely the result of such labor that they will be able to travel great distances

at high freight rates and still on their merits find a market at high profitable prices..... To regenerate their railroad transportation system and to get renewed good rail service; to regenerate their agriculture and to get a renewed effective countryside; to discover and develop new sources of power in order to supplement or replace the coal which comes so expensively from mines so distant at final costs so high—such are the problems that New England must solve if it wishes to retain its position in American life, and they exceed by far in difficulty the problems which confront the North west. —*The Nation*

## Burlesquing Burleson

A group of reactionary New Hampshire Democrats are talking of starting a Burleson-for-President Club. The platform of this club is former Postmaster-General Burleson for President and a repeal of the last four amendments to the constitution—income tax, prohibition, woman suffrage and the direct election of senators. The club is also pledged to abolish the direct primary.

This program has struck a responsive chord in many audiences where it has been informally suggested. It is said, in fact, that any gathering of representative citizens of over 50 years of age can be depended on to hail the Burleson movement as the first step in the path back to normalcy. The women especially are enthusiastic over it in some quarters.

No canvass for membership has been made, nor is one necessary. The proposition sells itself. No effort is being made to proselyte among such leaders as Judge James W. Remick, former Gov. Robert P. Bass or the editorial staff of the Granite Monthly. Nor will the organization submit questionnaires to candidates like the New Hampshire Non-Partisan League or the People's Progressive Political Party.....

—*Boston Herald*

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## LOREN D. TOWLE

Loren Delbert Towle, born in Newport, N. H., March 25, 1874; died in Newton, Mass., September 28, 1923.

Mr. Towle was the son of George H. and Mary A. (Goward) Towle. He graduated from Newport High school in 1892, among his classmates being Olin H. Chase, now of Concord, and subsequently pursued a course of study in the Eastman Business College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

He served for a time as a clerk in a Boston dry goods house, and in 1894 commenced business for himself as a real estate operator, in which line he continued until death. Starting in without capital he succeeded, through the exercise of keen business judgment and far-seeing sagacity, in gaining a fortune seldom equalled in the same length of time by any man in any line of business. His operations included the purchase, development and sale of some of the most important pieces of real estate in and around Boston, and the carrying out of some of the most extensive building plans; while at the time of his death he was engaged, among other things, in the development of a personal estate on Newton Highlands, exceeding in the magnitude, variety

and expense of its appointments anything of the kind in New England.

His death came suddenly, following an operation at the Newton Hospital for some internal trouble, and was a sad surprise to his many friends, not a few of whom were in his native town, to which he had given \$150,000 for a modern high school building, and where he was an honored guest and speaker on Old Home Day, August 23, only five weeks before.



Loren D. Towle

Mr. Towle held many positions of trust and responsibility, and was a member of numerous societies and clubs. He was President of the Newton Improvement Association, in which city was his home, a director of the International Trust Company, a member and director of the Boston Real Estate Exchange, and of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. He was also a member and deacon of the Eliot Congregational Church of Newton, a director of the Newton Y. M. C. A., and a trustee of the Pilgrim Memorial Fund. He was also active and prominent in the various

Masonic organizations.

He married, June 28, 1899, Helen M. Le-land of Dover, Maine, by whom he is survived, with two daughters—Evelene Marion, a sophomore at Wellesley, and Charlotte Frances, a student in the Newton High school.

## REV. HOWARD F. HILL.

Rev. Howard F. Hill, D. D. died at his home in Concord, October 21st. Dr. Hill was in his 78th year, having been born in Concord, July 1, 1846. He was educated in Concord High School, Norwich University, Dartmouth College, Episcopal Theological Seminary, and received honorary degrees from Trinity College, Bishops' College, and the University of Vermont.

His activities were not confined to those associated with his sacred calling. A Democrat in politics, he served in Concord City Government, Constitutional Convention, and two sessions of the Legislature. He was also chaplain of the Vermont Legislature and of the Vermont National Guard. For five years he was editor of the New Hampshire Patriot and later in life published a periodical of the Episcopal Church.

Dr. Hill was ordained to the Episcopal

priesthood in 1887. He served churches at Ashland, Holderness and Pittsfield of this state, Montpelier, Vt., and Amesbury, Mass.

In Masonry he advanced to the 33rd degree. He was President of the New Hampshire Sons of the Revolution.

#### EDWIN M. ALLEN.

Edwin M. Allen, who recently passed away in Canaan, had long played an active part in the public affairs of that town. Born in East Middlebury, Vermont, he was educated in the schools of Keene, N. H. and came to Canaan to learn the drug business with John B. Coburn. He became a registered pharmacist in 1886 and established himself in that business in which he continued until his death. He was a Democrat and active in party affairs until his appointment



Edwin M. Allen

ment as Postmaster of Canaan, March 1, 1916. He was President of the New Hampshire Pharmaceutical Association, Director of People's Trust Company, Lebanon, and President of Canaan-Enfield Electric Company. He was a Knight of Pythias and a Granger.

#### GEORGE S. FORREST

George Sidney Forrest, born in Belmont, January 26, 1852, and who died August 22, at Concord, where he had been a resident for 49 years, was one of the prominent architects of the State, and a member at the time of his death of the Building Code Committee of the Concord Chamber of Commerce. Among the buildings designed by him are the remodelled Court House at Concord, and the large apartment house now building there, Rumford Arms, his last work being upon

plans for certain new buildings at the Orphans' Home, Franklin. He was a son of Sidney and Hannah (Gile) Forrest, Ohio pioneers, and the grandson of William and Dorothy (Worthen) Forrest, early settlers of Canterbury, William Forrest having been one of the men selected in 1775 for the expedition against Quebec, and who later fought in the battles of Bennington and Stillwater, serving throughout the Revolutionary War. Mr. Forrest is survived by a widow and by three daughters and two sons, one of whom, Harry G. Forrest, has been associated with him in his profession for several years.

#### DR. ARTHUR C. HEFFENGER

Dr. Arthur C. Heffenger, U. S. N., retired, one of the best known and most successful surgeons in New Hampshire, died at his home in Portsmouth on October 16th.

Dr. Heffenger had been a resident of Portsmouth for nearly forty years, coming there as a young man, a surgeon in the navy. He was born Dec. 12, 1853, at Cumberland, Md. He was graduated from the University of Virginia, and after a post graduate course in the University of Maryland, went into the Navy as a surgeon, seeing 17 years of active service, mostly in South America and the Southern Pacific.

Dr. Heffenger was the first Portsmouth physician to be made a fellow of the American College of Surgeons at Philadelphia and was a past president of the New Hampshire, Rockingham County and Portsmouth Medical societies.

He was a well known sportsman for years, maintaining a large stable.

He is survived by his wife and six children.

#### DR. BORIS SIDIS

Dr. Boris Sidis, known as the first medical man in Rockingham County to practice psychopathology, died at his home in Portsmouth, October 24th.

Dr. Sidis was born in Russia, coming to this country when he was twenty years of age. He was graduated from Harvard in 1894, with an A. B. degree. The following year he received his A. M. degree and in 1897 was made a doctor of philosophy. From 1896 to 1902 he was psychologist and psychopathologist in the state hospital in New York. He was also at one time director of the New York infirmary for women and children in New York City. In 1908 he received his degree of M. D.

In 1909 Dr. Sidis came to Portsmouth and established a sanatorium for treatment of nervous diseases. From them on he personally directed the Sidis Psychotherapeutic institute in this city. He wrote several books on medical subjects, also being associate editor of the New York State Bulletin, a scientific paper.

Dr. Sidis is survived by his widow, one son and one daughter.

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP  
ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF  
CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,  
OF THE GRANITE MONTHLY,**

published monthly, at Concord, New Hampshire,  
for October 1, 1923.

State of New Hampshire,  
County of Merrimack, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the  
State and county aforesaid, personally appeared  
Norris H. Cotton, who, having been duly sworn  
according to law, deposes and says that he is  
the managing editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY, and  
that the following is, to the best of his knowledge  
and belief, a true statement of the ownership,  
management (and if a daily paper, the circula-  
tion) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the  
date shown in the above caption, required by the  
Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 448,  
Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the  
reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the pub-  
lisher, editor, managing editor, and business man-  
agers are:

Publisher, THE GRANITE MONTHLY Co., Inc., Concord,  
N. H.

Managing Editor, Norris H. Cotton, Concord,  
N. H.

Business Managers, None.

2. That the owners are:

Edith Bird Bass, Peterborough, N. H.

Charles Sumner Bird, East Walpole, Mass.

John G. Winant, Concord, N. H.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees,  
and other security holders owning or holding 1  
per cent. or more of total amount of bonds,  
mortgages, or other securities are: None.

NORRIS H. COTTON

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first  
day of October, 1923.

(Seal)

SHERRIE F. PETTENGILL,

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My commission expires November 5, 1927.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE'S ABRAM LINCOLN

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 55

No. 12



DECEMBER 1923

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### Politics Once More In Bloom

**N**OVEMBER is the month of politics in New Hampshire, even in an "off" year, and a great deal of interest was felt in the municipal election of 1923 in Granite State cities, especially that at Manchester, where Mayor George E. Trudel, Republican, was re-elected. The Republican campaign had as its slogan, "One good term deserves another," and was based largely upon Mayor Trudel's fine record in office. In the strong Republican wards a surprisingly large vote was polled and in the wards where citizens of French descent are in the majority their racial loyalty to the Mayor was in evidence.

Without waiting, as had been expected, for the result of the Manchester election, Major Frank Knox of that city on the Saturday before election day made a brief announcement of his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Governor in 1924, promising a longer statement and outline of his platform at a later date. This first announcement emphasized the tax legislation program which he has favored personally and in his papers, the Union and Leader. Major Knox was a Rough Rider with Roosevelt and also saw active service over seas in the World War. Before coming to New Hampshire from Michigan a dozen years ago he was chairman of the Republican state committee in the latter state.

A part of the press of the state and

some leaders of the "Old Guard" division of the Republican party are not satisfied with either Major Knox or the previously announced candidate, Captain John G. Winant, as their standard bearer and are calling for a third candidate to enter the field, naming in that connection former Councilors Albert Hislop of Portsmouth and George W. Barnes of Lyme, Councilor Arthur P. Morrill of Concord and Chairman Huntley N. Spaulding of the state board of education.

Mrs. Alice Hamlin Glessner of Bethlehem, recently appointed by Fred W. Estabrook of Nashua, member of the Republican national committee from New Hampshire, as his woman colleague upon that committee, and Mrs. Jessie E. Donahue of Manchester, vice-chairman of the Republican state committee, conferred recently with Chairman Dwight Hall of the state committee and Executive Secretary Olin H. Chase of the Republican League upon the organization of the Republican women of the state in next year's campaign.

There was comparatively little activity in Democratic politics during the month although Concord's "non-partisan" city election displaced Republican Mayor Chamberlain with Willis H. Flint, Democrat.

### A Busy Governor

**H**ON. Fred H. Brown, Democratic Governor, finds enough to occupy him in his official position without giving

much attention as yet to 1924 politics. As a sample week in November, he spoke on Armistice Day, Sunday, the 11th, at the dedication of a soldiers' memorial in Peterborough. Monday night he attended the American Legion Armistice Ball at the state capital. Tuesday he got in a day at his Somersworth Law office, but was back at the capitol Wednesday for a meeting of the governor and council, leaving that night for Berlin where on Thursday he started the press to print the first copy of the Berlin Daily Mail and attended the annual banquet of the Nibroc Athletic Club. Friday found him in Concord again, issuing his proclamation for Thanksgiving Day and declaring that "the spirit of New Hampshire is still reverent and thankful."

### A Granite State Hero

**A**N interesting connection of this state with Armistice Day in the nation was the belated recognition given by the authorities at Washington to the fact that George Dilboy, one of the heroes of the war, whose body was buried at Arlington on the 12th, enlisted from Keene, New Hampshire, and was a part of the Granite State quota, although credited in previous announcements to Massachusetts. Governor Brown sent as his representative to the exercises at Washington Lieutenant Wilbur Mayou of Keene, commander of the squad in which Dilboy served.

An important gathering of the month in New Hampshire was that of the New Hampshire Civic Association at Manchester to hear Judge John H. Clarke, formerly of the United States Supreme Court, advocate the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations.

### Ku Klux Klan

**T**HE Ku Klux Klan made its first public appearance in New Hampshire during the month with two meetings at Rochester which were addressed by the New England head of the order

with his customary lack of restraint, particularly attacking Mayor Frederick E. Small because of the latter's refusal to allow the meetings to be held in the theater owned by the city.

### State Departments

**T**HE announced decision of the state highway department that it would not assist in keeping the main highways clear of snow this winter occasioned some dissent in southern New Hampshire, but was welcomed generally on the ground that it probably would result in an unusually mild season; this view being taken because, last year, when the department proposed to keep the roads open the snow came early and deep and stayed late.

The splendid showing of New Hampshire in the national fruit show at New York City during the month was a subject of pride and congratulation and will assist in providing a profitable market for all the Granite State fruit which is properly prepared therefor.

### Farewell Football

**T**HANKSGIVING Day brought an end to what on the whole has been a satisfactory season for New Hampshire lovers of football. Although the formal dedication of the Memorial Field at Dartmouth was marked by an overwhelming victory for the visiting Cornell eleven, Dartmouth previously had won from Harvard and in the minds of many graduates and undergraduates that is glory enough for one season. While New Hampshire University did not put so strong an eleven in the field as in some previous years, the good record of its freshman team gave much promise for the future. Phillips Exeter Academy did all that was expected of it in holding Phillips Andover Academy to a tie. Almost all the academies and high schools of the state had well coached elevens, the members of which played a clean game and showed good sportsmanship.

—H. C. P.

# THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

## New Hampshire's Tribute to the Greatest American

BY ELMER E. WOODBURY

The school children of New Hampshire have united to do honor to the greatest American. Their tribute to him has taken the form of a painting to be placed in the Hall of Representatives. A copy of this painting appears as the frontispiece of the magazine and below the Hon. Elmer E. Woodbury, one of the Legislative Committee directing this movement tells the story.

ON February 12, 1809, in Hodgdensville, Kentucky, a man of destiny was born. In poverty and ignorance, in a most humble hut, environed by a scrub farm, one of the most unique characters, one of the world's greatest statesmen, and a nation's most beloved president, first breathed the breath of life—Abraham Lincoln. His only cradle was his mother's arms. He had no toys, for toys cost money which was a commodity unknown in this frontier home. His only playground was the lonely forest. Here he remained until he was seven years old without schooling or books save what his mother provided in a humble way. From here he trudged behind his father and mother to the trackless wilds of southern Indiana where a new home, a mere "lean-to" hut with no windows or floor was built in the primeval forest of Little Pigeon Creek. Here later this boy of destiny knelt sobbing beside his dying mother while she laid her hand on his young head and gave him her blessing, telling him to be good to his father and sister, to love their kin and to worship his God. He watched the body of his sainted mother lowered into a shallow grave on the hillside without a spoken prayer. Tradition tells us that later this boy induced a travelling preacher to deliver a sermon and say a prayer above his mother's grave.

Such was the beginning of that remarkable career of a man whose only schooling was that in which he himself

was the tutor. In a wild and desolate region among the primeval works of nature's God, Abraham Lincoln grew to manhood. A master mind was developed that in later years "with malice toward none, with charity for all," was to preserve intact the nation that he loved.

To Little Pigeon Creek in the wilds of southern Indiana belongs the honor of raising the first monument to Abraham Lincoln. When he followed his parents to the banks of the Sangamon in Illinois, a boyhood companion planted a cedar in memory of him, and that little tree was the first memorial raised in honor to this great man of destiny. His name stands linked with that of Washington in the eyes of the world and will endure longer than bronze or granite. Washington came down from the height of wealth and fame and builded a nation for a poor people, Lincoln came up from the lowest environment of ignorance and poverty and preserved that nation at a time when enemies were trying to destroy it.

From that day when the little cedar was planted in Indiana down to the present memorials in granite, in bronze, in oil, and in many other forms have been raised and will continue to be raised in his honor as long as democracy lives. In the stirring days of '61, when the great leader was indeed "despised and rejected of men," undergoing the sneers of political enemies of the North and in hourly danger from the secret agents of his military enemies of the South, no



Rear Admiral Joseph B. Murdock  
(Retired)

state in the Union supported him more splendidly than did New Hampshire. It is extremely fitting, therefore, that after the lapse of over a half a century this state should join her sisters in honoring his memory.

For a great many years visitors to our State Capitol have admired and commented upon the beautiful portraits in the Hall of Representatives. From left to right they are as follows: the two Colonial Governors Wentworth, President Franklin Pierce, George Washington, Daniel Webster, and John P. Hale.

During the 1921 session of the New Hampshire Legislature, the absence of a portrait of Abraham Lincoln from the state house collection, often in the past noted and commented upon, was made the subject, under the leadership of Representative and former State Senator Elmer E. Woodbury of Woodstock, of official action.

The following resolution was offered in the House by the late Captain James H. Hunt of Nashua, passed by that body and concurred in by the Senate:

Whereas, an oil portrait of Washington, "The Father of His Country," oc-

cupies a conspicuous place in the Capitol Building of New Hampshire, and

Whereas, there is no official portrait of Abraham Lincoln, the great emancipator and preserver of his country, placed in the Capitol Building of this state, and

Whereas, it seems appropriate that our state should be in line with other states in recognizing the services of one of the greatest men the world ever produced, and place beside the portrait of Washington, our first president, an appropriate oil painting of Abraham Lincoln, our sixteenth president.

Therefore, be it Resolved, by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, that a committee of two on the part of the House and one on the part of the Senate be appointed by the Speaker of the House and the President of the Senate, respectively, to solicit funds from the cities and towns of the state not to exceed \$3,000 for the purpose aforesaid.

Resolved, That funds subscribed for aforesaid purpose be placed in the hands of the state treasurer, and expended under the direction of the governor and council who shall direct and approve all work incident thereto.



Hon. Elmer E. Woodbury

Under the terms of this resolution the President of the Senate named to represent that body on the joint committee, Captain John G. Winant of Concord, and the Speaker of the House appointed from his branch Mr. Woodbury and Admiral J. B. Murdock, U. S. N., retired, member from the town of Hill.

The committee decided that it would be appropriate and useful to raise the necessary funds, so far as possible, by a request of the school children of the state for individual contributions of ten cents each. To this appeal nearly ten thousand boys and girls made favorable response.

Thus led by the school children of New Hampshire, the friends and admirers of "Railsplitter" president will place a life size oil portrait of him beside that of Washington in the Hall of Representatives. It will be a New Hampshire product in every sense of the word, paid for by our people, and painted by a native of and resident of the state, Hon. Frank French of Manchester. The committee in charge of the work are planning to unveil this memorial February 12, 1925, when the Legislature is in session.

Most historic figures great as they may be still savor of particular causes and parties. For many years the Democratic members of the New Hampshire

Legislature have gazed upon with pride and unconsciously copied the attitude of their great president, Franklin Pierce as he looks forth upon them in their Hall. On the other hand, Republicans have emulated the doughty staunchness of their great pioneer, John P. Hale, standing before them with the same stern resolution with which he first raised his voice in the National Senate in behalf of abolition. But when the image of the great Lincoln shall be elevated to a place beside the Father of our Country in the center of New Hampshire's Legislative assembly, they will together form a shrine before which men of all creeds and parties may bow themselves, remembering only that they are Americans. After all is said it is utterly futile to pay a fitting tribute to the name of Lincoln. One of his own speeches which was long lost and has recently been found was delivered upon the 110th anniversary of the birthday of Washington, and is strikingly appropriate to be quoted with reference to its author.

"On that name an eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it.

In solemn awe pronounce the name and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on."

## OPPORTUNITY

BY LOUISE PATTERSON GUYOL

Some call her unforgiving, adamant,  
Never-returning if by chance she come  
And find you not. Some say that she will grant  
Unending grace, that you can never plumb  
The depths of her compassion. Others still  
Believe her fickle as an April wind;  
Believe that she will live with you until  
Her fancy change, then, reluctant, find  
A newer love. But there are some say this:  
That Opportunity is quiet, shy;  
And when, uncertainly, she seeks your door,  
You must not be too eager for her kiss;  
Delay a moment, lest she turn to fly—  
Then she will stay, and love you evermore!

# PROGRESSIVE NEW HAMPSHIRE

BY EX-GOVERNOR ROBERT P. BASS

**"New England" declares the Storrow Commission, "has shown courage and resource in the past. We believe New England is ready to do so again."**

## The Pessimist

A number of us were dining together last winter at the Eagle Hotel in Concord. The conversation turned to the future of New England. The more intense industrial competition, mounting transportation costs, the high price and uncertain supply of coal and our waning agricultural production, all came up in the course of discussion. Finally, one of our most successful business men summed up his conclusions as follows:

"It is no use, New England has seen her best days. It is only a question of time before our industries will disappear as fast as the farms are going at present. Our future lies with the tourist and the summer boarder. As a productive section of the country, New England is doomed. Of course, in public I boost New England, but for all that, I realize that the situation is hopeless."

## The Optimist

Some months afterward, I sat in the offices of the President of our State University at Durham. Some twenty men were there assembled at his invitation. There were manufacturers, lum-

bermen, leaders in the modern agricultural movement, bankers, labor union officials and educators, all public spirited and prominent in our State affairs. Here was quite a different spirit, quite a different point of view. This group had come together to definitely work out some plan of action, some State program to meet and overcome the present serious condition which confronts agriculture and many of the industries

in New Hampshire. Here was no hopelessness; ready to take hold of this situation in the public interest, these men proposed to apply their united ability toward finding a solution to this problem in a methodical,

systematic manner.

The contrast of these two points of view illustrates just the difference between success and failure, between growth and decay. Those men at Durham had something of the spirit of our own pioneers. Something of the same spirit that must have inspired those people of Denmark, who on finding themselves in 1866 a bankrupt State, with poor soil, poor stock, undeveloped industry and a large population per square mile, came together, formulated and carried out a well planned agricul-



A Suggested Super-Power System for North America

The lines indicate approximately the structure of the Eastern and Western super-power systems that will probably first come into existence, together with the trans-continental connections which will be installed at some later date to unify the two systems.



tural, educational and social program, which caused that country to become, in a generation, the most generally prosperous agricultural State in the world. Necessity furnished the incentive, education, cooperation and organization did the rest.

We in New Hampshire must meet the new conditions of competition from

spirit of resourcefulness and determination has died out.

We must eliminate waste, we must direct all effort to the best advantage, we must pull together. Our water powers must be developed, those industries best adapted to our resources and markets must be encouraged, our lands and forests must be more efficiently cultivated



Photo by the Kimball Studio, Concord, N. H.

#### DIRECTORS OF N. H. FARM BUREAU

Left to right, standing—Homer S. Smith; Ex-Governor Robert P. Bass, Peterboro; Arthur P. Reed, Winchester; H. Styles Bridges, Concord.

Left to right, seated—S. A. Lovejoy, Milford; Mrs. Fannie B. White, Claremont; George M. Putnam, Contoocook; Herbert N. Sawyer, Atkinson; J. C. Avery, Wolfeboro.

those parts of the country more favorably situated as to raw material, power, soils or even climate with brains and organization, with education and cooperation. If our industries decline and our farms continue to be abandoned, if we become nothing more than a summer playground, it will not be because our problem is unsolvable or our situation inherently hopeless, but because the old

and husbanded, our people must be educated and organized to a new efficiency and a new spirit of cooperation. It means a higher type of civilization, it requires more resourcefulness, more unselfishness.

That we in New England shall successfully overcome our problems as other nations and states have in similar situations, I have no doubt. Already



Improperly cut over land—Acres of New Hampshire territory are made useless by being left in this manner.

our leading citizens are fully alive to the graveness of the situation and to the necessity for action. Hardly a day passes that we do not see something on this subject in the editorial pages of our press. And now comes this meeting at Durham. It was particularly gratifying and inspiring to me, for it marks the one step toward an organized and comprehensive industrial and agricultural New Hampshire program of reconstruction.

The most casual analysis of conditions confronting New England clearly indicates that something more is needed than either destructive criticism or thoughtless patriotic enthusiasm. The foundation for renewed permanent prosperity in New Hampshire must rest on a searching, systematic and ruthless analysis of existing conditions, clearly to reveal the obstacles which must be overcome.

### A New Hampshire Program

But that in itself is not enough. It must be followed by a constructive program of action, carefully considered with a view of uniting all elements and

interests in a plan of action which will make the best possible use of our available resources and direct our activities to the most favorable field of production.

The next step must be a campaign of education, for no matter how

able, or how practical, such a program may be it cannot succeed without the complete understanding and the hearty cooperation of the majority of our people. Once we can cause this survey and this program to become a subject of discussion in our schools and colleges, at public meetings, and in the homes, then we look forward with assurance to a rejuvenated New England, a New England which will once more take a position of leadership in our country.

The facts which will be revealed by an intensive survey will indicate many useful lines of action which are not now apparent. It is not possible to anticipate the findings of President Hetzel's committee but we already know certain things which much need to be done at once. It is evident, for instance, that all of New England is, to an unusual degree, dependent upon an efficient and economical system of transportation both by land and sea. This has an intimate relation to the prosperity of both agriculture and industry. The question is being agitated and sifted as a result of the much controverted Storrow Report. Surely this important matter should no

longer be allowed to drift. Interests of individuals and groups must give way to the crying need of the entire community.

### Agriculture Must Organize

It would seem that the entire structure of agricultural production needs to be reorganized. There should be some way of determining in a scientific manner just what each community is best adapted to raise in relation to its soil, climate and markets. Groups of farmers in each neighborhood should, by agreement, raise enough of such products so that it can be marketed to the best advantage. Rigid grading and a high standard of quality is essential to insure good prices.

Agriculture is the one field of human activity which has not yet been highly organized. The farmer is, for the most part, still buying and selling as an isolated individual.

Our system of food distribution is the most extravagant in the world. For each dollar spent by the consumer, the farmer now receives only about fifty cents. This wasteful process would be

reduced by the cooperative marketing of farm products.

Owing to the fact that New England agriculture is carried on in such small units and with very limited capital, its progress is largely dependent on Governmental assistance for research, experimental work, new methods, adequate credits at reasonable rates and protection from market manipulation by middle men for speculative profits.

The intense individualism of the farmer has in the past prevented him from exerting an influence on politics and on governmental activities proportionate to his numbers or to the importance of his calling. These facts are probably responsible for the present tendency toward economic and political organization among the farmers.

The rapid development of the Farm Bureau movement in New Hampshire and its achievement in stimulating cooperative buying and selling indicates that we are making substantial progress in the right direction. It indicates an intelligent understanding of existing difficulties and a determination through systematic organization to secure united



Waste Land—This land presented to the State Forestry Department by S. O. Huckins of Ossipee is now covered with pine set out by the Department.

action to meet these difficulties. It represents a new spirit and a renewed vitality which should be helped and encouraged by all who are interested in the permanent prosperity of our community.

### **Meet Industrial Handicaps**

The intense competition which now comes from other sections of the country has created some serious problems for the manufacturer. Increasing transportation costs have resulted in a higher price for all raw material and coal. It has also made it more expensive to market the finished product. Owing to the fact that we import so much of our food, higher railroad rates have made the cost of living in New England more than it is in many other sections of the country. It has been estimated that this adds \$1.00 each week to the cost of food for each individual. This tends to increase wages.

Under the pressure of all these adverse conditions, the manufacturer is very naturally opposed to wage increases or to shorter hours of labor. His first spontaneous reaction to these conditions is to cut his labor costs in order to meet outside competition. This tendency holds a serious danger to the permanent prosperity of New England industries. In the past, one of our chief assets has been an abundant supply of highly skilled labor. If our conditions of work fall materially below those which prevail elsewhere in the United States the best of our skilled labor is likely to drift away and we shall gradually lose that advantage which contributed so much to our earlier successes.

I believe that a far-sighted view of the present situation will lead to the conclusion that the effort to lower working conditions is unwise and that our remedy lies in other directions.

### **Water-power vs. Coal**

First of all, we should take advantage of all those natural resources with which we are endowed. Our water powers should be fully developed and utilized

to replace high priced coal. At present, almost one-half of our available water power in New England lies undeveloped. This is clearly an extravagance which we cannot afford.

Furthermore, we should develop an extensive system of water storage to increase the available power at all the plants now in use. A single reservoir at the head of one of our streams will add materially to the power generated at every plant on that stream without any further outlay for additional equipment. It has been estimated that 50% of water in our streams now flows over the dams unused during the flood season. By storing even one-half of this waste water and releasing it in times of drought, we should reduce our coal bills by several million dollars each year. This is a bit of thrift which we can no longer afford to overlook.

Then, there is the proposed St. Lawrence waterway, which, if carried out, will not only provide cheaper transportation to our markets in the middle West, but would generate about one million, five hundred thousand horse power of hydro-electric energy which it is said could be marketed in New England at one cent per kilowatt.

Mr. Charles R. Gow, President of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts has stated that the saving in transportation charges alone would each year equal the total cost of the development. While the sale of the electric power at one cent per kilowatt hour would provide a sufficient revenue to pay all the carrying and funding charges of the entire project.

Finally the present agitation for the creation of a Super Power System should enlist the enthusiastic support of New England. The Super Power Plan calls for intensive development of electric power, the division of the country into a few districts and connecting the larger generating plants by a trunk line distributing system to equalize the use of current and to eliminate waste. Auxiliary steam power would be devel-

oped in large units near coal mines or on tide water where fuel can be secured at a minimum cost. Herbert Hoover recently stated that in the eleven North Eastern states alone this would save 50,000,000 tons of coal each year.

This plan when put into execution should provide a more adequate and stable supply of power at substantially reduced rates. Furthermore it would tend to equalize the price of power throughout the North Eastern States. It holds tremendous possibilities for New England. Among these are the electrification of our Railroads, and lower operating costs. An ample supply of cheap electrical power would mean a fuller use of labor saving machinery in the factory, on the farm and in the home.

Before any of these plans can be carried out, however, certain legislation, state and federal, must be passed. We in New Hampshire must see to it that our representatives do their share to secure the necessary Legislation and to see that it adequately protects the public interests so that the benefits will be secured by those who use the power both great and small, rather than allow the lion's share of the profits to be absorbed by promoters and speculators.

### More Timber

There is one kind of raw material which we can produce in quantity as well and as cheaply as it can be raised in any section of this country. I refer to timber. At present, almost one-third of the area of New Hampshire consists of waste land which is producing nothing of value. Most of this land is well adapted to growing valuable timber. We can no longer afford the luxury of waste land. Properly utilized, it would furnish our citizens with an increased revenue of many millions of dollars each year, and add materially to the prosperity of our farmers who own a large part of this non-productive area.

Let me illustrate my point by a specific example. Until quite recently, there

have, I believe, been few match factories in New England. Our pine blocks have been shipped from New Hampshire to factories in other sections of the country and the matches which we burn have been transported all the way back. A few months ago, some enterprising people in Cheshire county started a match factory. They buy their raw material from a neighboring box shop which had previously shipped these blocks to Ohio. The freight on a carload of this material from Cheshire county to Ohio amounted to \$150. The return freight on the matches came to \$240. This New Hampshire match factory is starting with an advantage of between \$300 and \$400 on every carload of matches which they sell here in New England. That is the kind of industry which is well adapted to existing conditions, and, consequently likely to thrive.

Our two million acres of waste land cannot be brought into valuable timber growth until we revise our antiquated system of taxation, and this requires an amendment to our Constitution. As we tax growing timber to-day, no man can afford to raise a crop of trees, consequently he saves money by allowing his land to go to waste.

In dealing with a problem of such magnitude and diversity, it is possible here only to touch upon a very few of its many aspects and perhaps suggest some general conclusions. As society is now organized, our various human activities have become largely inter-dependent. To get the most out of life the business man, the banker, the farmer and the laboring man must, to some extent, cooperate for their mutual good. Let us, with foresight and determination, agree upon a community program which gives reasonable and equal consideration to the needs of agriculture and industry, capital and labor. Let us make our Government an effective agency to supplement private enterprise in carrying out such a program in the interest of all classes of our citizens.



*Upper*—Newest High School in the State—The City of Laconia loses no opportunity to boast of this school. It was completed last summer and placed in readiness for use during the present school year. Commissioner Butterfield and the Hon. Fletcher Hale were the speakers at its dedication in September.



An Architect's Drawing of Berlin's new \$400,000 High School. This is one of the few in the state equipped with a fine gymnasium.

*Center*—The wonder of the North Country—



**SOME NEW  
HIGH SCHOOLS  
OF WHICH  
NEW HAMPSHIRE  
MAY BE PROUD**



*Upper*—Interior of the Auditorium, Practical Arts School—This magnificent auditorium has a seating capacity of 1400 and is used for all kinds of community gatherings.

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*Lower, opposite page*—Practical Arts or “West Side” School, Manchester—This school specializes in Domestic and Mechanical Art and is perhaps a pioneer of those institutions which shall hold the young men and women who are not inclined in classical direction.

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*Lower*—High School, Nashua—This is one of the best High Schools in the state. It has already served Nashua four years and there is little indication that the students of that city will be cramped for quarters.



# BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

BY JOHN G. WINANT

**Mr. Winant is an associate editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY and President of the New Hampshire Tuberculosis Association.**

SIXTEEN years ago, Miss Emily P. Bissell of Wilmington, Delaware, sold seals for the first time in this country and raised one thousand dollars to pay for the fight of our first tuberculosis sanatorium, Hope Farm, Delaware. The Tuberculosis movement to-day, which is one of the greatest voluntary social work movements in the world, is the monument to the development of the Tuberculosis Christmas seal. These little patches of merry Christmas colors, bearing the great plus sign of our civilization, have carried into the coffers of our Tuberculosis Association, sufficient money to carry on, successfully, our great fight against the white plague.

Only once each year we ask you to buy them, so we ask that you remember that these little symbols mean health happiness and often life, itself, to many people. The money that is raised in New Hampshire, through the sale of these Christmas seals, is spent in our own state for the benefit of our own people.

Your money has enabled the Tubercu-

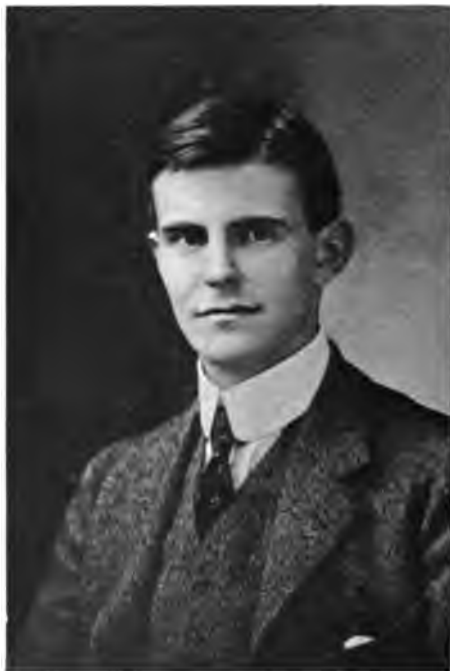
losis Association to establish thirty-six clinic centers which reach every section of the state. It has provided for eleven full time public health nurses, for case finding, clinic work, and instructive work in the homes or wherever else needed.

211 diagnostic clinics have been held during last year. A total of 5,865 examinations were made at clinics during the year. 17,682 home visits were made by county nurses during last year. 29,475 pieces of educational literature on Tuberculosis were distributed. Lectures were held during the summer semester of our state normal schools and much additional educational work was accomplished through pictures, lectures and newspapers.

In New Hampshire in 1918 there were 470 deaths

from pulmonary tuberculosis. This number has been reduced to 306 deaths in less than four years.

The seal this year carries with it, the spirit of Christmas. It shows a little child sitting before an open fireplace, seeing in the flames a picture of Santa Claus. Let us be generous givers.



Captain John G. Winant





Commissioner E. W. Butterfield with New Hampshire's Superintendents of Schools.

## RURAL DEPOPULATION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### Our Schools A Principal Cause

BY E. W. BUTTERFIELD, COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

**F**OR thirty years rural sociologists have been disturbed by currents of migration which tend to depopulate country towns. To this problem they have given no little attention.

The movement from the country cityward is not peculiar to New Hampshire, as many apparently believe, but our situation is paralleled by that in the British Isles, in Scandinavia, in the Germany of 1914 and in all of the maritime provinces of Canada. This is a general movement wherever farms and large cities are in close juxtaposition and where diversified products have not been replaced by a single crop specialization.

### Survey of Education Board

In 1917 the General Education Board became interested in the rural depopulation of New Hampshire and made a liberal appropriation in order that a

careful study could be made of the extent of the movement and its causes. The survey was made through the State Department of Education by a specialist in agriculture and rural economics.

This study shows that from 1830 the decline in agriculture has been continuous, except that a group of Coos county towns has shown an increase. A certain few of the agricultural towns have declined until now the population numbers but one-half, one-fourth or even one-eighth of the citizenship of the early part of the century.

In large industrial towns, however, the agricultural growth was continued by an industrial development so the increase has been on the whole steady.

A considerable number of suburban towns have lost their agricultural basis and have gained with the cities to which they are attached. The agricultural

loss has been equalled by the industrial gain and the population has neither increased nor decreased.

Towns which depend upon summer visitors have lost in agriculture and have shown waves of gain and loss. This development has been since 1869. Experience has shown that it is difficult to make schools purposeful and effective in summer towns as the artificial life of the summer reacts unfavorably upon the children.

Certain of our towns are being transformed from independent farms into country estates. When this occurs and estates are in the hands of caretakers children are few and the town gains largely in wealth but loses in present and potential population.

In a considerable number of towns with good agricultural possibilities, the movement toward depopulation has slackened or stopped and there has been a slight increase shown by the census of 1910 and 1920. This may indicate a turning of the tide.

### **Causes of Depopulation**

This survey enumerated four specific causes of New Hampshire's rural loss.

#### **1. INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.**

In 1820 the great body of New England men were farmers or were engaged in rendering service to farmers. Farming operations were at this time simple. In 1850 every occupation and every process had been modified by modern machinery. The price of labor rose rapidly and small rocky farms which could produce abundantly with cheap labor could no longer be worked with profit.

#### **2. WESTWARD EMIGRATION.**

The years 1840 to 1860 were those of a great westward migration during which thousands of New Hampshire men followed the advice of our own Horace Greeley, "Go west, young man."

#### **3. THE CIVIL WAR.**

Rural New Hampshire volunteered with ready patriotism at the opening of

the war between the states. Rural New Hampshire suffered from the volunteer system. A large number who escaped military service were those of little patriotism and of small vision.

#### **4. THE SCHOOLS.**

Since 1870 it is probable that the schools have done more to depopulate rural New England than any other single agent. This is because they have been city schools transferred to the country. They have refrained from teaching agriculture, rural life and rural living and have turned all of their courses cityward. If high schools, they have urged all boys to college and, if colleges, have urged all to the professions. If lower schools, they have emphasized the arts of the clerk and the trader rather than those of the producer. As a result, pupils of the lower rural schools have gone to the cities for commonplace clerical and mercantile positions and pupils of the higher schools to the cities to secure professional advance or wealth.

The field study which was to determine the possibilities of repopulating the towns followed this plan. It determined the acreage of the towns and the number of acres at present arable. It made a survey of the soil and considered desirable types of farming, kinds of crops and size of profitable farms. It made an estimate of the number of families and of persons who might be supported from the farms. With this, it studied the transportation and market facilities to see their effect on the fall of population. It reached the following conclusions in regard to the present situation.

"We find that the rural area would, at a conservative estimate, furnish a livelihood for over sixty per cent. more population than now finds its home there.

We find that the transportation facilities are good, that it cannot successfully be maintained that railroad building has crippled towns, that towns off the line of railroad have on the whole

done as well as towns on the line, except where the railroad had given an impetus to industrial development in some towns.

It appears that the demands of the home market are far in excess of the home supply. In the end, the non-rural consumer is paying for his supplies, cost of production and ordinary cost of distribution plus a high differential freight rate due to imports from a distance.

Accordingly, it seems clear that there have been other than economic causes in the decline of population, and that other than economic causes are now operative in keeping population down.

We know that poor school facilities actually do operate to deter people with children from taking up farm lands and that similarly there is still a steady, though not large, emigration in search of better schools.

It has further been shown that the influence of higher education has certainly operated to strip the rural area of its strongest leadership, and that on the other hand an higher education adapted to the rural area can operate to check this type of selection and elimination.

It seems clear, therefore, first, that good elementary and high schools will inevitably do much to check further stripping of the countryside of its best material and will make it possible for men with families to return to the land; and, second, that an education adapted to the interpretation of country problems will furnish the only capital upon which rural people can depend for constantly adapting themselves to a constantly changing social and economic environment.

Finally, if we undertake on a large scale to build a public school system adequate for the needs of the rural area, we are sure that we are not building nor attempting to build on an impossible economic foundation. And that is the question which the whole investigation was intended primarily to answer."

It is worth while for those who are interested in New Hampshire's future

to review the educational changes which the last five years have seen in rural New Hampshire. To a considerable extent the state has been able to remove the handicap which has restrained children in rural districts. In this period expert supervision has been extended so that it is effective in remote towns as in wealthy cities. The country and the city superintendents are equally competent and well paid.

During this period the school year for country schools has been extended and is now uniform throughout the state. In this time the average school year has been lengthened by two weeks and the attendance of school pupils increased by 2%. In 1918, 924 rural and village schools and 6,495 pupils in poor towns had a school year which was from two to sixteen weeks shorter than in more fortunate places. Last year in the entire state but twelve small schools, with an enrollment of 134 pupils, failed to remain open for the full thirty-six weeks.

These years have seen the remodeling of 80% of rural school buildings and state wide extension of the physical welfare of pupils through the services of nurses and physicians.

During these years the number of normal school graduates employed in the elementary schools has increased from 44% to 55% of the whole and there has come the practical elimination of teachers with neither experience nor training.

In the same years the enrollment of regular students at the normal schools has increased from 240 to 608.

Through the state policy of aid to impoverished districts, these gains have been made possible without an abnormal cost for schools in any of the school districts.

There is abundant evidence that these changes have checked the movement of population away from some of our rural towns. The improvement of the schools is but one step, however, in the development of the state for its possible future.

# JUSTICE JOHN H. CLARKE IN MANCHESTER

N. H. C.

ONE of the most interesting and helpful institutions affecting the life and thought of our state is the New Hampshire Civic Association which practices a policy of inviting able advocates of different view points on public questions to address them. In the opinion of many the crowning achievement of the Association's work thus far was reached on November 16th when in conjunction with the Chamber of Commerce of Manchester some 250 of the most intelligent men and women of our commonwealth listened to an argument in favor of the League of Nations by John H. Clarke of Ohio, ex-Justice of the United States Supreme Court. It was only a few months ago that Senator Borah of Idaho presented a masterly discourse to a similar group opposing the League.

American public life has never lacked able orators. It is today replete with clear thinkers who hold their audiences more by the forcefulness of their reasoning than by the attractiveness of their speech. There is another numerous class of exceptionally fluent speakers whose eloquence alone is sufficient to command an audience irrespective of the subject matter of their discourse. It is however, rare indeed that we are privileged to hear a statesman who has not only an orator's command of language combined with a jurist's clarity of argument, but who surpasses both of these attributes by a certain tremendous earnestness and devotion to his cause which injects a great spiritual power into his plea and causes him to be transformed in the eyes of his fellows into a crusader with a flaming sword. Such was the appeal of Justice Clarke.

Snow white hair, features so clear cut and regular as to resemble the finely chiseled countenance of a statue,

and a piercing straightforward glance from the blue eyes deep set under level brows—it is little wonder that Justice Clarke is one who can impress himself deeply in the memories of those with whom he comes in contact. Added to this appearance, the mellow tones of a fine voice which in climatic points of his utterance, thrilled with a great passion which could never be falsely assumed, made an impression never to be forgotten.

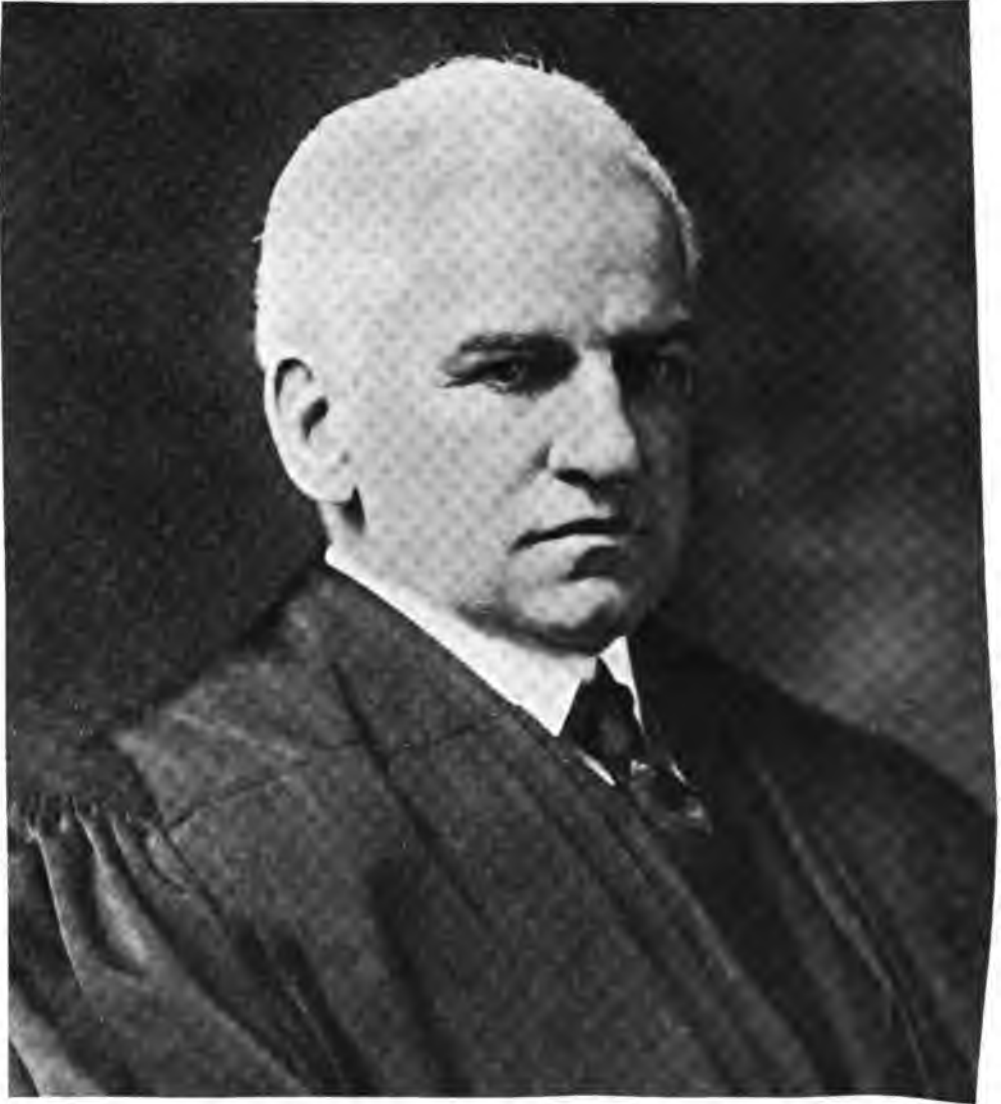
It is a matter of general knowledge that Justice Clarke resigned his seat on the Supreme Bench of our country some months ago that he might devote his entire time and energy in urging the United States to become a member of the League of Nations. In his opening statement he explained his position by saying, "I wish you all to know that I am not a public speaker for pay. My views on this great question are not in the market at any price. I would like you to know that I am not here to forward the cause of any party or to cultivate any private ambitions. I have had all the honor that I covet in this life and laid it down because I felt I saw in this cause the opportunity of greater service."

As a prelude to his analysis of the League the speaker drew a vivid picture of the greatest curse of civilization, namely—War. He showed that although we are prone to boast that the last one hundred and fifty years has been a period of great progress in the world, statesmanship has stood still, and nations to-day are settling their differences in precisely the same way that they settled them generations ago. "But," said the judge, "though statesmanship has stood still, war has not stood still!" From that remark he proceeded to show to what deadly extremes modern science has brought warfare and

emphasized the fact that another war may mean annihilation.

Of the multitudes who are and have been glibly discussing the pros and cons of the League of Nations, sur-

will never again be without a definite mental image of what the League really means, for they heard it simply and lucidly summed up into what the speaker called "five offenses against



JOHN H. CLARKE

prisingly few have ever read its covenant, and fewer still have retained in their mind more than a fleeting impression of any part of it, not excluding the famous "Article 10." Those who listened to Mr. Clarke, however,

war." He showed that the first step was the "cooling off" period of enforced waiting before a declaration of war which gave the common people of the world a chance to assure themselves that no king or ruler was forc-

ing them into any horrible strife for the sake of ambition. Other "offenses" were the clause preventing secret diplomacy, the industrial and economic boycott, Article 10, which he asserted could be easily safeguarded for us, and the now famous World Court.

The speaker then trained his guns upon what he termed "a noisy group of able and ambitious men in the United States Senate who are determined to place our country on the wrong side of the greatest moral issue since slavery. Take the megaphones from their lips," he said, "and see how small they are in number as compared with the great body of American citizens who favor the League." He attacked Johnson, Borah and Moses, referring to the fact of Johnson's entrance to the presidential race on a platform of complete isolation. Mentioning the remark of Borah to the effect that if Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world, should come down to earth, pleading for the League of Nations, he would still oppose it. In asking his hearers to write to President Coolidge in behalf of the World Court, the Judge said, "It will do no good to write to Senator Moses for he is too wrong headed upon this whole question to have it avail any result."

At the very outset the Judge assured his hearers that as a representative of the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association he should treat the subject in a non-partisan way, and throughout his speech he adhered strictly to that program. He did not refrain, however, from a most scathing attack upon the group of "irreconcilables" of both parties in the Senate, who, he asserted, are blocking the progress of the Nation, keeping our country from participating in "the greatest experiment which the world has ever devised for peace. The democratic party," asserted the Judge,

"is tied up to the League as closely as any party can possibly be bound to it. Their leaders are trying to avoid it but they will not avoid it."

The Judge maintained that the Republican party is nearly as closely identified with the League as are their opponents. He spoke of the fact that Theodore Roosevelt in his last written work which appeared in the Kansas City Star after his death, pleaded for a League of Nations, that ex-President Taft characterized the World Court, as the greatest step in progress of modern times, that President Harding was pleading for the World Court in his last message to the American people and that Calvin Coolidge has stated that President Harding's policies are his policies. "Thus," said the Judge, "four Republican presidents are on record in favor of the World Court if not the entire League."

The sum and substance of the entire argument lay in the assertion that the League of Nations is the world's great experiment to find an antidote for war, that failure in the League is not unlikely, but that failure out of the League is certain. The attention of the hearers was called to the fact that we are living in expectation of another conflict; that President Harding in his last message to Congress called for an analysis of our national resources for defense in the "next war;" that Secretary Denby is insisting upon an efficient navy for safety in the "next war;" that Secretary Weeks deplores the weakness of our army because he foresees the next war. "Thus," maintained the Judge, "if we are drifting into an inevitable conflict of death and destruction in the future, if fifty-four nations of the world are engaged in a concerted attempt to avoid it, let us as American citizens leave no stone unturned to see that numbered among them shall be the United States of America."

# SHALL "THE LITTLE WHITE SCHOOLHOUSE" GO?

Considerable clash of opinion has been heard throughout the state between those who desire to consolidate the rural schools and those who still cling to the old-fashioned one-room district school. As the second in its series of controversies the GRANITE MONTHLY has selected this question. Mr. William H. Buker, Superintendent of Schools, Rochester, N. H., and one of the rising young educators of the state, has presented the case for the consolidated school. Mrs. Rose Barker of Nelson, N. H., a former school teacher of many years' experience, and much interested in the cause of rural education pleads for the preservation of the district school.



Consolidated School, Greenland, N. H.

## The Reasons For Consolidation

BY WILLIAM H. BUKER

*"The greatest factor in any school is the teacher.....Rural teachers have their eyes turned toward the graded school."*

THE movement toward consolidation of schools has experienced rapid growth in many sections of the country in the last decade and a half. In New England we have seen some progress made toward consolidation. At the beginning of this article the writer wishes the reader to understand that complete consolidation can not be attained in many sections of the country due to the climate and physical features.

In New Hampshire probably 20% of the rural schools might be closed and the pupils transported to larger centers resulting both in an economic and educational advantage. Schools with less than 12 to 15 pupils are not large enough to give their members the civic and so-

cial training now necessary and given in the larger centers.

The average one-room building in which pupils are housed has very little equipment; the rural teachers represent the most inexperienced, the least adequately trained, and the community support of the school is usually less enthusiastic than that of the village and graded school. The one-room school has great possibilities of development but thinking of the country as a whole much wise legislation must be accomplished before rural pupils are given equal educational advantages to those of urban children.

In cities of 8000 and over, 75% of the elementary teachers are normal school graduates and 10% have received one

year of normal school or college training, while in one-room schools we find only 45% of the teachers have graduated from high schools and less than 4% are normal school graduates. One can easily see that this is a very important factor in bringing about an efficient school.

The greatest factor in any school is the teacher. The characteristics that make an efficient teacher are (1) natural ability, (2) academic and professional training, (3) an opportunity to have close supervision. In many sections of the country the last two of these factors are lacking.

Rural teachers have their eyes turned toward the graded school. In the thirteen years experience as principal and superintendent in New Hampshire I have found but two teachers who have declined village or city positions to that of the one-room school.

A study recently made in a state normal school showed that while 70% of the pupils received their training in rural schools more than 75% intended to teach in villages and cities. Here in New Hampshire superintendents of rural sections are able to get but a small percent of the normal graduates for the one-room schools.

Pupils were tested in reading, arithmetic, language, spelling and writing. The results were in favor of the consolidated schools.

(1) Its holding power is greater than that of the one-teacher schools in the upper grades.

(2) There is a significant difference in the grade-achievement.

(3) When changed into yearly progress the grade-achievement differences range from 18% to 40% with a median difference of 27%.

(4) The subject-achievement differences range from 10% to 44% with a median difference of 27.3%. The greatest difference is in the rate of handwriting.

(5) The age-achievement is favorable to the consolidated school.

As this study was made for the purpose of getting facts and not for any other reason it seems to the writer that this is one of the strongest arguments for the consolidated school when the climate and physical features of a state will permit.

No school is efficient unless it serves as a community center. School buildings should be used for all kinds of legitimate community meetings, such as farmers' institutes, community clubs, parent-teacher associations, Sunday school conventions, school socials, school plays, lecture courses, boys' and girls' clubs, and community agents' meetings. Certainly these meetings are not now being held very often in the one-room schools but we find many such organizations existing in the consolidated schools in the middle west.

One of the arguments advanced against consolidation is transportation. It is said that many hardships are brought about by having pupils walk a mile and then ride two or three miles. In New Jersey 100 children were asked to write on consolidation and particularly transportation. Each of these pupils had attended a district school. Ninety-nine percent preferred the consolidated school and the one who objected said she drove her own team. Personally I should not request pupils to walk any of the distance (beyond two miles) but would request teams to call at the homes.

In many sections school districts own vehicles. This has its advantages. These are covered and can be heated during the winter months. Here in New England we have not made such progress.

The curriculum of the consolidated school is richer and more practical than that of the one-room school. Music, physical education, drawing, civics, wood working, and domestic science are essential today. We have tried to teach many of these subjects in the rural school but have failed.

To summarize:



(1) The consolidated school has more efficient instruction.

(2) The percent of attendance in the consolidated school is higher.

(3) The curricula is richer.

(4) Community activities are lacking

in the one-room school district.

(5) The transportation problem is not a serious one.

(6) Consolidation should not be emphasized when climate and physical conditions will not permit.



Old White Schoolhouse, Center Harbor, N. H.

## A Plea For the District School

BY MRS. ROSE BARKER

*"Our country schoolhouse like the country church stands as the breeding place of real morale and backbone of New Hampshire. Let us preserve them."*

**E**DUCATION is a subject which everyone seems ready to attack with temerity. The average layman will listen to the advice of a doctor in matters pertaining to health or to a lawyer in matters pertaining to legal litigation, but steadfastly maintains that he is as qualified to be an authority in educational matters as any school official who has had the advantage of years of special training and preparation for work in that particular line. The writer of this article realizes this ignorance in regard to educational methods and all other points in the technique of learning. Nevertheless, as a citizen of New Hampshire, he ventures to raise his voice in behalf of one of the state's oldest, most productive, and most sacred institutions—the district school.

It has seemed to be the consensus of

opinion on the part of school officials that the rural one-room school house should give place to the consolidated "village school," and although the State Board of Education has never officially admitted that to be its policy, the trend of the last few years has been in that direction. The reasons which are usually given for this transition are the difficulty of obtaining trained teachers for the country schools, the lack of uniformity which characterizes the work in these scattered institutions, and the possibility of affording better equipment and a fuller curriculum in consolidated schools.

From the standpoint of a pupil there are certain disadvantages of the consolidated school which in the opinion of some might counterbalance its good qualities. The prospect of transporting

school children over the hilly roads of rural New Hampshire, amid the rigors of a Northern New England winter does not always appeal to parents who are interested in the health of their children. In many cases the town transports the children only a portion of the distance, which means that they have a long walk to and from school and a cold luncheon at noontime.

From an educational standpoint it is still a matter of considerable doubt as to whether the complete equipment and diverse curriculum are real essentials in the Grammar School period. To be sure, they are in a sense a sign of the times. Sometimes as we watch a long line of workmen at the factory bench, each tending a single machine, dropping in a bolt, or sliding in a bit of leather, every moment through the long hours of the day we think with some regret of the days when individual workmen fashioned their product painstakingly by hand, each with a pride in his workmanship and a skilful deftness of touch acquired from a long apprenticeship under some old master. With almost the same feeling we see a long line of school children lockstepping into a city school house to the tune of a victrola, watched over by a corps of teachers and then turn our thoughts back to the little white school house at the corners where from one to two dozen pupils labored under the direction of a less trained teacher. But where the more eager learners and stronger personalities blossomed out and unrestrained by the complicated mechanism of machine education were allowed to delve away more or less according to their own ideas and lay the foundations of ambitions which produce great lives. In the Keene High School as in many other cities the number of valedictorians who prepared in the district school is greatly in excess of the number which would be proportionate to the country students studying in the institution. The fact that Daniel Webster or Lewis Cass or Horace Greeley felt the first

impetus of ambition in the personal contacts of the country school house does not, of course, necessarily mean that we should turn our backs upon progress but it does in the light of some of our leadership to-day lead us to wonder if we are not getting too many machine made articles. So much from the point of view of the pupil.

There is one fact which seems to be ignored by many of our educators to-day and that is the fact that our schools should affect not only the children who study within them but, like the church, should affect the entire community. The district school house has for generations been the real community center of the New Hampshire farming districts. Many a man in prominent life to-day can remember "seeing Nellie Home" from the old singing school; the Hallowe'en or Christmas party, or even the prayer meeting held in the little white school house at the corners. Many a politician or public lecturer can tell you of some of the best efforts of his life delivered to intelligent audiences seated about the initial carved desks of the familiar room. Rob the back country districts of their heart and core, compel the farmer to send his children through the cold and sleet for miles to the nearest town, and the result will be more deserted farms and foreign settlements where once stalwart intelligent New Hampshire farmers reared their sons and daughters to carry on in the state.

In the last Legislature Herbert N. Sawyer, Master of the State Grange, and George Putnam of the Farm Bureau sponsored a bill providing for an additional scholarship in our normal schools for those students who will spend their first two years after graduation teaching in the one-room district schools. Is not some step in this direction well worth while? Our country school house like the country church stands as the breeding place of the real morale and backbone of New Hampshire. Let us preserve them.

# PUBLIC EDUCATION

By HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING, *Chairman*  
*New Hampshire State Board of Education*

**I**N this day of specialization it may be considered presumptuous for a man who has spent the greater part of his life in the manufacturing business, to contribute to the Granite Monthly an article on education. As chairman of the State Board of Education it has been my privilege to listen to the ideas of education through our system of public schools as expressed by men who have given a lifetime of study to this interesting and vitally important phase of our public life. I have consulted text books and treatises on education. In this way I have become acquainted with the widely diverging views of the educational specialists upon the technical aspects of the subject. From these opinions which I have consulted and from my experience as State Chairman I have

drawn a number of conclusions—conclusions that would naturally be arrived at by a man who by reason of his business training could see the practical side of the public school system and appreciate most the practical benefits that we as a nation should derive from it.

And now that I have explained the humble manner in which I shall approach this most important subject it is possible that those who would accuse me of being presumptuous will withhold the accusation.

As we study the history of Education we are impressed with the fact that from the very beginning the public school system has been developed

in answer to very definite public demands. It has been molded with the different epochs of our country's history to suit the particular needs of each historical period. In the evolution of the public school system the thought of the individual's welfare has been always subordinate to the thought of community welfare. It is questionable whether the present day tendency is not too much



HON. HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING

in the other direction; that is, are we not in this critical epoch paying too little attention to the use of our public educational facilities in the interest of the community as a whole.

In all of our history as a nation there has been no period when the public school system has been so vitally necessary to our national wel-

fare as it is at present. In fact we might face desolation as acute as that which Russia has experienced were it not for the opportunity afforded by the public school system to awaken our national consciousness which seems for the moment to slumber. There is hope for the solution of many pressing national problems, through the process of education which must necessarily begin in our public schools.

The Pilgrims came to America to secure religious freedom. They believed that salvation was to be obtained through individual responsibility rather than through the collective responsibility of the church. This belief lead the Pilgrim fathers to teach their children to read so that they might prepare themselves for salvation by studying the Bible.

In 1642 Massachusetts appointed a commission to inquire whether parents were properly teaching their children to read, and in 1647 the Bay State passed a law obliging every town having fifty householders to appoint a teacher of reading and writing. Thus was the idea of the public school system inaugurated in our country at a time when the state was a servant of the church and the motive was one of religion. It can be seen that at this early date the idea became prevalent that the best interests of the state required that the children be educated.

This conception of education continued nearly until the time of the Revolution. Soon after our constitution was adopted the people began to appreciate that there were other motives for general education than the one which concerned religion. There was a growing understanding of the fact that the union of states could not survive unless the children were educated to perform properly their functions as citizens of the new Republic.

At that time there were a few outstanding leaders who realized the far reaching effect which the education of

youth would have upon the future history of the United States. In 1796, in his farewell address to the American people, George Washington spoke of the great necessity of properly educating the future generations. John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States wrote: "I consider knowledge to be the soul of a Republic and as the weak and the wicked are generally in alliance, as much care should be taken to diminish the number of the former as of the latter. Education is the way to do this and nothing should be left undone to afford all ranks of people the means of obtaining a proper degree of it at a cheap and easy rate." James Madison, the fourth President of the United States, wrote: "a popular government without proper information or the means of acquiring it is but a prologue to a farce or a tragedy."

So the religious and formative epochs were passed and about 1820 the United States felt the urge of its first educational consciousness. This was the beginning of what we may consider as the national epoch. People first began to move toward cities and centers of population. Suffrage became general and there arose questions of great political significance. As Abraham Lincoln expressed it, the need of training our youth "to appreciate the value of the free institutions" became of great importance.

Since the time of Lincoln many new conditions have arisen in the life of America. When the Civil War began the largest percentage of our population was found in rural communities. There was very little inter-communication, one community with another. We had no international questions to settle. Today a great many more people live in cities than in the rural districts. The various new methods of communication which science has evolved have annihilated both space and time. We are a part of the community of nations whether we like it or not.

These changed conditions have required changes in our educational system. We are in the midst of another epoch so different that a new conception of the public school system has arisen in the United States. The old idea that all that was necessary for proper education was knowledge of the fundamentals has been supplanted by the idea that we must have more complete knowledge of a variety of additional subjects in order to function properly in our complex society.

We must look to the public school system of the United States to evolve the final solution of nearly all of the great national problems which confront us today. In this regard three problems stand out prominently—the first, immigration; the second concerns the apparently decreasing respect which our citizens have for law and order; and the third has to do with political conditions.

Many centers of population are made up of a large majority of foreign born citizens or citizens of foreign born parentage. They must be properly assimilated into our national life. The children of foreign born parents who are educated in our public schools must learn of the principles which have enabled this Republic to endure, and should be taught to assume that place in society which will make of them good and loyal citizens. The public schools must be the principal means to accomplish this result.

We have evidence on every hand of a growing disrespect for the law. It may be that American homes to-day are neglectful in teaching the principles of obedience and discipline to children. If this is so then the public schools should not fail to respond in such a manner as to instill into the growing youth of America ideas of discipline and restraint so that when they reach a mature age it will not be difficult to look with respect upon the laws of state and nation.

In studying the political conditions of to-day one is impressed with the fact

that comparatively few people look upon their right of franchise with seriousness. It really appears that politics are "a game" to be indulged in by a comparatively few citizens, for the most part self-interested, instead of a great national movement participated in by the whole electorate for the purpose of elevating to the high offices within the gift of the people only those citizens best suited to serve. Isn't it necessary to-day to mold our public schools so carefully as to impress thoroughly upon the pupils the sacredness and importance of the ballot?

In general it will be seen that the public school system has been the instrumentality through which certain definite principles have been inculcated into the different epochs of our national life. The question may now be properly asked, are the public schools of to-day meeting the crying need that exists for training our youth not only to assume the duties and obligations of citizenship, but training them in such a manner as to solve eventually problems of our social, political and economic life, such as those referred to above.

That national ideals can be influenced by public education is evidenced by the history of Germany before the Great War. At that time the "might makes right" theory was so thoroughly impressed upon the people through the agency of the school system that all Germany heeded the call of a few unprincipled leaders and nearly plunged civilization into the abyss of destruction. It must be admitted, however, that this was much easier to accomplish in an autocracy, such as existed in Germany at that time, than in a representative government like our own. Before the war German rulers were able not only to select teachers but to prescribe the subjects to be taught and the manner of teaching them.

Under our representative form of government the whole school system must be influenced by a preponderance of public opinion. Our public schools

are molded to the needs of an average citizen and they can be no further advanced than the composite ideas of the community in which they are managed and supported.

Everyone can appreciate the difference between the ideas of that group which feels that the tendency should be only the development of the individual as contrasted with the ideas of another group which believes only in the development of community and national interests through the agency of the public school system. We hear much about self-expression and individualism and while we appreciate that the tendency of collective thought carried to its extreme might stifle individual initiative, yet the idea as expressed by some that the individual is all important is equally bad.

There is evidence of a growing idea that education for the sake of the individual is supplanting the idea of our forefathers' that the main reason for education is the welfare of the community and the life of the nation. How to co-ordinate the many phases of public education so that the welfare of the individual and the welfare of the community will both be served in exactly the right proportion is the greatest problem which confronts educators to-day.

In carrying out this idea that the principal justification for the public school system is the welfare of the community at large, the theory that the unit of education shall be the State has become generally accepted.

New Hampshire first recognized this theory in 1919 when our legislature passed a law which co-ordinated the various local school systems of the State into one unified organization headed by the State Board of Education. This law was amended two years afterwards and with one slight modification the Educational Law of 1921 is the one we are now working under.

In the United States to-day something over one billion dollars is appropriated each year for public education.

In our state the annual expenditure for this purpose is something over five millions dollars. These are huge sums and it is not without reason that people ask if we as a nation and state are justified in spending these amounts annually to educate our children. But if it is true that the public school system is the foundation of our Republic and upon it depends the solution of many present day national problems there can be but one answer to the query. The real question that remains to be answered is whether we are securing full value for every dollar we spend of the public funds for educational purposes.

It has been the aim of the New Hampshire State Board of Education to make every appropriated dollar do a maximum amount of good. There are only four northern states where the average cost of education per child is less than in New Hampshire. The average cost per child for all of the northern states is approximately ninety dollars per year, and in our state just over seventy dollars. In one city of a neighboring state this figure has reached one hundred and thirty-eight dollars.

It is perhaps with pardonable pride that the State Board of Education points to the fact that those qualified to judge say that our state has made as rapid progress in educational affairs during recent years as any state in the Union. In fact there are experts along educational lines who feel that New Hampshire has made greater progress during recent years than any of her sister states.

Our present educational law provides that there shall be a board of education composed of five citizens serving without compensation, only three of whom can be of any one political party. These citizens cannot be technical educators, and they have the same direction and supervision over the school system as the directors have over a business corporation, except as their powers are limited by law. The State Commissioner of Education and his assistants, all of them qualified experts, are ap-

pointed by the State Board to carry out its policies with regard to school administration and to act as technical advisors.

The manner in which state boards of education are made up varies very materially throughout the United States. For example in many states the legislature prescribes who shall constitute the State Board of Education. In some cases it expressly provides that this board shall consist of educators. In Virginia, for instance, the board is made up of a Superintendent, the President of the State College and the States Attorney General. So it will be seen that the legislature of New Hampshire diverged from the established custom when it decided that New Hampshire's State Board of Education should be made up of practical men and women rather than technical educators.

The directors of a large business corporation lay out the general policy and leave the execution of this policy to people chosen for this purpose. So the present State Board formulates the educational policy to be carried out in so far as it is consistent with the law, and leaves the execution of this policy to the different local school boards.

These local school boards receive their authority not from the State Board of Education, but from the people through the legislature—from the same source that the State Board of Education receives its authority. The State Board of Education, the Commissioner and his assistants are directing heads to aid the local school boards in carrying out the obligations which these boards have assumed. The policy of the present State Board is to decentralize authority in so far as it is possible to do so, and the real management of New Hampshire schools is in the hands of the local school boards. We cannot impose good schools upon an unwilling community. We must have the interest of local school boards and we can only have this interest by making these boards feel the great responsibility which they have assumed as the direct representatives of

the people who elected them.

There are about nine hundred members of local school boards in the State of New Hampshire. These school boards have much power and their responsibility is great for the present law provides that the different school boards shall decide what they wish to have taught in their schools. The State Board of Education recommends courses of study to the different school boards, but it is for the local boards to decide whether they will accept these courses of study or not. The school boards nominate their Superintendents. To be sure the state hires them but it can be assumed that an organization which has the decision as to who shall represent it would have charge of that representatives's operations.

There seems to be a misunderstanding in some parts of the state in regard to the relation of the Superintendent to the various school boards. It has been suggested that the Superintendent is sort of a superior officer of the local board. This is a wrong interpretation of the law. While it is expected that the Superintendent would have great influence with the local school board and that the local board would be willing to consider the Superintendent's suggestions, it is nevertheless wholly the business of the local boards to determine exactly how they shall run their schools as long as they comply with the requirements of the law. The State Board of Education will rarely interfere with the management of school boards and never when they are carrying out the obligations which they have assumed.

The law of 1921 with relation to the salaries of the Superintendents provides that the limit of the liability of the state in the case of each Superintendent should be two thousand dollars, and anything in excess of this amount is paid by the local communities.

The state is divided into different districts and sixty-eight superintendents are employed in these districts. These Superintendents must have a college ed-

ucation, must have taught school five years, and are obliged to pass a very rigid examination. There has been a feeling in some sections of the state that the matter of supervision is being carried too far. Apparently this is not a just criticism. It certainly would be an ideal condition if all teachers in public schools could reach the high standard that is required of Superintendents. This is impossible owing to the expense it would involve and the inability to get the necessary number of such highly competent teachers. However we more nearly approach this ideal condition under our present system than would be possible in any other way. A good Superintendent may increase in many instances the efficiency of a teacher by nearly twenty-five percent. Think for a moment, what an advantage it is for an inexperienced young teacher located in an outlying district with her little flock of from fifteen to twenty pupils, to have an opportunity to consult with a Superintendent of ability and experience. His advice concerning her different problems is most helpful.

We are spending about two hundred thousand dollars yearly for the salaries of Superintendents. The valuation of property in this state amounts to six hundred and seventy-five million dollars, so we are spending for Superintendents less than one-thirtieth of one percent each year of the state's valuation and only four percent of the entire amount expended for public schools.

New Hampshire's present investment in school property is valued at about twelve million dollars, and there are seventy thousand pupils in our public schools. The educational law provides that each community must raise three dollars and fifty cents on each thousand dollars of the equalized valuation of that community for these public schools. If any community finds that five dollars on each thousand is not sufficient to maintain a standard elementary school, that community may call for state aid to make up the amount that is required.

This additional money is paid out of the state's equalization fund an appropriation which totaled three hundred and forty thousand dollars in 1923. Perhaps some may have mental reservations as to the justice of compelling some communities to help out other less fortunate communities in the matter of raising additional school funds. Owing to the present complicated nature of society which makes communities depend on each other in many ways, this equalization feature of our state law is considered just and right.

Another feature of our state educational system is the normal school. These are of major importance because upon them hinge the proper training of the teachers who are what might be termed "the finger tips" of the educational organization. There are other features of our state law which space limitations make it impossible to mention in this brief summary of our public school system.

That New Hampshire is keeping pace with the present day trend of educational advances is evident by the equalization feature of its present educational law, a feature which makes it possible for the child in remote rural districts to receive as nearly as circumstances will permit the same thorough education that the children in our cities enjoy.

There is great need to-day for intelligent interest in the public schools of our state and of the nation. Those in charge of our educational destinies must chart a careful course in order to be certain that coming generations are taught those principles which are of paramount importance if we are to solve the tremendous problems which confront us, keeping in mind the fact that the welfare of the individual must be looked after and in exactly the right proportion. To be successful in this tremendous task we must have the hearty co-operation of every right thinking man and woman in America, so that the sum total of human happiness in the world may be increased.



# OWN YOUR HOME!

BY CHARLES SUMNER BIRD

Do you realize that in our State 49.2 or almost one-half of all the homes are rented?

Own your home, how and why, is the subject of this article written by one of New England's leading manufacturers.

**I**T has been said that the American people are becoming a tenant class—home renters, rather than home earners. This seems to be true, especially of the industrial wage earners, who above any other class, need the stimulus which comes from an inborn love of a home of one's own.

There is no human desire more ingrained in the worth while individual than the longing for a lot of land, however small, which is one's own. Leased land, or a rented house, is not a real home; in fact at the best it is a makeshift—merely a place in which to eat

longing to another. The possession of land paid for by the sweat of one's brow, is the great incentive, the impelling force of land cultivation and home betterment.

Then, too, the ownership of a home affects, vitally, the cost of living. I talked to a workman who some years ago purchased one acre of land and built a house, which to-day the family owns free of debt. "Carl," I said, "do you raise vegetables?" "Yes," he replied, "enough for my family of five, also last year I sold to the local storekeeper fruits and vegetables for which he paid



A Home in 1919.

and sleep. Furthermore, as I see it, home owning is essential to a sound civilization; in fact the safety, yes the existence of our Republic, rests to a considerable degree upon home ownership—land and house owned by the occupant and not by a landlord. A man without a home of his own is not much better than a man without a country.

I would paint, or chisel, on the entrance gate to every city and town of America—

**BE YOUR OWN LANDLORD!  
PAY RENT TO YOURSELF AND  
NOT TO THE OTHER MAN!**

No family develops a deep interest in beautifying or cultivating property be-



As It Looks To-day.

me \$75 in cash. I figure that my garden adds to my yearly family income not less than \$300, and the cost is very little." "Who did the work?" I asked. "My boys, and no one else," he replied. "It is their job and it comes before play. Sometimes they grumble but the work is good for them." Yes, I thought, good for their bodies and good for their souls.

I do not believe that there are many industrial workers, in New Hampshire who, barring the accident of illness, cannot, by thrift and foresight, save enough from their earnings to start a home, financed by a bank, or by a co-operative financial institution. He may have to begin in a small way so that his monthly payments will not be much, if any more,

than the rental he would have to pay for a hired home; in fact it costs little more to pay for a home on the co-operative monthly installment plan, than it does to pay rental, year after after, to find one's self at the end of life living in a house owned by a landlord. There are, in fact, thousand of families in New Hampshire, and even more in New England, who have paid in rental twice the cost of the house in which they have lived for a generation or more and no better off at the end of life than when they started.

The will to do, the stern determination to have a home of your own, is the deciding factor. I know a young man who resolved that, come what would, he would own a shelter of some kind for his growing family. No more rental for me, he said. However humble the home might be he would have one. First he purchased a piece of land one mile from the Post Office. Then he obtained second-hand lumber out of which he constructed, by working overtime, a one room shelter. Little by little, as his family grew, he added to the house until at last he had built, by grit and sweat, a plain but attractive house, the picture of which is given here. He was poor while he lived in a rented house and today he is made rich by living in a house of his own. This man was not a carpenter, but he had the will to do and he did it himself. It was, in fact, a joy to him to put so much of his time into the building of his house. As he expressed it—"The more of yourself you put into it the more it will mean to you."

Of course a poor man, in order to own his home, must sacrifice many of the so-called luxuries during the early years of his married life, until the house is, in part, paid for, but, as I see it, extreme sacrifice is worth while in the satisfaction of living in a house of your own, each nail of which represents hard and earnest endeavor of the entire family unit.

It is true many of us must start in a humble way, as this man did, so that

the early payments may not be a greater burden than can be borne without a breakdown and the consequent loss of the home. In starting a home necessities should come first and luxuries later. An automobile, for instance, is by no means a necessity and should come after and not before, the home. Do you realize that the cost of operating and maintaining even the lowest priced automobile represents a sum of money which, if saved for say a period of 10 years, would build a home, or a sum, which if paid in monthly installments to a co-operative building institution, would pay for your home early in your life? Is not the ownership of a home more important to family welfare and happiness than the ownership of an automobile? A furnace is desirable but that, too, is not absolutely necessary. Practically 60% of the families of that wonderful country, Canada, have not even seen a furnace and yet they live, with stoves alone, comfortably and happily, in the coldest habitable climate of this Continent. Even a bath tub and electric lights were unknown to our fathers and yet they were cheerful and healthful—fully as much so as their sons are in this age of hectic and abnormal activities. I do not belittle the advantage of having all of these modern conveniences and luxuries but why not delay until at least the home has been, in part, paid for.

It seems to me that there is no satisfaction so great as the privilege of helping a worthy and thrifty family in the upbuilding of a home. As I see it every corporation, or business concern, should encourage and assist its workers to become a home owning community so as to stimulate an increased interest in home life and too, closer participation in the economic and social welfare of the city, or town, in which they live. Bolshevism, Communism, I. W. W. ism would find poor soil in which to plant the poisonous seed if home owning, rather than home renting, were the prevailing custom of American life.

# THE COUNTY FARM BUREAU AND ITS WORK

## The County Agents

BY H. STYLES BRIDGES

**T**HE County Farm Bureau is primarily an organization through which Extension work in Agriculture and home economics is done. Extension work brings to the farmer on the farm, and the farmer's wife in the farm home, and the boys and girls of these homes the most efficient practices and methods of farming and home-making.

Every County in New Hampshire has a Farm Bureau, and these Farm Bureaus work in practically every community in the State.

The first County Farm Bureau was organized in Sullivan County in 1913, and the second in 1914 in Cheshire County. Belknap, Coos and Merrimack in 1915; Grafton, Rockingham and Hillsborough in 1916, and Strafford and Carroll in 1917.

Each County Farm Bureau is governed by officers and an executive committee elected by the farmer members annually, and the program in each town is looked after by a community chairman or local director.

Each County Farm Bureau in co-operation with the United States Department of Agriculture and the Extension Department of the University of New

Hampshire employs from one to four agents called, to designate their positions, County Agricultural Agent, Home Demonstration Agent, and Boys' and Girls' Club Agent. New Hampshire is fortunate in having a very able staff of

county workers, a staff that compares favorably with any in the country. Each agent must be an expert and an executive of the highest order. The old saying that "a jack-of-all-trades is a master of none" is not supposed to hold true with these agents. For example, the County Agricultural Agent must be, first of all, a trained man along agricultural lines, and a leader of men. He is expected to be an expert on dairying, poultry, sheep, swine, horses, beef cattle, orcharding, small fruits, soils, crops (including all crops that are grown in his section and those yet to be tried out).

He is expected to be capable of filling the following positions: organizer, orator, editor, promoter, moving picture operator, entomologist, geologist, pathologist, bacteriologist; and a judge of livestock, poultry, and crops. Of course when the agent needs assistance on any particular line, he is at liberty to call on specialists from the State University

"Doctor Sawbones, are you 'keeping up with your profession?'"

"Of course, I am," replies the doctor, "a physician's training never ceases, for the medical profession is moving forward and compels each practitioner to move with it by means of medical journals, societies and clinics."

"Perhaps you are not aware, Doctor, that farming is as old and dignified a profession as yours and that it is equally progressive. A never-ending education in the science of agriculture is necessary for the farmer's success."

If you didn't know this, read about the work of the Farm Bureau as related by H. Styles Bridges."



Results of a Top Dressing Demonstration.

who are glad to co-operate in putting across a real constructive program along any particular agricultural line.

The various county agents employed in each county are an important factor in the success or failure of the County Farm Bureau, in the eyes of the public. They are to agriculture what the teacher is to the school, and the pastor is to the church. They represent the Farm Bureau and Extension Service in teaching, leading and organizing the rural sections to the common end of better farming and better living and home life.

The State of New Hampshire boasts of two hundred and thirty-seven (237) towns in which are located farms. The County Farm Bureaus carry their work into one hundred and ninety-six (196) towns, or eighty-three (83) per cent of the towns in the State. Nearly all of these towns have local branches of the Farm Bureau that are working on community programs; programs decided upon by the people of their respective communities.

A great deal of the educational work of the County Farm Bureaus is by the demonstration method. In 1922 over twenty-two hundred (2200) demonstrations were given.

The main projects of the County Farm Bureaus are as listed below:

1. Soil Improvement
2. Crop Improvement

3. Livestock Improvement
4. Poultry Improvement
5. Orchard Improvement
6. Farm Management
7. Boys' and Girls' Club Work
8. Clothing
9. Food and Health
10. Home Improvement
11. Co-operative Buying and Selling.

The soil improvement work of the County Farm Bureaus is highly important, for from the soil in reality everything living, either springs or depends for its existence to a smaller or larger degree. In New Hampshire, one of the biggest soil problems is acidity. According to the reports of the Farm Bureaus and the Extension Service of the University of New Hampshire, over ninety-five (95) per cent of the soil of the State is acid. One of the main projects of the Farm Bureaus along soil improvement lines is encouraging the use of lime on all farms to correct the acidity of the soil. Proof that the County Farm Bureaus are functioning in this respect is found in the fact that around four thousand (4,000) tons of lime were used by New Hampshire farmers last year, and a large part of this amount was purchased co-operatively.

One of the outstanding features of the work of the Farm Bureaus during the past year has been the demonstration of the value of certified seed potatoes. These demonstrations showed that by using certified seed potatoes and planting under the same conditions as the ordinary seed an average increase yield of seventy-one (71) bushels to the acre was secured.

Stop and think a moment, and you will very readily see that the increased

use of certified seed will mean a great deal to the potato growers of New Hampshire. In fact if all of the farmers who grow potatoes would use certified seed and if their increased yield equalled, on the average, what the Farm Bureau demonstrations have shown, it would mean an increased revenue to the farmers of the State of over one million dollars.

This shows conclusively that the County Farm Bureaus are rendering a real service and if the farmers only took advantage of the opportunities afforded thru the Farm Bureaus, it would be to the advantage not only of the farmer, but the state as a whole.

The County Farm Bureaus are playing an important part in the fruit industry through their demonstrations in spraying, pruning, grafting, fertilizing, grading and packing. In the town of Franklin in Merrimack County, is an excellent example of what the Farm Bureau is doing along orchard improvement lines. Dr. E. T. Drake of Franklin owns an orchard that, up to about three years ago had never exceeded one hundred (100) barrels annually, and many years fell way below this figure. The orchard had been more or less neglected, not receiving the proper care. Then came the Farm Bureau, and under the direction of Roy W. Peaslee, Merrimack County Agent, the Drake Orchard has received proper attention for the past three years, being fertilized, pruned, and sprayed, and last season Dr. Drake was rewarded with over six hundred (600) barrels of excellent fruit; an increase of over six hundred (600) per cent in yield, and fruit of better quality and color than ever before. That the Farm Bureau is

functioning in orchard improvement work, no one can question when we hear of examples like the above.

Livestock improvement is an important project, for the Farm Bureau is solving many a dairyman's trouble and is doing its bit along all livestock lines.

Hay is one of New Hampshire's staple crops and the Farm Bureau is encouraging the use of top dressing in the form of sulphate of ammonia, or nitrate of soda. Top dressing demonstrations show that the yield may be doubled by the use of one of the above mentioned chemicals. Ralph Jones, a farmer of East Concord, reports that by following the directions of the Farm Bureau he doubled the yield of hay on the field used for the demonstration. W. E. Powers of Danbury, reports that by the use of top dressing he more than doubled the yield on his demonstration plot.

Poultry being one of New Hampshire's most profitable lines of agriculture, was featured by many of the Farm Bureaus in poultry sections. Poultry culling demonstrations were carried on by every County Farm Bureau in the State. One hundred and twenty-four demonstrations were held in 1922 with an attendance of nearly twenty-five hundred persons.

The extension projects for women carried on by the Farm Bureaus are



Hay Made, Using Hay Caps

valuable to the women of the State. Opportunities are provided for women in the rural communities that otherwise would never come to the farm women of this State. That these opportunities are being taken advantage of can readily be seen, for the great majority of farm women now have their own dress forms, more commonly known as "bettys." These are monuments to the value of Home Demonstration work, and will be found in hundreds of rural homes. Many a man has been saved several dollars by his wife attending a millinery meeting of the County Farm Bureau and learning how to make her Spring or Fall hat, one that when finished, would do credit to any city milliner. One hundred and twenty-four (124) millinery demonstrations were held in 1922, which indicates their popularity.

The food and health project of the Farm Bureau is important for it has much to do with the health of our rural families. In this project the value of balanced meals, the correction of malnutrition, and many other things including the dental clinics for children feature the project.

The home improvement project includes everything for more convenient and attractive homes, and many a farm home has been re-arranged to the convenience of the house-wife at a small cost or made more attractive through following the suggestions of the Home Demonstration Agent.

Boys' and Girls' club work is a story all by itself, and it is needless to say one of the brightest hopes of a future for the Granite State. The Farm Bureau has recognized the fact that the boys and girls of to-day are the farmers and farm wives of the future, and thru this work are attempting to awaken a love for the farm that cannot be dulled by the seemingly alluring attractions of the city.

Space and time do not permit the full story of the County Farm Bureau and its work, but thousands of New Hamp-

shire farmers can testify of the Farm Bureau's assistance to them on the farm and as many more farm women stand ready to bear evidence as to its value in the farm home, so this article merely shows a few of the many ways in which the county Farm Bureau is functioning.

The County Farm Bureaus are headed by the best farmers in the various counties; men who are respected, who are progressive, and well thought of; men who sacrifice their own time and effort to help promote a good cause and with these men as leaders, the County Farm Bureaus have the right kind of leadership.

The County Farm Bureau is striving to make the farmer more efficient in his practices or in other words, striving for more economical production of the products of the farm.

The farmer in reality is similar to a manufacturer. The farm is his factory. He takes his raw products in the form of seed, plants them and manufactures them with the help of nature, into various crops. He takes a calf and with the help of nature manufactures it into a cow. He takes his crops and with the assistance of his cows manufactures them into milk, and his milk into cream, and his cream into butter. The manufacturer to operate his factory successfully must attain high efficiency which means economical production. Like Rip Van Winkle the farmer is awaking from his sleep of years and is finding his place among the trained professions of a more advanced day. With a step at first faltering but growing more firm and confident, he is coming down from the hills of narrowness and aimlessness to the plains of better organization and more scientific training. The farmer, in order to keep pace with the increased efficiency of other industries must strive at all times for the most efficient production of farm products, and in attaining this end, he can choose no better adviser and helper than the County Farm Bureau.



## AN AFTERNOON WITH FORGOTTEN THINGS

BY HELEN F. McMILLIN

THE long blue touring car slid forward slowly, not with the assured swiftness characteristic of the motion of a high-powered automobile, but rather with a leisurely ease reminiscent of a horse drawn carriage behind a pair of strong fine horses. The man at the wheel, Mr. Herbert Nichols, had been a driver of horses in years past, had had his livery stable, had bought and sold horses, and felt for them the peculiar affection which no motor car can command. And now, when he had at last yielded to the trend of the times and the blue touring car had replaced his teams, he still continued to drive the automobile as he was wont to drive his horses. Down the long grade to the road the car moved, held back, so it seemed, not by inner mechanism of brakes, but by the muscles of powerful animals guided by the steady rein of the driver. Up a long hill he went slowly and at the top the driver's habit of years past asserted itself and he stopped the car as though he were reining in tired horses who had deserved a rest after the hard pull. Holding the wheel as though his hand held loose reins, he let his right arm lie along the back of

the seat, and turned to his passengers.

"Over there" he said with a nod, "was where Uncle Sammy Jewett used to pasture his stags."

We followed the direction indicated and saw not a pasture, but a tangled mass of underbrush and half grown trees. Our driver watched our puzzlement with Yankee relish, then smiled and said,

"It was all open field in those days, open field way back to the foot of the mountain. Sharon was quite a community then, some four hundred people at least. Last census there were only about twenty. Nearly all the old families are gone—just one or two left. The young people saw better opportunities elsewhere and the old folks are buried up on Jarmany hill."

"Jarmany Hill is really Germany Hill, I suppose," one of the passengers on the back seat ventured.

"No, Jarmany is the correct name. I remember my Aunt Luce telling me how it came to be. A family came to live up there in the early days who used to make earthenware jars which they sold among the farmers. The man was familiarly known as the 'jar man' and

in course of time the place where his house stood became 'jar-many hill.'"

The car was moving again now, but slowly so that the driver did not need to interrupt his conversation. To us the road was only a beautiful, wood road in unsettled country; but gradually we came to see, through the eyes of our guide, comfortable old farmhouses in among the trees, good pasture lands and cultivated fields, and among them people moving, engaged in work and play and laughter and tears. There was magic in the air that day.

"Over there where you see the lilac bush was the house where the meanest man in town lived," said Mr. Nichols, "and down there in the hollow lived a little red cheeked girl. I used to think she was awfully pretty, and I can remember just how she looked coming along the road—there was a road then—with her pigtails down her back. That's the little red schoolhouse, and over there is Jo McCoy's. His house is still standing, but no one lives there. I remember a kitchen junket up there one winter. I wasn't invited, but I went just the same. The little red-cheeked girl advised me to. There wasn't any reason for his not asking me really. Everyone else was invited. So I just went along. Those kitchen junkets—they don't have anything like them nowadays, but they were the big events of the winter to us back sixty years ago.

"We had a big party here, too," he went on, pointing across the road. "We called it the Cousin Party."

We looked and saw nothing but a clump of trees until Mr. Nichols, getting out of the car, showed in the tall grass traces of the foundation stones, and pointed out the outlines of the buildings which once stood there.

"We lived here one while," he said. "There was a store and a dance hall and a cottage house. It was one of the busiest corners of the town at one time. And one day in March we had a cousin party. There were a lot of our relations around about, and fifty or sixty

couples in all were there that night. Aunt Esther came, I remember: walked down from her little cottage in the hills and back again after the party through the slush and sleet, several miles of lonesome road. And there was Uncle Fiske of Dublin. I'll always remember him and the way he dodged chipping in his quarter to pay the musicians, said he didn't dance, although his wife did, and therefore didn't think he ought to be asked to pay. We danced the Devil's Dream at five o'clock in the morning. It was a great party".

"You see that old house over there." our driver broke silence again. "Old Swain lived there. He used to be a pretty good neighbor, too, except for being a little mite strenuous on election day and training day and one or two other special occasions. He was captain of the Sharon Blues, and I guess he figured that his services to his country entitled him to some sort of celebration once in a while. He was a great story teller, too, and when a farmer tells me about having trouble with witch grass I always think of one of old Swain's favorite yarns. One day, he said, as he was ploughing his shoestring broke and not having another handy he supplied the deficiency with a piece of witchgrass. That was in the spring and he did not give the matter another thought until one morning in late October when he was lacing up his shoes on the front steps and the witchgrass broke. He took out the pieces and threw them away, and the next spring he found they had taken root. It's pretty hard to kill the stuff, he'd say."

Thus, as we drove along, our guide peopled the still woods with the spirits of the old settlers, introducing them and making us see them in all their humanness and homely happiness. At last, with unmistakable eagerness, he turned the car into an overgrown lane and stopped. He did not ask us to get out but his manner showed that that was expected of us and we followed him up a little slope.



"Here" he said, "was where Uncle Ely and Aunt Luce lived."

Again we saw only the faintest traces of human habitation: a group of knotted apple trees, an old well overgrown with moss but still containing water which sounded cool when we dropped a pebble into its depths. The old cellar hole was still partly visible. That was all that was left. But we could almost see the comfortable dwelling rise before our eyes as our guide paced out its boundaries and indicated with a sweep of his arm the walls and the doors and the windows.

"There was one window there," he said, "and there was another window over there. The old clock stood right here beside this window. The front door was over on that side just out beyond those bushes. The stairs went up just about where that clump of grass is. And between the stairs and

the door was a little passageway out of doors through which the cat and dog could go in and out.

"I can remember Uncle Ely sitting by that window growling over the Peterborough Transcript and keeping one eye on the road. It was all open here then. There weren't any trees except a few of those apple trees—Uncle Ely called them the nussery—and he could see everyone coming or going on the road. He'd fret and fume about the newspaper, declaring that the next time he went to the Crow's Nest—he called Peterborough that because it was a black Republican town—he was going to stop his subscription. But he never did.



"Well, he'd sit there reading and the old dog Ashes would be asleep at his feet, when a farmer's wagon would come along down the road. Then Uncle Ely would lay down his paper and pick up Ashes by his tail and nape of his neck and hold him up to the window so that he could look down the road." Mr. Nichols suited the action to the words. "The old dog wouldn't move a muscle. Then Uncle Ely would set him down again and just as the dog's feet touched the floor he'd holler, 'Through the tunnel! Through the tunnel!' and Ashes would

disappear thru the little hole by the door and tear down the hill to the road barking for all he was worth. Uncle Ely would watch him for a minute, chuckling to himself. Then he'd go thundering down the road in hot pursuit of the dog.

"'Lick him, lick him!' he'd roar as the startled farmer

laid about him with his whip. Lick him good. I am going to get Continental to kill that dog. Lick him!' And he'd pick up a stone and shy it in the general direction of Ashes as a signal that his part of the game was over. He never hit him but the dog went off meekly up the hill and left Uncle Ely to pass the time of day with the farmer, to find out what he was getting for hay, how much eggs and butter were in Peterborough, and to inquire about news in the outside world in general."

It was an entertaining picture, that of the old man establishing contacts with his neighbors and the outside world by this simple ruse and with the old dog as

accomplice. And our guide went on to give us a companion piece.

"I remember one night when I was over to Uncle Ely's. He was reading the Transcript and grumbling to himself over its contents. It had been snowing all day and there was about two feet of snow. Ashes, in his place by the fire, suddenly pricked up his ears and began to growl. Uncle Ely put down his paper and went to the window. 'Trouble down to the road,' he shouted, although I was quite within earshot. 'Get on your boots! Trouble down to the road!' We went out into the storm. Down in the snow and slush a man was struggling with a load of soft soap. Probably he had been peddling it in Peterborough. His horses were poor and one of them was down. Uncle Ely looked over the job, sent me for a shovel and got the load to one side of the road and helped the horse up. Then we took the man and his wife back to the house. While Uncle Ely was tending to the horses, Aunt Luce helped the woman into dry clothes. Then there was supper. I can remember just how Aunt Luce looked as she moved around in that slow, complaining way of hers; I can see her standing by the table, smoothing the cloth and straightening the silver and speaking softly. Then Uncle Ely disappeared down cellar and came up with a jug of Medford rum. Aunt Luce looked at him reproachfully as he mixed up a little with sugar for the guests and for himself. Uncle Ely could feel her eyes upon him. 'Mother, Mother, just a swallow, just a swallow,' he said. And Aunt Luce turned to the strangers and said, 'We don't have Medford,—not every day. Uncle Ely keeps a little on hand for haying, but we don't have Medford—not every day.' When the supper had been cleared away and the man and woman began to talk about moving on, Uncle Ely said, 'No. Nobody leaves my house on a night like this,' and Aunt Luce took the lamp and showed them up to the guest room.

Poor Aunt Luce, Uncle Ely did bother her sometimes. She had to sort of follow round and explain him. He called every one by nicknames and this distressed her. 'Old Shuttlenose is doing his haying this week,' he'd say, and Aunt Luce would supply in an apologetic undertone, 'Mr. Sam Barton.' 'There's Mailbags coming down the road,' Uncle Ely would call out. 'Miss Barnes,' said Aunt Luce. And so it would go. 'Leggin' Strings.' 'Continental,' 'Gunlock.' No one ever knew the reason for Uncle Ely's nicknames, but there was only one person in town for whom he had no nickname. He was a crotchety old fellow and every one called him 'Old John Turner'—everyone except Uncle Ely; he always spoke of him with exaggerated respect as 'Mister Turner.'"

We walked back to the car in silence and in silence drove slowly homeward. Our driver was living over boyhood scenes and as for ourselves, we too were still moving in the neighborhood of spirits he had summoned for us, and pondering upon the changes half a century can bring. It was very warm and still. In the patches of sunlight on the dusty road were yellow butterflies which flew up in clouds before our car. The country bore the aspect of untouched wilderness as though no human being had ever lived or worked in it, and yet there was an intangible difference. The forces of nature make short work of human handiwork, weeds and bushes cover the ruins of man's houses and speedily reclaim what little patches of ground he has conquered and made to serve his uses. But wherever human lives have been lived, wherever men have worked and played together in families and communities, a breath of their spirit is somehow mingled with the air.

"Wherever beauty has been quick in clay  
Some effluence remains. . . . ."

But once in the return homewards was the silence broken. Back just a little from the road, beside the tumbled

weather beaten ruins of an old house, a pink rose bush, half hidden with weeds, held up three small fragrant blossoms. Our driver pointed them out.

"Some woman," he said. "The other day I came through this way and saw those roses and I thought I would pick

them and carry them home. But just as I reached for them something seemed to stop me. It just seemed as though maybe it would hurt 'Her.' There would have been more than three there if 'She' were taking care of them. So I left Her her roses."



## DREAM SHIPS

BY CARL HOLLIDAY

University of Toledo, Ohio

The great ships go out to sea  
Beyond the light-house tall;  
I know not when again they'll be  
Within our harbor wall.

And my high dreams go out to sea  
At harbors far to call;  
I know not if again to me  
They'll ever come at all.

But the great ships, when o'er the sea,  
Their anchor chains let fall  
In some old port of mystery,  
Beneath some city wall.

And my high dreams, when o'er the sea,  
At God's own Harbor call,  
And wait at anchor there for me,  
Beneath His City wall.

# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

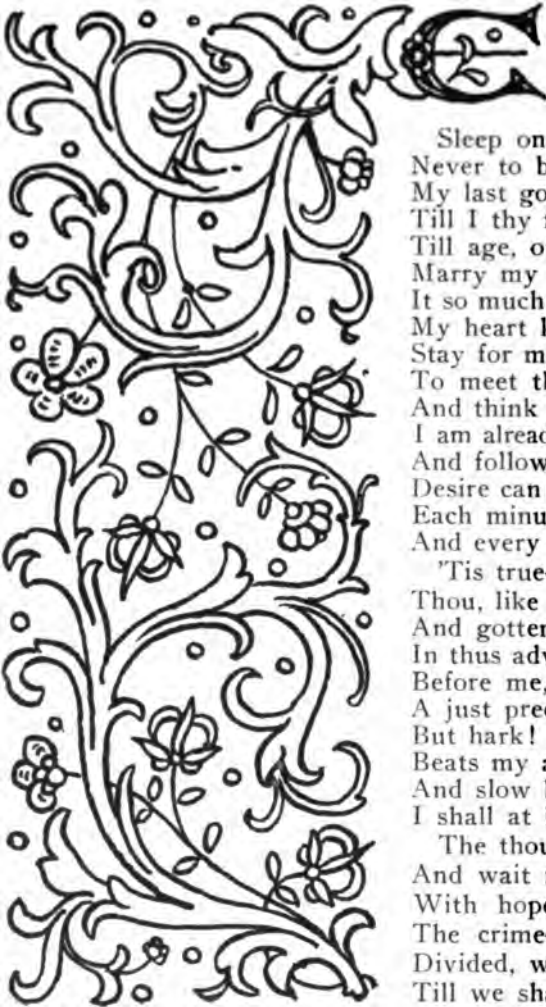
ILLUSTRATED BY ELIZABETH SHURTLEFF

## A WHITE ROSE

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

The red rose whispers of passion  
And the red rose breathes of love;  
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,  
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud  
With a flush on its petal tips;  
For the love that is purest and sweetest  
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.



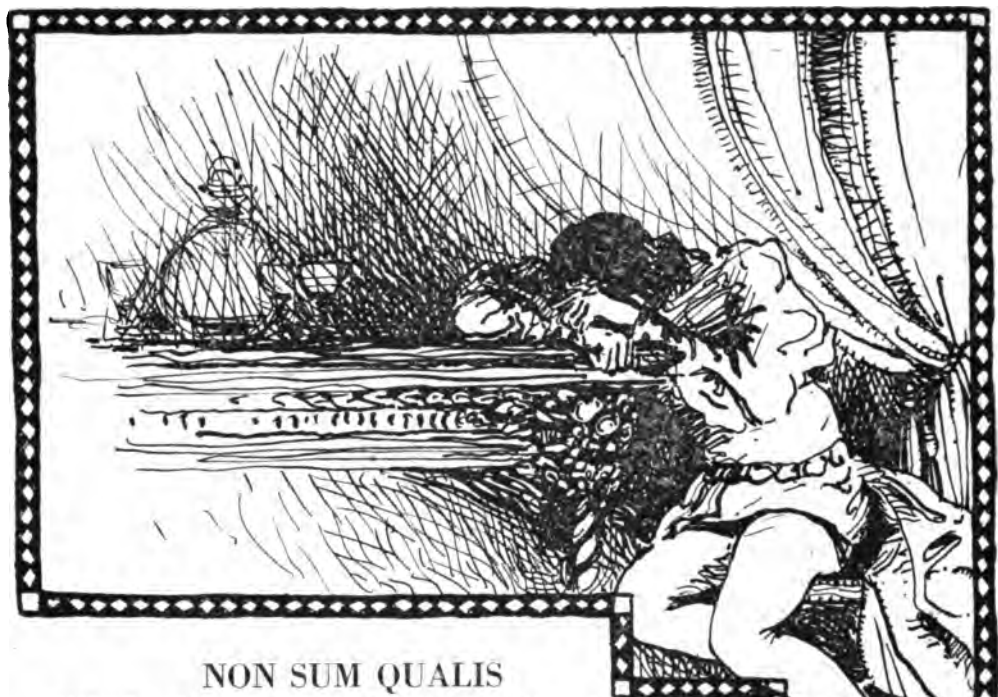
## XEQUY ON HIS WIFE

BY HENRY KING

Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed  
Never to be disquieted!  
My last good-night! Thou wilt not awake  
Till I thy fate shall overtake:  
Till age, or grief, or sickness must  
Marry my body to that dust  
It so much loves; and fill the room  
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.  
Stay for me there: I will not fail  
To meet thee in that hollow vale.  
And think not much of my delay:  
I am already on the way.  
And follow thee with all the speed  
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.  
Each minute is a short degree  
And every hour a step towards thee....

'Tis true—with shame and grief I yield—  
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field;  
And gotten hast the victory  
In thus adventuring to die  
Before me, whose more years might crave  
A just precedence in the grave.  
But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,  
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;  
And slow howe'er my marches be  
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on  
And wait my dissolution  
With hope and comfort. Dear—forgive  
The crime—I am content to live  
Divided, with but half a heart,  
Till we shall meet and never part.



NON SUM QUALIS  
ERAM BONAE SUB REGNO CYNARAE

By ERNEST DOWSON

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine  
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed  
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine,  
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,  
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;  
Surely the kisses of her boughed red mouth were sweet;  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion,

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,  
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,  
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;  
Yet I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,  
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,  
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;  
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

# CANDIDATES FOR DELEGATES-AT-LARGE TO REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

By JAMES F. O'NEIL

New Hampshire's delegation to the Republican National Convention will be for President Calvin Coolidge for the presidential nomination, but they will go from the Granite State unpledged. Such seems to be the sentiment among those who expect to be candidates for delegates and other party leaders throughout the state.

The candidates to date for delegates-at-large are: Senator George H. Moses of Concord, First Assistant Postmaster General John H. Bartlett of Portsmouth, ex-Governor Albert O. Brown of Manchester, State Chairman Dwight Hall of Dover and National Committeeman Fred W. Estabrook of Nashua. Mrs. Jessie E. Donahue of Manchester is in the

field for alternate to the delegates-at-large, also Mrs. Clara Fellows of Tilton.

Some woman will probably be included among the delegates-at-large for it is the policy of the party to send some to this convention. Mrs. John G. M. Glessner of Littleton was mentioned but she states she will attend the convention as national committeewoman. Mrs. Schofield of Peterboro may file.

New Hampshire will be represented by six delegates-at-large this year and four district delegates, two from each congressional district. This is an increase of two over 1920. The voting strength of all the states that went Republican in the last presidential election has been increased.

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## ALBERT O. BROWN

**E**X-GOVERNOR Albert O. Brown is the only Manchester man mentioned as a candidate for delegate-at-large for the G. O. P. National convention although Cyrus H. Little, Queen City attorney, is out for district delegate.

The former chief executive of New Hampshire favors President Calvin Coolidge for the renomination, but is inclined at this time to run unpledged although he wishes it understood that he is for Coolidge. Commenting on the situation this week, Mr. Brown said: "I think I shall file in January as a candidate for delegate-at-large and at this time I am inclined to run unpledged but absolutely in favor of President Coolidge."

Relative to the issue of the day and the makeup of the platform, Ex-governor Brown did not wish to make any comments



Ex-Governor Albert O. Brown

believing that the time was inopportune. "Later on, if necessary," said the Manchester bank official, "I shall give my opinions on some, many of which I have definite ideas on."

At the present time Mr. Brown is president of the State Constitutional Convention which adjourned last spring after convening on tax legislation, the amendments being voted upon in March. He has never been a delegate to the national convention.

---

### JOHN H. BARTLETT

FIRST ASS'T P. M. GENERAL

**J**OHN H. BARTLETT of Portsmouth, first assistant postmaster general and ex-governor of New Hampshire, is one of the strongest supporters of President Calvin Coolidge for the nomination of the Republican party for the presidency.

He is interested in seeing Coolidge delegates chosen in every state and is willing to go to the national convention if his personal efforts there will be helpful.

Mr. Bartlett, who is a national figure because of his prominent position in the capitol, has been close to President Coolidge. At present he is sitting in at the cabinet meetings as the representative of the postal department in the absence of Postmaster General New. New Hampshire's former governor was mentioned prominently in connection with the appointment of postmaster general at the time Senator Harry S. New was selected.

Regarding some of the national issues the assistant postmaster general expressed himself as follows: "I am in favor of a Soldier's Delayed Compensation Act; a forty-eight hour state law and federal forty-eight hour provision;



Ex-Governor John H. Bartlett

also other progressive legislation for workers, farmers and business.

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### SENATOR GEORGE H. MOSES

**S**ENATOR George H. Moses, who expects to be a candidate for delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention, believes that the New Hampshire statute is too rigid for the selection of a pledged delegation. If elected a delegate he states he will be for Coolidge but is of the opinion that the delegation should go unpledged.

In reply to a questionnaire, the New Hampshire senator sent the following letter from Washington, D. C., regarding his views:

"I expect to be a candidate for delegate to the Republican National Convention. I do not think that the delegates



Photo by the Kimball Studio, Concord, N. H.

Senator George H. Moses

should be pledged under the New Hampshire statute—our experience in that regard in 1920 having shown that our statute is altogether too rigid in such matters. If elected a delegate I shall be for Coolidge.

"I shall not vote for a bonus bill unless some means are taken to provide the necessary revenue for paying it. I am in favor of a sales tax for this purpose.

"I very much wish to see our Federal tax system reformed. I did not vote for the present tax law and made a speech in opposition to it. I am ready at any time to take up the work of reforming it; and in general terms I agree with the proposals advanced by Secretary Mellon.

"I am in favor of a National 48 Hour Law; and in two Congresses have introduced a bill to bring it about and have done my best to secure its passage."

Senator Moses will without doubt be elected as one of the delegates-at-large

from New Hampshire. At the convention in 1920 he played a most prominent part and it is expected that he will be heard from during the coming one as well.

## DWIGHT HALL

"I am for President Coolidge." This was the statement made by Dwight Hall of Dover in commenting on the candidates for the Presidential nomination of the Republican party. Mr. Hall, who is state chairman of the G. O. P., is an announced candidate for delegate-at-large to the national convention.

He has been a delegate in former years and is looked upon as one of the leading lights of the party in New England. Only a few months ago he with National Committeeman Fred W. Estabrook of Nashua conferred with National Chairman Adams on the New Hampshire situation.

Mr. Hall is interested in tax revision which he believes would serve as an incentive to business. He asserted that he was studying the problem which he



Dwight Hall



considered as one of the vital issues of the day.

Concerning the bonus to ex-service men, the state leader of the G. O. P. said: "I am heartily in favor of doing everything for these men that can be done." When asked if he favored a national 48-hour law, he promptly replied "I do."

During the last session of the state legislature Dwight Hall, who is a prominent attorney in Dover, acted as a lobbyist against the state 48-hour law. He represented the Pacific Mills of Dover.

### MRS. JESSIE E. DONAHUE

**S**EEKING a place in the New Hampshire delegation to the Republican National Convention, Mrs. Jessie E. Donahue of Manchester has the distinctive honor of being the first woman in the history of the Granite State to announce her candidacy for a position in either party delegation to the National Convention from New Hampshire. However, other women are expected to enter the field for delegate to the G. O. P. convention within a short time. Mrs. Donahue asks for a place among the alternates to the delegates-at-large.

Being vice chairman of the Republican State Committee and in that capacity serving as head of the woman's division, Mrs. Donahue is counted among the party leaders in the state. In the last two campaigns she was among the busiest of the women speakers, addressing rallies almost every evening, and at times two or three meeting the same night. Always a staunch Republican and an earnest worker for party success, she has not before sought office for herself.

"I am for Coolidge," says Mrs. Donahue, "but favor the idea of an unpledged delegation although I am willing to go pledged if it is the wish of President Coolidge that our delegation be pledged."



Photo by Ira Frank Lindsey

Mrs. Jessie E. Donahue

Beyond expressing her opposition to the League of Nations the Manchester newspaper woman prefers not to make a statement about her views on national issues until later.

Mrs. Donahue, who is the widow of the late Insurance Commissioner John J. Donahue, is a native of New Hampshire and has always lived in the state. She is not only prominently identified with clubs and other social organizations but has had extensive business experience and has for some years been connected with Boston and Manchester newspapers and contributed to other periodicals. In consequence of these activities she possesses a wide acquaintance throughout the state.

### MRS. CLARA FELLOWS

**O**N Tuesday, November 27th the leading Republican women, including the various local chairmen, gathered in Concord for a conference, followed by



Mrs. Clara Fellows

a luncheon at the Eagle Hotel. Whatever else may have been the benefit of this gathering, there was one important good accomplished both from the standpoint of the Republican party and of the state as a whole. At the close of the gathering, having yielded to the solicitations of the entire group of women, Mrs. Clara Fellows of Tilton, President of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs and prominent in

all lines of women's work in the state announced her candidacy as delegate-at-large to the National Convention. Upon being interviewed, Mrs. Fellows stated that she favored the nomination of Calvin Coolidge, though like the rest of the candidates she preferred to go unpledged; that she favored a national 8-hour law for women and children and that she was opposed to a soldier's bonus of the character which has been proposed in the past. Mrs. Fellows has long been active in behalf of measures for child welfare and education and carries with her into political life a wide experience in public service.

---

#### FRED W. ESTABROOK

**F**RED W. ESTABROOK of Nashua, present national committeeman from New Hampshire, is another announced candidate for delegate-at-large. President Coolidge is his choice for the renomi-

nation. He did not wish to be quoted on national issues being of the belief that his personal opinions had no connection with the Presidential primary and the national convention.

The Nashuan has served at two national conventions of the Republican party already, being a delegate from this state in 1912 and at the last meeting in 1920. He has been national committeeman from New Hampshire since 1908.

## THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

IT seems to be an easy task in this day and generation to discover public "problems." This is particularly so in the Granite State. Each budding politician points out, with tears in his eyes, and a tremble in his voice, the various baffling and intricate problems which confront our commonwealth, and which he alone can solve. Seated upon plush cushions around mahogany tables in various steam heated offices, the sages of our state are veritable pioneers, forging their way through the wilderness of undeveloped New Hampshire. If all the trees which have been planted on paper by various forestry associations should grow, the coal and housing problem would be dissipated forevermore. If all the water power which has been developed—on blueprints, could really function, the water flowing over the dams of New Hampshire would operate factories in Timbuctoo. In the same way, if all the industries which have been formed in our state, or at least, visioned in the curling cigar smoke of Chamber of Commerce banquets, were really buying raw material and employing men, the word "economics" would never more be lisped in our fair state. If all the farming which has been diagramed upon blackboards, in the empty halls of the state were actually being put into practice upon *our hill farms*, New Hampshire would be like Canaan of old, "a land of milk and honey."

One fact the doughty knights of penmanship and oratory have apparently overlooked. The real problem in New Hampshire, as well as, every other state, now as always, is the human problem. New Hampshire has perfectly able experts in agriculture, but what she lacks is a confidence in these experts on the part of the farmer, who too many times, regards them as rank outsiders, striving to force "new fangled notions and outlandish ideas" upon him. New Hampshire has far-sighted statesmen who real-

ize the wealth of undeveloped resources which lie in this state, but what she lacks is a belief on the part of the people, that these statesmen are actually laboring for the advantage of the state, and not to further their own political ambitions.

We have established in the capital city, certain departments of state, forestry, education, agriculture, fisheries and game, highway, motor vehicle, and various others. These departments are amply supplied with men of talent and scientific training, capable of leading our people in paths of progress, along their respective lines of activity. It is natural that they should be criticized. Washington, the father of his country, Lincoln, the preserver of our nation, endured criticism, and it is to be expected that Everett, the father of good roads, and Bartlett, the preserver of partridges, should meet with the same difficulties. Nevertheless, although criticism is to be expected, the great gulf of misunderstanding which seems to separate the people of our state, from their business organization, seems unfortunate and uncalled for. Over the north country, an avalanche of discontent and distrust, is greeting the efforts of those who are engaged in combating the white pine blister-rust. The small town statesmen who project tobacco juice with deadly accuracy into the fiery depths of the box stove and surreptitiously remove cookies and pickles from the grocers counter of the village stores, are most venomous in their insinuations about the Fish and Game Department, accusing high officials of enforcing the laws against the poor people, in order that they, themselves, may have venison upon their boards, twelve months in the year. They claim, that the supervisors in the Department of Education are sponging an ill deserved livelihood from the people while the schools ruined by new notions are not as they used to be, when they were boys. They maintain that every bump in our roads, and every wash-

board ridge of their corrugated surfaces which cause our Fords to play "Nearer My God to Thee," can be traced directly to the inefficiency of the Highway Department and that the Farm Bureau and Department of Agriculture, are to the farm world, what the "Seven Day Saints" and the followers of "Coue" are to the religious world.

It has been our experience that the officials of the various departments are ever ready to receive guests with courtesy, explain their work frankly, and meet criticism in a kindly manner. They are busy men, however.

Perish the thought of suggesting another state office but it might be profitable to have some official whose entire duty lay in introducing citizens to their departments by means of visits, lecture tours, and newspaper propaganda. The Boston and Maine railroad has such an official whose work lies in thus correct-

ing erroneous impressions in the minds of the public.

We would even go further and suggest the personnel of the office. Under a Republican regime who would be better than the portly and jovial former Motor Vehicle Commissioner Olin H. Chase? Or, during the supremacy of the Democrats, could the suave and friendly Mr. Sibley be improved upon?

The State of New Hampshire cannot move forward more successfully without the confidence of the people than can the Amoskeag Mills do business without the cooperation of their employees, or the Governor of Oklahoma retain his office without the consent of his fellow citizen. Let us then realize that our real problem is a problem of self education. That even as we are supposed to boost our town, our lodge or our club, we should be ready to speak a good word for those who are trying to do things in our state.

## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

### The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang

By W. F. MAUNIX

With an Introduction by Ralph D. Paine

"The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang" the distinguished Chinese statesman

and diplomat of the late 19th century, was actually written by an American adventurer

while he was serving a sentence in a Honolulu jail. This statement seems ridiculous while one is reading the book or reflecting upon it when finished, for unless the reader keeps constantly in mind the facts given in the introduction, he will be deceived as fully as were the eminent critics, authorities, and keen literary men in 1911 and feel that he is really becoming acquainted with the mind of the noble and brilliant Chinaman.

This, of course is not the case. The

book was first published in 1911 by a distinguished publishing house in London, after extracts had appeared in the New York "Sun" and the London "Observer" as well as in some American magazines of repute. "The Memoirs" were then secured for America by Houghton and Mifflin Co., who had careful study made by authorities on Chinese affairs and who published the book in 1913 after it had been pronounced by these men as compiled from genuine diaries and an autobiography of unusual and permanent value. Mr. Foster, Secretary of State in President Harrison's Cabinet in 1892, was asked to write an introduction to the book because of his close association with Li Hung Chang when in 1897 he was requested by the

Emperor of China to act as an advisor during the peace negotiations with Japan. Therefore, Mr. Foster was most interested in the supposed extracts from his friend's diary, and, having read them, felt no doubt of their genuineness and wrote the introduction to the book.

The story of how suspicion is aroused, the truth, discovered, and the career and character of Mr. Maunix, revealed is fully and realistically told by Mr. Ralph D. Paine our New Hampshire author. Mr. Paine had come into contact with the vagabond, newspaper man and learned to know him as he was,—a man with unusual talent as a novelist, who largely wasted his time and energy, and with a curious, moral twist seemed unable to draw the line between fact and fiction. It is a temptation to linger on a discussion of this man, whose character and life fascinate me more than any hero of a novel has for some time. It is impossible not to wonder about the psychological processes of a man which, although he was very lazy, made him go to great lengths to impose on the credulity of people, when it would have been better, wiser, and easier to have told the truth. Mr. Paine gives several incidents in Maunix's life which have their amusing as well as their tragic side. He calls his introduction the "Story of a Literary Forgery" and tells it with his usual force and a clearness which succeeds in making us understand why people continued to be kind to Maunix even when realizing his failing.

With the discovery of the authorship of the book, "The Memoirs" take on a different aspect, growing more entertaining, if less biographical, because it becomes what the author should have wished it to be in the beginning, purely fiction. It is, however, fiction of the better type, being the imaginative production of a mind so brilliant that it could transport itself to a distant land, enter a foreign mind, and reflect the famous Viceroy's moods, motives, actions, and even his words with a style

entirely worthy of that literary gentleman. What name shall we give to the ability which enables a poor man, whose knowledge of China is limited to a few months there while in the infantry as a common soldier and to such books for reference as visitors to the jail bring him on request, to deceive statesmen, journalists, and friends of the Viceroy by writing a book which would have passed all critics for all time had not laziness in regard to a few dates betrayed him?

The youthful ambition of the viceroy, his changing views on Christianity and foreign invasion of China, his experiences as a soldier and statesman, his skill as a diplomat in negotiating with the great and powerful nations, his trip to Russia, Germany, France, England, and America as an honored representative of his country, all are treated with a frankness at which we smile when we are forced to recognize it as the boldest audacity. Nevertheless, so perfect is his portrayal of Li Hung Chang that the mellow reflections and wise thoughts throughout "The Memoirs" are none the less worth assimilating because they are written by the warped mind of a young man, wasting brilliant gifts, instead of by the pen of an experienced old man.

William F. Maunix is dead now, lost to the sympathy, praise and blame which is bestowed on him, leaving his one fine piece of work as a sad testimonial of what he might have been had he possessed the energy, kind heart, and the moral sensitiveness which should have accompanied his facile pen and alert, imaginative mind. Nevertheless, in spite of these and other missing qualities, he has produced a character which makes us forget the barriers of race and color and realize with new understanding that nobility of nature, greatness of mind and heart, although measured by different standards, are common to all fine men and are found in China as well as in western countries, among heathen as well as Christians.

# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## Clippings From the State Press

### Two Viewpoints of Politics

We wish Brother Metcalf—who sees 40 Republican papers in New Hampshire—would lend us his specs. We have not been able to locate one, except our own—real, old-fashioned Republican, every week in the year—until the Republican Champion at Newport got back into Republican hands. Where has Bro. Metcalf seen even one column of putright Republican editorials in any single issue of a weekly paper—within the last year? Fact is, we lost the 1922 election BECAUSE the Republican press lost its voice. We admit it is also true that there are no Democratic papers “to speak of.” We think that a genuine, outright, complete Republican victory in New Hampshire was never so needed as now. It is what we intend to strike for.

—*Granite State Free Press*

And as we read we were thankful that the “Old fashioned” political paper is with the days that “have gone forever.” Oh, there will be occasionally one—there always is some one who would have things as they were seventy years ago—but Mr. Cheney’s paper is mild compared to some of the old timers, and O. H. Chase is too full of jolly good nature to ever spill vitriolic tirades against those who honestly differ with him in politics. When Mr. Cheney was just coming into manhood, the two great parties had so much love for each other that the children of one party were not allowed to play with those of a neighbor who was of the opposite political faith, and would a Democrat trade with a black Republican in the sixties? Not if he could possibly buy elsewhere. And the same was true of the Democrats. Then it was necessary that every large town have two papers, as advertising must be in the paper of the advertiser’s faith.....Evidently, according to

the Free Press, the Journal-Transcript is not a Republican paper. . . .

But the Editor will continue to vote for the Republican ticket, and work for Republican policies. . . . He has scores of good friends in the Democratic party, and hopes to have them continue friends. But if he cannot treat them as friends and have a Republican paper he will let the politics go and just print the paper.—*Franklin Journal-Transcript*

### Free Advice to the Minority

There are certain conditions in New Hampshire that the Republican party must recognize and profit by if it expects to win the next election. The young men of the party must be given their share of the work. Altogether too long have the older heads managed affairs. Altogether too many factions are selfishly working for control. A united effort, a recognition of the questions confronting the voters in this state, and a calculation of the influences effecting the average voter must be taken into account. It is the men and women who talk little but vote as they please that decide the result. Happy is the man who sees this and acts accordingly.

—*Franklin Transcript*

### Candidates

Speaking of Republican candidates for governor, the Plymouth Record says “What we hope for is a genuine New Hampshire man who has some idea of the relative size and importance of the job of governing our state; who will offer the simple platform of carrying out the business of the state efficiently and economically and who has sufficient ability, humanity and common sense to meet the problems which come before our state executive with wisdom and good judgment.”

Of the only declared candidates, Captain Winant of Concord and Major Knox of Manchester, the Record says:

"Both of these men belong to the 'Mr. Fixit' type of statesmen who think they are called upon to save the state from going to the demnition bow-wows and that they can do the saving if the people will only give them a job; pass all the laws they want and plaster the state with bonded indebtedness to pay the freight."

Compare the statements one with the other. Do not the old rank inconsistencies appear which have meant so much tribulation for the Republican party in months past? Windsor H. Goodnow of Keene ran for governor on a platform identical with that proposed by the Record. But he didn't run well, nor did the rest of the ticket he headed. The Record's platform is all right as far as it goes but it doesn't go far enough with its verbose generalities to assure the election of any Republican next year. —*Concord Monitor-Patriot*

Here is what Mr. Knox has to say. "After careful consideration of the political situation in the state and in response to what appears to be a very general favorable sentiment among Republicans, I have concluded to be a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. I shall make no statement beyond this at the present, but will make an extended statement of my views on pending state issues at some appropriate time in the future. I expect to wage an aggressive campaign for the nomination."

In the Monday's paper John G. Winant had a statement declaring where he stands upon matters of interest to New Hampshire voters.

"A man is judged by his works and the tasks that he sets himself to do. I shall thoroughly enjoy this campaign because I like people and because I agree with Colonel Roosevelt that 'aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords.' A country worth fighting for in time of war is a country worth

working for in time of peace. That is my conviction and I shall work through to the end."—*Franklin Journal*.

In our day custom makes a good precedent, consequently the nomination should fall to Arthur P. Morrill, who in the last campaign, while he had a respectable following, withdrew his claim in favor of Goodnow and left the field clear, and why should not he have a preference as far as the nomination goes? He has been faithful, has remained loyal to whoever received the party nomination.

—*Granite State Free Press*

### A Fatherly Rebuke

We suggest to the Editor of the Granite Monthly in the most friendly spirit, that it would be better for one of his adolescent years, when attending the agricultural fairs, or other gatherings of combined education and amusement, that he confine his researches to the front line tents and refrain from visiting the back tier of canvas in which are sometimes carried on the tantalizing gesticulations of the brazen acrobats of the terpsicorean art.

—*Republican Champion*

### Old Institution Attacked

One does not have to look far back into the past to discover a noticeable change in the use made of the space inside of houses. For instance, the parlor as an institution cuts but little figure in home life to-day and it soon will be a relic of the past. Speed the day. The very name seems to suggest stiffness and lack of comfort. The parlor of the old days usually smelled like a silo, and contained the family's pet bricabrac, some chairs as uncomfortable as a Roman galley, a sofa as slippery as a greased pig, and just about as easy to stay on, and the remains of such flies as had starved to death since the room was last opened.

—*Republican Champion*

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## JOHN D. BRIDGE

John Davis Bridge, born in Warwick, Mass., August 23, 1859, died in Concord, N. H., November 12, 1923.

He was the son of Henry M. and Elizabeth T. (Cady) Bridge, and removed with his parents to Colebrook, N. H., in infancy, where he passed his youth, attending the public schools and learning the printer's trade in the office of the Colebrook News, which paper he finally purchased, afterwards acquiring also the Sentinel and uniting the two. He published the News and Sentinel for a time, but soon sold out and was employed until 1887 as a compositor on Boston and New York papers.

In the latter year he returned to New Hampshire and became the proprietor of the Littleton Journal, which he published for three years; then sold it and purchased



John D. Bridge

the Coos Democrat at Lancaster, continuing as its publisher until 1902, when he removed to Concord to become the business manager of the Rumford Printing Company (now the Rumford Press) his services in that relation having been sought by the late Senator William E. Chandler, the largest owner and president of the Company, who desired for the position not only a practical printer but a careful and sagacious business man, hoping thereby to retrieve the financial fortunes of the concern and put it on the road to success.

Senator Chandler made no mistake in his selection. Mr. Bridge proved pre-eminently the man for the position. Fully realizing the magnitude of the task before him, he set himself to its accomplishment and the Rumford Press was placed upon the solid foundation of success and gained a place in the front rank among the great

printing houses of the country.

Other men, attracted by its wonderful growth and promise of greater success in the future, have joined hands in its more recent development; but to John D. Bridge, more than any or all others, is due the credit for making the Rumford Press what it is to-day, and giving the City of Concord its greatest and most profitable industry.

Mr. Bridge was of a modest and retiring disposition, thoroughly devoted to his business, and taking little part in public affairs or the distractions of social life, though he never failed, when his aid was sought, to give hearty support to any worthy cause. He was a Democrat, a 32d degree Mason, Odd Fellow, member of the Wonolancet Club, and member and director of the Concord Chamber of Commerce.

On September 28, 1888, he was united in marriage with Angie B. Watson of Littleton, who survives him, with one son, Harold W., of this city.

—H. H. M.

## DR. WILLIAM H. PARSONS

The medical profession of New Hampshire has lost its oldest and one of its most respected members. The state at large has lost one of its most stalwart citizens. The city of Manchester mourns one of the best loved, and most public spirited members of its community.

Dr. William Moody Parsons passed away at his home on Massebesic Street on the night of November 19th, from the effects of pneumonia. Born 98 years ago, December 30th, for more than seventy years active in the practice in his profession in New Hampshire, familiarly known to the many who have been ministered to by him as Dr. "Bill," he will long be remembered as an outstanding example of "the old fashioned doctor." An editorial in the Manchester Union mentions some striking instances in which Dr. Parsons, without the aid of proper instruments or surgical appliances, has saved many a life through the resourcefulness of rough and ready methods. Called upon to undergo many hardships, forced to perform his work in many instances without the hope of financial remuneration, he ministered to his people for seventy years of active practice and has now brought to a close a career which is typical of the hardy manhood of early New Hampshire and may be looked upon with pride by all citizens of the Granite State.

Dr. Parsons was born and educated in the town of Gilmanton and learned his medicine under Dr. Wright of that town. He also studied in Norwich, Vermont, and began his practice in Bennington. At one time he was the surgeon of the New Hampshire Militia.

He was a Mason, Knight Templar, Member of the Consistory and Shrine.



# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

## A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

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### THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1923

Assets		Liabilities	
United States Liberty Bonds	\$2,014,250.00	Capital Stock	\$2,000,000.00
United States Bonds	77,250.00	Unearned Premium	
Dominion of Canada Bonds	112,550.00	Reserve	4,502,456.07
Real Estate	267,500.00	Reserve for Losses	821,389.85
Municipal and other Bonds		Reserve for Taxes and Ex-	
and Stocks and Mort-		penses accrued but not	
gage Loans	7,486,503.94	due	335,800.00
Agents Balances	768,360.93	Reserve for Dividends de-	
Accounts Receivable	118,467.00	clared and unpaid	80,192.00
Cash in Banks	409,870.66	Miscellaneous Liabilities	116,723.92
		Net Surplus	3,398,190.69
	<b>\$11,254,752.53</b>		<b>\$11,254,752.53</b>

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